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# THE RADIANT LIFE

*Exponent of*  
Radio-Centric Power



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WILL J. ERWOOD  
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# THE RADIANT LIFE

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WILL J. ERWOOD, *Editor and Publisher*

EMILIE H. KLINZING, *Secretary*

DEANE ERWOOD, *Publication Manager*

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## QUESTIONS

Are you big enough to live your own life—and let others live theirs in their own way? Can you be small enough to realize that the universe contains others? Do you know that great as you are the sun does not shine for you alone? Are you wise enough to overlook the errors of others? If you can say yes to all of this, and are great enough to be free from envy and malice—well, you have learned the art of living!

WILL J. ERWOOD

## PSYCHOLOGY AND SUCCESS, IV



WHEN we speak of psychology, we are, of course, referring to the science of the mind or, in other words, the processes of the mind. Thinking is an exact science to those who have awakened to full consciousness of their innate power. It is not, as some people believe, a phantomland of uncertainty—it is the realm of reality. There is nothing more certain than the action of the mind—it is always at work and producing results, either good or bad. There is no question about the outcome of each emotion.

Professor Gates, whom we quote so often, has said: *"My experiments show that irascible, malevolent, and depressing emotions generate in the system injurious compounds, some of which are extremely poisonous; also that agreeable, happy emotions generate compounds of nutritious value, which stimulate the cells to manufacture energy."*

We can see from this that no mental emotion can be experienced without a direct effect upon the body. It is up to us to determine how great the influence of the mind shall be and what course we follow; whether we generate poison or vital, constructive elements within the body. Every thought, which tends to vitiate or destroy the health of mind and body, detracts from the natural, normal strength of the individual. There is nothing that so quickly alters the status of the body as the mental state in which the individual happens to be. The crux of the whole situation is to be found in the mind. It is the alpha and

omega of the individual and his life expressions. For this reason we turn to mind for the adjustment of all difficulties.

Power is of the mind—not of the machine. In the last, it is a mental conception and depends not so much on muscle, sinew or tissue structure as it does on mental awakedness, that is, poise or self-possession. Do you think in large terms and consistently? If you do, power is hovering near and it will be P-O-W-E-R—the power that makes for growth.

Assurance is the harbinger of strength—the forerunner of achievement and progress. It is the handmaiden of consistency and thought processes—this for the reason that consistent thinking is always based upon a knowledge of mind activities. Consistent thought stimulates the brain cells; provides the proper stimulation of the myriad cells of the brain, and this means the development of a more perfect mechanism for mind expression, and this, in turn, will mean a more fully stimulated body with all the attendant delightful sequences.

It is not one thought expression alone that gives power. It is not the thought bubbles which find verbal expression in airy nothingness. It is the thought that lies deeply in the mind—the still, absorbingly prevalent thought that tells the story of a life. The strength of the ocean wave lies not in the foamy crest that smiles so merrily in the face of the gale—it is in the mighty volume beneath and back of the crest. The ocean's unfathomable depths contain the energy that lends such joy or terror to human hearts, and the ocean is very humanlike. Its magnifi-

cent calm suggests the poise of a splendid mind—the mind of a Walt Whitman, for example. And its rage suggests the awful relentlessness of an enraged and half-famished lion or some ruthless Nero, who destroys for the sheer love of destruction—and it all tells the story of the emotions of mind activities.

What do you think, way down deep in the mind of you? Whatever it is, that's the real you, and the thought you have stored there is the measure of your real strength. Ella Wheeler Wilcox said: "*We build our futures by the shape of our desires and not by acts,*" and true to this principle, we are building for power or weakness; we are shaping by our desires,—and desire is thought—it is of the mind. What is the shape of your desire? Are you dreaming large or small? Do you hold consistently to that desire, or do you scatter your mentations until you have only a hodge-podge type of mind action to add to the sum of your distress?

There is no limit to the distance you may travel mentally but you must pay every step of the way. Remember: There are no short cuts to power in the final analysis. There are no "racer dips," upon which to be whirled around a merry circle to power and affluence. The road is not built on the toboggan plan—there's work for you to do. You must think your way through every obstruction; you must T-H-I-N-K your way to every goal or you will never get there. Wherever you go, it is your mind that takes you there. Speaking of mind activities Professor Gates said:

*"If you will remember that it is the mind that thinks, feels, knows, and performs all*

*physical labor; that it is the mind that rages, plots, and exercises all propensities, whether moral or immoral, then you will understand my meaning when I say that every act is right which, in its immediate or remote consequences, gives us more mind or a better control of our mental faculties; and every act is wrong which, immediately or remotely, produces the opposite result. There can be no other right or wrong,"*

Professor Gates is very emphatic when he says: *"My experiments prove that mind activities create the structures which the mind embodies or manifests."*

This is, of course, putting the matter squarely up to us as to our progress. And regarding progress, the same author says: *"Real progress among people is the degree of their mental development. To give people more mind is to at once promote all reform and all progress. If evolution did not lead to more mind, it would be retrogression."*

Thus, from whatever direction we approach the problem of life, we observe that it is the degree of mind activity that determines results in life. Body, brain, muscle, sinew, fear, courage, despair, hope, weakness and strength, hate and love, sorrow or joy—all represent mind activity. Each is a phase of the mind's processes. Which dominates in your case? You can just talk it over with yourself and see which it is.

Thought activities may be characterized as positive and negative. The positive are builders, while the negative destroy. An example might be placed before us thus:

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<i>Positive</i> —DIVINE—	<i>Negative</i> —EVIL—
LOVE .....	HATE
FAITH .....	DOUBT
HOPE .....	DESPAIR
COURAGE .....	FEAR
JUSTICE .....	INJUSTICE
OPTIMISM .....	PESSIMISM

Just scan this classification carefully. It will not be difficult to see why one set of word symbols is characterized as divine and the other as evil. They are self-evidently so. On the one hand, every symbol suggests poise and power, while on the other hand they shout aloud of weakness and failure. Sit still and you will hear.

Emerson said: "*What you are speaks so loud I cannot hear what you say.*" We utter the word symbol but it may not express it all by a long way. The ocean spray does not carry anyone to danger—it is the undertow that takes unyielding hold of human bodies and carries them away. And the strength of the mind lies in its depth—in the still, wonderful deeps of the mind lies the power that lives, loves and builds. How shall we use it? How arouse its energy? When we have learned to make use of that power, we shall have solved the problem of success.

\* \* \* \*

There is no room for sad despair  
When Heaven's love is everywhere.

—Anon

\* \* \* \*

He who WAITS to do a great deal of good at once, will never do any.—DR. JOHNSON.



## MASTER MINDS IN PERFECT BODIES

*The*  
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QUESTION often asked by thoughtless men and women is, "Is it possible to have a perfect mind and a perfect body at the same time?"

No doubt this query is the result of the old belief that if a man has a fine mind he necessarily is possessed of a weaker body, and vice versa. For some strange reason people have allowed themselves to associate strong intellectuality with physical imperfection and they have added to that, the theory that if a man develops his body until he becomes the possessor of splendid muscular development, he is, perforce, a "low-brow" and addicted to purely physical ideals and occupations. They are losing sight of the fact that one cannot get perfect music out of an imperfect instrument. Who would think of offering Ole Bull an ordinary five dollar fiddle upon which to play? Who would think of making the same mistake in reference to Paganini or any of the world-famous violinists? Fancy Mischa Elman or Fritz Kreisler being asked to play one of their masterpieces upon an inferior instrument! The best from the workshop of Stradivarius, or a Cremona would be none too good for these master artists.

It seems rather strange that in order to present the finest symphonies borne of highly developed minds, people are satisfied with the most inferior bodies. Does it not seem logical that to get the best results—to express the finest degrees of mental power one should have the most perfect organs of expression

possible? The pity of the thing is this: *These perfect bodies can be developed if people will take the time.*

To take care of the human body is not alone a science—it is an art, and when this art is once learned, it will mean the assurance of a much larger measure of joy to its possessor than can be gathered in any other way. To be an artist in the expression of good health means a degree of self possession that is productive of great and beneficial results.

To have a clear mind, a wholesome ideal and a strong, healthy body—what more can one ask? When we realize the real situation, we will understand that this boon is within reach of practically everyone providing, of course, the individual is willing to pay the price. Mother Nature is the original "*Lady Bountiful*" and rewards generously every reasonable effort to do her bidding or to comply with her demands, but, and this is a thought not to be passed lightly by, she does not run an almshouse, nor does she dispense her favors gratuitously; she is an ardent devotee of the principle of reciprocity.

We know that the human machine is a most wonderful piece of mechanism—one, too, that possesses marvelous powers of resistance, as well as equally wonderful powers of recuperation. Taking into consideration the extent to which the average human abuses the physical machine, the marvel is that it is as well preserved as it is. Good as it is, it is far from what we have the right to expect in so progressive an age as this.

We are progressive in many things—so much so that the present looms up amid the

centuries like a beacon light of glory. Despite all this, and notwithstanding our advanced position in the various sciences, we still cling to the antediluvian idea that we can appease Nature by the presentation of some votive offering, or burning of incense, or sacrificing some libation to the gods. We make a burnt offering of our ignorance and negligence but throughout the whole of Nature we see clearly defined the old adage: "*Ignorance is no excuse before the law.*"

In the most emphatic manner possible, Mother Nature is saying to us: "*Vengeance is mine, I will repay.*" And heavy indeed has been the toll collected from the race. It is well for us to remember that we can prevaricate like pirates to our fellow humans and they may never detect the fact, but there are two whom we cannot deceive. When we face ourselves squarely, we know when we are twisting the truth until it writhes in agony, and when we stand face to face with the laws of Nature, it avails us naught that we may be experts in the art of dissimulation or deceit for she can see through the most subtle of disguises. Happy is the man who, when he sees he has made a mistake and violated one of Nature's laws, walks up like a man, acknowledges his error and lays the foundation for the right kind of reparation. He has found the short way to poise and power.

Nature's laws are kind; they are also severe. At the least transgression comes a warning—Nature gives notice that it is time to call a halt for rest, recreation and repair, and no sooner is the foundation laid for reparation for the injury done than she bends all her

energies to give aid. We will always find her meeting us more than half way if given the slightest degree of encouragement.

The best friend we have, aside from a strong, well-developed mind, is the body through which the mind functions. It is the vehicle of expression—a harp, upon which we may play any kind of tune, from the discordant, nerve-racking screech of the jazz experts to the matchless symphonies of the most perfect artists. Think of Handel playing rag-time on a superb pipe organ, and you have a very fair idea of the incongruity of the treatment accorded the human body sometimes.

What the body needs first is to have its several functions at least reasonably well understood. The fairest thing we can do is to become acquainted with it to this extent: that we escape some of the errors of omission, as well as those of commission. It sometimes follows that the things we neglect to do are quite as destructive as some that have been done. For example:

The body needs air—oxygen, yet many people fear it as they would the “Black Death” or “Bubonic Plague.” Consequence: lungs atrophied from lack of air and exercise, blood impoverished and tissues wasting away. Then . . . a gleaming, black wagon with waving plumes backs up to the door and . . . on a green, grassy plot will stand a neat little stone, and this will be the inscription: “Sacred to the memory of” . . . another victim of ignorance.

There are too many people who, because of indolence, sit by the wayside and wait for the death angel to come along and gather them in. There is no necessity of going to

meet death. Why run after the thing that you are afraid of? Why not elude him as long as you wish by conforming to the laws of mental and physical growth? Give the body just half a chance and you will be surprised to see how easily it can be cared for after all. Be generous enough to give it what it needs—it will more than repay.

What does the body need? Not much. It requires proper food, of course. It must have oxygen in bountiful measure—good, fresh air and plenty of it. Exercise of all the functions of the body is one of its chief needs. It should be the kind of exercise that tends to strengthen the whole of the physical organism, for that way alone lies health.

In truth, the demands of the body are comparatively few. A little food, a bit of oxygen, a reasonable amount of rest and exercise to keep the balance true, the right amount of pleasure, the correct amount of work and a well-poised mind—and you will have a life mortgage on health.

Now, the question arises: "*What is to be the means of acquiring all of this?*" There can be but one answer to that and that is: "*The right mental attitude toward life.*"

*To be continued*





AVE you ever stopped to think what a great thing it is to live and how much there is to live for after all? Have you ever thought of it, comrade? If you haven't, you had better be about it 'cause it's the joy time of the year and you should get in line with other living things that sing of the joy of living.

Just now the fields are athrill with the ecstasy of growth; the trees are telling their story of new life; the buds have come, to be followed by the leaves and blossoms, and now we are awaiting the further fruition. Everywhere there are signs that whisper of that season when we feel that we would

“Like to jes’ git out and rest,  
And not work at nothin’ else.”

On the whole, if we take the right view of life, we will see that there is more of sunshine than there is of shadow, and the shadow is only a veil which temporarily obstructs the sun from view. In the afterwhiles the veil will pass—the sun will be seen, and the lilt of living things will find glad echo in the souls of us—and joy will reign in the heart.

To get the best from life, one must follow the advice of William Walker Atkinson, given many, many years ago. Mr. Atkinson said that we must always keep a “southern exposure.” In other words, *we must keep the heart and the mind turned toward the sun.* To go a little further, we might say this means to talk with Nature—with living things that grow and throb with the joy of life.

Years ago, out in Ponca City, Oklahoma, lived my old friend, Peter Pearson. Peter dreamed dreams, grew flowers, healed the sick and wrote books, according to the musical scale. "Life is a melody," said Peter. "You must find your keynote and then throb and vibrate to that note, and all will be well," and do you know, I am persuaded that Peter was right.

Peter's flowers thrived wonderfully—so well that people stopped and looked wistfully at them. "How do you make them grow so luxuriantly?" he was asked. "Why, I talk to them and they know me," said Peter in response. Was he in earnest? Indeed he was! No man was ever more earnest in his convictions than this Ponca City sage, a man who in a small way was a Luther Burbank in his own right. Peter held to the idea—an idea that has gained ground rapidly of late—that germs of mind are found in plant life. It was a French writer who a few years ago gave us a little book, published under the caption, "Germes of Mind in Plant Life," and translated by A. M. Simonds. But Peter held to that idea for many years, and why not? Everywhere the marvel of life and intelligence grows, and why may it not be true that Peter's flowers—stately chrysanthemums, growing taller than any I have ever seen, and fragrant roses—knew him just as did the goldfish in his fountain? It would not be so strange, after all. Nothing is strange save as you are ignorant of it or unaccustomed to its ways.

What a pleasing thought is this:—at least it is to me—When you inhale the fragrance of the rose or the hyacinth just to feel that

the perfume is the voice of the flower, singing a joyous song of life. Or mayhap, 'tis the witching smell of the jasmine flower, or the quiet beauty of a pansy which brings life's wonderful message to us. Comrade, suppose you hold your ear close to the ground. You will be glad because first you know you will discover life's a song. Or we might put it "*Life's a poem to be leisurely read.*"

When we have learned to receive the message brought us by the rose, the hyacinth, the jasmine or pansy, it is only a step to the point at which every silence will teem with voices fraught with joy messages that enlighten humanity. The sunshine glow in the heart will be so great that we cannot but give it expression everywhere and thus show to the world the southern, that is, the joyous, happy exposure of mind and soul.

Perhaps our greatest possession is to be found in the art of being glad. If gladness is your other name, you have won the pearl of great price. Indeed, it is the magic wand, with which you may bring sunshine into the darkest day and a smile to the saddest lips. So just cheer up and be glad and be one of the people who live in a house by the side of the road, showing the southern exposure of life.

Listen! We live in a world where flowers grow — where there is the fragrance of the rose and the jasmine flower; where there's a blue sky and green fields; where the lark sings and the bobolink cheers us on the way to a knowledge of the joy of living. But above this is the privilege of knowing that somewhere in this great big world of ours are one



or two who understand us as we do ourselves;  
because life permits us, once in a while to  
meet with someone who is big enough to be  
that greatest of all things—A FRIEND. Have  
you one friend, comrade? And roses and  
hyacinths, too? If so, can you not hear the  
soul of things? Yes! Then you will know  
the joy of living and your life will show the  
southern exposure always.

\* \* \* \*

### FOR WHOM

By *Ella Wheeler Wilcox*

Rose by the roadside, tell me for whom  
Do you bud, and bloom?  
I bloom for the sun in the skies above me;  
I bloom for the winds and the bees that love me;  
I bloom for whoever has eyes for seeing;  
I bloom, I bloom for the joy of being.

Bird in the wildwood (music-a-wing),  
To whom do you sing?  
I sing to the listening hearts of the trees;  
I sing to answering voice of the breeze;  
I sing to the earth on its orbit swinging;  
I sing, I sing for the joy of singing.

Poet and dreamer, with soul afire.  
For whom is your lyre?  
My lyre is strung for the tuned ear.  
I strike its string for the ones who can hear.  
I play on the strings when my heart goes maying;  
I play, I play for the rapture of playing.

—Baltimore Star




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## MYSELF AND ME.

*"I'm the best pal that I ever had;  
I like to be with me;  
I like to sit and tell myself  
Things confidentially."*

Anon.

ERE is an ideal spot in which to sit and talk things over. And there is no time so pregnant with opportunity as this — so we shall say "here and now." I am very anxious to have a few things made more clear to me. The situation is just this:

The other day I met Life on the highway: She was in one of her most dazzling moods, yet full of banter. I paused to greet her—to my surprise she smiled and said, "Pray, who art thou?"

"Why, Life," said I, "do you not know me?"

"Certainly," replied Life, "I know you, but *do you know yourself?*"

I laughed gleefully. The question was so preposterous. "Of course I know who I am!" I exclaimed, when I had controlled my laughter. And I thought Mistress Life would feel a desire to apologize for her folly. But she only smiled as she murmured:

"So you know who you are! Well then, tell me, who are you?"

"I, why I am myself! Men call me by this name." I mentioned the name by which I am known. But Life merely waved my answer aside as she made reply:

"The name by which men call you in no wise helps to identify you. It cannot, in any sense, serve to reveal who you, *the real you*, may be. It is not the cognomen, by which men address you—the combination of words used to identify you as a social unit—which I desire from you." Then Life continued:

"Do you really know how much you are yourself and how much you are simply an echo of the opinions and ideas of others? Can you tell me just what you are? When I asked you if you *knew* who you were, you were very glib in answering, 'I am myself!' Now, tell me, what is this self? Introduce me to this *Me* of which you seem so proud."

"When I ask you to tell me who is the real *you*," added Life, "you give vent to loud roars of laughter, and declare, 'Why, I am me.' As though that would answer my question! What would you say if, upon asking a man who he was, he were to point to his brick house and say, 'that's me!' Do you think you'd be fully satisfied with the answer?"

"No, it wouldn't satisfy you at all, and yet," she mused, "that is precisely the way you have responded to my query. You inflate your lungs, point to the physical body in which you dwell, and proudly shout, 'I am myself—*this is Me!*' "

"How much do you think you know about yourself, now?" said Life. "Can you tell me anything more definite? Why are you here? Whence came thou and whither goest thou? What does your existence mean to you—is it merely the whiling away of an idle hour, or is there a definite purpose in your journey thru the valley of time?"

Life's questions vexed me sore—they filled me with a mingled sense of shame and remorse. I essayed to speak but my voice failed me. And I felt as tho Life's eyes saw thru my every emotion as she proceeded, thus:

"You are betrayed by your own conceits. Someone has told you that you are of the divine image; and you have strutted about upon the stage of human action, created a slight ripple, now and then, eliciting some trifling applause, and, at once you are puffed up; you would bid all auditors bow low because you, even you, are passing by."

"How, now," queried my fair mentor, as I covered my face and cried aloud, "where is that self applauded '*Me*' who came so jauntily toward me a little while ago? Is it really so small a thing that it must crumple, like a dead reed, at the very first criticism? Is it like a spoiled and pampered child, who sulks, and desires to cease all effort because its tutor points out the weak points in the recitation?"

"For shame," quoth Life, "to let so small a thing upset thy soul! It is truly a narrow circle in which thy mind moves, if its rhythm may be so easily broken. To be thus lacrimose, is to vitiate the power of your mentality—and this, in turn, will rob you of your greatest opportunities."

"Where is all this boasted self-knowledge? Is it a real, inward possession—or, but an outward veneer with which to deceive your fellow travelers? Be very sure of this, you cannot succeed in deceiving many; a few, blind like yourself, will be misled, but it is *you* who has been most fooled."

Life then took me by the hand and led me

to the water side. "Look at the reflection of the sun in the water," she said. "There are people with so limited a vision that they would fancy this to be the real sun—and they would resent the insinuation that it is but a reflection of the sun itself; nor would they consent to raise their eyes skyward to see the proof of their error."

"It is, precisely, this very thing that you have been doing. You have seen the reflection of the shell in which you live, and you thought it was your real self. Then, lest you discover your mistake, you stuck on a veneer of conceit; and you did it in much the same mind as that which prompts a thoughtless maiden to call attention to defects in her complexion, by the unwise addition of black patches to her face."

"Do you think I would rebuke for the mere pleasure of causing pain?" queried Life, as she saw my soul was writhing under the lash. "Nay, it is because I have watched thee and am assured that greater misery lies ahead unless a change be made. I am anxious that pain be reduced for all—that the joy of living be made a known fact, rather than an idle and unverified fancy."

I raised my hands in protest—and I cried aloud in my eagerness to refute mine accuser. "But, Life, you cannot think that I am the shallow creature of whom you speak! I have labored long to perfect myself in many ways—in science and philosophy, and—"

But just here Life interrupted me and made answer thus: "See, even now you prove me true. You have indeed gazed at the heavens and made brave effort to look, and speak, as

befits the learned. But know you not that wisdom needs no advertising, and that the wise are they who first know self."

*To be continued.*

\* \* \* \*

The secret of GETTING ON is GETTING STARTED.—*Anon.*

\* \* \* \*

If a man knows not to what port he is steering, no wind is favorable to him.—SENECA.

\* \* \* \*

To be conscious that you are ignorant is a great step to knowledge.

—DISRAELI.

\* \* \* \*

Whoever undertakes a friend's great part  
Should be renewed in nature, pure in heart.

—WM. COWPER.

\* \* \* \*

When the fight begins within himself,  
A man's worth something.

—BROWNING.





OW the theme that we are to discuss for a few moments as preliminary to-night is the very important one of "Thinking." Perchance there is no word more loosely used than the word "thinking" because the average man has an idea that his thoughts are beyond his control, that there is no chance or likelihood of directing intentionally the operation of the mind; indeed, the mind by most people is regarded as a more or less obscure possession, as being a phase of the life of the entity which is obscure and difficult of understanding, a something that may be said to be remote, behind a shadow, difficult of discernment. Very few people have reached the stage of consciousness in which they think of mind in terms of the conscious activity of the entity; very few people think of mind as something that is co-eval and co-existent with the spirit. They regard mind as a type of secretion in the brain or as something that is evolved from the activity of the brain, as a product of the cells, the convolutions of the human brain. They fancy that a man's mind is the expression of the force acting upon the gray matter in the cranial cavity. Mind to the average man is an ambiguous thing, it is by no means a definite, clearly understood acting force which has within it its own volitional power or which has within it the ability to use itself intentionally and intelligently.

Thinking is supposed by some to be an

involuntary process due to certain vibration of the brain cells; thinking is not understood as volitional or intentional in any sense of the word by some. To say that a man thinks in a great many instances is to say nothing more than that the man has become conscious of the existence of certain facts or has stored in the memory the impression of certain phrases, words uttered by other individuals; to say that a man thinks should suggest the ability to intentionally follow, mentally, a line of research from the inception or starting point to its logical conclusion. A person may come into the room and see various articles without thinking at all in any larger measure than merely to observe that there are articles in the room. Here you have a number of people sitting; there are a number of chairs and these chairs are situated in this room in certain combinations; there are bookcases, there is carpet upon the floor, paper upon the walls; there are different types of illuminating devices and there are diverse colors manifest in the room itself. The thinker who comes into the room sees more than the objects, he sees the objects in their relationship to the room in which they stand, he sees the objects in their relationship to each other and then he analyzes these objects in their relationship to the people who constitute the gathering here assembled. In addition to that, if he is a thinker, he will raise a question, a question which will be very clearly defined in his mind and that question will be in connection with the purpose, the object of this gathering, the relationship of this gathering to the institution and the effect of what may take place



upon those who are constituent parts of this complete picture.

The act of thinking involves the recognition and study of relationships not only insofar as the individual thing is concerned but insofar as the man or the men and women and the Universe as a whole may be concerned. To say that a man is a thinker presupposes intentional application of the act of mental observation and recording of impressions; to say that a man is a thinker means that he receives an impression and immediately begins to think about its utility, its value, its relationship to the part, or the whole, as the case may be. The real thinker never rests until he takes the phenomenon or the impression as the nucleus, nurtures the seed very carefully and watches the result and then analyzes not only the nucleus but the fruit as well, to discover what new application, what new combination may be made. The thinker deliberately stimulates interest—the non-active mentalist awaits some external influence that interest may be aroused by a force extraneous to himself. The ordinary individual does not pay any attention to the law of apperception or the principle of new impression; he merely travels through the world noting things for which he already has a partially developed interest or liking. The real thinker, the man who understands and directs the act of thinking, makes intentional, deliberate and scientific effort to discover some point of interest in what might seemingly otherwise be an uninteresting object.

When we say that a man thinks, of course we are intimating that he *uses* the mind;

When we say he uses the mind that means he calls into play the various faculties of the mind and does so for the specific purpose of discovering how much greater life is than appears on the surface. Now let us say that we do not draw any line of distinction between mind, soul, spirit; we have already said they are co-existent and co-eternal. Let us say that man by the process of thinking may imprison himself, make a slave of himself. That is the reason there are so many people who are slaves to environment and what is commonly called heredity. Now the point that we desire to emphasize is that education and environment are greater factors in shaping the disposition, the habits, the tendencies of the individual than is the thing known as heredity. Men make slaves of themselves because they have come to the habit of thinking substitutionally; that is, when they think of disorder, they think of that disorder in terms of the disorder which characterized the lives of some of their ancestors, so they fasten concepts in the mind, they fasten upon themselves the weight of these expectancies, because that is what they are. They expect that physiologically and psychologically they will reveal the characteristics of their parents, mothers and fathers, and so they make use of that very unscientific statement—“*As the twig is bent, so is the tree inclined.*” They make use of another statement—“*You cannot pluck roses from thistles*”—and so they fasten the concept of heredity upon their own minds and then, in so limited a measure as they use their minds, they concentrate all of the active power upon the one task of fastening that heredity

concept upon the mind and body in such a way that finally they produce the result that they have been looking for.

It is all very well for people to speak of this and that hereditary trait, to speak of families following in a given direction, to speak of children of certain families following in a given direction. They lose sight of the fact of expectancy, that is, they lose sight of the fact that the psychology of the environment is such as to fasten certain tendencies and habits upon members of a family. Now this is the idea—a family develops around a parental tree. There are certain characteristics of the mother and father that may be more or less desirable or undesirable. Children come into expression. The neighborhood, which has, perchance, a feeling of animosity toward the parents, at once begins the declaration that those children will never amount to much with parentage such as they had and begins in the childhood of those children to fasten certain concepts into their minds. They simply radiate the idea that such children shall not amount to much and treat them as though they did not amount to anything and then, after they have exerted their neighborhood psychology upon such children to the extent that the children live up to the expectation, then they come forth with that very trite expression: "*I told you so.*"

Now the purpose of the thinking psychologist to-day should not be to fasten hereditary concepts upon the minds of those who are brought into the world but to devise ways and means whereby the concept of weakness may be eliminated from the mind. Corrective

psychology comes as a very important part of the process of thinking but the difficulty is that so many of the modern psychologists start out looking for a thing which they expect to find manifest, they start out to look for a manifest weakness instead of trying to discover a way of endowing humanity with strength. Now they will deny that, they will declare that they are looking for the weak link in the chain but, after having found it, it is unscientific to place that weak link up as a standard of measurement by which to judge everyone who comes within a certain radius of that particular influence. You will see by this that we are not much wedded to the idea of heredity as it is ordinarily understood nor are we so tremendously wedded to the idea of selection of certain biological cells as the solution of the problem of the various idiosyncrasies, or the lack thereof, of the human family. If a child is born into an environment where he is afflicted by a large number of adults who have made up their minds that he should follow a given channel, he stands a very poor chance to evade it, and after they have done their nefarious work in shaping and sometimes warping the character and mentality of the individual, they piously declare that he is the victim of heredity, that he was handed down from some one of his remote ancestors. Now the thinker, the real thinker, the man or woman who really thinks—and when we say thinks, we mean who consciously, intentionally, systematically and scientifically uses his mental energy or hers—must arrive at the conclusion that there is much of falsity in the solution that is being

offered by some of the super-agitated modern biological psychologists, if we may put it thus, Think, observe, record your observations and analyze them singly, collectively, relatedly; use the mind that is yours, see that your mind functions through your finger tips, see that you direct the action of your mind, see that your mind functions as a manifestation of spirit, per se, the absolute, see to it that your thinking is not merely a process of phonographic impressions but that it is the result of intentional investigative observation plus the analysis of those things which make impressions upon the mind.

Now you are endowed with the power to think, you have within yourselves the ability to use your mind, you may say to your finger, move in a given direction, and it will do it, that is, providing you have come to regard yourself as something more than the reservoir in which has been deposited the thoughts, the impressions, the whimsies, the foibles of your ancestry. If you have come to regard yourself, your body, your brain, your organism as a whole as the abode of a conscious, actively thinking entity, an entity that has within itself the ability to compel and direct all and every functional activity, then you will begin to use your mind, you will see yourself not as an individual with a brain located in a cranial cavity, which brain is subject to more or less intermittent periods of activity out of which mentalism is born. Think of yourself as a mind-saturated, a mind-permeated organism and do not forget that your thinking is not the result of a previous impression made upon the biological cells which form the nucleus of

your physical body, for this reason, *no one of you have a single cell in your bodies to-day that was present when you were first equipped with that body and ushered into the world.* The fact that your organism undergoes absolutely complete reconstruction and renewal in a certain period of time, which is repeated throughout the entire period of your existence on earth—in view of that fact, we say, it would be utterly impossible for an impression from the past to be made by other intelligence than your own. You impregnate the cells of your body. Now listen—if it is a fact that your body undergoes a complete transformation every three years or every seven, as you please, according to the diverse opinions of these uncertain scientists—think that statement over—if it is a fact that that does take place, what must have been provided? There must have been provided a process by which the disintegrating and departing cell may impart to its successor every impression that was made by posterity, etc., in order to perpetuate that impression. You see the point? If it is a fact that you, yourself, impregnate the cells of your body by your thinking, then it is barely possible that you may fasten upon that body some of the habits of posterity. Why? Because you, yourself, have imbibed the impression through environment, association, tradition and direct education, you may have imbibed all of these and then transmitted them to the organism. If it is a further fact that the body undergoes this complete transformation, does it not seem rather improbable that any special physiolog-

ical part of the body can be the distinctive seat of memory?

You see the trouble with so many modern psychologists and others is they have the location mania, they are so eager to seize upon the specific microbe in which is to be found the seat of all intelligence that they have come to regard consciousness and memory and various other qualities of the human entity as coming within the range of limited location, that is, as to regard them as properties of these various brain cells instead of consciousness being the possession of the spiritual entity that uses the organism—that consciousness is a part of the functioning of the mind itself irrespective of the physical structure but they have come to think that they have found the location of man's thinking power and so they place the center of intelligence first in one gland and then another, first in one cell and then another. They have come to regard man as a more or less intricate and complicated, wonderfully constituted organism designed for the special purpose of carrying about a minute cell which is the seat of intelligence and power and consciousness, which is of itself of vast importance while all the rest of the organism is of no value whatsoever. You know, it reminds us of a man who builds a base which may weigh many tons for the special purpose of sustaining the weight of a tallow candle!

To think and to know that one thinks and why one thinks and then to add to that the knowledge of how to think means to have discovered man's birthright.

*To be continued*

July  
1926



THE word "drama" means action. Perhaps that is the reason people sometimes refer to life as dramatic—there is so much action in it. Whenever a play is presented which reveals some of the tense, vital phases of human experience, critics tell us it is a play of intense dramatic interest.

Someone once said: "*Truth is stranger than fiction.*" There is nothing which can be conjured up in the mind of the playwright which is not surpassed by more wonderful and intensely vital experiences and incidents in actual life. When you hear a man talk about the dullness of life and complain of the sordidness, it is always a sign that he has been allowing himself to lose touch with the vital things of human experience. Everywhere we see the evidence of the intensely dramatic and interesting phases of human life.

On the fourth of July, Philadelphia is to celebrate the construction of that wonderful bridge that provides unimpeded travel between Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and connects the cities of Philadelphia and Camden almost like a great artery which may be said to feed the life blood of each to the other. The first dream of putting a bridge across the Delaware was regarded as a phantom of the mind—one of those vague, impossible things that fools rave about. We can easily imagine Washington, or some one of his comrades of Revolutionary Days, standing on the shores of the Delaware and looking across to the



New Jersey side, perhaps wishing that there might be some means of transporting troops across the raging Delaware other than the insufficient and inadequate boats which they were forced to use, and which provided a painfully slow and precarious mode of travel. Had General Washington suggested the building of a bridge, it is doubtful if he, engineer though he was, would have been regarded as a safe man to put in charge of the destinies of this then young nation.

There has been an unbroken line of progress from that day to the present and one of the signs of that progress may be seen by everyone who travels to Philadelphia during the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition or at any other time, for the bridge is a fact.

Standing on the deck of a ferryboat plying between Philadelphia and Camden, I watched the men working from either shore, some of them swinging in precarious positions on girders suspended high above the water, others sitting serenely on a steel beam as the giant crane swung it up into place, but all working like intelligent, industrious bees to perfect the structure.

During the course of the observations made on the various trips to and fro, it seemed as though I could see the great drama that must be enacted in the building of such a bridge. I could see the men working in the mines, burrowing below the surface, fighting all kinds of obstacles, confronted by numerous dangers that we who labor on the surface of the earth know little about. It seemed that I could hear the cry of wives and children, standing about the mouth of the mine when

the report went out that the deadly fire damp had taken toll once more.

Again, it seemed as though I could see the flames of the blast furnaces—the red glow in the foundries where the raw iron was converted into the necessary steel, and was treated to make it possess the proper tensile strength to sustain the tremendous weight to which it would be subjected.

In fancy I could see the men who had made the supreme sacrifice in the pursuit of their labor and as I thought it all over, I could not but compare the actual experiences of those involved in such an undertaking with some of the things I have seen on the stage.

Again, it was the building of a great, many-storied structure, designed to house the activities of some commercial institution like a Wanamaker's for example. I have wandered around Wanamaker's store, listened to the great organ, have stood in the center, looking down from an upper story upon the masses of people, seething like so many ants, down below. In the store there was every phase of life—the tragedy and the drama, the poetry and music, the art and the literature of all the nations of the world were brought together to form a part of the dramatic side of the life of the city of Philadelphia.

A few blocks away still stands the old Centennial Hall, around which I have wandered again and again for the purpose of studying some of the historic facts in the history of the American nation. No one can spend an hour in that famous old building without realizing that life has its dramatic side—a dramatic side so intensely interesting and instruc-

tive that the fairy stories or the best efforts of the world's greatest dramatists pale into insignificance by comparison.

You see, it is all in the mental attitude which we take toward life. It is all in the state of mind, to use the expression of one of our modern writers, or to fall back upon that ever new statement made by one of the old Biblical writers, "*As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.*" Or, to put it otherwise, "*There are none so blind as those who, having eyes, see not; there are none so deaf as those, who having ears, hear not.*"

Why worry about the sordidness of life? Why complain because sometimes life seems to be a little humdrum? Put yourself in tune, go out of doors, see the glory of the sunrise and the wonder of the flowers, hear the symphony of the birds and pause long enough to see the drama of human experience as you meet it face to face upon the streets of every city, town or village, and then you will understand why it is that we speak of life's dramatic side.



No man is free who is not master of himself.

—EPICTETUS.



Anyone can plant radishes:

It takes courage to plant acorns and wait for the oaks.—JORDAN.



The secret of success is constancy to purpose.

—DISRAELI.

*The*  
RADIANT  
Life  
\*  
*July*  
1926

Dear Comrades:

The summer is well under way and when this reaches you "*The Radiant Life*" staff will have begun the summer campaign—a campaign which will take us to several of the summer camps and assist in inaugurating the new lecture regime planned for for some time. The last Sunday of June the Editor closed his engagement with Plymouth Church and plans henceforth to devote his time to the lecture field, class work and the literary work incident to publishing "*The Radiant Life*," the various lessons which form a part of the great plan, and such other lines of thought as come up from time to time. This plan has been growing in the consciousness for a long time. After many years of settled work in various pastorates of different churches the time is ripe for such work as will engage our attention henceforth. This new plan of action will aid us in bringing "*The Radiant Life*" to the attention of thousands of people where heretofore we have been able to reach a much smaller number. We are certain that this year will see a tremendous increase in the membership of "*The Radiant Life*" family.

This month we are giving you several special articles which touch upon the dramatic and practical, as well as the poetic side of life. As usual, they are designed to be of helpful service to the readers of "*The Radiant Life*." In the August issue we shall present a second article on "*Master Minds In Perfect Bodies*," and an entirely new article on "*Radio-Centric Thinking*." In addition to these we shall publish a special article on "*The Drama of Success*." "*The Radiant Life*," while recognizing truth from every source and expressing truth in every way possible, cannot be narrowed down to the interest of any one special denominational faith. All truth is sacred and we have come to realize that the importance of presenting the truth as we see it is greater than the importance of propagating particular denominational ideas.

There will be many special features in the forth-

coming issues of "*The Radiant Life*" which will make numbers of new friends. Now, as never before, we can devote the pages of our magazine to teaching the things that will help improve the lives of our readers. This issue will be the sixteenth consecutive number of "*The Radiant Life*" published since our reorganization in April, 1925. Suffice it to say that this fact should settle all question as to the permanence of this publication. While the Editor will spend a great deal of time in the lecture field, the headquarters and center of "*The Radiant Life*" will remain in Rochester, so our friends may address us at our Rochester address permanently.

Now, we want all of the friends of "*The Radiant Life*" to renew their subscriptions, many of which expire with this issue, and to urge their friends to join the family. Don't forget that we pay good commissions to those who get subscriptions for us. We want live workers all over the country. We believe the law of compensation requires that we give full value for value received. Hence, we don't ask our friends to work without adequate compensation for their time. If YOU are interested, just write Miss Klinzing and she will send you all particulars.

Now, comrades, this is the time to get ready to do big things. We have started in our larger field. Come and join us—send your subscription in at once.

Yours for a greater and more radiant life,  
WILL J. ERWOOD

\* \* \* \*

Tackle the hard jobs first; the easy ones have a tendency to settle themselves.—SAMUEL REA.

\* \* \* \*

If it is not right  
Do not do it,  
If it is not true  
Do not say it.—MARCUS AURELIUS.

*The*  
**RADIANT**  
*Life*  
\*  
*July*  
*1926*

## **THE OPTIMIST**

Here's a bit of homely guidance  
That is worth a pile of gold,  
If you'll use it in your going  
For a while.  
It's the wisdom of the ages  
Giv'n alike for young and old—  
**YOUR WORK WILL BE MORE WELCOME  
IF YOU SMILE!**

You may have heard it often  
And you may have thought it trite,  
And to hear it once again  
Your soul may rile.  
But many and many a million  
Who have lived have proved it right.  
Your work **WILL** be more welcome  
If you **SMILE!**

We get our truest lessons  
From the realm where Nature rules,  
She teaches cheer and patience  
In each mile.  
And the truest of the teachings  
Of this oldest of all schools  
Is, Your work will be more welcome  
If you **SMILE!**

You may be old and trembling  
Or you may be young and strong,  
And folk may praise your efforts  
Or revile.  
But you quickly learn the lesson  
As you win your way along  
That your work will be more welcome  
If you **SMILE!**

I know the cynics sneer at this  
And call it silly stuff,  
And seek, with "deeper wisdom,"  
To beguile.  
But you'll find it serves the purpose  
When the way is dark or rough  
And you make your work more welcome  
With a **SMILE!**

—*Leigh Mitchell Hodges.*