

# 53 EXPERIENCES IN NEW THOUGHT

BY 49 WRITERS

INCLUDING

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## FOREWORD

**T**HIS book is dedicated to those who want to know what New Thought has done for others in cases similar to their own.

We all love stories and human nature. Here are 53 true stories of adventures in New Thought — written by men and women who are accomplishing things “stranger than fiction” and far more interesting and worth while.

This book is a symposium of 53 personal experiences in the realization of health, wealth, happiness, and achievement by the use of an almost unlimited number of New Thought methods.

Hope, faith in God within, and inspiration to apply New Thought personally, flow from these pages. One realizes that Jesus spoke truly: “*Whatsoever things ye desire believe that ye receive them and ye shall have them*” even unto the “greater things than these shall ye do.”

This book is a bubbling fountain of inspiration and suggestions for self-help in desired directions.

Many who read it will say “It showed *me* the way to health, happiness and prosperity.”

ELIZABETH TOWNE



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## I. WHAT THE NEW THOUGHT IS

BY LANNIE HAYNES MARTIN

**I**F it were possible to concentrate all that the New Thought means into one apt and expressive word, that word would be a verb.

It would express action.

That verb would be a transitive verb—it would have an object—and it would be in the present tense, active voice and indicative mood.

There is nothing vague about the New Thought; it is a dynamic force, just as electricity is a dynamic force. But take a thousand of the most ignorant people in any city and a thousand of the most highly educated, and, while perhaps all of the ignorant ones could tell you that electricity can light a street, heat a room, iron a shirt and run a street car, you would find but very few of the educated ones who could tell you anything about the principles or elements of an electric current.

The "illusion of the senses" is nothing but confusion in the mind from looking at the diversified effects of one cause till the cause itself is lost sight of.

Under the inspiration of the New Thought teachings some have recovered health and some acquired competence; some have developed undreamed of powers within themselves, and some with poverty, disease and mental limitations clinging as mill-stones about their necks have risen to heights of sublime optimism. To reduce so heterogeneous an assortment of effects to one cause requires more than a mere casual glance at the figures above the line. When we go to reduce unequal fractions it is the denominators, the figures below the line, the sub-liminal

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factors, that we have to deal with, not the numerators. When we have two-thirds, seven-eighths and nine-tenths to add or to reduce to the least common denominator, we know that these thirds and eighths and tenths refer to a whole or integer, and that the figures above the line only indicate the *lack* of wholeness or integrity; if there were four-fourths or eight-eighths we would write one. Now just as it is better to "have half a loaf than no loaf at all," so if you can't be "healthy, wealthy and wise," it is better to have one-third and be healthy than to have no third at all. But maybe you have ambitions, aspirations, for more than just these three. Your ideal is your denominator and it is the denominator that sets the value of the fraction. Maybe you want to be a "one hundred point man," and if you've only succeeded in growing up to three-hundredths you may look "small potatoes" to the superficial observer, but there's where the New Thought helps; it enables you to keep your eye on your denominator.

In quarrying into the below-the-surface-man (finding the denominator), we are bound to run into a stratum of religion somewhere. Not necessarily a sectarian, churchy, pious vein. Many good people have only a vacuum now where that fossil used to be found. But taking religion in its elemental sense, meaning "a binding back," there is always somewhere, in the conscious or the subconscious mind a conception of or a longing for that "binding back"; a striving to make the numerator and the denominator equal, a struggle for oneness. In the extent that the New Thought appeals to, enlightens or stimulates that element in man it is a religion, but it differs from all other forms of religion in this: most religions are like a lot of different colored paints that are trying to spill themselves over humanity, each color trying to gain predominance; but humanity having sharp angles like bricks, these angles stick out and won't be covered by the paint, or where there are hollow places they get filled with paint which won't dry, but remains sticky.

But New Thought is not a paint. It permits each human brick to retain its fundamental color — the color it can reflect from the light — but it is more like a mortar to cement together mankind, making it a unit, so that in the binding back process, the binding back of man to God, God won't have so many measly little unequal fractions to reduce to the least common denominator before He adds them to Himself.

In their collaborated work, "Religion and Medicine," Dr. Worcester and Dr. McComb gave New Thought part of the credit for making possible the Emmanuel Movement. In a magazine article later Dr. McComb said that it seemed "the religion of Browning and Emerson was about to be realized."

Browning was the poet and Emerson the prophet of the New Thought.

In the past year the writer has heard an Episcopalian bishop, a Jewish rabbi and a Quaker layman speak on toleration and unity, each naming the New Thought with approval.

There is more toleration today between Jew and Gentile, between Protestant and Catholic, and between the various Protestant denominations than ever before. *That is New Thought in the churches.*

There is a more vital, virile spirit of helpfulness abroad in the land than there ever was before. It is back of the Social Center Movement, back of the Reciprocity Treaty, back of Prison Reforms, back of Conservation Policies, back of Child Labor laws. *That is New Thought in politics.*

One cannot read an up-to-date advertisement or go into a progressive department store without realizing that the whole commercial world has been revolutionized. Where there is success there are no begging ads., no wheedling, whining salesmen. There are good values; courtesy and a world of optimism, and that is the sign under which New Thought has set up in business.

Unity is being preached, pictured and prophesied to humanity in the drama. In "The Servant in the House,"

"The Dawn of a Tomorrow," "The Melting Pot," and scores of other plays New Thought is certainly the leading star on the stage.

Snobbishness is going out of fashion. To be a social success today people have to at least pretend graciousness. That graciousness, gentleness, shows how New Thought got into society.

Never before did man and woman both so rejoice in their work. The day laborer carries a journal of optimism packed in his lunch basket to read at his noon hour; the housewife has a "Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul" motto hung over her kitchen sink, and that is how New Thought has carried happiness into labor.

But more than all this, New Thought is pushing off the earth a monster as devouring as the Minotaur, as hideous as the Gorgon — the monster of Ingratitude, and in its place has put the friendly fairy of Thanksgiving; thanksgiving for just the little joys of every day, the grateful realization that "all things work together for good."

And so as a ray of white light is taken and refracted through a prism and reduced to its elementary colors, so the New Thought refracted through the medium of humanity is resolved into Toleration, Helpfulness, Optimism, Unity, Gentleness, Happiness, Thanksgiving. Take the initials of these words and you have T-H-O-U-G-H-T. If you ask where Love is, I answer, *in all of them* and in increasing degree. Toleration is a letting go of hate. Unity is the keystone of love and Thanksgiving is an ecstasy in which both human and divine love blend. If a person or body of persons could reflect the whole seven principles they would be manifesting the pure light of Love.

Browning says, "There is no good of life but Love. What else looks good is some shade flung from Love." These are colors flung from Love and just as the red ray in the spectrum is the lowest, most earthy, so toleration is but a step removed from hate; and thanksgiving, like the violet ray that melts most easily into the white, shades into Love with scarcely a line of demarcation.



## II. THE FOUR PLANKS OF THE NEW THOUGHT PLATFORM

BY JESSIE L. BRONSON

**F**OUR planks constitute the straight New Thought platform. All can be found in a very old Book.

**FIRST PLANK:** "*I and my Father are one.*" The mystics of all ages have believed in, felt and taught "the immanence of God." It has remained for the disciples of New Thought to bring this principle from out the semi-darkness of mysticism into the broad daylight of practical living.

Man is an individualized expression of Divinity, and at the center of his being is a spark of the Divine Essence that links him forever with the Eternal. Man's individual life is a little inlet from the Divine Ocean, and infinite life and power are his to use just to the extent that he can make himself an open conduit, physically and mentally, for the divine inflow.

Also God is immanent in *all* His creation, mineral, vegetable and animal, as well as human. As Pope expresses it: "All are but parts of one stupendous whole, whose body Nature is, and God the soul."

**SECOND PLANK:** "*As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.*"

Man is his own creator and thought the tool with which he fashions the clay. He has been endowed with a three-fold mind; the conscious mind which takes cognizance of all that transpires in the material world; the subconscious — a sensitive plate upon which is photographed every impression presented by the conscious mind; and

the superconsciousness through which when sufficiently developed, he receives direct inspiration. /

Thus man is a composite photograph of all the impressions he has permitted to pass the entrance gates of the subconsciousness, and undesirable character pictures can be obliterated by new and stronger thought impressions.

**THIRD PLANK:** "*Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.*"

A man's thought determines not only his character but his actions. Every action is a seed that will sooner or later bear fruit of its kind. Also the influence of thought is not limited to the thinker, but goes out in waves, influencing people and things.

The net resultant of thought and action is called Karma, and determines a man's future. Karma is a man's dwelling house. Not being suited with its architecture he builds anew.

**FOURTH PLANK:** "*Whatsoever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive, and ye shall have it.*"

The New Thought recognizes "the divinity of desire." Desire is prayer. Faith is the one requisite to answered prayer, and desire that is sufficiently strong and persistent begets a faith that amounts to knowledge.

So the New Thinker *knows* that sometime, somewhere, his permanent desires will be realized.

The resultant of a belief in and a living toward these principles is a mind in which love, peace, and hope reign supreme; a poised life, contented in the now, yet ever aspiring to greater heights; an unselfish life gladly merging its own in the cosmic good.

And when all is said, the newness of New Thought lies in the thinking — in the daily renewing of the mind by the spirit.

*New Thought is an ever advancing viewpoint.*



### III. HOW EYESIGHT WAS RESTORED AND RHEUMATISM HEALED THROUGH NEW THOUGHT

By C. D. M.

**M**Y attention was turned toward mental healing because of a helpless and so-called hopeless condition occasioned by rheumatism, for which *materia medica* offered no relief. This healing was accomplished through no conscious effort of my own, although I employed no practitioner or teacher. When I resolved to read, to get the depth of the thought expressed by the printed words, to get all the possible benefit there was in this thought, if any, I did not realize that I was, by that very attitude, expressing a degree of faith which was to work wonders for me. I did not even know that I had any faith.

My interest was aroused from the beginning, and my physical condition was completely forgotten, for the time, in the eagerness of my desire to obtain an understanding of the subject before me, but which seemed to elude me like a will-o'-the-wisp.

I was unable to walk or stand at this time. Even a sitting position increased the swelling and intense pain in my ankles, and was a luxury only to be indulged in as an occasional relief from the continual confinement to the couch or bed.

Through the change of thought which my reading occasioned, and the assurance gained thereby that this was the Truth, although I could not yet understand it, my limbs and ankles were restored to their usefulness.

One week from the time I began to read I was able to return to business. I seemed to have awakened from a

bad dream to find myself perfectly well. My business required me to be on my feet a great deal, but there was no pain from so doing, no painful after results, and no fear of a return of the old helpless condition; and it never did return.

In looking back to this restoration it seems to have been given me as a proof of the power of Infinite Love, for I then understood so very little. I was healed, but I knew not how or why. As the witnesses to the wonders performed by the Master were convinced, believed, but did not yet understand, so I felt instinctively (or shall I say intuitively) that I had stumbled on some hidden force, governed by natural laws, which could be understood and intelligently applied if the desire was true, and the search earnest and persistent.

The experience which brought with it the greatest enlightenment, and required concentrated effort and the thorough application of all that I had learned, was the healing of my eyes; because it was typical of so much more than the mere physical healing — the Universal Light, the Open Vision, the Eye of the Spirit, the One Eye, God.

For eighteen years I had been a slave to glasses. I use the word "slave" not only in the scientific sense, but every day of that eighteen years was an irksome bondage to eye limitation. I felt as if I was in harness, driven by an inexorable master.

The condition was a peculiar one. It had never received the dignity of a name, because there were so many contradictory defects that no one term could accurately describe it.

I could see to read the street car signs more than a block away, yet intense pain and violent headaches would result from my office work. In reading with one eye covered there was no strain whichever eye was used. With the two a mist and blurring would form over the page, resulting at times in temporary blindness. I could always see clearer and better without glasses, but an hour without them would send me to bed, for sometimes two days, with

a blinding, dizzy, sick headache, with eyes bandaged, and all light excluded from the room. When the pain subsided I was a nervous wreck, with strength completely gone. At other times it would take a neuralgic turn, and, starting in the eyes, would spread to the top of my head, back of head, neck, shoulders, and length of spine, relief coming only after about ten days of torture. Added to this was the belief of inherited sick headaches, growing worse with each successive year, as all you who have been similarly afflicted can vouch for.

When my glasses had to be changed I would invariably have to make several trips before securing a fit. The oculist stated that my eyes would often completely reject the lenses he first fitted me with, requiring something nearly opposite, when I returned for a more permanent fitting. Sometimes the lenses were stronger, sometimes weaker, sometimes a compound lens for one eye, sometimes for the other, never the two alike, and never the same complications arose to be mastered at successive fittings.

It did seem a martyrdom, especially so when the nose glasses, constantly worn, began to make a permanent sore on one side of my nose, and I was obliged to put on spectacles. I never got used to the change in all the years I wore them; but constantly felt like shaking them off, as a horse will try to shake his head free from a bit to which he is not accustomed.

For a year and a half after my first healing I had studied daily and faithfully, overcoming many unpleasant conditions, but I was still confined behind gold-bowed prison windows. My eyes continued to present absurdly shifting contradictions, a mystery seemingly impossible to solve.

I tried for three months to give up glasses. In this time I succeeded in doing without them out of doors, but I was still obliged to resort to them when reading and at business. Sewing and embroidery I had not been able to do at all for years. Whenever I tried to leave them off in the office, I could do so for about an hour, then the old

mastery would assume its sway, and I had to put them on again or leave work for the day. I did not then realize that the cause was purely mental, or that I did not have to struggle, did not have to fight, but only had to KNOW.

I studied over this condition and analyzed it often, and at last I began to see that the thought, "I can't see," was present with me, even when I was not conscious of it. I resolved to reverse the thought, and did so. No change was perceptible, however, but I began to understand that I must have more than the thought to accomplish the desired result. If I made the statement "I can see" I must also know just why this was true. Why was it true that I could see when it seemed otherwise? Nothing is impossible to God. His work is perfect. He gave me eyes as instruments of sight. If His work is perfect and my eyes are His work, then why is my sight not perfect? "Because you are blinding yourself," came the answering thought.

One noon I removed my glasses when I went to lunch. On my return business was brisk for a couple of hours, and I had no chance for a thought of myself. When there came a little lull I realized that I had no glasses on. Of course, my eyes immediately began to ache, and from habit I took up the glasses, intending to put them on. Something seemed to stay my hand, however, and as I held them hesitatingly the thought came to me: "Mankind walks in the direction in which he looks. You are looking for that headache. Why not leave it alone? It doesn't belong to you. It does not come from God, because all His gifts are perfect, and we as His image and likeness, are perfectly whole. Not will be but *are* perfectly whole, reflections of His All-ness, at-one with Him, subject to no limitations. Why be imposed upon?" Verily I was being imposed upon by my unconscious expectancy of the headache, and FEAR of its approach when without the glasses. Like begets like, and the dread of the headache invariably created it.

I began to realize that as long as I was too busy to remember the absence of my glasses I had not needed them. Then why remember them at all? I was a little doubtful if I could accomplish that, but they remained on the desk for the time. Jesus said, "Of mine own self I can do nothing; the Father doeth the work." But He cannot work within us if we cling to the Fear of Evil.

Later in the afternoon the light seemed rather trying and my thought again flew to the glasses. Again the inner voice spoke: "You go out in the evening and feel no need of glasses. All public buildings are lighted by numerous electric lights, while this light is not bright. Why do you need them here?" Why, indeed? What is my sight? It is not the physical eye alone; that is only an instrument. What is behind that instrument that enables me to see? Thought, to be sure, because if my attention is not given to an object, I do not see it, however intently I may seem to look at it. But that is not all. There must be something more than concentrated, attentive thought.

My thought was very busy with this phase of the question on my home way that night. I saw that I had been depending on the artificial lenses to preserve a sight, the origin of which I had not stopped to analyze. There was also a chronic thought of eye strain, and a hereditary thought of severe headaches. By this time I had learned to see God and man in a very different light than under the old teaching, and it was not difficult to reverse the thought when the erroneous premise was shown. Now I began to understand something of our at-one-ment with God; to see that there is only one "Light which lighteth every man who cometh into the world." My light is God, then my sight is God, and I am His likeness, one with Him, and does He need any help from pieces of glass to see? No; and I no longer need them. I CAN see, and I now know WHY I can see. I AM. GOD IS. Life is God. All is God, and God is all.

This was two years ago, and I have not used, or had any occasion to use the glasses since. I read, write and



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use the typewriter often until midnight, with no discomfort to my eyes. How can there be any imperfection in God's light, or any discomfort arising from it?

I am very grateful for the understanding which I have gained. Although I know it is slight, as compared with the perfect whole, yet it is so infinitely beyond the old conceptions of life that there can be only one desire — to press on, ever on, and up.



#### IV. "I NOW SEE, WHEREAS I WAS BLIND"

BY MARJORIE JOHNSON

**S**OME few years ago I was earning my living in Boston in a desultory sort of way. Having had no technical training for the purpose, with the exception of a thorough grounding in music, I was obliged to turn my attention to a good many different things, which were all, nevertheless, related to each other. My first thought had been to teach the piano and play accompaniments, but this profession was already so overcrowded that I decided I might soon be left behind in the race. I therefore taught myself the typewriter and devoted myself to copying authors' manuscripts, doing also a little literary work of my own, which met with the usual varied success. At the same time I did work as secretary for several days in the week, and filled in odd time by playing accompaniments for a singer. I mention these things to show how necessary it was that my eyes should be strong and sight unailing.

I had worn glasses from childhood for short sight, never having trouble and considering my eyes equal to any strain. Between five and six years ago, however, unpleasant symptoms appeared in them. I need not enumerate the headaches, blurred vision and distressing sensations. I thought I needed new glasses and, on the prescription of a skillful oculist, procured two pairs, one for distance, the other for close work. As these failed for use at the piano, I had a third pair made for music. Thoroughly equipped, as I thought, I pursued my work, but, to my surprise and alarm, I found that instead of improving my eyes were rapidly growing worse. I was confronted with the near approach of blindness.

The thought was terrible. I went to my kind oculist, hoping to have my fears dispelled, but he, while doing his best to encourage without perjuring himself, was evidently so impressed with the seriousness of the case that it was impossible for him to speak a hopeful word, and what he left unsaid was more a blow to me than anything he could have said. I looked the situation in the face. What could I do? I must earn my living. I could, as others had done, learn to use the typewriter without sight, but of what avail would that be when I should need to have somebody read to me the manuscripts I was to copy? My reading aloud and playing accompaniments would be at an end. I could write, perhaps, but alas! how few and far between were the emoluments from such literary work as I could do. Returned manuscripts would be harder to bear than now. There seemed only one thing: I could go to the rooms of the Commission for the Blind and learn rug weaving.

My mind being almost made up to accept what seemed to me inevitable, I broke the matter as gently as possible to my sister. The shock to her was so great that I was alarmed. It came to me then: this must not be. Even if I could myself become reconciled to the thought of life-long dependence and darkness, have I the right to be the cause of such grief to another? In that hour I WILLED to keep my sight and regain the health of my eyes.

I was and am a firm believer in the miracles of our Lord. I read over and over the accounts of healing in the New Testament, taking especial comfort from the ninth chapter of Saint John. I believed the word which speaks of "Jesus Christ the same yesterday and forever," and I claimed for myself the divine healing of my eyes. The remedies which I had been using I threw away, being still, however, perplexed as to the course to pursue about glasses. For over twenty-five years my glasses had been the last thing to be taken off at night and the first to be put on in the morning. The morning after I had definitely claimed healing I simply omitted to put on my

glasses. I did this without any certainty as to what I should do later, but with the feeling that it was the right thing for me then. From that day I have never put them on again. Any near-sighted person will appreciate the lost feeling I had as I went about my customary avocations without the aid of my inseparable companions — my glasses. Then I was assailed with the fear that I should be laid on the shelf, but I knew that fears and anxieties were not for me. Mine to take the step of faith — His to see that I was carried through safely.

That very morning — and it marks an epoch in my life — a messenger came from an editor for whom I had done some typewriting. Would I read proof with him at his office that afternoon? One moment I hesitated. How did I know that I should be able to read without my glasses? Having discarded them I was not going to put them on again. On the other hand, if I declined this work I should be acknowledging myself incapacitated.

Turning to the messenger, I said:

“Tell him I will be there at two o’clock.”

To walk the streets with unaided vision seemed a risk, but I went, read from two o’clock to five, and the editor never knew that I was in any way troubled with my eyes. He then asked if, as the proof was not finished, I would read with him from seven to nine in the evening. To this I consented, and thus triumphantly sped the day which I had feared was to lay me on the shelf. My career was saved to me.

Ignoring in every possible way the condition of my eyes, determined to believe unwaveringly that they were “whole,” no matter how they felt, I worked that winter harder than I had ever done before or have ever done since. All the difficult things came to me, and I refused nothing, no matter what apparent strain it might entail. Deciphering and copying illegible letters, some of them written in pale pencil marks, deciphering German script, never an easy thing on the eyes, writing, reading, I rejoiced that my capacities for work increased steadily

rather than diminished. When, at the time of the Chelsea fire, I was sent by a philanthropic woman of Boston to take my little part in the work of the rehabilitation committee, to which I went back and forth for about eight weeks, my gratitude was unbounded. The Great Physician had done better for me than I had dared to dream.

My music I did give up in great measure. Only that which I had learned by heart was still mine, but other occupations so filled my time and thoughts that the less important matter of the piano was pushed to the wall.

Before the Chelsea experience when, of course, my entire time was taken up, I had numbered among my occupations the reading aloud several hours a week to the venerable president and founder of one of the great philanthropic societies. While on my way to his rooms I was often haunted with the fear that when I opened the book to read I should find myself unable to see. It was a foolish and unnecessary fear, as all fears are. Never did I experience the slightest difficulty, and my kind friend never knew I had the slightest trouble with my eyes. There were times when the strain on the nerves was almost unbearable as, for instance, when for hours I read exhaustive and closely printed pamphlets on "Premature Burial" and "Vivisection." Complete general prostration of strength would sometimes follow these cheerful diversions, but my eyes never failed me.

"Say to yourself continually," said a friend who helped me much by her bright faith, "'I am fearless. I am fearless.' Don't say, 'I'm not afraid' — that would look as if there was something to be afraid of, and there is nothing."

Does not the Divine Presence fill the universe? Are we not in Him? What can touch us there? In that Presence "I am fearless."



## V. FINANCIAL PROBLEMS SOLVED BY NEW THOUGHT

BY MRS. DORA DEAN HUGHES

**I** TAUGHT a three months' term in a country school to please others, not myself. Then I quit it for good because I did not feel the call. "The talent is the call." So why linger longer where my heart was not? I have learned that mediocrity, discontent, unhappiness and drudgery spring from not following our heart's desire. Work is never play in the wrong profession.

Later I accepted a job as night operator in a telephone office. Here I found more peace of mind, though at first only half the salary as before. But peace of mind was worth the change. At length I began to observe that I had it in me to develop beyond an ordinary telephone operator, for I was above many around me so far as book knowledge goes. So I held the thought, "When you prove yourself superior to your present position and environment, the force of Nature will push you out and onward." I soliloquized, "Very well then, I will work to that end, for one will retain an inferior place until she is prepared to jump higher." My wages raised with my determination to better myself. As a "hello girl" I also proved the fact that one's associations are not graded according to one's occupation, nor according to the contents of one's purse, but according to our own standard of what our friends and associations should be.

Very shortly after I had held a mental picture of what I desired in this same town, it began to materialize without my seeking it through any application whatsoever.

I was sent for and I accepted a bookkeeping position with a raise in salary as well.

Then I married soon afterwards. This was brought about through mental attitude — the desire for a soul mate, a refined atmosphere, a nice home, etc.

Recently, I experimented through mental telepathy to collect a bill due us from a distant friend. I concentrated hard and talked to him something like this: "C—, please send us the money for those—— which you owe us. We need it now. Send it if you can spare it." I repeated it several times. When my talk seemed at an end, I quit. That very same month we received a letter, saying, "I forgot I owed you," etc. It held a post office order for even more than the regular amount, which shows conclusively that our friend means well at all times. When one collects this way, one should never bear ill will toward the party concerned.



## VI. HOW RUPTURE, LOSS OF SMELL AND SPINAL INJURIES YIELDED TO NEW THOUGHT

BY FLORENCE L. JONES

**I**N 1905 I severely ruptured myself, and was told that the only thing that could be done to give me relief was to wear a truss. I found it impossible to wear one. Consequently managed to worry along until 1908, when it got so painful I did not know what to do. One day the thought came to me: in Jesus' time the people were healed by faith, instead of resorting to trusses and operations. I could not see why it could not be the same now, under the right conditions. I commenced affirming perfect health and denying any other condition. I would not admit, even in thought, that I had a rupture and had to be careful. Many a time I have had to stop on the street, unable to take another step, and strangers would ask if I was sick. I would tell them I was only thinking of what I had to do, and in a few minutes was always enabled to go on my way. To my great joy, I could see that I was surely improving, and today I am entirely free from any signs of a rupture.

After I realized I was healed I thought I would try the same method for recovering my sense of smell, which was lost through an injury to my nose in 1903, in which the doctor said that the nerve that conveyed the sense of smell was broken, and that it was impossible to do anything to restore it. I imagined everything I tasted was tainted, and at times was unable to eat. It became so disagreeable that I again went to the doctor and begged

him to try electricity in order to restore my sense of smell. He refused, saying there was not a shadow of chance of my recovering that sense again. I am happy to be able to say that the sense of smell has returned to me, although not quite in the same degree that I had it before the accident.

On the twenty-first of December, 1910, while doing some work in the yard, I was jerked off my feet by a rope and held there until the rope was lowered enough for me to place my feet on the ground. The instant I stood on my feet I felt as if a piece of ice had been placed on my back, and commenced to have intense pains through my spine. It kept getting worse until the twenty-third. I was unable to move or help myself in the bed. My husband said he was going to call a doctor. I objected very strongly. He then said we would try heating my back and rubbing it with liniment. While I was waiting for the room to get warm enough I tried to *be still and know* what was the trouble. Suddenly the thought came, "One of the vertebrae in my back is out of place." My husband thought it could not be, but upon looking could see plainly that the vertebra was out of place. He seemed to be guided just how to replace it and I could feel it slip back into place. The severe pains stopped, although it was some time before the soreness was gone, and I feel sure that if it had not been for New Thought I would not be in a position to give this report today. In fact it was New Thought that brought me out of the three trying conditions.



## VII. HOW I CULTIVATED COURAGE

BY GAIL REBMAN

**T**HE manner in which fear harassed me may be measured by my constant effort to eliminate it. I read in magazines and books all I could to help me. Certain verses in the Bible gave me temporary assistance. One verse was: "Be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed." In September, 1913, I determined to inaugurate a new plan. I resolved to concentrate my mind on courage. Each day I wrote a line or two in my diary. This simple exercise kept the courage idea alive in my mind. The few excerpts which I quote show my progress.

September 30, 1913, I wrote: "I need courage. Teach me to be courageous."

During October my diary contains the following: "I still need courage. I believe it is coming surely and gradually. Teach me to cast out fear and all the evils that go with it. I am working for courage. I have planted courage; now I want it to grow."

November 11: "Courage, just for today."

December 11: "I am gaining courage."

February 10, 1914: "I am glad I have courage, as it is doing me a world of good."

March 6: "Courage is a valuable asset."

During April I wrote: "I am courageous. I am cheerful. I have health, strength, courage, and repose. I enjoy nature, books, and music. The leaves are coming out on the trees, the rose bushes and the shrubs."

May 20: "I am progressing."

In June I defined courage as the ability to go on alone. I read the synonyms for courage and wrote them in my diary. They are pluck, daring, boldness, valor, fearlessness

and intrepidity. I reflected on these words as I swept, dusted, made beds and washed dishes.

All during July I wrote: "I am thankful for courage." I find it an excellent thing to express my thankfulness; it opens the way for courage in a greater degree. This thought is in my mind not only while writing the brief sentence in my diary, but returns many times during the day.

From the first I realized that courage would hardly be bestowed upon me as a gift. I must work for it unceasingly and earnestly. I did not stop desiring it on that account, but I toiled. As I labored I developed strength. This was an incentive for me to increase my efforts.

It was a vast help when I asked for courage just for a day at a time. This happy idea came with the remembrance of an old song which runs: "Not for tomorrow and its needs do I pray, but just for today." I still continue this exercise of desiring courage for today. It is ever so much better than expecting it to come some time in the distant future.

In December, 1913, I acknowledged the possession of courage as a permanent asset. For days before this victory I had been dimly conscious of the courage nucleus. It gradually became so vivid that I was prompted to write about it.

The plan I have used is infinitely more satisfactory than depending entirely on books and essays. I am grateful for the assistance I have received from books. Yet borrowed opinions are not likely to develop individual courage. I didn't work for a mushroom sort of courage; I am cultivating the perennial.

So far, the result of my labor has been so reassuring that I want to go on. I have put my whole soul into the work. I have become alert, cheerful, energetic and enthusiastic. This shows that courage brings with it a joyous group of positive qualities. I have enjoyed my housework, music, books and nature all the more because I am free from fear. The whole process of cultivating courage has urged upon me the necessity of developing the RIGHT NOW idea.



## VIII. HOW I GAINED SUCCESS BY MENTAL MEANS

BY ROSE M. WARD

**M**ANY years ago I bought Mr. Atkinson's book "Thought Force in Business and Everyday Life" — and subscribed to *Nautilus*, and I set myself to work out the problem of gaining success by mental means. That anybody could obtain success, make money and a good living by thinking they could, seemed impossible to me at that time. "To hold the thought," that money, success and happiness could come to one who had nothing to offer in return, seemed like asking for charity from the world, and while charity is a very beautiful thing — and should always be given to those who are helpless and needy, still it was not what I wanted. I wanted to learn what I could do that would bring me the success I craved in return. I was at that time about to venture into the business world, after some years of married life, and had a little son to bring up and educate, and all I could do was telegraph just a little. I took a position in a small town — very light work — where my boy could spend his time after school with me in the office, and proceeded to educate myself by reading and observation. I was just an untrained girl, with no great amount of education, very little decision and absolutely no business experience whatever. But I soon grasped the principle that success in business as well as in any other line of life, comes to those who can fill their niche in life just a little bit better than some other person. In other words, the successful person is the one who is efficient, who thoroughly understands his work, is interested in it, who gives good service — and who

knows it's good service. I made each day's work count. I built up the business in that office, trained another to take my place, and then asked for a better position. I made my rise in life the stepping stone for another to take my place, and learn the lessons I had learned. I was promoted from one position to another, until today I do a man's work and receive the highest salary this company pays a woman, and everywhere I have tried to work in someone to take my place, so that when better things come to me another also shares in the promotion. The company says my students all have made good, and that is because I tried to teach them the fundamental principle on which success rests, namely, efficiency. Know what you have to do, and then do it just as well as it can be done. Be prompt, courteous, reliable. Give to the world just what you wish it to give you, and you plant what cannot but yield a good harvest. Efficiency in any line of work is the thing that counts, and that makes you worth something to those who employ you. It gives you a poise and an assurance that attract business and promotion to you, and makes life a paying proposition.

I am now a woman over forty, earning a good salary; have learned all that this business can teach me, so now have taken up the study of law. Also taught myself stenography in my leisure moments. I think that by combining these things I may be of some use in a juvenile court or something of that sort, with greater scope, and a wide outlook in life. I never see anything but success in life; never think anything else, never expect anything else — for I've *prepared for success* — and cannot possibly reap anything but that. It's the use you make of your time, your mind, your gray matter, that counts. It's the amount of steady work you do, the amount of gumption you bring to bear upon the everyday problems, and the will you have and use to work your way to better things, that lands you there.



## IX. HOW I MADE FRIENDS

BY H. G. R. OF NEBRASKA

**A**S I look back over my childhood I realize now what a starved, motherless childhood it was. My father, one of the best intentioned of men of the old school, believed that discipline consisted in checking any tendency toward self-expression or individualism in a child, and the saying, "A child should be seen and not heard," was literally lived in our home.

I remember distinctly lying awake one night when about thirteen years old, and the thought coming to me that I did not have enough of an opinion to judge whether a thing was really pretty until I had first heard someone else say so, and deciding then and there to voice some kind of an opinion of my own in future.

In school I was always the one on the outside of the crowd, ever carrying with me the heartache and longing of a lonely child, who craved the pretty dresses and pretty mannerisms that would make me one of them.

Shortly after I had finished school, and when about eighteen years of age, an opportunity came for me to hear a lecturer who had but recently returned from spending several months with Helen Wilmans Post in Florida. She began her lecture by quoting:

"You Can be what you Will to be;  
Let Failure find its false content  
In that poor word, 'Environment,'  
But Spirit scorns it and is free."

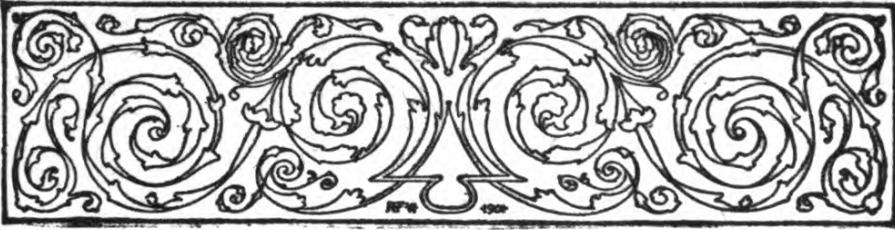
Her words fell on fertile soil, and I began to read everything I could find on the subject.

Soon after this I accepted a clerical position in another city and resolved that, now I was among new scenes and people, I would put these theories I had been so earnestly absorbing to a practical test.

My greatest longing had been for warm, sincere friendships, and each morning before going to my work I would sit in the Silence and think of myself as re-magnetized each day and feel myself so charged with all the qualities that go toward the making of a desirable friend, that I could *see* the kinds of people I desired to know actually sticking to me as particles stick to the magnetized needle. To those now who understand the workings of the law it is needless to say I soon found myself a far more winning girl. I soon gained the reputation of never betraying a confidence, and today, after eighteen intervening years, I am rich in the friendships of people of all classes, from wealth and culture to the poor washerwoman, struggling for better things; and I rejoice in them all, though I am sometimes startled at the nature of their confidences. It is no unusual thing to have people say, "I wish I had your ability to make friends quickly."

When unpleasant experiences came to me in those early days I took my Silent Hour at night to analyze them carefully, to see what there was about me to attract them. Sometimes I saw that my mental attitude called them forth and sometimes that I needed them for the lessons of forbearance or sympathy they taught, but had I not been so much in earnest in my endeavor to live my New Thought I would not have sifted what then seemed bitter experiences and found the good.

Thus has New Thought not only brought me friends, but a kind husband, a beautiful home and many other blessings.



## X. THE STORY OF "AN UGLY DUCKLING" MADE OVER

BY MARY ROSE

**I**T is a very difficult matter to write of one's own success, without having it seem boastful, but as I am writing my experience for the help it may be to some unhappy girl, and not for any praise, I trust I will not be thought vain or conceited.

From earliest childhood I had known I was very plain looking, but my mother taught me that, "Handsome is as handsome does." And in my earlier years it partly satisfied my longing for beauty, for it seemed to have some truth in it. But as I grew older and realized the advantages of a pretty face and good figure, I lost my faith in the old proverb. For I could easily see how popular the handsome girls were. How the men sought the girls that had a good complexion and dimpled cheeks, seemingly not caring if they had any brains or hearts, while I was left to sit out dances alone, until perhaps some kind-hearted man — generally a married one — out of a feeling of charity, would ask me for a dance, but that would only cut deeper into my sensitive soul.

When I was about eighteen, an old friend of my father's was visiting our home, and one day I overheard him say, "Jane is the homeliest girl I have ever seen, and she always reminds me of the ugly duckling, for the rest of the family are all so pretty." Imagine my feelings, if you can — as I ran to my room, broken-hearted, to give way to my grief. Even now as I write of it, I still can feel that terrible pain in my heart. For hours I wept, wishing I

might die. "What good," I thought, "did my even disposition do me" — for I did have one then — "when my face shut me off from all pleasure." My sunny nature turned bitter and sour. I lost faith in God and His Loving Kindness.

But you know God is good to us even in our unbelief and rebellion. So one night He sent me a lesson in the form of a dream, which led me out of my despair. This night I went to bed more than ever disheartened over my fate, but finally, just before I dropped off to sleep, the smallest ray of hope appeared, for the thought came to me of the beautiful white swan which the ugly duckling became, and I uttered a prayer from the very depths of my heart, that if there was anything that I could do to improve my appearance, that I would be shown.

I fell asleep, and dreamed I was standing on the front veranda and a man drove up before me, in a closed carriage, and as he stopped, a lady raised the curtain in the window of the carriage, and looked out at me. A lady of rarest beauty, and as she smiled it seemed as if the heavens had opened, and let all their love and glory upon her face. It was a face of purest joy, of the most exquisite texture. I was enraptured with her charm, her beauty, her angelic loveliness, until I forgot my own ugly face. Then suddenly she drew the curtain and I saw her no more; but the man then stepped up to me, and gave me a photograph of myself he had taken while I was so entranced with her beauty. And on my face in the picture was the same beauty, the same glorious expression and exquisite daintiness. As the man turned to go he said to me, "Remember that you will become like that at which you keep forever looking."

I awoke with a start. I knew it was a dream, yet it seemed so very real. I had never heard then of the law of mental attraction, but this set me to thinking. As soon as it was morning, I got up with joy in my heart, the first true joy I had ever known, for I felt that there was hope for me.

That very day I went to an art store and purchased the very pictures I felt I needed. Two were of our most beautiful actresses, one expressing life, brightness and joy in her pretty face, and the other dignity and graciousness. The other picture that I bought was the Madonna, and it made me feel, as I gazed at it, that love, purity and devotion were woman's crowning glory. These pictures I put in my own room, and every moment I could spare from my books and work, I studied these pictures, always saying to myself, "I am becoming as pretty, charming and graceful as these women." In a few weeks I could see that my face was changing, and growing to be like my pictures. One evening as I was getting the paper for father, he said to me, "Jane, you really look pretty tonight." Can you imagine how happy it made me to hear that?

About this time I had the good fortune to find *Nautilus*, and how eagerly I read it. I grasped at its truth as a shipwrecked man would a floating raft. From it I saw that the Creator meant everything to be beautiful, and if I would live in harmony with His law I would have that which was my right. I practiced entering the silence, and found an answer to every one of my problems. I just let this new love and light flow into me, and through me, and bless all that it might reach through me. I became as dear Mrs. Towne taught me, a sun center. I was happy, and the happier I became the healthier I was, and the healthier I grew the prettier I became. My eyes became bright and my skin lost its sallowness. My cheeks filled out round and rosy, and my hair grew thick and glossy. My body was full of life and magnetism.

My worst defect was a large, dark, ugly mole on my right cheek. At first I did not know what to do about it, but I became silent before the great, unseen power of wisdom and asked guidance. For I knew I would be shown what to do. The thought came to me instantly to have a surgeon remove it. I went to one, and he said that it could easily be done with a slight operation; and it was,

only leaving the faintest sign of a scar. I found many helps and suggestions on the care of the face and body, which I followed faithfully, by only asking guidance. Through New Thought I was led to take dancing and fencing lessons, which gave me grace and ease in my carriage. I also learned the little tricks in stylish dressing, which added to my appearance.

My friends and my mirror tell me that I have beauty and charm. I am sought after in society and private circles. At dances my programs are full. At parties I have all the attention that one might desire. I can also see that I am beautiful by the look in the eyes of the girls in the wall-flower class. For I was one of them once, and know what that wistful, longing look at some pretty girl means. And oh, how I long to tell them my dream, and how I have accomplished what I have, so that they might enjoy what is their right, as well as mine, to be attractive. But I cannot do it personally, so am taking this way of reaching them.

If I have seemed to lay too much stress on physical attractiveness, it is only because I realize the necessity of it, to win success in any line of endeavor. It is only a means to the end, not the end itself.

If I have gained beauty anyone can, for I had far less with which to work than the average girl has who believes herself hopelessly homely. What a joy there is in my heart, to know that I have made this dear old world of ours a little more beautiful, by improving myself. How much more brightly I can give out sunshine, knowing now that my smiles are on a pleasing face. How happy I am that I can make a charming appearance, not for my glory, but for the glory of the Divine Power that is so lovingly ruling our universe.



## XI. HOW I CURED MYSELF OF NERVOUS DEPRESSION

BY ELIZABETH SEARS

**T**HE majority of women, especially those past their first youth, know the terrors of the nervous depression which is the sworn foe of two-thirds of the American women.

That depression that lets one down into a slough of despondency so deep that she feels that, like Ishmael, her hand is against everyone, and everyone's hand is against her. She has depleted her stock of nervous energy and has not yet learned how to draw on her reserve force.

These nervous depressions are second cousins to insanity; but they can be overcome. I know they can, for I overcame as fine and healthy a tendency to depression as you will run across in a year's time, although the doctor's offices are full of them.

I found my work wearing on me fiercely. Under stress of excitement, when work came so fast that I was under a heavy mental strain, I discovered that at the least crisis I involuntarily clenched my teeth tightly and STOPPED BREATHING. Periods of severe depression followed and my work suffered. Friends began to tell me I looked "so tired." I was filled with apprehension lest I give way altogether.

One day at my desk I was frantically struggling to finish some work at a certain time. With one eye on the clock I worked against time. When it was done, I leaned back in my chair with a deep sigh of weariness and experienced the usual "gone" sensation attendant on a relaxation after a strong mental effort. It was then that I

found my teeth so tightly clenched as to ache when they were released. My fingers were flexed and I was hardly breathing. One of my fellow workers looked at me critically.

"Your face looks like an English walnut," she said. "You've got it all snarled up, worrying over that work. Change your face quick. I don't want to see that gargoyle in front of me all afternoon."

I glanced into a tiny mirror on my desk and saw that she spoke the truth. My face WAS in a snarl. The lines of nervous worry were graven deeply and thickly in my face. I looked ten years older than my age.

I did not know much about New Thought then; but my common sense told me that something was wrong. Going into the little lavatory I dashed cold water on my face, and, throwing open the window, went through two or three simple exercises, drawing long breaths of delicious fresh air into my depleted lungs.

With a touch at my hair and collar and a deft application of a powder puff, I went back to my desk, refreshed and renewed. I could not afford to grow old and haggard and wrinkled.

My companion gave me an approving look when I went back.

"I never saw anyone with your recuperative qualities," she said; "you went into the lavatory looking like the fag end of despair, and you come out fresh and fit as a new penny. Now stay that way, please."

It made me think. And it made me keep a keen watch on my nerves. I noted that at the least suspicion of any strain or rush, my mind snarled itself into a naggy hurry — my teeth clenched — every nerve grew taut — **AND MY BREATH STOPPED.** This last a peculiarity I later found common to many overworked women — both a cause and a result of their nervousness.

Every moment of my time was planned to a minute. I could not possibly take even half an hour a day for relaxation — but I could train my mind not to hurry faster

than my fingers. I needed eight hours' sleep, and as eleven was my bedtime, and I rose at six, I could not secure even the needed amount of rest, even less rise any earlier. But where there's a will there's a way, and I began my search for one that very night.

I undressed quietly and methodically, placing each garment in a position to be easily found in the morning; for orderliness was not my strong point, and I thought I might save some time by correcting this habit. Whenever I noted myself becoming tense with thought worry, I waited quietly, repeating with deep breaths — "rest — quiet — control."

When ready for bed I rested my mind on this thought:

*"Today and its problems have passed. Tomorrow with its duties has not yet arrived. I will sleep quietly and gain strength to meet them successfully as they come. Today is over."*

For the first time in months I dropped to sleep like a baby and awakened refreshed in mind and body. I resolutely refused to think about my work as usual. For my dressing moments I was in the habit of filling with anxious worry about the day's work.

"It will be there waiting for me at the office," I said, as I dressed quietly, taking time to adjust each button and pin carefully, correct, and keeping a strict watch on those teeth and fingers. Withal, I was ready ten minutes ahead of time, and walked to the office in the extra time.

As I walked I repeated over and over my affirmations that everything would work out all right that day — that I was rested, and quiet, and ready for success and work.

Why, folks, I was like another woman when I reached my desk. I kept my lungs working overtime all day and dropped my jaws when those nervous teeth got together.

It was all new to me, and I had to feel my way, when I ran across some of Mrs. Towne's philosophy on a book stand and discovered that I was but one of many in search of the real power of life.

I went patiently to work to try and find time to really practice this new found art. Gradually I found my efficiency increasing, until I could spend over half an hour a day in the silence, finding more and more wonderful a power and strength in this way.

It was not always sunshine. And I came to feel that it should be always carefully explained to the beginners that New Thought is not an open sesame that will waft us joyfully and immediately into the Promised Land of Happiness and Wealth. I believe we have to earn our way in.

It isn't that. New Thought gives us strength to go through the dark places with confidence. We could not develop unless there were experiences.

Sometimes it is hard to work patiently and long and see no visible results until we learn that after all, it is not the result that counts as much as the effort.

I remember trying to explain this one day to a pupil of a New Thought teacher who had a class among cultured club women. The teacher is a most earnest and conscientious woman; but she believed that her class should have the simple truth wound with scientific terms and fearful wanderings into mystic regions, accompanied by charts and outlines and diagrams.

One morning as she came from the lecture, this friend dropped into my office, puzzling over some of the complicated statements. I explained them as they appeared to me, for I had had to study them out for myself long before I had heard a New Thought lecture, and I put it in everyday language.

"It is so simple when you just tell it that way," said my friend. "It is something I can grasp hold of as personal help. Usually at these lectures I just listen and grope, but I cannot seem to apply what she says to my personal needs."

It is because Mrs. Towne tells it in simple everyday language, just as the experiences come to all of us, that we find so much help in her philosophy, I think. And I believe that we can apply it to every incident of our lives.

As a result of my keeping at my discovery and forcing pleasant thoughts into my mind and the unpleasant ones out, I found a power strong enough to carry me through a trial of nerves and strength that well nigh floored me. In fact, I fainted at my desk one day. When I came to I found myself in a narrow white hospital bed, with orders to stay there until further notice.

I did not see how it was to be done, with work piling up on my desk; but right there, people, I learned another mighty lesson that has done me a lot of good ever since.

I learned that I was not nearly so important a factor in this world's scheme of things as I had thought. I learned that others could do my work, and that if I shuffled out entirely, the world would go serenely on just the same. I grasped that truth, fortunately, the first day, and spared myself much repining. And I grimly made up my mind that I would test the New Thought that had come to me, right there in that cheerless little hospital bed.

For one whole day I lay there — sometimes staring at the ceiling, sometimes gazing over the hills, and sometimes half dozing. But I resolutely kept away worry thoughts and maintained a steady passiveness of mind. Later I worked out for myself a formula of affirmations that I felt I most required and repeated them over and over — not tensely, but soothingly and comfortingly.

I remember that far in the distance the tree-crowned hills lifted their peaks and the lines from that old Psalm came to me — “I will lift mine eyes to the hills, from whence cometh my strength.”

Darkness closed that first day, almost before I had given it a thought. I floated quietly into a deep sleep and wakened the next morning with the resolve to look upon the time spent there as an outing, with nothing to do but eat and sleep, and accept the new experience. I forgot the office — forgot work — forgot everything save those long delicious hours of silence, dozing, drifting into soft, deep banks of peace and comfort, and wakening with a

pleasant sense of happiness that had been a stranger to me for many years.

For years I had met each day with a sickening sense of the burdens to be taken up on rising. Some mornings the depression had been so great that I could only sit on the side of my bed with my tearless eyes pressed into my hands and my heart silently crying, "Oh, God, help me, help me to get through this day."

Before I left that hospital bed I had learned to summon sleep almost at will, as I have done ever since, by relaxing every muscle, breathing regular deep breaths and keeping in mind a swimmer whom I had once seen floating on the gently rocking waves of a deep lake. With each long breath his body rose slightly out of the water, and, as he expelled it, he sank as gently. I seemed to be floating, too, on a lake of quiet, peace enfolding sleep, and I dreamily affirmed health and strength and power to serve as I literally breathed my way into sleep.

Believe me, people, it is the greatest power there is. I would not go back to the old way for anything on earth. I have exchanged my periods of intense nervous depression for steady days of strength and power and peace and happiness.

It is worth it.



## XII. HOW I ADJUSTED MYSELF TO MY ENVIRONMENT

BY LILIBEL McDOWELL

**W**HEN I first began to study New Thought and to try to apply its principles to my own life, I scorned affirmations and denials. They were too childish (!) — even silly. Besides, I was never able to go into the silence successfully. My mind only whirled and swirled and settled not at all.

But I had been warned by the physicians that I must pull out of my Slough of Despond if I would live. But what a task! My mind constantly dwelt upon myself and my symptoms. I could not cross the room without calculating mentally at each step its probable effect upon me. The slightest physical effort would cause the cold sweat to fairly pour from me. My pulse rate was down to forty.

A merciful Providence intervened for me at this point. A series of unfortunate incidents culminated just here into the necessity for us to seek furnished lodgings at once. I hunted, as my feeble strength would allow, for husbands, the best of them, do not know the requirements for easy, comfortable housekeeping. But at length, "worn to a frazzle," I relinquished the quest. "Do the best you can, dear," I said to the man. Gleefully he came home that night. "I have just the thing!" he exulted. "We will go in at once." (We had but our trunks to move, and they were already packed.)

How I gasped when I saw those rooms — fairly sanitary, but so dingy and cheerless! I had always been so

easily affected by my surroundings. Certain colors made me nervous. When carpets and upholstery "swore at" the wall paper, my spirit, seemingly without my own volition, joined in the blasphemous rite. What, now, of this crisis, so suddenly thrust upon me?

But the good man. I thought of him, who had already suffered much through me. There was no time nor money for further seeking of lodgings. I must spare him the knowledge of my disappointment. (Fortunately I had arrived alone.)

I sat down in the cheap little oak rocker in the middle of the larger of the two rooms and looked about with calculating eye. Some muslin curtains at the windows in the place of these tawdry lace ones, a plain cover for the folding couch — the room was too full of figured stuffs to be restful — the removal of that dingy carpet from the kitchen alcove — a few such transforming touches and the place would be fairly livable.

But no! There were not even a few cents to be spared for transformations. I must make the best of things as they were.

Just here is where The Spirit came to my help in a most wonderful way. Glory be! It always so comes to the earnest seeker! *If I could not make over the rooms, why not make myself over?* So it whispered to me. But no; common sense told me that the habits of years could not thus be changed in the few weeks we were to remain in this location.

Here I sprang to my feet, so literal seemed to be the mental "jog" I received: "*Why not, then, be somebody else?*"

I pondered. How would the dearest, best, sweetest, most normal woman I could imagine cope with this situation? I knew, of course. Very well. I would be that woman. I would be Mrs. Richleigh. I smiled to myself at the whimsical play upon words. Mrs. "Richleigh" really meant to me "richly" endowed — beautiful — for I worshiped beauty of form and figure as one of the Crea-

tor's best mediums through which to express His own perfection — wholesome, cheery, companionable.

How I enjoyed that game in the ensuing weeks that we spent in those cheerless lodgings. When I crept about my still dingy little kitchen — for the landlady refused to let us remove the objectionable carpet that we might have a clean, though bare floor — when I crept about trying to prepare a meal (so weak was I that it seemed that each step *must* be my last), I played that I, as Mrs. R., was a famous cook, that I really enjoyed this unique, and, of course, only temporary change from former luxurious surroundings; that I had an ever ready rippling laugh for each mishap. So, by this ruse, and I am sure by it only, the meal materialized at length. When I spread the hated cover upon the couch I would fall into pleasant reveries concerning the beautiful one of foreign weave I had left in my home somewhere in Arcadia, and so forget the hopelessness of the one in my hand. When I went to matinees (I had long since learned the benefit to jaded nerves of such recreation) although in material evidence I could hardly drag up the theater steps, I, as Mrs. R., regally robed in silks and furs, had a swinging, easy step, and, as was befitting, a proud, erect carriage.

When, as Mrs. Richleigh, I swept my rooms, my poor back did NOT throb and ache; when my husband came home at night I, who for years had only selfishly thought of self, greeted him with a smile and tried to make conversation, and my poor voice was NOT weak and cracked (ah, the game was hard here); when my dear, lusty little girlie grew noisy or laughed gleefully, I, as Mrs. R., joined in the laugh or the fun, and my nerves did not jangle, jangle, and I did NOT become cross.

Most of all, that little couch in the corner was not so *very* hard, or, better, I, as Mrs. R., did not mind if it was; or when I failed to sleep I could lie blissfully recalling the soft downiness of the one I had left behind, and which I was soon again to be permitted to use in my own home.

But why detail further? I improved in health and

spirits of course, right along through the game, and after some months outgrew the need for its use. Unknown to myself I had been applying a great principle to my life. I had gone a step beyond affirmation. I had been **RESTING**, living each moment in the consciousness of my perfection through the office of the Indwelling Spirit — the Perfect One. Thus, I am sure, must anyone do who would **ATTAIN**. I am myself now, fast coming to the very self the Father willed from the beginning I should be, **AND LIFE ITSELF IS A GREAT AND GOOD GAME.**



### XIII. HOW I MADE MYSELF BETTER LOOKING AND OUTGREW WORRY AND TEMPER

BY FLORENCE MANSFIELD

**F**ROM personal experience and an intimate acquaintance with certain interesting truths I have evolved the following, and at the same time killed, as it were, five birds with one stone.

The "birds" are:

*First* — "How I overcame inharmony in my home."

*Second* — "How I got out of a rut of living."

*Third* — "What I did to make myself better looking."

*Fourth* — "How I outgrew a quick temper."

*Fifth* — "How I outgrew the worry habit."

It all came about through an unexpected view of myself in a truthful mirror, under a strong light. It was a strange mirror, a long pier-glass, at the milliner's. Our own mirrors become so familiar that they take liberties with us; they flatter. But a strange mirror dares to be brutally frank. This one told me I was a "fright."

Nature did not endow me with what the Frenchman calls "howling" beauty. Neither did she inflict upon me sufficient ugliness to attract attention. I was just "comely," and had accepted the fact *calmly* for so many years, my looks became the last consideration in my busy life — until my startled glance into the unflattering pier-glass.

Not that I had omitted a daily survey of my hasty toilet in the mirror over my dressing table. No woman so far forgets the traditions of her sex as to disdain a peep at herself at least once a day. But how often do we look straight at an object and fail to see it?

The last time I had consciously seen my face in a glass I had been consoled with its comeliness. Now, the woman who stared back looked wrinkled, old, peevish, repellent.

The apparition startled me into action. What had wrought so distressing a change? I took stock of my habits — for habits are at the bottom of almost everything — and found that I had committed the three cardinal sins against beauty, in the matter of:

Overeating.

Dowdiness.

Bad temper. And the greatest of these was “bad temper.”

Youth is beautiful. The rose-leaf bloom of youth lends beauty to the plainest features. But for the woman who has passed thirty-five, there are five essentials which she dare not ignore if she would keep her good looks. They are: the daily bath; moderate eating; outdoor exercise; good temper; cold cream.

You may take issue with me in the matter of cold cream. However, let us take each essential as I have named them, and we shall see.

1. The daily bath is absolutely necessary. Cleanliness is not only next to “Godliness” but is a rejuvenator. The hot bath, a vigorous scrub with a camel’s hair brush and plenty of pure soap, accelerates the circulation, frees the pores of their oily exudations, and permits free breathing through the natural channels.

2. Overeating produces indigestion, muddy complexion, pimples, red nose, and irritability; not to mention the pounds of unbecoming fat that rob one of symmetrical lines.

3. Outdoor exercise, running, jumping when possible, and vigorous walking. A whole chapter could be written of the benefits derived from outdoor sports. We cannot get too much of them. They pump new blood into the veins, bring luster to the eyes, help deep breathing. Tennis offers an excellent excuse for a grown woman to

run and to jump after the ball. It is invigorating exercise, worth miles of desultory walking; if taken mildly and in moderation, even our young-old grandmothers will find it a splendid remedy in cases of stiffness, rheumatism, etc., etc.

4. Good nature — what will it not accomplish?

The happy creatures who possess good nature possess all. Good nature is the antithesis of bad temper. It is an inherent quality, heaven born. Good nature knows no ugly lines, hard, repelling eyes, drooping corners of the lips, wrinkles of discontent, irritability. Truly, "the face is index to the soul." There is no obliterating the lines creased by Time in the countenance of the ill-tempered human being. No woman can afford to permit greed, envy, falsehood, avarice, vanity, selfishness, deceit to remain long in her heart. They are emotions which carve deeply; the face blazons them to the world, and they rob the most attractive face of its beauty. A bad woman who reaches thirty-five looks *bad*, no matter how she strives to cover up the telltale lines by use of powder and paint.

Beautiful thoughts create beautiful dispositions, and beautiful dispositions are reflected by beautiful countenances. Kindly impulses show in the pleasant expression of the eye; cheerfulness gives an upward turn to the lips, suggesting smiles, laughter, joy. Joy is the greatest known beautifier.

5. Cold cream? Ah, it also had its place in my rejuvenation. Wrinkles of long standing refused to be "thought" away. My skin was dry. While those wrinkles remained I found myself worrying over them. I made a pure, vegetable-oil cold cream, rubbed it gently into the face at night, and found it wonderfully soothing. My daily hot scrub kept the pores from becoming clogged.

With all my efforts at rejuvenation, progress seemed too slow to hold much hope. I tried the daily bath, outdoor exercise, moderate eating, and refrained from expressing the ill-temper that fermented within me at times. At

that time it seemed that an irritable, fretful nature would ruin, not only my face, but my life.

Then came the miracle.

A leaf torn from an old magazine fell under my eye — or a line of its message did. The line, as nearly as I can remember, ran thus:

**“THE SPIRIT OF GOD FILLS AND THRILLS EVERY ATOM OF YOUR BEING. THE ONE LIFE OF THE UNIVERSE IS EXPRESSING ITSELF THROUGH EACH ONE. LET GO — DEARIE — RELAX; LET IT EXPRESS ALL-GOOD THROUGH YOU.”**

That was the key which unlocked my prison. I did “let go — relax — let it express ALL-GOOD” through me. From bad temper emerged good-will. It has been a long road from those scenes of uncontrolled emotional debauchery to the present serenity.

If a “thing of beauty is a joy forever” then it was, I argued, my plain duty to be as beautiful and as joyful as possible. And, though beauty was never one of my gifts, still, the beautiful thoughts which I began to cultivate could not but have their effect; and added to the new habits of hygiene I had lately inaugurated, did wonderful work for me. From indifference to personal appearance (than which no greater enemy to comeliness stalks), enveloped in its “don’t-care” dowdiness, I became a joyous, well-groomed, good-natured woman. This overcame in-harmony in my home, got me out of a distressing rut of living, overcame my quick temper, lopped off the “worry” habit and certainly made me “better looking.”



## XIV. HOW I BROKE MYSELF OF THE INSOMNIA HABIT

BY ELIZABETH HEPBURN

**A**RE you afflicted with insomnia?  
Does the tuneful phonograph upon your street wake you "oft in the stilly night" and then add insult to injury by sweetly warbling "sleep, gentle mother"?

Do your inconsiderate nerveless neighbors insist upon having parties that last far into the night and does the joyful sound of their voices deprive you of your sleep?

Do the milk wagons clatter by your bedroom windows at three A.M. and wrest you from your pleasant dreams?

Does the cheerful newsboy hurl, with force inconceivable, your folded paper against the door and bring you, trembling, to a sitting posture, visions of burglars flitting through your dazed mind? And then when realization steals upon you, and your soul is stirred to wrath, does sleep, like a thief in the night, slowly and silently steal away?

Does your neighbor's alarm clock insist upon going off just an hour before your rising time and do you spend that hour hanging between wakefulness and troublous dreams, afraid to lose yourself in slumber for fear you might oversleep?

Well, I've been there myself and I know how to sympathize with you.

I can do more than sympathize with you. I can tell you how to sleep in spite of all these afflictions.

I know I can because I have done it myself and I'm still doing it.

One of my chief enemies was my own alarm clock, or at least I used to think it was.

Being cook and general housekeeper and responsible for getting my men folks up and off to work on time, I must rise early, soon after break of day, to be explicit.

The rest of the family, having nerves as well as myself, setting the alarm to go off was out of the question. Consequently, I was in the habit of putting the clock on the floor beside my bed where I could reach it easily and examine it at any time, and indulge in another forty winks if unfortunately I woke too soon.

I buried the clock under many pillows that its monotonous tick tock might not disturb my slumbers. Yes, I was afraid of that clock. I'll admit it. I was afraid that its noise might keep me awake. Just let me wake up in the night and the very first thing I would do would be to strain listening ears for that faint tick tock under the pillows. My chief object in life for the moment was to hear that clock. If I succeeded in doing so, which I usually did, there was nothing to do but to get up and hunt more pillows to pile on top or else lie awake all night with tense nerves. This I dreaded more than anything else, for no one knew better than I how limp and useless and good for nothing I should feel the next day if I failed to sleep.

I was a perfect slave to that clock, but one night I suddenly grew ashamed of my fear. I decided to make a strenuous effort to overcome it.

I succeeded, not all at once of course, but gradually. Listen and I'll tell you all about it.

I deliberately set my clock upon my dresser where it would make the most noise, turned its face to the window so the light would fall upon it in the morning and at one glance I could see the time, and then I crawled into bed, quaking inwardly as I did so, fully expecting, although I would not acknowledge it, to lie awake all night.

Tick tock, tick tock, tick tock, my mind took up the refrain, sleep seemed far away; my nerves grew tense. It seemed hopeless.

I shook myself. This would never do.

I took myself to one side so to speak and started an argument. I like an argument even with myself, so I soon became interested and temporarily forgot the clock and its hideous tick tock.

"You're afraid that clock will keep you awake, aren't you?" said I to my foolish self.

My self admitted, timidly, that such was the case.

"Well," I began more boldly, "then isn't it fear that keeps you awake and not the clock?"

My self seemed doubtful.

"Of course it is," I insisted. "How could an inanimate thing like a clock keep you awake?"

My self gave it up.

"Perhaps it's the noise the clock makes, the tick tock over and over," I suggested craftily. "The chair sitting beside your bed doesn't keep you awake. It must be because it doesn't make any noise."

My self cheered up. "Yes, that must be it. The noise, it is the noise that keeps us awake."

I became triumphant. "But how about the water this last summer," I urged, "the water of that swift rushing creek near our cabin in the woods. As it tumbled boisterously over the stones, didn't it make a noise too, and yet how you slept and how you talked about the soothing, monotonous sound of the water as it rushed rhythmically over the stones. How it lulled you to sleep. You know it did."

My self was abashed and said nothing.

"Aha, I'm getting at the secret of it," I announced gaily. "The point is you liked the sound of the water falling over the stones. You've always heard it was a cure for sleeplessness. When you woke in the night and the sound of the water fell on your listening ears, you welcomed it gladly, and said 'O, the water, how sweet it sounds, how it lulls me to sleep,' and I agreed with you and off we went to sleep every time. You know we did."

My self admitted the truth of this.

"Well, then," I went on. "When you wake up in the night now and the first sound that strikes your ear is the tick tock of the clock what do you say?" You say, 'O, that horrid clock, how I hate it. Who could sleep with such a fearful noise dinning itself in one's ears. It's enough to drive one crazy.'"

"Well, isn't it?" said my self, rather warmly.

"Yes, if we think so, it is," I admitted. "But look here, we want to sleep, don't we?"

"We certainly do," wailed my self, "and we ought to be at it this minute."

I went on sternly refusing to feel sorry for my self. "Then we have either got to admit our selves defeated and throw that clock out of the window, or else learn to like it and its noise, haven't we?"

"Perhaps," agreed my self doubtfully, "but how can we ever learn to like it?"

"We can if we work together," I said confidently. "Are you willing to try?"

"Yes, I'll try," said my self, in a tone, however, far from brave.

"All right, then, here goes," said I cheerfully. "Now listen."

"Tick tock, tick tock," said the clock in a loud emphatic voice.

"Sounds nice, doesn't it," said I, in a voice I tried hard to make convincing.

"I can't truthfully say that it does," said my self apologetically.

I tried again. "Well it's a nice clock and keeps good time, you'll admit that."

"Yes, that's true," admitted my craven self.

"We're lucky to have such a nice clock to stay awake and keep time for us while all we have to do is sleep, aren't we?"

"How do you figure that out?" said my self dubiously.

"Well," I went on confidently, "suppose we had no clock. Wouldn't I have to be bouncing up at all hours

of the night and running down to look at the parlor clock to find out the time? Wouldn't I run the risk of taking my death of cold these cold nights as well as staying awake for fear I wouldn't wake on time in the morning?"

"I suppose that's so," admitted my self.

"All right, then we love this nice little clock that keeps time for us."

"Do we?" said my self, faintly.

"Certainly we do," I insisted firmly. "My little clock is one of my best friends and I haven't had the sense to realize it."

My self was silent.

I went on with my musings, almost forgetting my self. "'Tick tock, tick tock,' how faithfully he keeps it up, my little clock. I declare it is almost as rhythmic as the water falling over the stones. I can almost imagine I hear the water as it falls, can't you?"

"I believe I can," said my self, somewhat impressed by my earnestness.

"'Tick tock, splash, splash,' we're getting sleepy as sure as you live. Tick on, little clock, and lull us to sleep. Doesn't it sound good, just as soothing as the water. I am beginning to like it."

"Me too," agreed my self, ungrammatically, but sleepily.

Daylight. Yes, we actually fell asleep and the clock ticked on the dresser loudly and insistently all night.

I smiled as I hurried into my clothes. Why how simple, I thought delightedly. I had made a discovery. All I had to do was just to learn to like the noises and people and inanimate things that kept waking me up and teach my self to do the same and lo, off I would go to sleep again and they would lose their power to hurt me.

Don't you believe it? Well just try it on your own self and be convinced. Of course I didn't succeed in convincing my self just in one night. I had to keep arguing for many nights. My self is stubborn and not open to argument as I am, but once I do succeed in convincing

him of the truth, that settles it. He never disputes the point with me again.

Just try it. When your inconsiderate neighbor shouts goodnight to her friend under your bedroom window, and wakes you up at twelve midnight, don't get angry. Just say something like this to your suggestible self.

"We're glad she had such a good time at the party tonight, aren't we? We hope she'll always stay well and happy, don't we? She's such a good neighbor and she has no idea she has disturbed our sleep. She wouldn't have done it if she knew how we suffer from loss of sleep. Of course she wouldn't, and after all it doesn't make a bit of difference for we are going to drop right off to sleep again, anyway. And you will too. You will feel so kindly, so virtuous, so harmonious, that nothing could keep you awake.

Try it and cure yourself once for all of insomnia.



## XV. HOW I USE NEW THOUGHT IN MY HOME: RHEUMATISM, HAY FEVER AND BUSINESS DIFFICULTIES OVERCOME

BY MRS. S. F. L.

**I**T has changed my whole life; it has given me light, life, hope, faith, where before there was almost despair.

Four years ago I read my first New Thought book. Soon afterwards I saw an advertisement for *Nautilus*. I sent for a trial subscription and, when it came, I almost *devoured* it; it filled a long-felt want. I never expect to be without it again. Through it I obtained a number of books I had never seen or heard of before, and I learned what I had missed. All my life I had longed for something, I knew not what. I had tried to remember something that I seemed to have known once, but which constantly eluded me. Now I knew; it was Mental Healing. I must heal others. I found I could. I was so delighted. I wanted to talk it all the time. I wanted to convince others. I felt I must *make them try*. But I met with rebuffs on every hand. Some people only laughed at the idea. Some said *there really* might be *something* in it, but they had no taste for it. Others, while they listened politely, looked like they thought my brain was affected; in fact, one or two relatives broadly hinted it *was, on that* subject.

I had, all my life before, been taught to believe myself a miserable sinner, and I had tried to convince myself that I was, because, being of a rather rebellious nature, I would question why God sent so much trouble on us

when we had done nothing to deserve it. I didn't see why, if He ever performed any miracles, He couldn't do so now. I couldn't see why the "days of miracles were over," and why being good was always doing something you didn't want to do, and the more pleasures you denied yourself, the better you were supposed to be. Some of the "Pillars of the Church," that were supposed to be models, were anything else, in my opinion. I thought God ought to want me to have a good time and that, if He could "put up" with the shortcomings of David and Solomon and others, I thought He could "put up" with me. But remarks of this kind were never encouraged in my home. In fact, it was strongly suggested that a good "warming" awaited me if there was a repetition of them. The preachers did not explain the Bible to my satisfaction, either. I wasn't quite as bad as an old preacher that my father once heard in the mountains of West Virginia. He was trying to expound some of the beautiful passages in the Sermon on the Mount, and finding one that he couldn't explain, he said, "My brethren and sisters, the only conclusion I can come to, in regard to this, is, that our blessed Lord and Master, when He uttered those words, must have been honestly mistaken." I wasn't so bad as that, but I longed to understand, and my opinions always seemed to differ with other people. I tried hard to think others were right and I was wrong, till I finally succeeded in building such a mountain of troubles, to which I was trying to be resigned, that I was almost buried beneath it.

For three years I have been trying to sell some land I own, which is tied up with a number of other heirs. One of them, a particularly contrary man, not needing money himself, resolved that I shouldn't; and he has baffled me at every turn. He wouldn't agree to anything and stooped to do things that I couldn't do. The other day after studying the chapter on "Faith" in "Lessons in Truth," I told that "mountain to remove into the sea," and I believed that it *had*, and, in a few days, I found

that the man had signed a paper agreeing to a sale, a thing that he had always refused to do before.

I have always succeeded where I tried to heal others. After reading my first book on Mental Healing I cured my daughter of rheumatism that she had been suffering from for four years. I made her go to sleep every day while I suggested health to her for about twenty minutes. In three weeks she was well and had no return.

Shortly after that there was an epidemic of typhoid fever in town, and there were dozens and dozens of cases among the school girls. My other little daughter was taken violently ill with every symptom of it. She was suffering so, that I couldn't find her quiet enough to receive suggestions but twice in twenty-four hours, and that for only a short time. I tried my best, though, and in forty-eight hours she was entirely well and out again.

I had had hay fever for a number of years. I had taken treatment that was almost worse than the disease, and medicine — well, gallons of it! I had suffered till I felt that I would rather die than have it again, so I resolved I would put an end to this. I gave myself suggestions a number of times, with no visible results. Finally I told my daughter (the one I cured of rheumatism) to suggest to me, while I remained passive, and that I would agree with her suggestions. I instructed her particularly to quote this passage from Matthew, "Again I say unto you, that when any two of you shall agree on earth concerning anything ye would ask, it shall be done of the Father in Heaven," and to say to me, "*We have agreed, we have complied with the law, therefore I declare unto you that you are healed,*" etc. I tried to go to sleep before she finished entirely, but if not, I remained passive for some time. The next day I was much better, and the next day about the same. The day following I told her to try it again, which she did, I agreeing with all she said, particularly the quotation, and I was *healed*. Everyone said, "How wonderful!" But of course they thought it just happened.

I practice New Thought in *everything*. The other day I was crocheting, when the needle flew out of my hand. I threw out my hand to catch it, when, somehow, the needle struck the arm of my chair and the jagged point was thrust into my arm almost to the bone. I jerked it out after two or three efforts, and found myself unconsciously saying (such is the force of habit), "I am not hurt! I am not hurt! There will be no evil results," etc. The arm did not even swell, and not over a drop of blood was drawn. It did not even get sore.

I have suggested to people out of employment and, inside of twenty-four hours, they found positions.

I have suggested to myself when I wanted roomers, and, in one instance, a friend of mine brought *three* young men to my door, who wanted rooms, and it was only about an hour after I had suggested for them.



## XVI. HOW I REMODELLED MY ENTIRE LIFE

BY ANSON L. COWAN

**T**WO years ago I was literally in the depths. I was thirty-two years old, had a wife, mother, and two beautiful girls to support, and was bankrupt in health and hope. For ten years I had fought a losing battle against disease, had twice been practically given up with consumption, and at the time of which I speak was obliged to wear a leather jacket because of spinal disease. In pain all the time, I worked because I couldn't give up; couldn't afford to die.

Then I came across the little booklet, "As a Man Thinketh," and it opened up for me a new train of thought. I had never considered that point of view, but it seemed at least reasonable, and I determined to investigate. I subscribed to *Nautilus*, besides reading and studying all the books on this line I could procure. Night after night and week after week I would stay up until the wee sma' hours, wrestling with my problem.

I looked within and was appalled at what I found. My imagination daily feasted on thoughts of deeds which I knew I would not commit and yet found pleasure in contemplating. I used to think I was obsessed, and fought to overcome my moral deficiencies but always in vain. And always every night I prayed honestly and sincerely for help, and fervently that my children might grow up pure-minded.

But we were all desperately unhappy. My wife's health was poor, the children were always getting sick, and there seemed no hope.

I believe most strivers after truth experience the same difficulty I did when they first try to grasp the principles of New Thought through books. Most of the books on the subject are inspiring, but they present no levers which one might grasp to set the machinery in motion.

I tried auto-suggestion, on faith, through the influence of Bruce MacLelland's "Prosperity Through Thought Force." It really worked wonders with me. I was ambitious and aspiring. I wanted to be a real man and a good man for the sake of my dear ones, and when a possible way presented I followed it in no half-hearted fashion. I found that by auto-suggestion I could influence my mind, and I started in to clean house, to cast out every impure, bitter or weak thought and replace it with pure, noble, strong thoughts. It was a discouraging task, but I did what I set out to. I have remodeled my entire character, so much so that sometimes I am myself amazed. Where I was weak, hopeless, purposeless, I am now strong, self-confident, self-reliant, pure in thought and deed; and facing the future fearlessly, with not only hope but confidence. But that is ahead of my story.

I found that to one who believed in reason and logic, faith was a quality difficult to command. The New Thought books are strong on assertion but weak on proof. That is not to say that most of their assertions cannot be proven, but merely that they seldom are, and as faith is usually based on knowledge, the explorer in this new found country is hard put to it to use faith as a rod and staff.

But all things run in circles, so my search brought me to the realms of psychology. I studied James, Hudson, Bramwell, Sidis, and a host of others. And I found the discoveries of science corroborated in many ways the New Thought view. Science merely puts another construction on the ascertained facts. Science must prove first and demonstrate after, refusing to leap any gap, *while the New Thought spreads its imaginative wings and soars into the unknown, then tries to build a road back that others may advance on it.*

Light did not come to me in a blinding flash. The structure I was erecting was put together little by little, an idea here, a glimpse of light there, all painfully slow. Sometimes it seemed that it must all be moonshine, and my very soul would sicken, but ever afterward would come the determination to persevere.

It was only by looking backward that I could perceive any gain. Last winter I was attacked with neuralgia, and life was a burden for five months. A dozen times during the day and night the attacks would come on, and I would descend into the pit. And, oh, how I fought. In the paroxysms I would clench my teeth, and with the world shattered about me and all the imps of the orthodox Hell laughing at my torments, would mentally assert again and again, "I will not give up, this does *not* prove the theory wrong. It is only that I am somehow making a mistake." And I held to my faith and finally the neuralgia lessened.

And always I was still piecing together my scheme of life and ever getting new light on ideas which had before been unintelligible to me. And then the neuralgia came on again — but in the meantime I had learned something. And when the attacks came, I did not fight them. I merely accepted them as messages asking aid, from my inner mind, and waited confidently for the pain to cease. And the attacks grew less violent day by day and in two weeks were ended and this time never to return.

Now I must be brief, and yet I would like to try to give a little helpful advice. First, let me tell what I have accomplished. Not very much in so far as material advancement is concerned, yet the whole world is changed for me.

First, my home is one of sunshine and happiness. My dear ones are all healthy, and I now have a four months' old boy who is the admiration of all who see him. Last November my younger girl contracted scarlet fever. I called a doctor to assuage my wife's fears, but told him we wanted no medicine. He only called twice. The child

was not in bed a day and had it not been for the rash, would never have known she was sick.

I am well, discarded the jacket a year ago, and what is more important, know how to use my own inner powers to keep well and influence others to the same end. I am working in an office where the work is mere routine, the general conditions and the morals of the employes are bad. They are mostly incompetents, and therefore chronic kickers, for there is no possible chance for advancement there. I was in the same class two years ago, hated my work, found fault and blamed everything but myself for the fact that I was a failure. Several of the men were my enemies.

Today I am an earnest and, I believe, an efficient worker. I work only for my own approval and find pleasure in my work. What is more, I believe I have actually been instrumental in bringing about a wonderful improvement in our office. The men who were my enemies are now my friends. They do not know why, but I do. By a little word dropped here and there, I have reduced friction and I hope and believe, exerted a beneficial influence.

And I thoroughly believe in the law of compensation. I am as certain as I am that I am living, that events will so shape themselves that before long I shall have an opportunity to take a position where these painfully acquired but now permanent traits of character will bring me material advancement.

Now the word to the beginner who is not of a credulous nature and so finds it hard to believe these teachings which are contrary to all his preconceived ideas and experience.

Never allow yourself to get too discouraged. Remember that all must pass through the valley before ascending the heights. Force yourself to believe, even against your own judgment. Read all the books on the subject you can, especially when you feel discouraged. If you have an honest desire for truth, to perfect your character, to love good, you will eventually succeed. But — the search

for truth must be the most important thing in your life if you expect to find it. Don't expect to buy a book, skim it over between dances, and gain a working knowledge of the laws governing the universe. It is a long road, and sometimes a hard one, but — it is worth it.

I'm not a molly-coddle. I enjoy a good time as much as ever, but my conception of what constitutes a good time has changed. It is really wonderful what radical changes one can effect in one's character, providing there is desire and determination.



## XVII. HOW I CURED MYSELF OF UNHAPPINESS AND WEAK EYESIGHT

BY FLORENCE MANSFIELD

**H**AVE you ever seen the picture of Paolo and Francesca, clinging to each other, hurtled through space upon the flapping wings of a hurricane, eternally engulfed in chaos?

What anguish in their faces; what despair! And in the man's strong countenance, stern opposition to the Power which swings him through eternity against his will.

As I gazed at the wonderful picture, I could not but feel the force of Opposition as it struck sparks of confusion from the anvil of Eternal Law, and Emerson's words came to my mind:

"The day of days, the great day of the feast of life, is that in which the *inward eye* opens to the unity in things, to the omnipresence of law."

How the terror of chaos is depicted in that masterpiece. I saw in it the human family as a central figure, amid the storm of chaos — battling, striving, pushing, opposing; striking with futile hands at the walls of Eternal Law.

This was before New Thought had become a familiar term to me. I was just becoming acquainted with *Nautilus* — then a thin, four-page sheet — and the name of Elizabeth Towne.

Things had gone very wrong in my own life; well could I imagine myself as one among those storm-driven, human entities. And as I looked back, all the unrest, disappointments, failures, of my past, unfurled upon my memory like an ugly panorama.

Somewhere, out of the silence, came the words: "Keep

in the path of least resistance." I recognized them as words I had read in *Nautilus*. As clear as a bell those words repeated themselves. I began to realize what they meant, but not yet did their full import penetrate to my inner consciousness.

All development is by slow process; no one becomes either saint or fiend at a bound. Step by step habit is formed, for good or evil, as the bent twig grows, and so at last we have the mature character. So, gradually, had my ill-temper grown into a big, hateful monster which I scarcely recognized as mine.

From peevish fault-finding to critical sarcasm and discontent; from dissatisfaction to anger, until, oh, Eternal Law, I was that Paolo, buffeted by my own opposing forces into endless unrest and unhappiness.

My life bubbled over with little devils of opposition. Every time my gentler mood prevailed, up jumped a dozen devils and stirred up all kinds of trouble.

Trouble causes tears and tears are bad for eyes — especially astigmatic eyes. Tears weaken the eye muscles if indulged too freely. Weak eye muscles have been said to cause blindness. I had shed oceans of tears, in anger, resentment, disappointment and sorrow. My eyes suffered from the over indulgence. Glasses helped but little, since I still continued to reap the effect of the same old cause.

At home the atmosphere was favorable to tears, as in-harmony always is. No physician had been able to allay my eye-trouble; still I sought one after another, changing glasses and worrying — worrying.

But those words of Elizabeth's — "take the path of least resistance," adhered to my memory like the fragrance of violets to a vase.

Not until I actually tried, persistently, to follow the path of least resistance did I learn how absolutely I had been engulfed in the chaos of opposition. Why, every moment of every day had used up my nerve-force in useless struggles. What did they all amount to, anyway —

mere material wants? Are they worth all the energy we waste upon their gratification? No matter where we go, what we accomplish, or annex unto ourselves, we never reach the limit of our "wants." As the philosopher has said:

"Want is a growing giant whom the cloak of Have was never large enough to cover."

I determined to eliminate the habit of "wanting" — just to discipline those fractious little "devils." How they did rise up and give battle! But, after long months of watchfulness, I conquered. And when the wants were lopped off, there was no cause for friction in the home, therefore no cause for tears. It was remarkable, too, how everything that was really necessary came to me without all the old aggressive struggle. Perhaps holding the thought, "my own will come to me," had much to do with bringing about this felicitous condition.

Indeed, I found the path of least resistance strewn with roses. A light-heartedness came to me that I did not suspect myself capable of. In the home all quarreling ceased, for without opposition there was nothing to quarrel about.

Along the path I found, not only roses blooming, but the dove of peace there nesting; and as I journeyed on, all the Joy fairies came trooping to keep me company, and life became a beautiful journey. In my home sat Harmony at the feast.

But still I wore glasses.

You see, I had not *fully* realized all that this Principle of Divine Love meant. Its ideas had been grasped; the idea, alone, had been a wonderful help. But so surely does the spirit lead, and in such devious ways, — I felt a continual antipathy to wearing glasses, a kind of prodding to lay them off. Fear held me back, but the inner Voice never ceased its urging.

Nothing short of a miracle could restore my eyes to their normal strength. I did not believe in miracles.

"Be still," said I to the Voice. "I am not resisting my glasses."

The answer came back at once:

“All sight is spiritual.”

The power of mind over matter, the supremacy of the spirit, I had long accepted as truth without putting it to a test. At last I knew that no lotus flowers grew along the path of least resistance; that toll was levied all the way. The toll was work. God's work.

We are working with God, not for Him. In working with God we are working for universal good. To bring harmony out of chaos, joy out of sadness, health to the sick, peace out of chaos — that is to work *with* God.

Knowing nothing of how to “treat” I did the simplest thing possible — went into the privacy of my room every morning and proclaimed my body an empty vessel, except as it was filled, and thrilled, with Divine Life — Force — Divine Love — Perfect Harmony, — which *is* all-health, all-strength.

These affirmations were made earnestly, persistently, although I could not be sure the process was correct, or would prove effectual.

Under the daily treatments my general health improved; I kept at it for many weeks, each time feeling the word of Truth vibrate through every atom of my being. But I still wore my glasses.

The time came when they seemed to draw my eyes out of their sockets. The pain grew intense. I feared my treatments were doing more harm than good.

The specialist whom I consulted put me through a rigorous examination. Looking hard at my glasses, he said:

“They are too strong. In fact, I can see nothing the matter with your eyes except strain from their use.”

“Oh, ye of little faith.” I had been afraid to take the gift which was already mine.

Thus, through New Thought, came peace to my heart, harmony to my home, health and restored eyesight to my happy self.



## XVIII. HOW A FATHER WAS HEALED OF DISSIPATION

BY M. A. PEPPER

**A**BOUT three years ago the home of a very dear friend of mine was on the verge of ruin, caused by the dissipation of the husband, who, for years, as a natural consequence of the life he led from drinking and associations he formed while under the influence of liquor, made the home life almost unbearable for his wife and children. He was a man from whom, at one time, great things were expected. Highly intelligent, capable, a lawyer high in his profession, and financially able to gratify any wish within reason. Like many others who start on the high road of life equipped for the race, with no apparent struggle on the part of the recipient but to receive and be happy, he felt too secure in times of prosperity and, unfortunately, drifted into that careless, happy-go-lucky pace that many of his associates were traveling at the time. The result was most disastrous for his wife and family. His wife was a woman of high ideals, and endeavored to live up to them in the face of all opposition. Their children, the eldest a boy of fifteen, one of twelve and a girl of ten, had reached the age when children are most sensitive and easily humiliated when reminded of anything wrong their father has done.

Not many months before a great change had been brought about in my own home through New Thought, and I wished that I might make some suggestions along these lines to my friend, without appearing to force it on her attention, fearing she might not be in favor of it or not ready to take it up. I went to see her many times be-

fore I found that I could speak to her quite freely on the subject. Finally, one day, armed with *Nautilus* and a determination, I went to visit her. When we had talked for some time on different things I spoke of an article I had been reading on *New Thought*, and spoke of the good such things were doing for me. She asked me, as it had been of so much benefit to me, to explain it to her. We read and discussed one or two articles and a success letter that appealed to her as just such help as she needed. She was so interested in it all that she went over almost everything in the magazine. She said: "Do you think it would be possible to help in my case? It seems to me I have prayed until I cannot go on any longer. God seems so far away, somehow, and I see no results, nothing to make me believe God ever hears me. Things are growing worse, and I feel, and have felt for so long, afraid to look for him coming home because we know just what condition he will be in, and we are seldom disappointed."

Things had come to such a stage that for the children's sake, to go on under present conditions was impossible. They were justly ashamed of their father. He treated their friends with the utmost insolence until they ceased to come at all, and through sympathy for Mrs. S— her social friends were obliged to stay away. The numerous little things that go to make everyday life a perfect failure had been her share, and the thousand wrongs that one cannot put in words. This state of existence could not be borne much longer. The fatal mistake of holding the mental picture of her husband always in that same condition appealed to me at once, and I ventured to speak of it. "But I cannot see him in any other way," she said. "Why, if you had watched and waited for him night after night, year after year, how could you?" I confessed it would be difficult, but suggested that we try and hold just the reverse of the picture and see what would come from the trial. It was talked over with the children, who were only too happy to take it up. At first it was rather discouraging. The children imagined, as children will,

that there would be an immediate transformation in their father, and as there was no visible change, it was hard to convince them that they would have to keep on if they desired results. It was hard for their mother to keep up their interest as well as her own. Yet she never gave up, or allowed a thought of failure to discourage her. I believe every hour of the time that followed her mind held just one image, that of her husband coming home to them each day a normal, happy human being, and no other thought foreign to Divine Love to mar the picture.

Only once during many months she grew weary and discouraged, and the temptation to give up was strong, and for some time almost mastered her. It was one evening when her husband returned much worse than usual. She afterwards learned that just at that time he experienced mental and spiritual sensations altogether new to him. The growing dislike for the men with whom he associated, the disgust he felt for dissipation in any form, was something he had long since ceased to think of. Something somewhere in his subconscious mind, the desire for a higher and cleaner life that had lain dormant, began to assert itself. But breaking away from bad associations of long standing is a struggle we cannot all understand. It was this particular evening the fight between the good and bad had tormented and harassed him for days, had become unbearable, and the inevitable happened. He was not going to submit just yet to a weakness, as he supposed the awakening of a conscience to be, and he used the only means he knew of to forget and drown any soul whisperings that had caused him to stop and think. It was almost the turning point from hope for his wife, yet she kept bravely on after the supreme struggle.

From that time on there was something, a voice, a something within, he could not describe just what led him on, yet he could not separate himself from the idea that some invisible force, stronger than the power of evil, was bringing him out of a labyrinth of misery, and the

world looked brighter. His interests in the life around him were new, and days passed, and the old thirst for intoxicants grew less. They had somehow lost their flavor. I had not seen Mrs. S— for some time, when one day she came, smiling and so changed that I hardly knew her. She said: "I suppose I need not say it in words, for I must look my happiness. The best of all good things has come to us."

It was almost too much for her to realize or believe, and she confessed to having a fear that it might not last. It is now nearly three years since the struggle for a new life began and over two since it reached the turning point. It was a supreme struggle for both before the darkness of living in error for years was made visible to him, and now there is one more happy home as a result of New Thought.



## XIX. A LIFE CHANGED AND MADE HAPPY

BY HORTENSE M. GAINES

**A**S you are always anxious to hear of success gained through New Thought, I want to tell you of one life that was changed and made happy through this medium. The woman involved was born almost a half century ago on a farm in a rural district of Indiana. Her parents were plain German people who earned their living by the sweat of their brow. They had never known anything else except to labor and to toil, and the child was raised accordingly. They didn't believe in education, because they hadn't been educated. Therefore she was given no schooling. In those days compulsory education laws were unknown.

At the age of seventeen years she married a neighboring farmer's boy. The old folks between them, gave a farm and one hundred dollars on which to start the journey of life. Both being energetic they went to work with the determination to "make good." As the years rolled by quite a few little ones came to cheer the family fireside. The farm had been a paying proposition from the start. Another farm had been added, and still another, and another as time went on, until they found themselves the greatest land owners in that section of the world. The railroad came and a small town began to spring up on the edge of their holdings. They realized their opportunity and grasped it. Thousands of acres were divided into town lots and sold at an elegant profit.

Middle age found this woman with immense wealth and a family almost raised. In all these years they had never ventured farther than a neighboring village; a city was unknown to them. But now they decided to rest from

their labors and to branch out more into the world. They moved to Cincinnati and built a beautiful home in one of the most fashionable suburbs. The children had been educated at the best schools in the country and were qualified to mix in any society — but the mother — oh, horrors — a plain, uncouth, comely German woman who looked like a meal bag with a string tied around it, didn't appeal to the four hundred. What was she to do? Nothing seemed left except to take "a back seat," and remain in oblivion.

It was at this time that a New Thinker came into her life, and made the suggestion that she study and improve. What! at that age begin to learn to read and write? Never too late to improve, said the adviser.

A teacher was secured and she began her lessons in dead earnest. As she progressed music was added. She also took physical culture to remove a bit of surplus flesh and make her more shapely.

Her development was rapid, and in a few years this woman was a marvel. Her playing was remarkable, and in society you would have thought her to be born.

Previous to her studies her oldest son had been sent to England to take charge of the offices of a large American corporation. Being kept close at business no time had been found to visit his old home until a couple of weeks ago his mother received a letter stating he would soon arrive in New York. She went on to meet him and was at the pier when the vessel came in. He at once began to scan the crowd for the familiar face of mother. No, he didn't see her — but, lo and behold, who was this lovely, stately woman that rushed upon him and throwing her arms around him, called him "son"! This couldn't be his mother, for his mother was just a plain, unassuming country woman that he had rarely ever seen in anything except a blue calico wrapper. But it was. Not the mother of his youth, but the woman who had found New Thought and thereby changed her whole life with such beautiful results.



## XX. HOW NEW THOUGHT HELPED WHEN MY HUSBAND BECAME A FLIRT

BY ROXANA STANDISH

**I** HAVE been married twelve years. My matrimonial bark has not always drifted on placid seas, and I am inclined to think that any twelve-year voyager will admit that there are apt to be treacherous seas and rocks and shoals. A woman usually keeps quiet about these things, but as my poor little cockle shell boat was almost on the rocks and a balmy New Thought wind wafted me out into deep waters that meant life and happiness, I feel like passing it along.

The law of opposites gave me for a husband a young man, lighthearted and gay. Naturally brilliant, he was extremely well-liked and ranked high in his profession. I was a little Puritan with ideals of love and home that reached to the stars. I stood much on my dignity. My ancestors were from New England.

Well a day, fair sailing! For one whole year we were as happy as turtle doves, perfectly suited in tastes, comrades in every sense of the word, when to my dismay and confusion I saw my husband faring forth a gay young Lothario, smiling at all the girls, petted by the younger married women of our set, and leaving Wifie, neglected, to smile her way as bravely and as best she could through the parties and entertainments of our social world. A married flirt, — and he my husband! I had never demanded overmuch, and green-eyed jealousy in all my life had never before looked my way. I felt crushed. I tried to talk the matter over with Jack, only to be laughingly told, that if I had married a brilliant, attractive man I

should expect women to admire him, and as his flirting was innocent enough, with nice women, and only a matter of smiles, calls, attentions, and flattery while his love was mine, I had no cause for complaint. He positively refused to see the embarrassing position in which I was placed before our friends, and I promptly resorted to that weakest of all woman's weaknesses when brought to bay with apparently no way of escape — I cried and reproached.

Jack put on his hat and in high dudgeon stalked from the house. I stood tearfully at the window watching his retreating figure, when down the street came gliding a young and charming widow who moved in our set. There were smiles and gay banter as the two walked out of sight. My ideals of home, marriage and love were crumbling about me, although I still smiled bravely when the world walked by. On the surface our home life was pleasant enough, but in secret I grieved and worried and, Shades of my New England Ancestors! I even thought of divorce.

Four weary years went by. I was cruelly neglected. The light had gone out of my face, and the ring out of my laughter. About this time New Thought traveled my way by means of *The Nautilus*. I read three numbers indifferently, then an idea sailed in. Why not give New Thought practice a chance to untangle the snarls in my home life? Why not put it to some hard tests and see if there were any power in its teaching? I began in earnest to study my Bible to find out how to practice the Presence of God, and to learn the Mind of Christ? We had certainly had very little of either in our home.

At this time my husband became infatuated with one hundred and sixty pounds of soft prettiness. He talked a good deal of her fine eyes, her complexion, her smooth, graceful manners. I wanted to show my displeasure, but I had been learning the mind of Christ; I must be truthful. To his surprise I agreed with him. As we came back from the city that afternoon, in a gay mood he invited me

to a call with him on the Fair One, not dreaming that I would accept.

The "Something New" that had come into my life said "yes"! so we made our way at once to the Fair One's home. Evidently she did not expect callers, for, as her mother ushered us into the Fair One's presence we surprised her with her hair hanging in strings and a slovenly wrapper enveloping her soft prettiness. Late that evening by the coziness of our own fireside my husband eyed me shrewdly and remarked, "Thank goodness, you never formed the wrapper habit."

The next week we were invited to take dinner with mother and daughter. My spirit rose up to rebel, but after going into the Silence I graciously accepted. There was but one servant in their home. The mother was plainly tired from overwork, but the Fair One in the conscious dignity of any well-dressed beauty, languidly lounged and entertained gracefully. Oh yes! She was soft, and she was pretty and she weighed one hundred and sixty pounds, but in the evening I noticed that Jack's praises rang less true, and an infatuation that might have lasted months, and caused me untold misery, was over in a few days because New Thought had directed me into the Silence and given me a vision of what it means to be divinely led.

I was happier, my face filled out, the ring came back to my voice. Jack and I went out among our friends. He was kindly attentive to me. We had become splendid companions, when, woe is me! The Charming Widow came back from her trip abroad, and she was charming. She could talk all day of herself, her aims, her ambitions and I beheld my Husband, all smiles and graces, her constant shadow.

I desired nothing so much as the leading of the Presence. Finally it came. The lodge of which Jack and I were both members was to be entertained five days in an adjoining city. We were at the depot, and as the train was nearing the station imagine my consternation when I learned that

the Charming Widow was to accompany us — as my guest. I knew that every minute of the trip would mean crucifixion. I remonstrated; Jack laughed; a laugh that plainly said, "Help yourself if you can."

I waited in the Silence for a moment. Thought came clearly. The train was slowing down. Turning quickly, I said, "Very well; your arrangements do not please me. You know I have been planning to visit Carrie" — an old schoolmate in a distant city — "so good-bye, Jack; have a good time," and I had glided away through the crowd. Jack did not think I meant it. I was so timid of travel, so devoted to home. He expected to find me on the train but his search was in vain, and hardest of all for him to bear were the laughs and sly jokes of our friends, most of them husbands and wives, who had guessed the truth. I was told afterward that Jack was decidedly cross to everyone, the Charming Widow included. He did not even stay until the entertainment was over, but returned home — to an empty house.

My stay with Carrie was a most enjoyable affair. Although there were times when I longed for home, the Silence said, "not yet." I wanted to write, but the Silence said, "not yet."

At the end of the first week I received an angry letter from Jack. He would never forgive me. I had made a fool of him before all our friends.

The second week another letter came. Jack was beginning to see he had not treated me right. Would I forgive him? My heart ached. I wanted to go home, but the Silence said, "not yet."

The third week a letter came. For the love of heaven would I come home? He had lost every case in his profession since I had been away. He was nearly crazy with loneliness. I went.

That was six years ago and, thanks to New Thought, instead of a wrecked home and aching hearts, we now have the happiest home in the square. Jack is a devoted husband and the gayest kind of companion for our

daughter. Those who do not know our early struggles consider ours the one ideal home — and it is. I do not advise anyone to do as I did. It might have meant disaster only as I was divinely led. But I do advise every woman who finds problems in her life that are beyond her solving to Practice the Presence of God, learn the Mind of Christ and then make practical, effective use of it.



## XXI. HOW I MADE MY HUSBAND OVER

BY MRS. D. D. H.

**I** MARRIED the only son and child of a rich mother and lawyer father. His seemingly greatest ambition in life was to travel, hunt, and fish. Because he disliked work he allowed circumstances to push him any old way. He did not make a decent living, though he had much natural, latent ability. I determined he must change. Hence, I began to gradually change his ideas of life. I enlarged his self-respect thus: "You have as much brains as anyone; you are more capable than you dare dream; you always have and generally can do anything you thoroughly want to do; your will is unusually strong. A strong resolution to carry things the right way wins half the battle. Any fool can inherit money. It takes a smart man to earn a living. Earning money is a game. It develops one's powers to cope with their difficulties. No one is given a too heavy burden; you can do what others have done and more. Work is play if you find your line."

When these talks proved unavailing, I'd arouse his manhood by making him mad. He hated disapproval from his relatives or me. He grew furious when called a ne'er-do-well, a namby-pamby, sissy boy, mamma's baby darling. Then I'd reply: "Prove to them it's all lies!" In a few days he'd start all over again for the better. In the meantime I would humor him and bring out magazines for him to read. He'd lie down and relax and fairly devour them. I would say to him, "Later, you will feel more like work. I never want you to overdo or get sick from it. All I ever ask you to do is what you think is

right." Then I'd go and do my own work, thinking, "He is not lazy. He loves work. He always means to be just."

Finally, my victory was won. He'd grow restless and say, "I'm lazy today. I should do something. I must go and work." It takes an iron patience to be good and kind in domestic crises. But it pays.

He recently asked me: "Do you care what I do for a living?" I answered, "No — anything that's honest!" He learned a trade to please me. He realizes that a trade ranks above an inheritance. He can't lose it. He is so happy because he owns a shop. He is a man among men. He thinks all boys should be taught responsibility in their youth, instead of piling it all on them when grown.



## XXII. HOW CONSTRUCTIVE THINKING HELPED HEAL TUBERCULOSIS

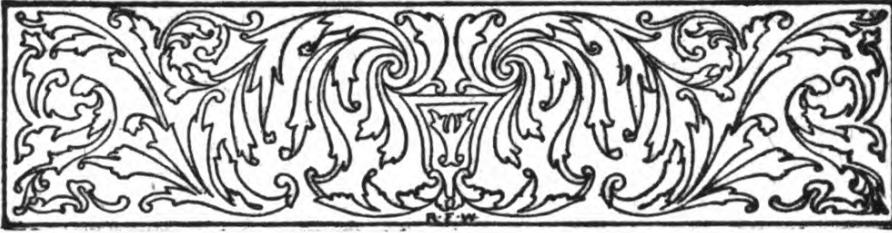
BY MRS. JOHN CARTER

A FEW years ago I went to one of the best lung specialists in Chicago and was told that I had tuberculosis in my left lung, and that it was necessary for me to at once commence treatment. Some weeks, perhaps two or three months before, I had been positive myself that I had it and at once my mind began to run along in the old groove, "that it was God's will, and my time had come, and I must bow to it." This tearing down mode of thought was constantly with me until my husband and myself decided that I was to go to a sanatorium for tuberculosis. As soon as I was stationed in my tent and rested from my long, tiresome journey, I turned right about face and positively declared to myself and to everyone with whom I talked that I did not believe it was *ever* God's will for a mother to die and leave four children to the tender mercies of the world. Before I had been there a week I had a hemorrhage and a high temperature, and was exceedingly weak. I merely tell this to show my state of health.

I made it a rule to do everything exactly as I was told to do the best I knew. I never got up when I had any temperature, and took all the nourishment I possibly could.

Every night before composing myself to sleep I went through the following: I relaxed as much as possible. Then I began by sending my thoughts to my feet. I prayed that they might be made well and strong — that they might be able to run on errands of mercy and help-

fulness for others; then that my knees might be made supple and pliable; then my limbs. When I came to the organs of the body I thoughtfully imagined each one as it should be, sent the blood there in streams of healing, dwelling particularly upon those that were in any special need of help. When I came to the lungs I dwelt on them especially; the same way with the heart. The throat, arms, face, head and mind all came in for their share. Most always I was asleep before I would get so far as the head. I constantly affirmed to myself and others that no difference how I might die it would not be with tuberculosis. In ten weeks I was able to return home, with the injunction to stay in bed whenever I had temperature, to continue the outdoor living, and to carry out all that I had learned. I tried faithfully to do all this that summer. It is now six years since and no one to see me would ever believe that I had ever had tuberculosis. I weigh one hundred and thirty pounds and have a good color. I cough some if I take a bad cold, but I am on the road to complete recovery, and my faith is stronger than ever. My friends who bade me good-bye when I left home never expected to see me again. I am confident I would have died within the year had I not cured myself by my thought. Then New Thought was unknown to me. Since then I have read and studied much, and can never get enough to satisfy me.



## XXIII. HOW I MADE MYSELF OVER

BY GEORGE ANDERSON

**A**S a child I had always been allowed to do as I pleased. Almost never did I sit at the table to have my meals with the rest of the family, but kept nibbling at something or other practically at all times. Mother was exceedingly good to me and gave me all the cake and candy I wanted — and all the fried stuff and meats I didn't want. When I grew older play did not appeal to me as it did to the other boys. I preferred sitting indoors and reading, to romping with the "kids."

Thus years passed on, I ignorantly violating all rules of right living. As I emerged from boyhood into manhood I awoke to the sad fact that my health was very poor. My digestive system would not behave, my heart was inclined to be mischievous, and the entire organism was simply out of gear.

Then began the usual course. Doctor after doctor was consulted, nauseating nostrums were swallowed, but with no results. I fretted, I worried, I watched myself, nursed myself, drugged myself — but of no avail.

A friend of my father now came to my rescue. He was a "physical culture crank." He spoke to me of the value of fresh air and exercise, of the utmost importance of a proper diet, etc.; gave me some books on the subject and many magazines.

I now began a new life. I discontinued using medicines, joined a "gymn" and exercised regularly, adopted a vegetarian diet, and utilized other measures conducive to health.

Several years passed by. My muscular system became developed to perfection. I was now an athlete and gymnast. I could juggle with the heavy weights and turn somersaults with ease. But still no health! My stomach simply refused to do its work, insomnia kept me constant company, and worst of all, I had the "blues" continually. I grew weary of it all; I thought life wasn't worth living and was about to give up when —

In steps New Thought. At last I realized why perfect health had not come to me. I now saw the error of my ways — of thinking. I had for years kept suggesting to myself that I was sick; kept expecting my organs to fail to perform their functions normally; continued talking disease, disease at all times. Thus, in spite of my "physical culture" and dieting, I didn't obtain good health. I had developed the habit of thinking "disease thoughts" instead of "health thoughts," and hence undesirable consequences followed.

I now turned over a new leaf. In the first place I stopped worrying about my health. I was convinced that Nature heals and that by simply living rationally she would restore any abnormal conditions existing. Then I made it my business to forget that I had a body at all; I stopped for good the practice of concentrating my mind upon my heart or stomach. I continually suggested to myself that I was healthy, that I was living like a healthy being, thinking like a healthy being, *was* a healthy being. I kept my mind well occupied, didn't overeat and masticated my food thoroughly, walked a good deal and practiced deep breathing regularly, tried to see the best in everybody and the bright side of everything, was cheerful and sympathetic. As time went on I felt physically better and better, and now I possess perfect health.



## XXIV. REPLENISHING THE NERVE CENTERS

BY ROBERT H. G. SMELTZER

**N**OT all of a sudden, but slowly and surely I felt myself going to pieces. My resiliency (or resisting power) had fallen far below par, and I was wearing my nerves on the outside. They had in open rebellion defied my best efforts to control them.

Notwithstanding the fact that I am an ardent New Thought advocate, I was being taught the old, old lesson that nature will not be imposed on without exacting a heavy fine. One of the tenets of the New Thought doctrine is that its followers must exercise *discretion*, and not leave New Thought alone to work miracles; and this I had utterly failed to do. I had taken over an extremely burdensome task and, once begun, I did not wish to be released from my obligation. At the finish I was ready for dry-dock and repairs, so to speak.

Brain fag — what is it? A played-out, restless, excitable feeling by day and long sleepless hours at night. A feeling closely akin to despair comes over one who is not aware that food for the nerves is close by and easily accessible. This nerve-food abounds in every shape and form in God's own country. I was about to go there to recuperate — to regain the steady hand and clear eye. And now I am firmly convinced that surely no one lives deeply and well who does not recognize his kinship to nature.

And in my search for these treasures (and surely they are priceless gems) I would apply scientific methods in like manner to the business man intent on reaping success. My reasoning was that I would be benefited quite

as much, and more, in a couple of days as another person listlessly hunting health would accrue in a fortnight. How so? I would command my whole being, my every *thought*, *word* and *action* to gain health, strength and peace of mind — the peace of mind of a child.

I am, in reality, a “country boy,” and proud of this fact. Now I would go back to my long-ago pastimes, practice some of them, and those forbidden me I would at least recall and make them mine once again — I would retrace to barefoot days, swimming days, hill-climbing days, bird-study days, flower-gathering days, and what not, plus scientific thinking, self-affirmation, and lastly “SILENT HOURS,” which are indeed powers behind the throne.

What a power of strength abounds in the silent hour, simply awaiting our application by scientific methods. If there is one agency well calculated to give to weary man “new nerves” for “old nerves,” it is The Power of Repose. The best illustration I can give is this:

Extreme activity diminishes nerve force.

Extreme Passiveness replenishes nerve force.

In other words, the nerve force I had expended (lost) through overwork I would regain by making this vacation period a time of *repose*. This “easing up” process was to be the main part of the nature treatment that I had mapped out.

My daily entering the silence combined with it a “waking of the solar plexus,” which is in reality a liberation of the inherent internal forces, thus causing increased blood circulation, and a responding improvement in health and well-being.

*First*, then, came the silence practice. At this point you will find it interesting to read what Henry Thoreau has to say of “entering into the silence.” I quote from his “Walden”:

“Sometimes on a summer morning, having taken my accustomed bath, *I sat in my sunny doorway, from sunrise until noon, rapt in a reverie, ’midst the pines and hicko-*

ries and sumachs in undisturbed solitude and stillness, while the birds sang around, or flitted noiselessly through the house until by the sun falling in at my west window I was reminded of the lapse of time, or by the noise of some traveler's wagon I was reminded of the time of day. I GREW IN THOSE SEASONS LIKE CORN IN THE NIGHT, and they were far better than any work of the hands would have been. They were not time subtracted from my life, but so much over and above my usual allowance."

*Secondly.* Olive oil, which as a body builder ranks A1, was to enter largely into my diet. I would use it largely on greens, fruits, etc., knowing full well that robust health lies dormant in every drop. I would also use it for massage purposes.

*Third.* I would drink water in large quantities. To be healthy without one needs to be cleanly within. Nine out of every ten persons drink too little water. Another incentive for doing so was the crystal water itself.

*Fourth.* "Ay, there's the rub." This little Shakespearian expression would I continually recall, to remind me of the goodness of body massage (with olive oil, as above stated) especially of the spine — and I managed this myself, too — and to my mind proved to be a fairly good masseur.

*Lastly.* My mind would be care-free. The Devil of Fear would be relegated to the realms of the past. I was not going to the mountains having in mind the fact that I really needed a rest. Conversely, I was going to think scientifically without which no good results can be accomplished. I knew that "thoughts are real things."

Along the above lines had I mapped out my battle plan for health, although in my mind it was no battle at all, simply acquiring the proper spirit to deserve all the good health that might lie in close proximity. Looked pretty good to me offhand — doesn't it to you?

Well, here I am at my vacation home, away from the congested and stifling city. The station is a little box affair, and before making any inquiries as to my destina-

tion, I turn to observe the lay of the land. Primitive mountains and woods on every side bespeak an air of fragrance and coolness, which is most inviting, most wild and desolate scenery — it rather chills me at first, but that feeling of loneliness does not remain with me long.

I had come for a rest on the bosom of mother earth, and now I had reached my country home; a cabin on the side of the mountain. My host and hostess met me at the door with a hearty greeting. He, a hale middle-aged woodchopper, while his wife's ruddy cheeks bespoke health plus.

The nearest house was a quarter of a mile distant, and after summing things up, I concluded that I had selected *the* place; it seemed to be in reality a valley of repose. Here was I to commune with tranquil nature in all her glory, and reap the rewards to be gained as a result thereof.

The morning following my arrival I arose bright and early, as my initial night away up in lonesome hollow was somehow not conducive to sound slumber. The golden sun just peering over the edge of the mountain top brought to my mind the lines of Shakespeare:

*“ And jocund day  
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.”*

Aye, it was a picture for the gods. I could fill a volume with endless instances of nature in beautiful garb. My desire, however, is to point out nature's way of making us live in the present; she makes us forget the past, by placing vividly before us pictures of charm and beauty.

The poet still draws word-pictures of the barefoot boy in his endeavor to link the present with the past. When I rolled up my trousers and discarded shoes and hose I experienced a joy I had not felt for many a year; such a feeling of freedom from conventionality, for —

*“ I love to walk the fields, they are to me  
A legacy no evil can destroy.  
They, like a spell, set every rapture free  
That cheered me when a boy.”*

Swimming? Yes, daily a plunge, and a swim for a half-hour or so. Then a rubdown, and I was in fine fettle for entering the silence and waking the solar plexus. I discovered in the dense black woods a clearing (as though intentionally prepared for me) where God's sunshine came through in strong rays, while around quietness reigned supreme. Here my many *silent* hours were spent, and oh, the good they proved to be.

Regularly I would go with my cocoanut cup (how I prized that primitive drinking utensil) to the spring that shot forth from the crags over on the mountain side, just the proper degree of refreshing coolness — surely nectar for a king. I made it a point to drink two quarts daily.

A climb up the mountain side each morning was included in my regime. I never set out to finish any set distance up and back, therefore on some days I would get further up than on others. I took up every act leisurely, with a view to freeing my mind of any thought of hurry and scurry.

My study of nature included birds of many varieties. Who can listen to the birds and not feel the better for it. I met the little titmouse, with his gray coat and crest, emitting a merry whistle. The bluebird. What a melody! His soft sweet grateful notes wafted on the breeze; the saucy sparrows with their silvery pipes and twitter and the robin's matin solo. 'Twould be a sad, ungrateful heart that would not respond to the music of these warblers.

Then there was the fish; one big brown trout especially became very friendly, and almost daily would disport himself in the crystal waters in full sight of me. How I admired that fish and grew to love him. I remember that it was with a feeling of regret that I left him on the last day, as he saucily shot out into sight, nearer to me than ever before, and then disappeared from sight.

I have now given you an insight into the methods I employed to regain my lost nerve-strength; have pointed out to you the salient features of such treatment, which was

rigidly observed, combining therewith an exposition of the manner in which nature steps in and lends her aid to the worn and weary who come to her with earnest intent. It is not incumbent upon me to divide my day up into periods for certain phases of treatment inasmuch as one often changes the order.

Likewise, where I dwell upon the beauties of nature, do not hastily label me "sentimental." I am merely a lover of nature in all her grandeur, and can promise that she will not send anyone away empty handed.

Those few weeks were well spent. I returned to my desk with a clear vision, pliant muscles, steady nerves and an appetite par excellence. In short, I was as fit as the proverbial fiddle.

So I say to you, for the very essence of peace and health,

"Go to the Hills."



## XXV. WHAT ONE WOMAN DID WITH TEN CHILDREN, A BLIND HUSBAND AND NO HOME

BY IDA W. MCKEE

I WAS a country school teacher, eighteen, when I married my father's young farmer. Poverty and babies were my portion. With ten children and no home I became desperate. Through the kindness of a relative at the time that my flock numbered six, I came across some New Thought literature. I was so much interested that I saved my small change, which came hard and far between, and denied myself many things that I might buy New Thought books and magazines. I had thought seriously of joining the Christian Church, but the New Thought teaching came nearer to my conception of the Christ teaching than the church, so I clung to New Thought. I busied myself thinking how to apply the teaching to my daily life, and did apply it day by day as well as one amongst many of adverse thought can.

Then husband lost his health and sight. Here we were, with no home, heavy debts, husband helpless, and a house full of children to provide for and educate. Here was a situation which would dismay the most "stout-hearted." I refused to look on the dark side. I daily told myself "*I can, I will* come out of this with God's help." When husband lost heart and almost mind, I roused myself to action. Through the advice of kind New Thought people I secured the Cady Lessons in Truth. I read one lesson to him each day at regular hours. The time consumed in reading a lesson was about one-half hour.

At first he was indifferent, but I read on. I felt that much was at stake. After once reading the whole twelve lessons I began and read them again as before. He now took more interest, as did some of the children. I read them through again, and then again. He asked for explanations of passages which he did not readily understand, and wanted to hear everything we could get on New Thought. His health improved steadily, and he now has faith that he will yet see to read for himself.

Of course I shed many secret tears. These I have learned to dry by saying, "I *am* happy. I am as happy as I can be. Nothing can make me unhappy, for God is here."

In the meantime I kept firm to the thought for a ranch home. We lived on what is termed raw land, in a beautiful valley among the Rockies. The house, the first frame house in the valley, was situated near a splendid spring stream, where the garden plot was supposed to be, the only tillable land for miles around. This land was owned by the state and leased to the owner of the improvements. Without any prospect of ever owning it, expecting at any time to receive notice to vacate, I studied and talked of the possibilities of the land as I saw it. I planned how I would have this, what I would plant there, where I would have an orchard. I would build here an ideal ranch home. I secured literature which the state amply provides on agriculture, poultry, dairying and gardening, and attended the farmers' institutes which were held in the community hall — I who owned no farm and whose family served as laborers on farms owned by others.

I bought an expensive machine on instalments for the dairy which I started from one cow. All this regardless of the opposition and pooh poohs of my husband.

One year ago this land was offered for sale and was bought without opposition and put in my name and that of one of my sons. We have twenty years in which to pay for our land, and are now free to carry out the plans made in my dire distress.

We are often congratulated on our "good buy," for it is now conceded to be a good ranching proposition. I daily give thanks, saying, "Father, I thank Thee that Thou hast heard me, and that Thou hearest me always." In the same way four of my children have gone, one after another, to the State School of Mechanic Arts and Agriculture. Three are still in the grammar school and aspire to follow in the footsteps of their brothers and sisters. I am proud of my ten splendid boys and girls, all of whom are growing into the better life.

I am growing with them, a little farther along, perhaps, in some ways, behind in others. And I know that greater things are coming to us all.



## XXVI. THE JOY CURE FOR ACCIDENTS

BY MELANIE DE BARONCELLI

**L**AST year after reading an article in *The Nautilus* about self-healing, by faith cure, I kept thinking the matter over and over until I thought that I had found a better way to eliminate pain, and right then I made the resolve to try the cure as soon as the opportunity presented itself. A few days after it happened that I burned my hand and arm badly. Instantly I remembered my resolve, and immediately I set my will to work in attracting to my being all the joy and happiness it could possibly hold. In less than a second the pain was gone, and the burned spot never blistered. Three ugly brown marks stayed for a time, but after a while they also disappeared.

Two months after, I fell from a height of three feet with a lighted lamp in my hands. Thinking principally of protecting the lamp from breaking, I fell on my left knee with all my weight. The pain was so intense that I felt myself fainting. But I kept all my will up. Friends picked me up, brought me to my bedroom and sat me in a rocker. As soon as I could talk I begged my friends to let me alone. As I looked at my knee I saw that it was getting black from the bruise. Then I went for my cure with all my mind, and soon I could see the natural color coming back, and a few seconds all was well; not a bruise, not a pain.

Since then I have used the cure every time in need. I also use it for success, to keep away fear and all kinds of unpleasantness. As soon as I feel the danger coming I swell my heart and all of my being with all the joy it can contain, and the radiation of it expels the worst cloudy storms. And now, you who read these lines, do not smile incredulously, but try yourselves and be convinced, and by so doing be happy, healthy and successful. That is my sincere wish.



## XXVII. THE CAUSE AND CURE OF ONE WOMAN'S HEART DISEASE

BY KATRINA DE POYCKE

**N**ATURALLY, being a person of great activity, and of a cheerful disposition, it was a great blow to me some years ago to become ill. The doctors called it heart trouble. I suffered from dizzy spells and palpitation of the heart, often followed by fainting spells. When I had one at church, and was carried out, I promptly stopped going to public gatherings and thus deprived myself of all the pleasing "play" a busy teacher needs after the work at school.

My condition did not improve, and after a while I looked and felt like an old woman instead of a buoyant young maiden. It was always the thought of my heart. The giving up the things I loved best, like long walks, drinking coffee, going out in the evening, even the pleasant exercise of making my own bed in the morning, set my heart thumping, and I had to stop doing it.

At this period a Boston friend, who lived and breathed New Thought, talked to me — and I felt she was right — I was all wrong in dwelling upon my ailment, and fearing to do this or that. The things I was told to avoid I followed out to the letter, and my doctor did not see *why* I did not improve.

After the talk my friend had with me I set to work with a will. She knew I was not suffering from a disappointment — a love affair — but we tried to trace some mental cause, as there was no physical reason for being ill.

That year I had an unusually large class of boys; some were pretty bad, and one in particular was possessed with the evil spirit. He worried me daily, and it was with a feeling of *fear* that I started out in the morning, thinking what he would do that day.

Having a reputation as a fine disciplinarian, I would not speak to the principal, but tried all the methods known to teachers, excepting the rod, for that was not permissible. Still I felt if I could give him a good thrashing I would win out, and my life would be happy again. I resolved to work up courage. For days I kept saying: "I am big and strong; that boy could not knock me down, although he is thirteen and a young giant. I am good and kind; I have had no end of patience with him. I am so strong I shall hold him by the collar and thrash him until he begs me to desist!"

Five days after my New Thought treatment I had the bad boy in the dressing room, and he got just what he deserved! Perfect order was in my class room and the bad boy was a lamb.

A month later I climbed a mountain, rode my wheel and drank coffee galore. No meeting place was too stuffy. I did not know how anyone could dread toppling over and fainting away.

Oh, *Fear*, what did you make of me? I was almost a wreck. I trembled at the sight of a schoolhouse — just like a young full-blooded, high-spirited horse that has never encountered a great puffing engine!

My New Thought has helped me in the development of talent in child training, in home making and in business efficiency.



## XXVIII. HOW I USED NEW THOUGHT TO HEAL MYSELF OF INJURIES TO SPINE

BY MARIE A. C. BROOME

**I** KNOW from personal experience that through New Thought we can find the great healing power of the ages. I consider my recovery from serious illness one of the most miraculous of modern times.

That you may understand how serious the illness was and how miraculous the recovery it is necessary for me to harrow your soul with some account of my sufferings and the ordinary means taken to counteract them, for which I hope you will pardon me.

Soon after I was fourteen years of age I fell from a carriage and sustained internal injuries. The carriage was an old-fashioned high one with a front step. We lived two-and-a-half miles from church, and consequently drove there. One Sunday we decided to enliven our dull country afternoon by having congenial neighbors spend it with us, so stopped on our way to church to invite them. My father wished me to get out and do the inviting, and did not think it necessary to alight from the carriage to assist me in getting out. I put my foot on the step and jumped, catching my skirt on the whiffletree. This threw me to the ground with all the force I had used in jumping. I gave one shriek and that was all. My father forgot how inconvenient it was to get out, jumped clear of the wagon, said, "My God, she is killed," and picked me up and carried me into the house.

The only visible signs of injury were mere scratches on my hands which had come in contact with the paling fence. No bones were broken and we hoped that I would soon recover from the effects of the shock.

Our aged medical man prescribed absolute rest in a recumbent position and quiet for a period of two weeks; croton oil upon my spine, and then a great deal of exercise. The rest cure was easy for me to take, but very much exercise was an impossibility.

I could merely creep around the house at a snail's pace and the slightest jar was misery. I was never free from an undercurrent of pain and sharp pains shot through me frequently. Nevertheless I kept my courage up, and year after year found a slight improvement in my physical condition.

When I was eighteen I undertook rural school teaching, and managed very well by hiring a janitor.

The third winter of my teaching my sister and I contracted severe cases of measles which took us several weeks to overcome.

The first Sunday that I was feeling like myself again, my mother and I were alone in the house; she in the dining room and I in the parlor. I was reading a monthly magazine and found an article so interesting that I wished to read it to her immediately. My mind was so concentrated on doing this that I paid no attention to my position but jumped up quickly, with the result that I was precipitated upon the floor.

The shock elicited one scream from me which brought my mother rushing. "Lie still, Mary," she said. "Don't attempt to move." I was subject to attacks of sharp pain around my heart and she thought this was the trouble now. I soon explained that it was nothing. My lower limbs had been crossed and the toes of one foot twisted under the ankle of the other. I paid no attention to this posture in my haste to rise, and naturally, was precipitated upon the floor.

According to the doctors my coccyx was cracked by the fall from the carriage. For some reason, at least, this twist seemed to have an inordinately ill effect upon me.

My mother aided me the few steps necessary to reach a sofa and worked over me with heat to increase my circu-

lation, as my hands and feet turned purple and ached with the cold. By night I managed to sit up and walk into the adjoining room.

As I had two more weeks of school I would not allow the doctor to be sent for. I felt that my finances would not permit the loss of two weeks' pay in conjunction with an enormous doctor-bill.

I have never regretted the delay.

My schoolroom was only fifty yards from my home, so I dragged myself there and got down on my knees to climb the porch steps. My school was small and the work was light.

I grew gradually worse. By the last of July I was unable to raise either foot from the floor, and we sent for the best doctor available. He told my mother that he and she had a big job on their hands, but he thought I would be all right in three months. As my school did not open until October my mind was at ease.

Six fly-blisters took turns clinging to portions of my spine and two immense ones kept each company on each side of my abdomen; then were followed immediately by one that covered the whole abdomen.

October came and my condition was worse rather than better. November found me bedfast; not able even to sit up. In December they gave me up to die. I could neither talk out loud, turn over, nor straighten my lower limbs. Two dark purple bands pinched the lower part of my abdomen and the slightest jar caused me to swell so much that they were obliged to work over me for a long time with turpentine and hot water.

A Philadelphia specialist on female troubles said I would never walk again without an operation, and my heart was so weak that two-thirds of a spoonful of paregoric would affect me so I could neither speak nor move for hours; so I could not even move my fingers or toes. A spine specialist said I had myelitis, and while I might live indefinitely, with that there was no cure possible.

I forced this admission from my doctor; let myself

down to the depths for a half hour; then announced that I would get well in spite of what the doctors thought.

From the beginning of my illness I was determined not to give up, and every breath had been a prayer for Divine help and an effort to believe that I would get it, but my faith seemed fruitless and my prayers unavailing.

Month after month passed away leaving my condition unimproved, until more than a year had elapsed since I had first called the doctor.

I did not allow my mind to dwell on my helpless state, but kept it roving on imaginary travels, was forever planning what I would do when I got well. I read, read, read paper-covered books, as I had not strength to hold bound ones. When my eyes gave out some one read to me. Anything to keep me from realizing my terrible condition. I dared not cry, for the weeping affected my chronic peritonitis the same as a severe jar.

If I whispered very much I could not talk at all, and at no time could I be raised to a sitting posture. My doctor tried it once, but told my mother he thought I would have died immediately had he persisted in the attempt.

About this time I read Marie Corelli's "Romance of Two Worlds," and the mystical healing of the heroine made a deep impression on me, and gave me courage to take a course from a Chicago healer.

The lessons he gave me were assuredly beneficial, but the only gain we saw after three months of practice was that I could talk out loud a part of the time. About this time I told our doctor that he need not come any more unless sent for.

I had gradually ceased to take the medicine.

The Chicago healer had sent me books on Christian Science, Mental Science, Spiritualism, Clairvoyance, etc., telling me to study all of the subjects and decide for myself what to believe.

The ideas promulgated were so different from those I had been taught that they frequently aroused my ire, and I would request my mother to write to Chicago and

say that if they could not send me better reading matter, not to send me any. Then I would pacify myself by searching the Bible to contradict their statements.

My mother seemed to be looking for me to be healed by faith, but the thought only irritated me, as I never had any belief in faith-healing. Nevertheless I continued to read, compare and think.

Gradually the wonderful truth of our oneness with Divinity dawned upon me. I realized the absurdity of praying to a far-off distant heaven for help when the All-powerful Spirit of the universe permeates our own bodies and makes and keeps us perfectly whole if we will recognize it.

The evening before my recovery had been made pleasant by the companionship of a congenial friend, but I had talked too much and was obliged this morning to whisper any wants in my mother's ear.

At noon a realization of the power of the indwelling Spirit rushed over me, and I raised myself to a sitting position.

At 1 P.M. I sat up again, then slipped to the floor and stood on my feet. I felt a sinking sensation but kept my mind on the inner power and sat down on the foot of the bed. I rang for my mother and asked for a rocking chair, then turned myself around and sat in the chair for an hour, but could not rise from it.

My father and brother easily put me in bed, where before I had been a dead-weight. The following day I sat up all day, and the next, Thanksgiving Day, I walked across my large room and down the hall. Sunday I walked downstairs, with my mother quaking on the other side of the stair door, and I ate my supper in the dining room with the rest.

The next week my father took me for a short drive and my recovery was without a relapse. But for weeks I could not get out of a chair nor walk up or down steps without first forgetting all external things and realizing the presence and power of the Holy Spirit. I must be

entirely alone with God, otherwise I either could not move or would fall.

The doctors said it could not last. The neighbors expected me to drop dead; but all of this happened eighteen years ago, and New Thought still keeps me a picture of perfect health.

I have married since then, and my husband was buried just eleven weeks from the day we were married. I earn my living by teaching again and have all of the difficulties of a schoolmarm to meet. Yet, in spite of these things and manifold family disasters, people say that I look much younger than my years.

A constant study of New Thought in all of its phases and continual efforts to apply the foundation principle of harmonious union with ever-present, all-powerful Spirit has proved miraculous for me.



## XXIX. HEALTH AND SUCCESS ATTAINED

BY MARY ELIZABETH ANTHONY

**T**HREE years after my divorce I was still a nervous wreck. I did many things vainly to regain my health and peace of mind. Among other things I took my two boys aged six and eight, and rushed out to California. Then, after rushing around there for six months, I returned, only to sink deeper into helplessness and despair. Nobody but those who have suffered with nerves can know the tortures. There were times when I thought I was on the verge of insanity. Not knowing of any crazy ancestors, my great love for my children sustained me. I could not pray, and never had been familiar with the Bible, nor could I get any comfort out of the religion I was taught in my childhood. I was agnostic and too skeptical and material to seek knowledge about God. There were times, however, when I was carried out and away from myself with an intense longing to know if there really is a God and how He manifested Himself to the universe.

As I was very lonely I asked my cousin to make her home with me, which she did. When she found I took some interest in *Nautilus* (to which she has been a subscriber for a number of years), she loaned me "Solar Plexus," by Elizabeth Towne. When I read page twenty where she says: "I don't care two cents whether you have faith in it or not, just do it, and you will find out what I affirm is true," I began to take a new interest, and decided to investigate and prove, if possible, her statements. My cousin encouraged me to do this, telling me she had all of Elizabeth Towne's books, also her *Four Lessons on the Attainment of Health and Success*, which she informed me had done wonders in helping her find herself, and that

if I would go through the lessons as faithfully as she did, it could not fail to do the same for me.

I then started with "Just How to Concentrate," and read and practiced as faithfully as my eagerness and curiosity would allow.

My first breathings and practices from "Solar Plexus" certainly made me feel sore around the upper lungs and heart. I arose one hour earlier every morning during the winter and read my first lesson with the windows open whenever possible. I did not then know how to sit in the silence, but I sat just the same, and my mind usually got busy planning my work for the day. This was a great help, as I found at once that it was restful to know what I was going to do, and then do it. In the meantime I read "Self-Healing," "How to Grow Success," "You and Your Forces" and "Self-Development."

In "Self-Healing" I found many of my own experiences and was roused to the great importance and force of the little things in life.

I saw most clearly that to feel the freedom I had desired and the court had given me "I" must lift myself completely out of the past. To accomplish this I took to memorizing prose and poetry, and hung it round wherever I stood or sat and would be sure to see it. It often served as a reminder, when I would again return more persistently than ever to memorizing. In a remarkably short time I knew I did not care about public opinion or the past, and my divorced husband is jolly well less than nothing to me now.

By the time I took up the second lesson my troubled dreams had gone, and the great weight and depression lifted for days at a time. I took all the fresh air I could, having always been an advocate of fresh air, but I had neglected for years getting it into my lungs properly, always worrying over the dust and germs it contained. However hateful and fault-finding I felt, talked or acted, I just continued to repeat, "I am love." That often struck me as being so ridiculous that it moved my strained muscles into smiles, and thus perhaps joy crept into my

life. So I say unto all, "It is better to smile a cynical smile, and win, than never to smile at all." There were times when I felt light and free. I experienced real joy when I noticed the great improvement in my scalp, which had been "hide bound," as I called it, for years, and would not yield to any kind of scalp treatment. I followed advice on hair in "Self-Development," and did what I thought best in my own case. My scalp certainly loosened up wonderfully, my hair ceased falling, and stood out full of life, instead of matted down with oil as formerly. After five or six months my friends and acquaintances who knew nothing of my investigation, began to tell me how well I was looking, and "what was I using on my face?" I also know now, although I did not realize it at the time, that my children changed when I did. It dawned upon me suddenly one day that the children were growing more peaceful and loving. Perhaps in my new interest I had forgotten to interfere with them, and so a new order of things came about. Now I tell them what I think is best and let it go at that. That puts the responsibility on them, and so far I have found it an excellent plan, as in the end they usually do as mother suggested.

After six months of faithful investigation I was so delighted with the great change in myself, that I was moved to do the reading and lessons all over again; but in a spirit of faith and love. After accomplishing so much through an investigation, I feel certain that the constant application of faith and love will renew me completely in mind and body.

I am now fasting thirty-six hours every week and find it the best cathartic I ever used. This is my third week and I feel most capable and efficient.

Last, but not least, I wish to add, that I am demonstrating supply. An accomplishment I never dreamed I could acquire. Just as soon as I realize the large stake I set for myself, it will give me great pleasure to write it all up for the benefit of *Nautilus* readers and the glory of New Thought and Elizabeth Towne.



### XXX. HOW THE TOBACCO HABIT WAS OVERCOME

By M. M. A.

**F**OR thirty years my husband used tobacco. For a time he both smoked and chewed, but he finally quit chewing, only to smoke double the quantity of cigars. His business necessitated dictating many letters daily, and he always smoked while doing this. Apparently his mind could not function properly unless he had a cigar in his mouth.

When his throat showed signs of constant irritation, and a persistent cough came, I realized it was time to put to a practical test our theoretical belief in the power of suggestion. My husband knew nothing of my resolve, but he was in a receptive frame of mind, for he is a man of strong personality, and he disliked the feeling that he was a slave to a habit. Then, too, he realized that his throat was suffering from the excessive use of tobacco.

In October I began giving him suggestions. He is away from home four nights every week, but, whenever I wakened in the night, I called him mentally before me, and told him he had lost his taste for tobacco; that he no longer cared for it; that it had, in fact, become so distasteful to him that he disliked even the smell of it.

About the middle of January he asked, "Have you noticed any change in my habits?"

"Yes," I answered, "I have not seen you smoking since the first of January."

"I made up my mind to quit smoking on New Year's Day, but I said nothing to you, for I did not know whether I could break loose. But," he added, "the strange thing

about it is that it required no special effort of the will. For some reason, it no longer appeals to me. It's really no credit to me to have kept my resolution, for it was no effort to do so."

Then I told him of my midnight suggestions, and we agreed that the practice of suggestion was far more satisfactory than that purely theoretical belief in it.

It is now the last of July, and he has had a cigar in his mouth only once since January first. He tried it that time as an experiment, to see whether he still had a lingering fondness for it, but it proved so distasteful that he will never be tempted to try it again.



**XXXI. AN OBJECT LESSON IN SUGGESTION:  
A YOUNG MAN HEALED OF DISORDER,  
PROCRASTINATION AND DANDRUFF**

BY VIRGINIA HART

**M**RS. HOLSOM had taken an advanced course in mental and spiritual therapeutics, and for a year afterwards experimented on family and friends with a degree of success, that to say the least, was encouraging.

Elated over this, when her son came home from college, to take up summer work, after the completion of his junior year, she decided to try some of her stunts on him.

He was a healthy specimen, and a fine fellow, she proudly confessed to herself, but — well, no one was perfect yet, not even her first-born. There surely ought to be something the matter with him. She would observe him closely.

On straightening up his room one morning, his things strewn about in helter-skelter fashion, she could but exclaim to herself, "How is it that we have a son who is so disorderly, when his father and I are painfully methodical!"

Thus she marvelled, as she proceeded to make his bed, unwound and unwadded the bedclothes, and for fully half an hour did nothing but pick up and straighten out her son's intimate belongings.

That evening in discussing the matter with her husband, she averred, "I never saw anything like it! Neckties draped the pictures. One pair of shoes was as primly arranged in his rocker as though deliberately placed there. Others were flung under it, and his hat, too. Shirts and books, trousers and drawing materials, coats and ink

bottles were all commingled on desk and bureau in a way which was appalling."

Mr. Holsom smiled. "We'll fix him," he said, "in the next house we build."

"How?" queried his wife.

"We will have a well built in the center of his room," he explained, "and when Tom takes off his clothes he can toss them all together in the well. They will be out of your way there, and when he wants to fish them out, he can use a hook and line."

Mrs. Holsom laughed. "He'd have to have the feel of his fingers on the end of that hook," she said, "if he got dressed in his usual quick fashion. A better way," she went on, "would be to place pegs all around the room, the height of the card rail, and let him toss his clothes on these. When he wanted them again, he could at least pick them out one from the other as he saw them."

Thus they talked, making merry over it, but his mother knew that it was serious; that a habit of disorder, if allowed to continue on in his lifework, would be a real handicap to his ultimate success.

She wanted to help him. It was, doubtless, her fault anyway, she reasoned. She had tried to train him to be orderly, but she had probably scolded him and picked up after him so much, that by this very strenuousness she had defeated her real purpose and spoiled the boy.

Then it occurred to her, "Why, I can treat him. Joy, joy! I will treat him for order!"

In broaching to Tom the subject of her amateur doctorship, she began carefully by telling him, in a casual way, of her successes, then added, "I certainly ought to do something for you while you are home among these new lines," and inquired, "What would you like to be treated for?"

Without the slightest hesitation, Tom answered, "Procrastination and dandruff."

"I think I will add order to the list," his mother laughingly suggested.

That night, after her son had retired, Mrs. Holsom sat down by his bed.

“Lie on your back,” she ordered, “and relax every muscle. Raise your arm and drop it, and let me see how relaxed you are. You can do better than that. Try again; still again. Ah, that is good.

“Now the other arm, until it drops like a piece of lead among feathers. Careful—let it fall on the pillow. Now feel yourself heavy on the bed, as though you weighed three hundred pounds. Yield every muscle to a sense of rest, then shut your eyes and breathe deeply, as I count, inhaling for five counts, holding for five and exhaling for five.

“For example, follow me with your breathing, as I speak—‘in, 2-3-4-5—hold, 2-3-4-5—out, 2-3-4-5.’ This order I will repeat three times, while you hold the thought of ‘infinite power,’ then a rest breath, and another three times, while you hold the thought of poise, thinking, for example, of the stars held to their orbits. Another rest breath, and for the last three times, the thought of peace.

“This breathing and holding the thoughts will have a tendency to make you tired and sleepy. When over, let go all specific thought. Let your mind drift where it will, and yield yourself to the calm of sleep.”

Faithfully Tom carried out his mother’s instructions, when after the breathing, holding the thoughts, and he had settled for sleep she gave him the quieting suggestions, following these with the necessary physical, mental and spiritual suggestions.

This was the order she had been taught, and, fitting them to her son’s case, with her right hand on his forehead, with a good firm touch, and her left over his diaphragm, she talked to him in low even tones.

“As you lie stretched out on the bed for sleep, every muscle in your body is relaxed. You are perfectly comfortable. Your circulation is equalized over your entire system. Your heart-beat is regular. Your nerves

are relieved from all tension and your mind is quiescent. You are ready for sleep.

“A sense of ease and calm and comfort and quiet comes over you. You rest completely. Sleep asserts itself. It takes complete possession of you. It deepens. You sleep soundly. You rest perfectly. Your sleep is beneficial to you.

“As you rest and sleep every organ of your body is toned to perfect action and renewed health. As you exhale and inhale regularly, you throw bodily impurities off through the lungs and take in new strength from the air. Your lungs, through your deep breathing, are well supplied with oxygen. This is transmuted to the blood and the repair of waste tissue goes on continually. The recuperation of the body is perfectly maintained. Its vitality is increased. All functioning processes are healthfully active. Your entire system is poised to perfect control. This poise will be maintained.

“The roots of your hair are thoroughly nourished. Your scalp is clean and healthy. You will have no thought or anxiety about your hair nor the health of your scalp. You will feel a confidence that the intelligence through which your body has been fearfully and wonderfully made is able at all times to keep it in order. You will thus have faith for a perfect repair continually. Therefore have no fear. Your scalp will be all right and your hair will be luxuriant.

#### *Thought Directs and Faith Accomplishes*

“With your desire for a clean scalp and its abundant covering, the intelligence, which keeps your body in order, which distributes and assimilates your food properly, and looks after your heart-beat, will give special care *whither your thoughts direct* and for *whatever your mind has faith*.

“This power within you for health permeates every atom of your being, even as life does. You are entirely equipped for all your needs in every particular. Your

body is maintained in perfect condition, as you direct your mind for perfect accomplishment.

“Your mind is maintained to poise and power for good judgment as you open up its channels to the inflow of the wisdom and power of the spirit. Yielding thus to the spiritual powers within you, you will be methodical in all your action, systematic in your work and so orderly in your habits that you will be uncomfortable to remain quiet in your room when it is in disorder. You will keep your papers picked up and properly filed away.

“A sense of order will take such possession of you, that your work will be systematized in every detail, both as to the amount done and the time in which it is accomplished.

“Each piece of work will have its time and place. There will be no delay or mix-up anywhere. You will be on time always. Each day will be properly filled with its own work and fully taken care of. There will be no leftovers. Order, system, and timeliness will be your soul’s watchwords, for your daily tasks and the care of your possessions. You will be prompt always, and your things in order wherever you are.

“You are master of your life and its problems in every particular. All fears and anxieties drop from you. Nothing can annoy you, intimidate you nor disturb the serenity of your soul.

“Endowed with the inherent power of the spirit, you are greater and mightier than any test that can cross your path to try your powers.

“Constantly you are receiving a fresh influx of power. Abundantly you receive and freely you give. Wherever you are and whatever you do, you are conscious of an infinite power within you and everywhere about you, which is for your own strength and uplifting.

“Physical health, mental ability and a joyous spirit belong to you. They are within you for unfoldment and about you for absorption. They are your rightful inheritance from the God who created you in His spiritual

image. They are for your health, your safety and your happiness and for a peace which passeth understanding.

“Sleep sweetly. As you rest you are bathed in God’s love, purified by His spirit and made perfect through His power.

“Tomorrow morning you will waken much refreshed, full of manly strength, courage and vigor, ready and equal for the day’s fray.

“You will carry your own burdens lightly and lighten the burdens of the world. You will manifest God’s power for all that is noblest and best in life, and wherever you go you will radiate His wisdom and strength, His love, sweetness and light. You will be well and happy and of honorable service to the world.”

As these last words trailed slowly and earnestly from Mrs. Holsom’s lips, she took a peep at her son. He lay perfectly still and seemed to be asleep. Quietly she rose from her chair and tiptoed out of the room.

The next morning Tom came down to breakfast at the last moment, ate it hastily and was off for the day’s work. Mrs. Holsom had not felt that she could even take the time, so rushed was he, to ask him how he had slept.

On mounting the stairs later, to his room, she hoped for some sign of her treatment having worked, but as she threaded her way across the floor, stepping over shoes and picking up various lingerie, she saw that as yet it had not taken effect. She was full of faith, however, and busied herself cheerfully sorting things out.

The next evening she repeated her treatment — still no good effect.

Before the third one, just as she was about to begin the relaxation exercises, she said to her son, “Now, look here, my boy. I know enough about these treatments to know that they will work, if the conditions which govern them are complied with.”

“Didn’t I do just as you told me?” he asked.

“Yes,” his mother answered; “you were outwardly

very obedient, but there is something in your mental attitude toward what I say that is interfering. Just what it is I don't know, but at least there must be no contradiction, no questioning by your conscious or reasoning mind, of what I say to your subconscious or absorbing mind.

"Any direction, by way of suggestion which reaches the subconscious mind, is bound to be carried out, but no suggestion can reach it unless it has the consent or agreement of your conscious mind."

"I have perfect faith in you, mother, and in the sincerity of your beliefs," the boy said, earnestly, "but some way when you tell me that I am so orderly that I can't be comfortable in my own room when it is in disorder, I can't quite agree with you; it isn't true, you know."

"Not yet," his mother answered, "but it can be true. However, you don't understand the laws governing this method of suggestion, through which one reaches the subconscious mind.

"The subconscious mind reasons only deductively, hence it becomes necessary to place before it a pattern idea which is as perfect as one's conscious or reasoning mind can conceive.

"Knowing that every word I say in a treatment outlines the trend of the work to be done by your subconscious creative powers (for if your conscious mind is quiescent, I can talk directly to your subconscious), it becomes very important that the pattern summed up in words, to be worked out, be the best and clearest I know how to express.

"For example, if you are apparently ill, I ignore this fact altogether in speaking to your subconscious mind, and say positively, 'You are perfectly well.' This is the pattern I want worked out, and is all-important; so important, in fact, that one hardly dare mention a word that is in any way adverse to the perfect issue that is desired.

“It isn’t a question of truth or falsehood, but of a *law* to be used, which governs the action of the subconscious powers, and which, when properly applied, gives one the enormous advantage of their entire scope.

“These powers have for their first instinct, and special province, your individual welfare, and yet, their use toward this end is inhibited at once, if you hold to a thought adverse to such an issue, the subconscious being subservient to conscious direction.

“The subconscious mind never sleeps. It is always alert upon its mission to look after your circulation, your respiration, and the assimilation of your food, and which action goes on with far more regularity while one is asleep than when awake.

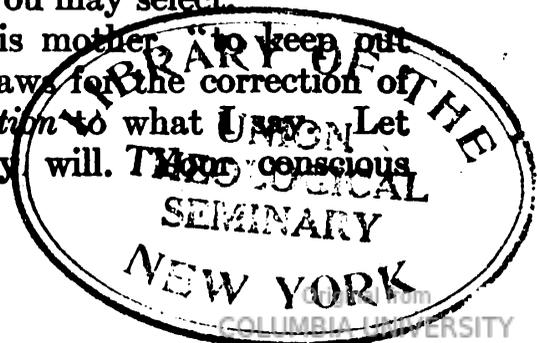
“This alertness is instinctive, and would work for your best welfare always, but for the fact that you refuse it right of way, by setting up a thought pattern in opposition to the wholesome trend of its natural activities.

“Any thought which one holds as a conviction, or any suggestion which one accepts from another becomes at once a pattern for the subconscious mind’s creative work. If this pattern is a conviction for good, the result will be good. If not, the result will be the reverse.

“Instinctively, as your subconscious mind always works for you, still an instinct for good cannot successfully cope with a settled *conviction* for its opposite — this, because it was intended that you should be allowed the privilege of choice.”

“Oh, I didn’t understand,” apologized the boy. “Of course, if that is what your talk means, just putting a pattern before my subconscious mind to which it is to trim in its work, I will be ‘tickled to death’ to agree with you, or to abide by any pattern you may select.”

“The best way,” explained his mother, “to keep out of my way in the use of these laws for the correction of your troubles, is to *pay no attention* to what your conscious will. Your subconscious



mind can't be standing guard at the entrance of your subconscious, if it is busy about something else.

"Think about your pet hobby, if you like; anything, just so you don't interfere with my little 'spiel' to your subconscious.

"The subconscious will take unquestioningly as a pattern for its creative work any suggestion that comes its way, provided you neither prevent it by conscious denial or recoil from it as repugnant to your nature or training. Therefore, this treatment will work if we both fulfill the necessary conditions.

"My part is to operate the law or deliver the message. Yours is to let me, or better, to trust me for a knowledge and sincerity of purpose, which, as it commands respect, includes, without criticism or contradiction, the permission to pass by your conscious thought or reason.

"There is no limit to what your subconscious can do for you. Intelligent as it is, doing fully seventy-five per cent of your mental work, this instrument with which God has provided you, and through which can be conveyed to you the full power of the spirit, knows *no limitation except that which you, yourself make*, through lack of faith in its powers, and a holding to a thought pattern contrary to that which is good."

"All right," agreed the boy. "I see; go ahead. Give me the breathing exercises, and I'll think about that position I want when I get out of college."

Earnestly Mrs. Holsom talked that night, to the within mind of her son. A little while and he had so given up that he was fast asleep. Many times she repeated her word pattern, and then left him.

The next morning Tom was the first one at the breakfast table. This looked good.

Immediately after breakfast he went back to his room. A little later, on coming down stairs again, he said, "Mother, the wind blew a perfect hurricane through my room last night and some of the pictures on the card rail have fallen down. I am sorry to ask you to put

them back, but I'm not sure where they belong; besides it is late, and I must go to my work." Then, half pleadingly, "I wish you could have them back by the time I come home. I certainly would appreciate it. As they are, they make the room look so disorderly."

His mother smiled. "All right," she agreed, "I will attend to them." Then to herself, "It's working."

Later in the day, when she went to her son's room, she fairly gasped with astonishment. Not a shoe, necktie or trouser-leg in sight. And his rocker! Not a thing in it!

She sat down. She looked around. Even the bed, unmade as it was, looked orderly. The clothes were thrown back over the foot the way she had taught him when a little fellow.

She took a peep into his drawers. Two of them had been straightened up and papers and books lay neatly assorted on his desk. Tom must have risen early.

She put the pictures back on the card rail. No one need ever tell her that the day of miracles was over.

Did it last? Mrs. Holsom is often asked. Yes, it lasted. After Tom's graduation from college, order had become such an essential to his comfort, that when his work took him away from home, and he was in search of a room, his choice fell upon a house where the shades were evenly drawn to the middle of the sash, and the housemaid dusting off the porch pillars!

Afterwards, when his mother and father visited him at this place, Tom's landlady, together with her husband, declared that for neatness and order, they had never seen his equal.

What of the dandruff? It disappeared, too.



## XXXII. HOW I CURED MYSELF OF THE DRINK HABIT

BY A COLLEGE GIRL

**I**T was at the end of my second year in college that I realized I had become addicted to the use of alcoholic drinks so gradually and unconsciously that it was a habit. For several years I had used alcoholic drinks medicinally, indifferently.

Later, before a half hour examination or a half hour speech I would take a little drink. When I was tired from a hard day's work and wished to go out in the evenings, I resorted to the same stimulant. It was so insidious because I never took more than a "swallow or two."

I worked hard at the university keeping up a high standard and doing much outside studying, and often in the middle of the day would have dropped to sleep over my books or in class were it not for the oft repeated stimulant. I knew vaguely that people contracted this habit at times unconsciously, but I was a girl, I was studious, and while I admitted that an habitual victim of spirituous liquors deteriorated mentally, I forgot to include myself.

The realization came suddenly one evening. My jaded, overworked nerves subjected me to a good many physical pains and ills and on the evening in question I had taken two pints of straight whiskey in an hour.

At an oyster supper that evening my roommate was unusually grave. "Do you realize that you have taken two pints of whiskey in the past hour and are seemingly unaffected by it?" It struck me instantly as peculiar that I should be unaffected by this drink when several

years before a teaspoonful was enough to excite me. "I'll stop it right now," was my immediate resolve.

In the struggle during the following two years, keeping the literal letter of my resolve was the easiest of all the factors to be considered. I had not agonized "cravings," but I had what was worse, the mental torture. There was with me the ever-present consciousness of the existence of this thing I had repudiated. My tendencies had been aroused; I was even a long time in realizing that.

I had no experiences in walking the floor and gritting my teeth to overcome my desires. Instead, my conscious mind grasped at anything in a conversation or on a printed page or anywhere else, to convey to me the idea that these things still existed; that I wanted some. And my subconscious mind seemed stored with insinuations and suggestions ready to put forth at any opportune moment — and they were opportune.

I couldn't seem to get my mind from the subject. I was not free for one moment. I pondered the psychology of this, but couldn't make much of it.

On two or three occasions I yielded, once with indifference and the other times with a great deal of disgust for myself.

My hard work and this struggle added to already sick nerves reduced me to such a physical and mental condition that I knew before I could do anything in life, could realize any ambitions, this question must be settled. I relaxed by taking a vacation and associating with some gay young relatives.

One night as we were returning from a hypnotist's exhibition I wished to myself, foolishly, that I could be hypnotized and given the suggestions that would cure me. It was my inspiration! Why not make my own suggestions in the way that I wanted them? So I took myself in hand that very night.

I directed my conversation to my subconscious mind as I would have to a person whom I wished to impress. I suggested to it that it would have a special duty, work-

ing night and day, of not permitting my thoughts to respond to any stimuli influencing my desire for alcoholic drinks. I suggested, as the hypnotist did, that when I awoke the next morning this abnormal nervous sensitiveness would have left me.

Then I dismissed it as I would a servant whom I could trust. I knew that if I wished to wake at a certain hour in the morning, all I had to do was to impress my subconscious mind with the hour and it would respond as faithfully as an alarm clock; in fact, our entire family relied on this method of waking.

So I thought if one could leave so simple a thing as waking at a certain hour with the subconscious mind while one sleeps, why not give it a more responsible duty in a similar manner; one with a more far-reaching result.

That suggestion worked while I slept that night and the next night and the next, and all through the days, too. I was still careful of my thoughts but the old worrying mental attitude was actually gone.

I improved immediately; I dared not give the subject much thought for fear of recalling the old associations, so I drifted. After awhile I found I could think rationally again of these things, with the same indifference that you might think of a horse or a table or any other article.

I have remained "cured" ever since, although no one realizes the reason for my actual improvement or the sudden advance in my profession.

Eight weeks ago my physician told me I was overworking and advised me to give up tea and coffee immediately. He said that I would feel the effects of it for a while, but that I could do it.

I took my same old servant to task and imposed this new duty upon him and have been entirely successful without any of the "uncomfortable feelings."

Now this has opened up a new world to me. If these things can be overcome by this method, why may not other faults and habits of other varieties be experimented with in the same manner?



### XXXIII. HOW I OVERCAME ANAEMIA

BY ROSALIE BROWNE BLANCHARD

**T**HERE is that within which is impelling me to write, not for the mere personal gratification that may be derived from relating anything pleasant or otherwise from my experiences, but for the solace it may bring to some soul who is now passing through successive planes of spiritual evolution that in some measure parallel those of my past few years.

I purpose to give you a brief synopsis of some of the earlier chapters with more or less of the details of my more recent startling experiences which have led me into paths of wondrous Truth and Beauty.

How a Strange, Unseen Hand led me miraculously to New Thought, as the needle is drawn irresistibly and mysteriously to the pole; how Elizabeth and her *Nautilus* came like a Great Light into my life, and helped me to solve some of its tangled problems.

My earlier childhood days had a fair sprinkling of joy, though its sweet was largely mixed with bitter, — considering the fact that I was, at one year of age, left an orphan, and reared by an aunt by marriage. Happily, however, I was of an optimistic temperament, and soon saw the “silver lining” of every cloud.

My schoolhood days were marked by a boundless ambition and desire to be and do something great: somehow I felt that God had placed me in His Great Plan for something more than life's ordinary commonplaces.

Taking an important step just in the prime of my womanhood, I passed through a critical stage in my meta-

morphosis. Slowly my girlhood aspirations seemed to die and fall away from me, one by one, — only a handful of withered flowers.

I was plunged in utter darkness and despair. Whenever subjected to a blighting blast of anger, I seemed to sink lower under the weight of my burdens. The cruel words I kept turning about in my mind and beheld them from every conceivable viewpoint. As they came at frequent intervals I lived daily and *nightly* in this atmosphere. During those years, I may say, I wept oceans of tears.

My life began to be a mere treadmill existence. Always, as it were, I crawled on my hands and knees in the mire of misery; I could see no way out.

Sometimes when my "feelings were wounded," thinking to take my part bravely and not be trod upon as a feeble "worm in the dust," I would burst forth with a volcanic eruption of words equally as violent. Then again I would hold my peace — and my tongue — thinking perchance this were the wiser course.

Many experiences, too near the woman's heart of me for utterance, shall ever remain a closed book. Suffice it to say that my physical, spiritual and financial status was at its lowest ebb.

What! Had the proud southern girl of her boasted birth come to this? Was my life to be a total failure?

A year ago I was so debilitated physically that I was on the verge of nervous collapse. I was tormented by all sorts of petty annoyances. Having lost all patience and self-control, I would fly to pieces when one of my children committed the slightest offence. Afterward I would fold the little offender in my arms, weeping tears of remorse for my injustice.

My brain was all in a whirl. It was as if a thousand wheels were turning in my head and grinding it to powder. I was struggling, — oh, how I was struggling to *think* my way out! I could see nothing before me but a black, interminable road of reverses. My thoughts were

flying through endless spaces with lightning rapidity from one thing to another.

Night after night I could only *snatch* two or three hours of troubled sleep; with sometimes none at all. Always my thoughts were whirling, whirling. I grew so dizzy from thinking that when I walked on the street I felt as though the sidewalk was coming up to meet me; or feared I might go headforemost at any moment.

My anaemic condition finally culminated in a severe case of tonsilitis, and later an abscess. I called in the doctor for the former, and visited the dentist for the latter. The doctor pronounced it a very severe case, and scolded me roundly for neglecting myself so long. So thoroughly determined was I to preserve my tooth, if possible, that I resolved to bear the pain patiently, until the necessary treatment could be administered.

One night in particular, I remember, it took a sudden notion to keep me awake; and I fought with it all night. I had been reading and thinking a deal on the power of will; so I just set to affirming that it didn't ache. I would set my teeth together, clench my fists, and assert with all the vim and vigor I could summon: "You will not ache; over me you have no power." Then for a change I would alternate this with some constructive line of thought, by sheer force of will. So the night passed.

After obtaining relief in the morning it took another unexpected spurt in the afternoon; and I called again on the dentist without appointment. He had a patient in the chair, and it seemed an age before my "turn." My torture fluctuated with rising and falling inflections, — mostly rising. In other words, I might say my pain-market was for the most part "bullish."

Determined to conquer, alone I walked the floor in agony, and literally ground out what was to me one of the most beautiful poems I ever wrote. The words seemed to come to me as Silent Spirits of Beauty and Comfort.

To be brief, the tooth was saved, and now serves me as well as any I have.

I had always loved to read; and during my years of teaching, prior to my marriage, I had read as much as I thought I had time; but as I see it now, not so much as I might.

After assuming the responsibilities of keeping my home and caring for my children, I thought I had no time for anything else; consequently for a time I read little.

But now there came a change. I began, with an insatiable thirst, to read everything that I thought would be helpful. An Invisible Breath began to blow the smoldering embers of desire. Slowly they kindled into a tiny blaze, until at last they have spread into a great conflagration that burns me at every turn unless I am doing something toward the attainment of my goal.

A Strange Unseen Hand, that directs all the affairs of this universe, sent me a little magazine. In it my *attention* was attracted by an ad. about "The Solar Plexus" book and *Nautilus*. I sent for a copy of the former and a trial subscription of the latter. I regard the little "Solar Plexus" book as a most wonderful, helpful and inspiring work. As for *Nautilus* — I am now its constant reader, and shall be as long as there's a penny. Mrs. Towne deserves immortality for the great work she is doing, and for the inspiration she has given many a poor, struggling soul in the depths of despair.

As I look at myself now I can scarcely realize I am the same being of only a few months ago. I can now accomplish wonders as compared with a year or two years ago.

I have gained such self-control that I can literally turn my thoughts into constructive channels whenever assailed by an unpleasant experience. I can turn away and forgive, and forget the bitter words of another, and wish them all love and God-speed in their undertakings.

Though my eyes had grown very weak, and I thought it would be necessary that I should wear glasses, — now that I have learned something of the law of thought I find them growing stronger each day.

A beautiful scene in nature or work of art always ravished me; but now is this doubly true.

Life has become Heaven itself: for "all the way to Heaven is Heaven" to me. I am now so filled with Sunshine and Happiness that it is bursting out at every crack and crevice of my being.

I have learned, as Gladstone says, that "Success lies within." I shall ever be a disciple of the Gospel of Work; and an exponent of Beauty.

I have so systematized my work that I have now assigned each thing I wish to do a special place and time in my twenty-four hours. I have learned that I have time for many things that I never before thought I had.

My soul must ever, from the compulsion of its own law of being, sail out into the unknown depths of eternity on a line drawn hither by Truth and Beauty; and an all-embracing love and desire to bring into reality the highest dreams of aspiring humanity.

Before I saw through a glass darkly; now I see clearly why it is that I suffered so. Every sorrow, every struggle that I ever went through was the dearest friend I ever had. They were just the things I needed to spur me on to high endeavor; sent by an All-wise, All-loving Justice.

Though they came as demons, garbed in blackest array, from the lower regions, they have now become my white-robed, ministering angels.

Now the Spirit abideth with me, and leadeth me always. My life is pervaded with the perfume of joy; and the sunshine of happiness.

I *know*, beyond a doubt, that we may do whatsoever we believe we can. So shall my soul march steadily on to its goal. And I shall ever work to perfect the instrument of my mind, that the Great Invisible Musician may perform more beautiful thought symphonies upon its harp strings.

A steady, firm determination I have grown that nothing in Heaven, Hell, or Earth can circumvent or hinder. Therefore, success is mine.



## XXXIV. HOW I USED NEW THOUGHT TO HEAL MYSELF OF GRUDGES AND DISEASE

BY THOMAS C. ROBINSON

**T**HE history of this matter, whenever I have occasion to recall it, seems to include so many things that I did not realize consciously as being among the factors of my efforts to heal myself that I am somewhat at a loss to describe the original procedure.

I was out of tune, out of sympathy, and constantly at variance with everybody. I harbored grudges and didn't even try to conceal them, although I didn't know how to state my grievance intelligently and couldn't even convince my mother that I had one. In fact, I felt that I was mortally wounded, imposed upon, and ill-treated by the gods and everybody else. I felt that my station and position in life was much beneath me (my Royal Highness) and my qualifications.

From this you may imagine the nature and condition of my magnetic-field. Then, I couldn't eat so much as now, my weight was one hundred and thirty, when it should have been one hundred and eighty-seven. My doctor made me take medicine for my nerves, heart and bowels. I also had frequent occurrences of fever and chills. Those were the conditions that required healing, and I state them that you may know (in a way) what was to be healed before taking up the healer, or remedy — New Thought.

I knew nothing about *Nautilus* or any other New Thought publications, nor did I know anything of Christian Science, mental therapeutics, or similar branches of science. Possibly, I had heard of them, but do not recall

that I had. I believed that my remedy was original with me and that others had never thought of such things. I ventured to help a friend with my ideas on one occasion, but he insisted that I was "nutty." Some time elapsed before I had courage to try my ideas again, on another friend. This time, however, I was successful, and I recall that I felt as though I were some specially endowed man of brain. That I could get one man to accept my ideas seemed corroborative of their rationality and trustworthiness.

One day, when I was feeling so weak I could hardly walk, and I ached all over, something seemed to say to me: "Shake it off, shake it off," and I obeyed. I "shook it off," although, at the time, I did not know how. I have learned since then that I simply let go, — released the feeling. The voice that said "shake it off" got my attention from the thing and the feeling evaporated. That's the sum and substance of the whole matter.

It would not be right to say that I got away from it. I was the one that was doing the holding, in spite of the fact that I was getting the worst of the battle. If you would know the meaning of "release" or "let go," imagine yourself wholly absorbed in some problem that vitally concerns yourself, — then, at a time when you are not expecting such a thing, some person of adequate authority steps forward, and in three or four words announces to you the solution of your problem. Immediately all mental and physical tensions release, or let go.

This matter of systemical tension, shrinkage, contraction, drawing together or tightening up of the tissues, etc., is due to certain kinds of thought which should be avoided. There is, as I have proven to my own satisfaction, nothing so destructive to good health as contemplation of ways and means to harm another. To this I will add that whenever the idea of harm, either to one's self or to another, enters the mind, this systemical tension is sure to come on. It closes the avenues and shuts off the supply of nutriment to our cell-people, and in ad-

dition to starving them it pinches and smothers the life out of them.

This systemical tension may also trouble us even when we are not fully cognizant of its existence. That is my experience at any rate, and as long as I am capable of distinguishing the difference between right and wrong, or good and bad, I expect to have to fight this octopus of systemical tension. It seems to take hold of me at times when apparently, and as far as I can ascertain, I am absolutely quiet in mind and body. But I have it under control *now* and can throw it off without any trouble or great effort.

Although this monster is very cunning, he cannot encompass me or pervade me without my feeling a disturbance. A practice at release, however, together with an unswervable honesty to one's self and a knowledge of the difference in the internal conditions evolved or wrought by systemical tension and systemical release, is necessary in order to enable one to know when an invasion by the enemy is being started or made. I had to bring myself back many times at first. I have to stand on my guard even now, but not so watchfully as formerly. I am highly organized and I find that there are many things about myself that I need to look after. All these phases of Self would function as they should, but for the fact that they are hampered by the inferior notions of the present age and, possibly, of previous ages, where the atmosphere or aura of most every individual's personality vibrates in rhythm with the present-day economic exploitations.

I say it requires a man of unusual strength and insight to separate himself in consciousness from these external appearances and beliefs. These things are all matters of distraction and a life of them is not only profitless, but a dead loss, except in so far as the worthlessness of same is thereby revealed as it predominates in the conditioning processes.

One who practices systemical release soon learns how to recognize the many symptoms of internal discord as they

arise from time to time and manifest themselves to one's understanding capability.

In this letter I am trying to outline the way I used New Thought to heal myself. I am using nothing other than the ideas that I thought were original with me. I believe that every man and woman is pure, and good, and right at the center of his being, — his God-self, and that he is sick when his thoughts are sick; well when they are well.

This, I believe, is one reason why man cannot always rely upon his thoughts as being good, uplifting and worthy. Systemical tension, however, will tell me when they are not what I want, and I need no other test. When I feel that, I know something is wrong. I need not analyze, compare, generalize, or anything of the kind. I simply let go, release, release more, and keep at it. Presently I get what I want. This matter of systemical release I use in many ways, — for health, enlightenment, sleep, poise, power, and for many other things. Try it!



## XXXV. HOW I HEALED MYSELF OF NERVOUS BREAKDOWN

BY MARY MAIN

**S**EVEN or eight years since I suffered from a severe nervous breakdown, so serious that several times my life was despaired of. There was no organ in my body performing its normal functions, and the mental and physical tortures which I endured baffles description. All who administered to my wants declared they never had witnessed greater suffering nor a braver fight for life. As I now look back upon it I almost fail to understand what motive I had for putting up such a fight, for trials and troubles did not come singly. While I was suffering my worst, with both money and health gone, one who was most dear to me was called to the Higher Life. But even this did not prove the last feather, for my back did not break. New Thought came to my rescue, and I was able to affirm that "the Lord" was "my Shepherd" — and that, although my path was rough and thorny, He would lead me to "green pastures" and "beside still waters." And how it helped me! At this time my family was reduced to one devoted sister, who was incapacitated from earning what little she had been able to, in addition to her care of me, by a severe accident. My doctor raised no hope that I would ever get well, or, if I did, that I stood one chance in a hundred of being able to do another day's work. So it seemed as if everything transpired against me. And yet in spite of all this I did put up a good fight for life, and not only life but health. But I seemed to be growing worse instead of better, until one day it came to me as I lay helpless in my bed, that I was not putting up the right kind of a fight.

Something seemed to say to me, "You are much like an imprisoned bird who beats itself against the sides of its cage in its desire for freedom, and in so doing bruises itself and breaks its wings. 'Be still and know that I am God.'" That thought gave me strength and the full assurance that I *could* and I *would* get well. This happened after I had been ill some four years. At this time when this assurance came to me I immediately set to work to bring about a new order of things, and slowly but surely, I began to see good results. So many people make the mistake in thinking a miracle can be performed in a moment. They grasp the idea that wrong thinking, and, perhaps, years of wrong thinking, have given them diseased bodies, and that right thinking will transform them into well bodies and set about to do it, and because they do not accomplish this in the twinkling of an eye they give it up and say, "I told you so." Not so me. There was nothing miraculous about my restoration to health and to success; in fact, to be honest, I have not wholly attained yet. But from a helpless invalid, not able to lift my head from my pillow, and weighing scarcely seventy pounds, I soon found myself able, first, to sit up a bit, then stand on my feet, and then to take a step with some assistance, and from then up to the present moment I have been led along, step by step, by unseen forces. I am able to get around and do some work each day and, although at times my valor has outwitted my discretion, and I have fallen back a step or two in consequence, I have only myself to blame, and past experience makes my faith *sure* that there is no limit, no bounds to what I may attain, if I but keep on.

When one has so much to gain and so much to overcome, as I did at the outset, eternal vigilance is the price of good health, as it is the price of everything worth attaining in this world.

There were two thoughts which helped me very much at the time I most needed help, and as they may be a beacon light to some struggling soul I will give them here.

Someone once told me to imagine that on my lawn was a piece of statuary, pronounced perfect by the most noted art critics of the world, and yet to me that work of art looked all crooked and misshapen simply because the window through which I was looking at it was full of blemishes; likewise, she said, your body has been pronounced perfect by your heavenly Father who created it, and it only looks imperfect to you because you are looking at your body through imperfect eyes, made so by wrong thinking.

Then again, my doctor said something one day that helped me very much. While of the old school physicians yet he, like most good doctors of the present time, believes strongly in the underlying principles of New Thought. I had insisted that I was not getting better after repeated statements from him that I was. He said in part: "Cut an electric wire in twain and, of course, the electricity cannot pass through it. And it matters little whether the two ends of this wire are a mile apart or but an inch, so far as the feelings of the electric current, if it could be said that electricity has feelings, for not until the ends of said wire *meet* will the electric current flow through them as was the case before they were cut." And he said I was much like those wires, — mine, too, had been cut, and, while those from the outside could see that they were being gradually brought together again, yet I would not realize it until the two ends had actually snapped together. From that time I could see those wires coming nearer and nearer together; and how much that helped me. And I would try to picture my body as it should be — perfect, not as it was — imperfect. My prayer is, and I am watering it with expectancy, that these grains of thought may keep *you*.

The Bible says, "Ask, and ye *shall* receive." It does *not* say that we shall receive if we do not ask, nor does it say, "ask and *perhaps* ye shall receive." It is a direct affirmation, and if we do not receive what we ask for it is because we have not asked aright.

Right thinking, and faith that all *would* come out right, has given me health and prosperity, and even as I write new and greater blessings are being showered upon me.

And by far the best thing of all that New Thought has given me is the spiritual uplift that has been mine. When dark days have come it has been worth more than I can find words to express to feel that "God is with me, who *can* be against me."

There have been times, as there must be with all of us, when I have felt as if the struggle did not pay, and I would feel as if I must sink under my load, and the thought would come, "underneath are His everlasting arms," and then how strong I would be! Try it, my reader, for yourself, and see.

"Speak to Him, thou,  
For He hears thee:  
And spirit to spirit can meet:  
Closer is He than breathing;  
Nearer than hands or feet."

And remember "with God ALL things are possible."



## XXXVI. HOW I SUCCEEDED IN THE FACE OF FAILURE

By K. S. C.

**H**OMELESS, practically penniless and thirty years old. Was not that a discouraging trinity to fight against?

Worse still, the condition had come like "a bolt from the blue." Until that time I had had everything that heart could wish.

One day a friend asked me whether I had ever heard of *Nautilus*. I shook my head in the negative.

"You poor, benighted child," said she, "wait until I get you one of mine."

Returning, she gave it to me, saying, "It is a life-saver, a money-saver and the greatest encourager a mortal ever had. If anything can help you out of your present distress this magazine will."

Taking it, I went to my shabby room in a boarding house, — and I read it from cover to cover, earnestly — even prayerfully.

Among the books sold I saw one or two which promised help. In order to obtain them I abstained from several meals — but what was that if success came?

Then I thought over what thing I could do best, that would bring me money.

I had been thoroughly educated in music — but the city was oversupplied with instructors. I painted well in china and oil colors, but again there were many teachers of that art. Then an inspiration came. I inserted this notice in one of the leading newspapers:

"To the Discouraged Housewife, who wishes help over the hard places," and my address.

Several days of anxious waiting passed. One morning the maid of all work came to my room with a card. Entering the parlor I saw a well-dressed but worried-looking woman. When I explained my plan she said she would give me a trial, two mornings each week, but I must return with her at once. She was always overworked; never had time to go out and enjoy herself as her friends did — all this and much more she told me.

Such disorder in a house I had never seen; a large pile of unmended clothing was upon the sitting-room table, beside it a basket of stockings.

I worked steadily and swiftly. Mrs. Brown was so pleased that she wished me to stay for dinner and the rest of the day. By supper time the house was in perfect order and the mending well begun. I went again the next morning and finished the latter. I gave her a working plan, which I had made out the night before.

I now go to her one morning each week and do the mending; also "catch up" on many odds and ends of work, and Mrs. Brown *now* has time to enjoy life.

My next case was that of a bride who, until her marriage, had been a clerk in a department store. Her ideas of housekeeping were indeed "hazy." Her poor husband was being fed upon bread, cream puffs and pies from a nearby bakery. Muddy coffee, watery vegetables and tough meats completed a dietary which was simply awful to think of. Her little flat, was, however, in a state of exquisite neatness.

Instruction in cooking was needed here. Out came the pencil and paper again. I went to Mrs. Bryce every afternoon at four o'clock for some weeks. I prepared the entire dinner for some time, having her take "observance" lessons.

First, I taught her how to make good coffee, toast; to cook eggs in various ways, and cereals. These were for the good breakfasts with which it was necessary for her

husband to start his day's work. Next, the packing of a substantial luncheon, as his work was too far away to return home for that meal.

Dish by dish, rules, both written and oral, were taught my little bride, who tried very hard to learn. But it was fully six months before she ventured to prepare dinner entirely alone.

My time is fully occupied. As soon as my work is finished at one home another one requires my presence. I have even a tiny waiting list.



## XXXVII. HOW WE GREW A HOME OF OUR OWN

BY FRANK FELL

**I** HAVE been a reader and practicer of New Thought for a little over ten years, but have been applying the principles of it in earnest only five years. To enumerate all the benefits that have come to me in that space of time would be a long story, so the purpose of this article is to set forth how the practice of the New Thought has brought what is considered by many to be the greatest blessing, viz., the possession of a home.

Five years ago we were living in the only house that was for rent in our town, paying more for it than it was worth. The landlord, no doubt, believing in the law of supply and demand, conceived the idea of raising the rent, since it was apparent that there would be only one alternative, pay more or move into the street. When he informed us of his plan, we held a New Thought council of war and decided to live in a tent before paying any higher rent, and accordingly informed the gentleman that he might have possession of his property the day before our lease expired, which would occur in just fifty-nine days.

It so happened that a couple of years before this we had bought a lot at a great bargain, which in itself was a demonstration of the workings of the New Thought. We paid one hundred dollars for it and before the ink was dry on the deed refused three hundred for it.

Now that we were about to move out of our rented house, naturally our thoughts were directed to our 66 by 132 foot lot, and we began to draw plans for a house. After figuring on several plans, all of which ran several

hundred dollars higher than the little two hundred dollars odd that we had in the bank, we were out walking one Sunday when we came to a building, 16x24 in size, that had been used as a storeroom for flour. My wife remarked that we might buy that and move it on our lot, whereupon we stopped and looked at it. By and by what was said in jest began to be thought of in a more serious manner. We decided to find out if the building was for sale. The next evening I visited the owner of the building and learned that it could be bought for one hundred and twenty-five dollars. I gave him a check for the money and in less than a week had it placed on our lot, by paying twenty-five dollars more. This left us a little more than fifty dollars with which to convert it into a two-room cottage. My next visit was to a lumber dealer where I learned that enough material for building a chimney, making a partition, four windows, three doors and enough finishing lumber for the job, would cost forty-five dollars. The building was ceiled so plastering would not be necessary. We procured the material and did all the work ourselves. The day before our lease to the rented house expired, we were installed in a home of our own.

The house we vacated consisted of five rooms, which we had pretty well filled with furniture, and when we came to the job of placing all our effects in two rooms, it took no mathematician to discover that there would not be room for everything. We sawed a scuttle-hole in the ceiling and arranged a ladder against the wall so the attic could be reached easily, and about half of our goods were placed up there. Then since the house stood three feet above the ground, we built underneath a very handy compartment to be used as a pantry. By making every inch of space serve some purpose, and by keeping everything in its place, we managed to live mighty snug.

Thus we lived for two years; then we began the building of our present seven-room cottage, which is 28x36 feet, with a porch, 9x28 feet. When we began this job many

predicted that we would never finish it by ourselves. But we did every bit of the work ourselves, except the plastering; dug the cellar drain, which is six hundred feet long; dug the cellar by hand; bought a cement block machine and made the foundation and no one but ourselves has driven a nail or applied a drop of paint, and the cottage, now that it is finished, is adjudged by many the finest house of its size in town. And I can say further, that all of this work has been done overtime. I have worked at my regular employment, that of an interlocking plant operator, and built this house during spare time. Yes, we put in long hours, sometimes, but have never missed a meal nor lost an hour's time on account of sickness; and we have saved enough out of our wages each month to pay for material as needed, and in exactly three years and one month from the time we began work on the house the last stroke of the paint brush was completed.

The work was done at a saving of over eight hundred dollars in the cost of labor, as compared with the cost if we had hired it built. There were times when we worked in zero weather; by heating a couple of pounds of nails, as hot as they can be handled, a person can work in zero weather for an hour without freezing the bare left hand. I finished building one chimney while standing in snow and slush. There have also been times within the last three years when it was hot. One noon hour, when the thermometer registered one hundred and ten, we put in part of the concrete porch steps, and it did not kill us either. I mention these incidents as some might think them hardships, but I cannot begin to tell how we have enjoyed it all.

Our first cottage, 16x24, is now our living room. We have it decorated with brown and cream water color. The two bed rooms are 12x12, tinted blue and pink, the other, brown and cream. The kitchen is 12x16, tinted buff and green. Then we have a closet, 4x16, a pantry, 4x8, and one porch 6x10, and one 9x28. We are now in-

stalling a gas lighting system as fast as we can make the fixtures, and when we get this done we will begin to make plans for a heating plant; we are using stoves at present.

I am studying a work on plumbing, so when the "day of opportunity" comes I will be able to install my own steam or hot water plant. You see, we want to do all we can for ourselves.

I have often heard it said that a person, after having built a house, would if they were doing it over make some change in their plans. That has not been our experience. We know how, and almost when every bit of material went into our house, and we love every corner of it.

Before we began the erection of our house, having had no previous experience in the use of tools, we bought several books on carpentry, masonry, and decorating, also several books on other crafts and they have been of inestimable value to us; for instance, the steel square, an instrument that is called into requisition almost every minute. A good work on that instrument taught us how to make all the different cuts that must be made in the building of a house after an experienced carpenter had failed to make it plain to us, although he spent half a day explaining the subject.

Then we have invented a few things as we have gone along. For instance, in the end of the living room that serves as dining room we have a gas lamp that can be pulled down on the table or pushed up out of the way when desired. The cellar door which is outside can be opened by pulling on a loop, and at the same time is burglar proof. In the matter of furniture, there never has been a time that we were not either planning or making something. We have made a bookcase, morris chair, wardrobe, jardiniere stand, foot-stool, magazine rack, and any number of picture frames. We have plans ahead for a davenport, library table and what we are pleased to call a writing chair, that is a chair with compartments for a typewriter, stationery and a few reference books, so ar-

ranged that we can do our writing where the light is best and have everything at hand to do it with.

As I stated before, this was a bare lot when we began. In addition to building the house we have also built a chicken yard, a rabbit hutch, a pig sty and a shop. We raise thoroughbred White Orpington chickens, Arabian rabbits and Chester White pigs. The shop, which is 8x20, is our playhouse. Here is where we plan and make all sorts of things in spare moments. And I must not forget to mention our garden, which would make a story by itself. We raise all our own vegetables, besides flowers of all kinds. We have produced a few tomatoes that weighed two pounds each. In conclusion would say stick to the New Thought of faith in the Power working through you — it pays.

I had it in mind to give a more complete description of the interior, but I was afraid that by so doing my article would be too long. The inside of our house would make a long story by itself; then our grounds, which are only 66x132 feet in size, have been utilized to a greater extent than any plot of its size that I ever heard of. We ran a small cement block factory on one corner of it for three years; made over a thousand dollars out of it. But as Kipling says, "that is another story."

The books to which I referred in this article are as follows: *Practical Carpentry*, two volumes, by William A. Radford, published by America Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill. Price \$1.35; *Practical Bricklaying, Self-Taught*, by Fred T. Hodgson, published by Frederick J. Drake & Co., Chicago, Ill. Price \$1.25; *Concretes, Cements, Mortars, Plasters, and Stucco*, by Fred T. Hodgson, published by Frederick J. Drake & Co., Chicago, Ill. Price \$1.25; *The Paper Hanger's Companion*, by James Arrowsmith, published by Henry Clay Baird & Co., Philadelphia, Pa. Price 85 cents; *Inside of One Hundred Homes*, by William Marten Johnson, published by The Saalfield Publishing Co., New York, N. Y. Price 50 cents; *Mission Furniture, How to Make*, three volumes, also *Arts and Crafts Lamps*, by Popular Mechanics Co., Chicago, Ill. 50 cents per volume; *Standard American Plumbing*, by Clow & Donaldson, printed by Frederick J. Drake & Co., for Sears, Roebuck & Co., Chicago, Ill. Price \$1.75. Postage would be added if these books are sent by mail.



## XXXVIII. HOW I FOUND HEALTH AND BECAME A GOOD BAD BILL COLLECTOR

BY FRANCES ILLSLEY

**M**Y health being not very good, the doctor ordered me to spend more time out of doors. The order, however, was not obeyed very well until one morning he asked how I would like to take charge of his collecting.

Collecting did not appeal to me as being a very pleasant occupation, but if by doing it I could "kill two birds with one stone," earn some very much-needed money, and also obtain health, I thought it would be worth trying.

I went to the office, and the doctor explained to me about the different bills; how Mrs. So and So thought he was responsible for the death of her child and, naturally, would not relish having a collector call, etc., etc. It seemed I might expect almost any kind of reception except a pleasant one.

That evening I confided my fear to a friend, who is a Christian Scientist, and she said, "Keep saying over in your mind, 'One of God's children cannot be unjust to another of God's children,' and your fear will leave you."

The next morning, bright and early, I started out, and when I came in sight of the first house I was so frightened I thought, my knees were going out from under me. I never before had such an almost uncontrollable desire to take to my heels and run like a white head. Home never seemed more inviting. However, all the way up the walk, I kept saying over and over, "One of God's children cannot be unjust to another of God's children," and by the

time the door opened my knees and heart were nearly in a normal condition.

The lady certainly *was* angry, but before I left she had cooled down to quite an extent, and this experience repeated itself through the next two weeks.

From a financial standpoint I was quite successful, for I had had a thorough business training and knew I had to make them like me and feel that I was interested in them, as most of them could only make small semi-monthly payments. It pleased the mother to have me inquire about Tommy, who had the mumps the last time I was there, and for me to remember how many teeth the baby had, etc. After these demonstrations of my interest, she could give up a two-dollar bill with a great deal better grace! But how I hated myself! In my heart I didn't care whether or not the dirty little youngster ever had any teeth. I was simply a hypocrite, selling my self-respect for a few paltry dollars. I used to turn my back to the mirror at night, for I was ashamed to look myself in the face. It was a terrible feeling!

One day I sat down by my desk and said, "Lord, I have to give up this work or you must show me how to look at it in a different light. I can't sell my self-respect."

While sitting thus, a voice down in me seemed to say, "You are wrong to feel as you do, for these are all God's little children, your little brothers and sisters, who are not *mentally grown up*. It is snobbishness in yourself that makes you despise some of them because they are dirty in their homes, unrefined and uneducated. You are their grown-up sister, and this is your opportunity to come in touch with their lives and give them a lift here and a bit of sunshine there."

This came as a revelation to me. I took the package of bills in my hand and said, "Lord, help me to understand, and help me to stand firmly as absolute justice between the doctor and these people, favoring neither side," as I knew that to pay honest debts brought self-respect, and the doctor had spent much money and time in learn-

ing his profession and deserved an honest and just recompense.

Every morning before I started out I said, "Lord, help me under all circumstances and in all places to express thy love and sympathy. Help me to understand and help these people. Thou knowest whether or not they can pay, and I leave it in thy hands."

Whether or not they were able to pay each time, I made it a rule never to leave them until I could leave them with a smile on their faces.

Instead of a disgust, I learned to have a great pity for them. I seemed to be able to see where they were mentally deficient, and discovered that very few, if any, did wrong intentionally. It was because they did not understand and were really doing the best they knew how.

I tried always to bring out the best in them, and treated each one with as much respect and courtesy as I would T. R. if I had dealings with him. In almost every case, in the end, the good in them rose to meet the good in me. Stooped shoulders would straighten, shifting eyes would look me straight in the face, and smile answer smile.

It did not all come out at once, but when they would at first be so angry, shaking their fists in my face, as a few of them did, I would simply withdraw into the Holy of Holies and keep saying over to myself, "Peace, peace; I must only express thy love." After they had talked themselves out, I could look at both sides of the question calmly and explain the matter. My own feathers would not even be ruffled.

The doctor came to have so much faith in my decisions that he said, "Do as you think best. Whatever you say goes."

A year from the time I started, I was collecting for three doctors, several stores, a big publishing firm, a lawyer, and was in communication with some large outside firms who wanted me to handle their collections. I think this speaks for my success, as I did not solicit the work.



## XXXIX. FROM HEART DISEASE TO HEALTH AND PROSPERITY

BY JANET THURBER

**H**AVE any of you had heart trouble and stomach trouble, and lost all your flesh by leaps and bounds, and seen your store of money dwindling day by day, and felt no energy and no ability to replenish it, in spite of the urgent necessity? That was where I was two years ago. Miserable was no name for it. I was so discouraged that I didn't know what to do, and finally I went around with a settled conviction in my mind that a pistol was really pointed at my breast and that it was only a matter of moments before I or someone else pulled the trigger. If I had not been under the necessity of earning money I think I might have had a nurse and kept her to the present time, for I was really sick, but there was the eternal problem of bread and butter staring me in the face — not that I wanted bread or butter, for I could keep hardly anything on my stomach and I hated the very thought of food. If I could have died without any trouble to myself I should have been more than glad, but the certainty grew in my mind that I should either be an invalid or at least have a long sickness. Either was terrible to me under my circumstances.

I had heard of New Thought, and even at times had read *Nautilus* and some of the New Thought books in a desultory way. I believed there was something in it, but I didn't believe that I had a strong enough will to find anything in it for me. Then one day I had to take a journey, and I looked over the magazines on my table to see what I would take with me to read on the train. It was

still chance more than anything else that made me pick up *Nautilus*. It is a light magazine, too, and I didn't feel able to hold anything of any weight. I think, anyway, I had come to a turning point in my life, for that day when I began to read *Nautilus* and to think how other people had done so much for themselves by means of New Thought, I grew first ashamed that I hadn't tried to do anything for myself, and then I grew enthusiastic all at once. I read every word in that little magazine and then I sat still and tried to practice. I started with breathing. Then I tried relaxing, and next I began to think of myself as well. It wasn't easy, especially since my heart was behaving very badly that day, but I was determined, and at the end of that journey I felt less tired than when I started. I had expected to feel exhausted, too! That night I slept wonderfully, and I went to sleep, taking deep breaths and thinking to myself, I am well! I am well! I am well! The next morning my stomach felt better, and I was really hungry!

It was not all up-hill work, however — not even when one has such a lazy will as mine. For a long while I couldn't keep myself from occasional backsliding, but I did better than I ever expected, and gradually I improved. My heart grew steadier. Today I never think of it, and I can eat nearly everything I want. One of the great differences with me now is, that I am interested in eating only those things which make for efficiency, and the results are wonderful. I feel a hundred per cent better, do better work, and more of it, and I feel that there is power in me. Oh, I have much to thank New Thought for, and my New Thought books are very precious to me!

If you are at your wits' ends for health or wealth, why not develop your spiritual resources? Your extremity is Spirit's opportunity, providing you recognize and follow its leading.



## XL. A MENTAL VACATION TRIP AND THE PHYSICAL RESULT

BY VIRGINIA HART

**M**R. and Mrs. Holsom felt poor, a pernicious habit. For years, with their two children, they had been spending their summers very simply and inexpensively, but a short distance from home, camping along the banks of a broad tide-water river.

The boy was now thirteen and crazy for a sailboat, but too young, his parents thought, to be trusted with its management. He, on the contrary, so loved a race with the wind, as he splashed his way through a rough sea, his boat tipped at an angle of forty-five degrees, that it was difficult to deny him. His mother, however, considered the sport too hazardous for safety, and quietly determined within herself, that the next summer, for their yearly outing, they would go somewhere else.

She had not considered where, but, having always lived south of the Mason and Dixon line, she thought it would be a fine change if they could go North.

Just how they were to get the money for a trip very far from home, she didn't know, but — well, she had been reading about the possibility of cultivating a mental attitude as a necessary precedent and successful means for any definite accomplishment. She would try this for a trip.

The only trouble was that she was in the habit of being honest. To deliberately say that they were "going North" next summer, and all that this might imply, merely for the purpose of cultivating a specific mental attitude, and surrounding herself with the right-thought

atmosphere, and yet not knowing how they could possibly go, gave her conscience a twinge.

By way of compromise, she finally decided that if they only went in a northerly direction ten miles, her affirmation could at least be proved true and her reputation for veracity saved.

Thus her qualms were quieted, and from that time on to herself and her friends, boldly she asserted, "We are going North next summer."

For fully six months she and the children had been cultivating the going-North idea, the little folks following her lead without question, but as to her husband it was quite another matter.

One day in March, the Holsoms were entertaining friends for dinner. During the usual desultory conversation, a lady, turning in Mr. Holsom's direction and smiling, remarked sweetly, "I understand, Mr. Holsom, that you are going North this summer."

"Oh yes, yes," he answered with some asperity, and with a quizzical look in his wife's direction — "we are going to the North Pole."

Hastening to protest such a startling statement, Mrs. Holsom added, laughingly, but with a thrill of pride suddenly surging up in her heart, "I am not so ambitious as my husband; a farm house in New Hampshire would be cool enough for me."

Then followed, quite naturally, a discussion of possible places.

After the dinner was over and the guests were gone, Mr. Holsom sat himself down in his armchair, and with an expression on his face of something-important-to-say, his wife prepared to listen.

"I don't see," he began, "why it is you want to spend the summer in a farmhouse, where there is nothing to do but sit around and read. One can do this at home and be twice as comfortable."

"Perhaps," his wife admitted, "but we want a change of air and scene. That is the point."

“Very well,” he agreed, “then why not travel? One can have a continual change of air this way and see something new every day.”

“I had not thought of that,” Mrs. Holsom gasped, “but of course, it would be delightful.”

Her husband’s sudden capitulation was somewhat of a surprise to her. She was determined, however, that he should not see this. Neither should he know of her inward questioning as to his ability to meet so daring a financial venture.

For six months he had held his peace, and now, all of a sudden, he was ready to outrun her.

No glory-hallelujah convert could have bubbled over, regarding a prospective trip, more than he did.

Did he have the money, Mrs. Holsom wondered, but this subject was never mentioned by either of them. They held to the charms of the trip and let the money matter take care of itself.

Mr. Holsom decided that a sea trip to Nova Scotia, returning along the coast of New England, would be just the thing. He flooded the house with circulars, folders and pictures regarding these delightful sections of country. From guide books and time tables he made out an itinerary which covered a tour of a month’s continuous sightseeing.

Mrs. Holsom and the children no longer spoke of going North with a ten-mile radius in their heads for conscience sake or a New Hampshire farmhouse as a concession to their pride. Boldly they *all* talked of their contemplated sea-trip to Nova Scotia.

Together they traced on the map the route they would take, read the folders and pamphlets, looked up points in the encyclopaedia and reviewed their history.

Mentally they sailed by moonlight down Chesapeake Bay, stopped over, for the boys’ sake, at the Newport News shipyard and dry dock, then for “Auld Lang Syne” took lunch at the Hygeia Hotel (now razed) at Old Point Comfort, where Mr. and Mrs. Holsom had spent their honeymoon.

Then, out through the capes they sailed, into the great Atlantic ocean for their first sea voyage.

Perhaps they would encounter a storm. This would be exhilarating.

By sea, on up to Boston they would travel, then to Yarmouth, far, far north for them, but where the climate would still be humid and gently tempered by the gulf stream.

Still farther on, they would go by sea, to Halifax, where it is so hilly that the streets parallel to the shore appear, it is said, like gigantic steps.

Way out of their known world, they would be by this time, and in the world of books, the world of early American history, but of foreign policy, where the French and English had so long battled for supremacy over this great fishing coast, and for the hills beyond, covered with the "forest primeval."

They would see "Tommy Atkins" everywhere on the streets of this garrison town, his funny little doll's hat fastened askew on his head with a rubber band, like a child's.

They would see some Micmac Indians in their wigs, and get some Indian baskets as trophies of their trip, and perchance pick up some precious amethysts and agates in the coves by the sea.

But the feature of the outing which charmed them most as they studied and read, was the land of the Acadians. From Halifax they would visit the Evangeline country, made sweet in reality to all who have read and loved the romance and pathos of Longfellow's story of the strength and beauty of a woman's devotion. This touching poem they read aloud in the evenings, and wept furtively. Longfellow had never visited the village of Grand Pré, neither had they, and yet, as he wrote with fervid imagination, and they read of this long-ago peaceful Acadian village, in the fertile green valley back from the Basin of Minas, of Benedict Bellefontaine and his daughter, the gentle Evangeline, and of Gabriel, her lover, they, too,

saw clearly in mind the simple happy homes of the Acadian farmers, the rich meadows — this enchanting country of woodland lakes and rivers.

Fascinated, they read of the waving French willows which still mark the site of the priest's house and of the little chapel where Evangeline and Gabriel worshiped, and of the old French well, where the farmers drew water for their horses.

The willows and the old well remained. These and the quiet pastoral valley they would see in reality, and in fancy bring back to life sweet Evangeline,

“Wearing her Norman cap and her kirtle of blue and the earrings  
Brought in the olden time from France.  
And, — her devoted lover,  
Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil, the blacksmith,  
Who was a mighty man in the village, and honored of all men.”

They would visit, too, the old church of the more stern Covenanters with its rigid seats and overtopping pulpit that must have craned terribly the necks of the little ones.

From Grand Pré, they would go the entrancing harbor of Port Royal and see the old French fort and quaint town, wrested from the French by the English, and thereafter called for Queen Anne, Annapolis Royal. Here they would walk out on the ancient, moss-grown wharf, built by the French, three hundred years ago, strong enough and high enough to withstand the continual washing and receding of a thirty-foot tide.

They marvelled to read of the wonderful tides of Nova Scotia. Dykes had been built everywhere, and as far back as the times of the Acadians, two hundred and thirty years ago.

How strange it would be to see the broad, deep river Cornwallis, filled twice in twenty-four hours, and with its bottom, after the waters had receded, as dry as that of the Red Sea when the Israelites passed over it.

These high tides, it is said, rush in faster than pigs can run. At the turn of the tide the “bore” or advance wave

rises as high as eight feet, and, if in this the pigs are caught when wallowing in the mud, they drown every time.

Who could ever doubt, after witnessing this perfectly natural phenomenon, the story of the Jews and their marvelous escape from the pursuing Egyptians, and of how the enemy and his chariots were overwhelmed and drowned.

At Digby, the Newport of Nova Scotia, they would put on style, stop at the best hotel and take a sail with the élite on Annapolis Basin, then cross the Bay of Fundy over its mother-of-pearl waters to St. John.

At St. John they would make a point of thrice visiting the "reversible falls" of the St. John's river, where, at low tide its waters flow with the river current in a tumbled mass down stream. At high tide they overcome the current and tumble up stream, and at mean tide, the waters are so smooth that steamers pass with perfect safety over the falls, which have a drop of fifteen feet.

From St. John they would work their way homeward down along the coast of Maine, then spend a week, at least, in and around historic Boston.

What charm, what romance in such a trip!

Diligently they studied, mindful of the Spanish proverb, "He who would bring home the wealth of the Indies must carry the wealth of the Indies with him." So it is in traveling: a man must carry knowledge with him if he would bring home knowledge."

So much and with such absorption did they study of their trip, and so enthusiastically did they discuss it, that mentally at least it became a reality.

This type of effort for accomplishment is not a new one. Years ago Gail Hamilton wrote that if one wanted the barn painted, the way to begin was to *talk* about it. In this the Holsoms were absolutely faithful.

They kept thus their desires warm, their hopes high, and the faith that counts for accomplishment grew, and — won.

Six weeks after they began their mental traveling, the money for their tour was in sight. Another month, and it came to their hands — five times more than they required, enough to give them a big lift toward the payments on their home, though let it be explained, that when Mr. Holsom joined the family ranks for “going North,” not even he knew whence its source.

Of course you, my readers will want to know.

The Holsoms never told. They say that all supply is from God — that “the cattle on a thousand hills” are yours and “the world and the fulness thereof,” if only you will *invite* them your way by *dwelling* upon them with your thoughts.

Thus, through the faithful, systematic cultivation of *faith*, desire becomes the promise of its own fulfillment.



## XLI. LESSONS IN CHILD TRAINING FROM A MOTHER OF SIX

BY DAISY GIBSON BUTLER

**T**HIS paper on "Child Training" is not written from the standpoint of a graduate, as I am not through yet, my six children being under twelve years of age.

We have many experiences and learn many lessons. I have chosen three. I am teaching a country school, with all my children in school! The baby, "Faith Elizabeth," runs around in her walker or "visits around" in the seats, or sleeps in her buggy. I do all of the work, their sewing and much of mine, all washing, ironing, mending, housework and cooking (what is *done*. We like fruit and nuts raw). Of course they all help, and we keep busy, well and happy. I have found it necessary to cut out all reading except current events, school work and New Thought.

### ATTITUDE

It is probably safe to state that whether some name was given to the method or whether it went by none, no one was ever a successful child trainer who did not consciously or unconsciously use what is now known as New Thought ideas. With children, suggestion (mental or voiced) is nine-tenths of the result. For example, let pass through your mind a few mothers of your acquaintance. They immediately fall into two classes — those who expect only the best acts from their children and those who expect trouble. One says: "My Henry will take your letter to the mail box for you. He is always willing to stop his play when he can be of use to anyone." Henry is up and willingly ready. One says: "It is no use to ask

Willie to mail your letter, for when he can play he never wants to do anything that looks like work." And Willie's volunteer remark is just as well not printed. When the boys are grown one mother loses faith in everything because the boy she "has done so much for" is a sporty spendthrift, and the other is full of gratitude for a son who is her pride and protector.

Why a mother constantly holds herself in this attitude towards her children's thoughts and acts is a question, for she would rise to resent it if a neighbor threw out the thought that her children were naturally lazy or good-for-nothing. There seem to be a number of reasons — habit, thoughtlessness, the idea that it is *smartness* in the child to prefer to do the easy or wrong thing, the idea that children have no sense of right and wrong until grown, etc. Certain it is that in many homes children live constantly under this negative parental influence, and it marks the difference between children who *try* to do right and who *try* to do wrong when away from home. It also accounts for many cases of children from good homes reaching a development far short of what one would expect, and of children from homes of really lower ideals, rising to heights of the best. One is full of confidence (trained there by a mother's wisdom, or someone's) that he will always do the highest thing under the circumstances, the other is just as filled with the idea that he will do what looks to be for his own interest, little knowing how short is his sight.

If this idea is true then it is very important for mothers to investigate which tendency they are training into their children and, if the wrong one, to set about a change. "But," you will say, "I *know* my children do wrong things and I won't be a hypocrite and tell them they are perfect." True; you and I, and your children and my children do unwise acts, but are their *desires* bad, or have they a different viewpoint from ours? Johnny tore his new blouse you wanted him to wear to school all the week, and you told him he was a "bad, ungrateful boy, who

didn't love his hard-working mother." Maybe after your remarks he didn't, but do you honestly think that when he tore his blouse he said: "I don't care how much my mother works, and I'll stick my blouse on this wire and then pull and tear it"? You know better. And you can sift most other misdeeds with about the same result. *Now* can you begin to see how you can *conscientiously* change your attitude? How begin? Unless you know a better way, try this:

As all mothers and teachers *do* go to bed sometime, let us choose that as our opportunity for meditation. When all is quiet, lie flat upon the back with little or no pillow to prevent free breathing, and relax. If you have "How to Wake the Solar Plexus," follow directions for breathing; if not inhale and exhale fully and easily about ten times and then read this or ponder thus: "My children are alive, therefore they have the God spirit or spirit of God in them. It can become the strongest ruling power of their lives. It is my privilege and pleasure to bring them to realize this, the earlier the better. I will talk with them and tell them I have been reading some new ideas about how to help children to make the most of themselves and that we will study and practice together whatever we can find good on the subject. The reading says children *desire* to do right if parents give them a chance. I am going to accept it for truth and treat them accordingly. I will *now* hold them in my mind as desirous of doing right as *they* see it, and will constantly keep myself in this attitude when addressing them." Training children then is not a struggle to keep them from doing bad things but a *keeping-ahead* and gradually unfolding before them higher and nobler ideas. Quite a different work for the mother, from keeping her mind mixed up with petty squabbles. This is the growth that completes the development of the mother as a woman while she is "bringing up" her children — bringing them up from animals to creatures of spirit and worth and power. A holy mission, not a task of drudgery.

Go to sleep full of this thought.

In the morning relax again and affirm the same thoughts. Then affirm with strength and feeling: "I am *glad* I am alive. *Glad* I am able to work for and with my children. *Glad* I have them to work for. *Glad* I have been led to a knowledge of how best to deal with them. *Glad* it is time to be up and to work."

It will take some time to learn this lesson, but desire, perseverance and practice will win, and it is worth the learning to the mother as well as the children. The morning affirmations seem never out of place, and I often use them to turn what portends a spoiled morning into a successful day-beginning.

#### BED TIME SUGGESTION — ASLEEP AND AWAKE

Is there some habit you are trying to induce a child to drop and it doesn't drop? Try suggestion after the child is asleep. (If you practice breathing and relaxing after you retire, wait until you feel the quiet repose in yourself as there seems to be stronger subconscious communication then.)

Say the habit is thumb-sucking. After the child is asleep, go to its bed and, leaning over it, say aloud, in clear, moderate tones, "Child, you do not *want* to suck your finger any more. You do not *want* it. You are getting too big." Repeat this four or five times, just as if she were awake, and you were looking into her eyes (soul eyes) and trying to impress her with it. If the thumb is withdrawn while you speak do not be so startled. You hug her and wake her up. Just continue with more confidence which will help you win. Continue the practice each night until the habit is well forgotten. This is not theory, it is practical, for I have done it, and so know.

I also cured a boy of school age of lack of control of himself at night. We had tried giving him medicine off and on for several years, but it made no permanent difference. One night I said, "I am going to treat you to

help you to control yourself tonight." I passed my hands slowly from his head to his feet about six times saying, "You are going to sleep now, but you will wake up when it is necessary. You will be able to wake up *every time* you need to." And he *did*. I followed this for four or five nights, then something kept me away, although he sent word for me to come, but he was cured.

It took quite a bit of thinking to bring myself to try this. After I read of the idea, I pondered over it for several days before I could get myself to feel it any use to try. Even then I had to urge myself by saying, "Well, it can't hurt him any way and who knows?" I do now. You will if you try it.

I always teach them in case of a threatened cold, sore throat or a cut, sore, bruise, etc., to go to sleep with the idea that they will be well in the morning. We call the cells, "little men," "our servants," who are glad and striving to obey our wish if we express it, only becoming our master if we allow it.

Once after a ride of three hours in a drenching rain, when not one had on a dry garment at the end of it, I gave each one a rub-down and put them to bed, not having even the usual night clothing, but telling them many people would make a great fuss (I didn't *say* be sick abed), over such an experience. But *we* knew how to make our "little men" mind us and each one of us must go to sleep saying, "It doesn't hurt *me* to get wet. I am going to feel fine and well in the morning," and sure enough the first one to wake piped out, "I feel awful good this morning, mama! My 'little men' minded!" And not one bore any signs of the exposure.

Another time it was a dog bite on the face of a three-year-old. I wanted to have it heal quickly, and in a healthy manner. She promised to talk to the "little men," but in the morning hit her hand against the scab formed, immediately calling my attention to the fact that her face was not well. I said, "Did you tell the 'little men' to heal it?" She said, "Yes! I talked to them about it,

but they said they didn't like dogs, and wouldn't have anything to do with it." But the face healed.

#### GETTING THE BEST OUT OF EXPERIENCES

If I should tell you I believed complaining as detrimental a habit to cultivate in a child as lying, what would you think? Look about you at men and women. There are a great many whose word you would not always care to vouch for, but who lead quite successful lives and do much good in their communities. But can you say as much for the pessimist? His principles may be good, but he is like a jar of soured fruit, the food value there, but all spoiled. Fault-finding is a habit quite easily trained out or in. It is best to get rid of it by emphasis on agreeable things, but one little habit died a speedy death in this way:

A little girl used to come in just before meal time, and, after asking what was being prepared, say, "Oh, I don't like that," or if it were something she had never tasted, "I won't like it." After speaking to her several times, telling her that while a member of our family she would have to eat what the rest did, and that it probably suited her as well as what other people had if she only knew it, I decided to not allow her to taste anything she had previously asserted she did not like. (She would usually eat as heartily as any when finally served at table.) Of course there was a wail, but the second lesson was sufficient. She began to remark, "I don't know about that, perhaps I'll like it when I taste it," and her whole attitude of mind was soon transformed.

The other method is usually best. You can train children to see and get good out of everything if you desire. It is one of the greatest habits you *can* train into them, and one with far-reaching effects. Whether you call it New Thought or not, teach them they are just where they should be, and here for a purpose, and ask them to look about and derive all the good they can from situations

before the opportunity is gone. I find they respond to this idea readily and earnestly.

Are they in the country? Exalt the freedom of speech and action, the view, the air, the animals, the garden, the small school where it is not necessary to be so machine-like, the comfort of strong, dark, durable clothes, etc.

Are they in town? Point out the value and pleasure of close, pleasant neighbors, the clean walks, the nearness of stores, the fine discipline of the big classes in school, the advantages of the school playgrounds, etc.

Keep at it until they have caught the spirit. Of course every place must have some drawbacks, but teach them that you *deliberately* hunt for the good yourself and *deliberately* refuse to speak or think of the disagreeable, that you think it the only sensible way to do and *know* it is the only happy way, and that that is the reason you are asking it of them.

It is raining? Just the day to cut out pictures from the old box of papers. Are the shoes old? Well, they don't leak, or one does not have to be so careful about getting old shoes muddy, etc.

Children readily respond to this lead, and it is a veritable mental rubber ball in the way it bounds and rebounds from mother to children and back. We are in the thought that only by making the most possible out of present circumstances do we make ourselves ready for or deserving of better ones.

See the top side of everything! Why crawl around in the dark like a worm when, with a little wise training of ourselves, we can walk heads up in the sunshine?

Keep weeding out complaint-thoughts and planting joy until the children all say, as did my ten-year-old, "Why, mamma, most people talk so much about bad luck while everything good seems to happen to us. Is that New Thought?"



## XLII. THE TEACHER FINDS A WAY

BY JESSIE JOHNS

**E**RNEST had been three years in first grade when I was given charge of the primary room in Gladstone, Oregon. His parents and former teachers were in despair concerning him. After a month's hard work with methods, approved and otherwise, I was about ready to admit that his little brain could not be taught to grasp ideas from the printed page.

About this time I chanced upon an article on subconscious desire. This sentence kept ringing in my mind: "Make any desire subconscious and the subconscious will bring forth the ability necessary to gratify that desire."

The next Sunday I began investigating the subconscious. After a day spent in reading and meditation I began to comprehend and in a measure to feel the subconscious within me.

Determined to test my new knowledge I began with the problem of Ernest's education. I tried to connect my desire for his advancement with the subconscious powers within me. I kept affirming that the child was capable and would learn rapidly. I appreciated his every effort and encouraged him at every opportunity. Many times a day I would breathe deeply, and as I exhaled I breathed to awake life and intellectual energy within him.

I began three weeks ago and I am getting results.

Today the little fellow can read the first fifteen pages of his primer and has caught up to his class in number work.

I used the same method as I had in the beginning, so no credit can be given to a change in the presentation of the lesson.

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It sounds like a fairy tale. When his mother asked about his sudden interest in school work I did not have the courage to tell her of the subconscious treatment I had been giving him. I am only a beginner in New Thought, but after such a glorious victory of the very first trial of the new truths I can but feel that all things are possible to the master of these principles.



## XLIII. THE MOTHER AS A TEACHER

BY KATHRYN MOMONEY RAY

**O**UR boy is six years of age. He has thus far never attended school and yet before he is seven years of age he will be fully prepared along *every line* for fifth grade work in our public schools — besides knowing quite a bit in German, United States history and general history.

He is not a hothouse plant; has not been forced in any particular. For five days in the week, from nine until twelve my time is his, just as conscientiously as if I were employed in the public schools. He is eager for his lessons — and he has learned the wonderful lesson of concentration. Repetition does not create brain cells, but interest and attention will accomplish in one minute what idle repetition may never attain.

I have always believed in the dignity of motherhood as the greatest boon of life, and for this reason am I willing to devote my services to my child. His memory is marvelous, accurate, discriminating and retentive. How much this is the result of strong suggestions given to him and how much a natural gift, I know not. Even at his early age he can draw from a hidden reservoir of strength, and when called before large audiences to sing solos or to recite as many as two hundred and seventy-one lines, for instance, of *Hiawatha*, he displays as much self-possession as a professional actor or singer.

His advancement I attribute to concentration, suggestion, optimism in creating interest, the thought-form held constantly before him that he can do whatever he wishes to do, and the wonderful teachings of New Thought.



## XLIV. HOW I USED NEW THOUGHT TO HEAL A CHILD AND A MAN

BY ANNE SHIRLEY

**I** HAPPENED to be staying at my brother's for a time, when, one morning, I was awakened by a commotion in the adjoining room, and on investigation I found my little six-months-old nephew in convulsions. We were inexperienced and did not realize what it was. The eyes were glassy and the little form rigid, and we thought him dying. This was Friday morning. That night he had another very severe one, and then began the horrible nightmare which lasted until Sunday morning, and which I hope I may never again be called upon to pass through. The remembrance even now, after four years, makes me shudder.

Convulsions call for quick action; the mother would undress baby, my brother grab bath tub and fill it with hot water, while I would test temperature and put in the mustard, and then hold baby in water while his father massaged him until his stiff little body would again become supple. The mother would be heating flannels in which to wrap him. By each one flying to his duty, we would have him out of one sometimes in three minutes, though with the harder ones it sometimes took fifteen minutes.

We took turns sitting by the crib watching, oh, with such terror in our hearts, for another and harder one to come, for Saturday night they were more severe and closer together. He had the twentieth one about four o'clock Sunday morning, and then I took my post at the crib to watch.

We thought the little life could not stand the strain much longer.

While I sat watching the little sleeper I suddenly remembered how Elizabeth Towne and others had healed, and why could not I. In the overexcitement I had forgotten what I most needed — New Thought. I imme-

diately began talking to the child in this wise: "Robert, you are well! You will not have another convulsion. You *are* strong this minute. You are sleeping quietly and your little body is being renewed," and many other like affirmations. How long I kept it up I do not know, but Robert did sleep, and sleep till long past the winter's dawn, and the happy parents tiptoed out, hardly able to realize that so much time had elapsed and still their child slept on.

He had no other convulsion for a month or six weeks, when he had two slight ones at different times, and those were the last that he ever had. I think those might have been prevented had I kept up the affirmations.

At another time a very dear friend was almost mentally unbalanced. Poor health, accompanied by business worries, had brought this about. He could not sleep nights, and he felt his old grip of life slipping away. He was mortally afraid of becoming insane, but did not believe in New Thought, nor know the harm he was doing by constantly declaring that he was losing his mind, that he was unfit to do business any longer, and that he might better dispose of his property while he still had a vestige of sanity left, etc., all of which the family tried to make light of, telling him his mind was all right and that if he would rest up he would soon be his old happy self again.

But one day reason actually left him; his mind was a blank, and then we realized that something must be done, and that quickly.

He could usually get a nap when he first went to bed, and then the rest of the night he would be wakeful; so when I could hear his deep breathing from the hall I began affirming, "You are sleeping soundly! You are whole in body and mind! You are perfectly sane. Your mind is as strong as in youth! You are well from now on!" And he was. He never again alluded to his mind, and it is apparently as strong as it ever was. This time, however, I kept up the affirmations for some time afterwards.



## XLV. HOW A MOTHER INFLUENCED THE BEAUTY OF HER CHILDREN

BY MRS. R. WHITE

**O**H mothers, how little the most of us realize our children are what we make them, — even in looks! Your child can be beautiful; in fact it can appear just about as you choose to have it. I know this by experience.

When I first became an expectant mother I read somewhere that by selecting a picture of a beautiful child or person, and looking at it intently a number of times a day and absorbing it, so to speak, — the child would look like the picture.

I naturally wanted my child to have a pleasing appearance, so I selected a picture of a little girl with brown curls and regular features, lit with large brown, rather brooding eyes; also another one of a little boy with golden curls.

I think I hardly realized the importance of what I did. I did not have access to really fine pictures, so took the best of what came within my reach. I hung the pictures where I would see them the last thing at night before going to sleep, and the first thing in the morning when I opened my eyes. Whenever I came near the pictures and when resting I gazed upon them.

Well, baby came; a fine, lovely, brown-haired boy. I was so *wild* with delight that the pictures were forgotten for months. Then one day, when the boy was two years old and one of my friends had called, the picture (the one with the comely face and large brown eyes) had gotten out of my trunk, and my friend picked it up and was looking at it.

“Why, this picture looks like Ernest!” she exclaimed. And so it did, or rather, he looked like the picture. He even had the expression of the eyes, and the loveliest

of curly, golden hair. He had the face of the one picture and the golden hair of the other (the golden-haired child had its back turned, and I could see only its beautiful hair). My little boy had the brown hair at first, but it came out and came in golden!

I thought him the loveliest child I ever saw and friends have told me the same.

Then, in time, we got warning of another visit from the stork, and I watched for another suitable likeness for my little one.

This time I chose a calendar that pictured a bright, wonderfully pleasant appearing young woman, with dainty, regular features and beautiful dark eyes, dancing with merriment. She had a very dark or rather brown complexion but the face was so pleasant and irresistible that I thought nothing of the color of it.

Well, my little girl has the dainty features, the pleasing expression, beautiful, dancing black eyes and *the brown complexion*.

However, her color was remedied by using a bleaching face cream, and now, though she is a pronounced brunette, she is a very nice looking little girl, with exceedingly charming eyes and shining brown hair.

Another lapse of time; another hint from the treasure-bearing bird, and again a search for a model for a tiny stranger.

This time the face I kept before me was that of a sweet young bride. There was a pleasing contour to her features, a fair complexion, with light brown hair and eyes, and just a hint of a saucy little tilt to her nose; withal, a very charming face. I hung this picture in the kitchen, where I could see it every time I looked up from my work table.

In due time the little miss arrived.

My time was so taken up caring for my little ones that I had little or no time to think of this *feature molding* after there was no need for it. But others noticed, and commented.

“This child has a different countenance than either of

the other children!" remarked her grandfather, after he had a good look at his new granddaughter. "She's a dandy; the best one of them all."

She has the pleasing features and color, the light brown hair, the pleasant, large brown eyes and the *saucy*, cute nose, which for several years she wrinkled up most engagingly when she laughed.

People commented on and laughed so often at this little trick that she has quit it. She is the favorite among our friends.

Two years passed. Then one day we awoke to the realization that I had lost several months' time of feature molding, preparatory to the advent of another tiny member to our family.

By this time my health (I never had been really strong) was badly impaired, owing to my increased cares of my little ones, and other cares which weighed heavily upon me.

I was now in need of another suitable picture, but had none at hand. On account of my little ones and poor health I rarely got away from home. So I waited, rather half-heartedly, I guess, for a picture to come my way that suited me.

In this way two more months passed. Then I thought of the picture I had used last, the sweet-faced bride, and hung it in my kitchen, for there was where I spend most of my time.

I looked at it perhaps as many times a day as before, but on account of my overwork and ill-health, with less concentration than at former times.

"This isn't as pretty a baby as Gracie was," said Mrs. Blank, the good woman who cared for my babies, as she brought *this* little miss to me.

But she has regular features, and is far from homely, and has a little of Grace's looks. In fact is real cute, but lacks a little of the charm, perhaps, of the others.

I took care continually to see no distressing sights, or, if I *did* get frightened, to not lose my presence of mind. I marked not one of my children, and I have a little family of which I am proud.



## XLVI. HOW TO MAKE YOUR THOUGHT EFFECTIVE

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE

**A** THOUGHT is powerful only when it is backed by feeling. Feeling gives thought its reactivity. To merely make an affirmation of what you desire, without faith or feeling, will accomplish little. Such affirmation repeated often will, indeed, prove a detriment because when it fails to bring any results there will be a still further impoverishment of faith and feeling. It is possible for one to carry this practice to such an extent that he becomes a sort of intellectual automaton without much of that vital fire of feeling, passion, desire, wanting, all inspired by faith, necessary to make an idea creative and realizable upon the material plane.

Ribot, in "The Psychology of the Emotions," says: "An idea which is only an idea produces nothing and does nothing; it only acts if it is felt, if it is accompanied by an effective state, if it awakes tendencies, that is to say, motor elements."

The greatest help in arousing the necessary feeling to back up your affirmations is to go ahead and *act* in harmony with your formula; *work* to bring it about. At the moment you start in to act according to your affirmation, to try to bring it about, you set in motion forces that will help you to realize faith and feeling, and you free, in degree, the creative power which alone can make your affirmation come true.

If you make your affirmation just before going to sleep at night, summon every atom of faith and feeling that you can to back it up and then go to sleep and forget it. Don't worry or try to "hold" the idea in mind. Free

your conscious mind from all thoughts of doubt or fear and your subconscious mind will take care of your affirmation while you sleep.

Mr. Atkinson has emphasized the necessity of backing your statements with feeling in these words.

“Everything that is worth while was produced by this feeling thought. Feeling — Desire — Emotion — Passion — Wanting — Willing — Demanding — these are the things that have creative power. So do not deceive yourself with this ‘holding the thought’ or any such nonsense of which you have heard so much. It is not simply ‘holding the thought,’ it is ‘holding the desire’ and backing it up with the will, that does the work. To create a thing you must want it with a burning, eager want that brooks no denial — backed up by a will that knows no such word as “can’t.””

Also by the faith and love which keeps one from running amuck and infringing on others’ rights.



## XLVII. WHAT TO DO WHEN FACING POVERTY

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE

**W**HEN you feel the pinch of want you become obsessed by the poverty idea. You are bound, as if with iron bands, by fear and lack of self-confidence.

The remedy lies, first, in reversing your mental attitude, your habit of thinking. By your mental attitude you create channels for the manifestation of success or failure. To gain success you must think, plan, invent, strike out into new fields. How much *effective* work can you do along this line when you are obsessed with fear thoughts and paralyzed with worry and lack of self-confidence?

Your fear and worry gets you nowhere. It is a positive injury to you. You *can* overcome it, at least in great degree.

This is the way to go about it. First, face the worst that could possibly happen to you. You might have to apply to your town or city authorities, or to some organized charity, for assistance. That would not harm you except so far as your *pride* is concerned and you can certainly control that.

Society *ought* to take care of *all* its members and find everyone work when he needs it, and pay him a pension when he cannot work. Some day society will do this, as a *duty to its members*, not as a charity. Until that day arrives, no one who has done his best ought to feel ashamed to ask assistance, when he needs it, from the organizations which society has provided to help those who cannot support themselves. Think the matter out

to its logical conclusion and *make up your mind that you will not waste any more energy in fearing poverty.*

Now begin to turn your thought into constructive channels. You know that hundreds of others, no brighter, or stronger, or more capable than you, are earning a living. What you need to do is to find a *market for your services*, or to find some need of others which you can supply.

Can you think of *one effort*, no matter how small, that you have not yet put forth to better your condition? If so, prepare yourself to make that effort *in the most efficient and effective manner possible*. Affirm self-confidence. Fix your thoughts on success. Say to yourself, "If success doesn't come in this way it will in some other. I shall think of a way out." If you are to meet some one or apply for a position, dress in your best and act as if you were a success.

Grenville Kleiser, in one of his splendid books, tells of a man who was out of employment and in great want. Brooding over his condition one evening, he decided to make one more supreme effort, and to fix all his thoughts upon success. He got up the next morning, bathed carefully, shaved with the minutest attention to detail, dressed in his very best clothes, brushed his shoes until they shone, and assuming a cheerful smile and as confident and prosperous an air as possible, set out to find employment. His first call was at the office of a large manufacturing concern where he asked to see the head of the establishment. He was told that the man was too busy to see him. "Never mind," said the seeker after employment, "my business is so important that I will wait until he can see me." He finally secured the interview, got a position with the concern and is now himself at the head of a big business.

Constructive thinking about your condition will keep you from worrying. Concentrate your mind upon what you desire to accomplish and ways and means of doing it. If there is one step you can take towards getting

what you want take it confidently, and positively, and courageously, and with praise in your mind for the opportunity. Then look for the *next* step and take that in the same spirit. Fall back on affirmations to strengthen you between times.

In this way you will acquire a constructive, creative attitude of mind that will open the doors for you to greater success. Faith will grow up within you and your inventiveness will be stimulated. A recent article in *The Ladies' Home Journal* tells of a man who worked in a shop and who, in order to save his health, needed to get out of doors or to go on a long vacation. There was no money to help him do this. His wife set her mind to work to create ways and means. She noticed there were many large back yards in the neighborhood. She visited several of the owners and got permission to plant a portion of the yards with vegetables which were to be shared equally by the owners and herself. Last year the husband took a three months' vacation from the shop and the family was supported by the gardening they did in other people's back yards!

A man with his family was in the depths of despair from poverty. He had not a cent of money left. Out of his great need he conceived a simple plan. He went to the grocers and was given credit for a few beans, some corn meal, flour and a few other things. He took the supplies home, and his wife, a good cook, baked the beans after her best style, baked some loaves of brown bread that would make your mouth water and prepared a few other common articles of food, making them look as attractive as possible. Then the man took a wheelbarrow load and started out to find customers. He succeeded so well that he developed a good little business, and has supported the family ever since.

There are unsupplied needs in almost every neighborhood. Set your mind to work to find them, if nothing better offers. Use your common sense. Do not waste time in foolish dreaming, but bring your plans down to

earth and test them out. Thinking and acting must go together. Thoughts that do not develop into acts are like blossoms that never grow into fruit.

Practice deep breathing every day. You will be surprised to note how much it will help you in keeping up your courage and self-confidence. Sit erect; keep your backbone straight; keep your head level and your chin forward; your mind filled with thoughts about the things you desire to realize — not with thoughts of the things you fear and do not want.

You are one with the One Life of the universe. *Let* this Life find free expression through you. It cannot do so if you tense your mind and muscles with worry and fear thoughts, nor while you are obsessed with the poverty thought.

There is a normal inflow and outflow of prosperity which Paul Ellsworth rightly compares to the process of breathing. You know when your muscles are tensed and you are filled with fear you do not get a single full deep breath. You get only half or quarter breaths. So when you worry about your financial condition you restrict and largely inhibit the normal inflow and outflow of prosperity.

Affirm courage. *Act* as if you possessed it in abundance. Only recently in Chicago the Associated Charities had a hundred applications on file from farmers who wanted men to work for them. In many instances the farmers offered to supply railroad tickets to men who would go to them. There were thousands of able men unemployed in the city at the time, but they lacked the courage, the will, the ambition even to try farm work.



## XLVIII. HOW I OVERCAME DISEASE, CRITICALNESS AND FEAR OF DEATH

BY A. B. CROMMIE

**A**BOUT a year and a half ago I suffered untold agonies, mentally and physically. In the first place I was so obsessed with certain fear that I often seriously contemplated suicide. Life was agony to me. I had lost all my friends because of my bitter and critical attitude. I lacked confidence and was crushed at every turn I made. Somehow the idea came to me that my trouble might be mental. So I subscribed to *Nautilus*. From the very first I improved rapidly. In four months I had cured myself of a weak heart; in a short time my irritability left me; success in my work came quickly. The fear took the longest time to overcome, but I managed to do it. Oftentimes I felt that I could *never* cure myself of that fear, but I did. And now I know that *persistent application*, coupled with faith, worked the miracle. I used to be terrified at the thought of burglars. Now I can go to sleep calmly *without* any fear of burglars entering my head.

I have made a very good plan to write down on a piece of paper as definitely and concisely as possible the statements that I wish realized. And every morning, every noon and every night I read these over carefully, repeating each statement several times. Again, I found that certain objects suggested fear to me. I had gotten in the habit of associating certain things with fear. For instance, the mention of death used to almost throw me into hysterics. So I said, "When death is mentioned,

the idea of calmness will flash across my mind." When I used to go to bed late I feared that I would have a trembling "spell," so said, "When I go to bed I will be calm and peaceful." I found this last plan worked wonders. I literally dug into my mind to find out what *made* me think of undesirable things. I wrote these down on paper, and then wrote out statements associating these ideas with pleasant things.

I have splendid health, many friends. I am very successful, and very happy. I wish I could tell everyone of what New Thought has done for me.

I feel myself growing stronger every day, and my vision is increasing.

This is meant for a "success" letter, but I'm afraid I have told very little that will suggest help to another, but my sincere wish is that it will help some person who has become discouraged.



## XLIX. HOW I USED NEW THOUGHT TO HEAL MYSELF OF HERNIA

BY C. H. HOUSE

I HAVE learned that New Thought is merely *old thought* in a *new dress*. Several years ago I read T. J. Hudson's "Laws of Psychic Phenomena" and found therein a "pearl of great price." One great wonderful *truth* dawned upon me in a way that I had never realized it before. And that is, that *all* healing depends on the *faith* of the person desiring it. It is *faith* that connects us with the wonderful psychic currents with which the very atmosphere we breathe is charged. Every good thing is ready, waiting for us to take it, and *faith* is the instrument with which we can connect with the all-supply. I know that to be absolutely true, for I have applied it to a case of hernia with which I had been afflicted since a babe (I am now fifty-four) with perfect results. All my life I had suffered — at times — untold agonies, and the very thought of my hernia protruding filled me with fear and terror.

Two years ago I read over once more, as I had dozens of times before, the teachings of Jesus in regard to *faith* — how we might have *anything* we would, if we would only ask, *believing*, and coupled with the statement of Hudson that it is really just a "simple, natural law." (And the most wonderful things in nature are the simplest, once we understand them.) This receiving of things through *faith*, I began to realize as I had never before, that it was just this simple, natural law that *Jesus* had tried to impress upon humanity, and they "having ears, heard not." It is *because* it is so *very simple* that it eludes

us. We imagine that His teaching must have some hidden meaning, when all the time it is so very obvious that we cannot see it. He meant exactly what His words expressed.

(I am writing all this in the hope that it may help some other body to grasp this wonderful *truth*.)

So I said to myself, "inasmuch as Jesus lives today — somewhere in the spiritual world — just as truly as He did when He walked the shores of Galilee, and as He never turned away anyone who appealed to Him for help, I know He will also hear *me*, if I pray to Him *believing* that my prayer will be answered." I concentrated, and prayed that my hernia might be healed. The next morning I left off my truss, and as I went about my duties I kept repeating, "I am whole and strong," "I *am* healed," "I am fearless," and I *was healed*. But so strange and wonderful was this miracle to me that I dared not mention it to anyone for some time. Finally I timidly ventured to tell it to a few friends. Then came the thought, "Oh, now that I have boldly stated the fact that I was *cured by faith*, what if I shouldn't *stay cured* after all; wouldn't I feel foolish?" And naturally the fear and doubt thoughts brought on a return of the old trouble.

Then I prayed most earnestly once more, and suddenly there came to me an inspiration how I could draw my hernia in and up by a certain movement or contraction of the muscles of the abdomen, and I knew that it was a sign that God had answered my prayer by showing me *how I could help myself*, and thus be forevermore free from the old fear bugaboo. That was over two years ago. My "instruments of torture" (my old trusses) are stored away in the closet, to serve as a reminder of the wonderful thing that has come into my life through New Thought.



## L. HOW NEW THOUGHT MOVED A BARN

BY W. L. C. OF FLORIDA

**O**PPPOSITE my home stood a dilapidated wooden building, used as a warehouse. My neighbors and I deplored its presence there, as it detracted greatly from the appearance of an otherwise desirable residence section. The owner refused to move or remodel it or to sell it at a reasonable price.

But worse was to come. One of my neighbors, who liked to poke fun at my "New Thought notions," rushed in one morning, exclaiming: "The old warehouse is to be turned into a livery stable tomorrow! We shall have millions of flies, dreadful odors, profane language and an entrancing view of old wagons, buggies and rubbish every time we look out of doors. Our street will be ruined. Is there *nothing* we can do to prevent it? My dear, set your New Thought on it and run it off our street. If New Thought can do a thing like that I'll believe in it ever after."

"I should think you would," I replied, astonished at the idea. "But perhaps it can. Let's try it! I believe it can be done by concentrated thought and faith, accompanied by works. We'll have to do some walking and talking as well as thinking."

We went first to a lawyer neighbor to inquire if the stable could be declared a nuisance, and found that it could not be until it had proven itself one.

Then we went to all the other neighbors, telling them about the impending unpleasantness, and they strongly opposed it also. We concentrated on the thought that the manager of the livery barn would move out of our

neighborhood into one more suitable for such a business. Not a word was said to him or to the landlord about the matter.

The next day a number of teams and vehicles were brought over to the old barn, and the business began. It continued for nine days. On the tenth, when I opened my front door, I was transfixed with amazement; there was not a man, horse or vehicle to be seen. Everything was gone, and the barn doors were closed. The evacuation had come sooner than I had expected. We never saw them again.

Meanwhile, I knew that to avoid future nuisancical troubles, the old barn must go. Following an impulse — intuition, rather — I went to an acquaintance who owned no property in the town and laid the matter before him, suggesting that he buy the property and have the old barn removed. At first he seemed to think it a joke; but every few days I renewed the subject, just to keep it fresh in his memory.

One day I met him on the street, and he said, "Well, I have just done a very foolish thing — bought that property you were talking about; and the old barn is to be moved off in thirty days. I don't know why I did it. I don't want any property here."

"I know why you did it," I said, laughing, "New Thought made you do it. You have obeyed an impulse of altruism and the result will be helpful to yourself as well as to our neighborhood. This property is going to prove one of the best investments you ever made."

And it did. It has trebled in value and a handsome home now occupies the site of the old barn.



## LI. HOW I TRANSFORMED THE NIBBLING HABIT

BY JANE BROWN

SEVERAL subscribers have made suggestions for overcoming the bad habit of "nibbling"—taking tastes of food or sweets continually. This is a habit common to housewives who are in reach of food, and probably an evidence of nervousness. I hit upon a way of "turning it to a beautiful use." I had been advised to drink much water, but seldom thought to do it. But I decided, when I felt the insistent desire to be eating, to drink. So I filled a tall glass with hot water and drank all that I could of it. Then I filled it again to the brim, and every time I started anything toward my lips I went and drank all the water that I could. Sometimes I would drink a quart of water in the course of the morning, and the change in my habit greatly improved my digestion.

I have an idea that a similar attempt would overcome not only continual candy-eating, but also incessant smoking and such strong habits—provided one desired to be cured. There is a restless desire for *something*, and the water satisfies it for a little time. Then there is plenty more water, and it is doing the drinker good all the time.



## LII. WITH YOUR NERVE OR ON IT?

BY ETHEL BICKFORD

**T**HE possession of nerves, too much in evidence, is so common as to be regarded by many people as a manifestation of superiority, just as in earlier times the only persons who were considered "interesting" were the ones who were pale and ready to faint upon slightest provocation.

The "pale but interesting" contingent will soon have a host of recruits from the "collapsible neurasthenics" of the Twentieth Century.

When a cult or fad or custom becomes a nuisance, it must go. Human nature will endure a certain amount of imposition, and then the reaction comes which sends the nuisance to the "pale realms of shades," or anywhere else that is open to receive it.

One of the "collapsibles" found herself in a most distasteful situation. The duties staring her in the face were unspeakably repellent to her. For one survey she paused, and then, — began courageously on the nearest of the disagreeables, saying as she did so:

"With my nerve, not on it!"

The motto became a gonfalon, which carried this particular neurasthenic into the light.



### LIII. HOW I FREED MYSELF FROM FEAR

BY THOMAS C. ROBINSON

**T**HE way I got rid of fear, or outgrew it, was: *first*, by noting its works and influence in my endeavors, actions, spirits and health; *second*, by searching my mind and conscience for the reason I was afraid or the cause of fear; *third*, by holding these under the ban of an intense abhorrence; *fourth*, by laughing whenever I felt that crestfallen, cowed mood stealing over me, and *fifth*, by sticking to it.

The man who suffers from fear is simply allowing the current to transverse his field-coils in the wrong direction. But there are many causes for fear, and it seemed to be a constitutional weakness in my case.

After one once learns the harm fear plays in our effort and endeavor, and then finds the cause—it is as easy to know when fear is trying to get on duty as it is to know when a shoe pinches.

I have heard men say they dreaded to meet other men under certain conditions, and in some such cases I have made it my business to be present when they did meet such men under such conditions. I was fighting for myself, although I had told no one of it, and I wanted to observe the other fellow's actions that I might in that way help myself in a similar emergency, or I might, possibly, help the other fellow.

In one case which I well remember, the man I was watching did not display any fear that I could detect, and upon talking with him in that connection afterward he assured me that he did not experience the fear he had expected. This man was not in the habit of telling things

about himself, nor did he intend to tell me about his fear when he did. The pressure was too strong and it got out — that was all, but the fact that he had told me was sufficient to cause him to master it on that occasion. The valuation he placed upon my estimation of him took the place of fear and fear did not get on duty for that reason, but if he had not told me of his fear the force necessary to inhibit it would not have been applied. This lesson aided me wonderfully in outgrowing fear.

Another man was one who confided much of his trouble to his friends. He wanted to talk over the things that worried him, but I could give him no suggestions except to say "brace up! possibly the other fellow is more afraid than you are." Some credence was given this suggestion, and I was surprised to note how it "braced him up," as I had thought the same thing in my own case and in my own behalf without any conscious benefit at all. This was another valuable lesson to me. I found that I had not been giving my own thoughts the respect due them. When my friend met the object of his fear, he, the object — not my friend, went "limp," while his eyes and countenance took on that blank, vacant, helpless expression that betokens real weakness in a man. This stimulated the courage of my friend, who now has only contempt for the fellow he once feared.

The trouble with many of us is that we do not know for sure what it is that gives us that impoverished feeling of inadaptation and displacement. We procrastinate and excuse, and forget that we are strong, too. We try to avoid the conditions that seem always to bring us under the spell of fear when we should be searching for the cause of that feeling of insecurity and weakness fostered by fear.

Fear is a negative, but if permitted, it will make its presence felt more and more frequently until, by and by, it gives us no rest.

If one cannot locate the cause of fear for himself, then someone versed in the chemistry of the forces that operate

in Life should be consulted and all of one's habits and experiences told without reserve. Personally, I have depended upon myself alone in all my experiences with fear. I find that a lack of "good spirits" and of initiative strength is at the base of fear, and if we would outgrow fear, as I have done, we must note all the factors, both present and absent, that cater to, or enter into the phenomena of fear and its operations.

I was helped much by remembering times when everything went smoothly and happily. There were things I once enjoyed but now I dreaded — there were things that good men enjoyed then and do now, but then I had dreaded because I did not know them. I held before my mind's eye the ease of action and tonation of other men, and I saw the enjoyment they experienced under the very conditions that I had dreaded and feared. I tried and did feel the way I knew these other men felt and as I had always felt when fear did not have hold of me, and thus fear was stamped out — for I kept at it. I often thought of my "best friend," my mother, and this was a powerful source of inspiration to me, giving me new strength to fight. My heart would seem to come up into my neck and my whole spirit would vibrate with initiative strength. I was afraid of nothing then, and I make it my goal to feel that way at all times. The plan is a success.

## LIV. HOW I FOUND TIME TO CONCENTRATE

BY ELIZABETH TOWNE

**I**N the light of added experience and knowledge I am formulating a new statement of the science and philosophy of New Thought, preparatory to delivering my series of Pan-American Exposition lectures in San Francisco in August. I work on these the first thing in the morning. The other editors and the office workers have instructions that I am not at home in my office before ten-thirty o'clock. By this new arrangement I have learned an old lesson all over again.

John Wesley taught it to me the first time. In his memoirs he relates that when he had an extra full and difficult day ahead he began the day by devoting a specially long time to prayer and meditation. It was the regular thing for him to devote an hour or two of his early morning to prayer, but on these particularly full days he devoted as high as three hours to prayer and meditation before beginning his day's work.

For a long time I have been "trying to find time" for special writing and I could not. The routine work pushed. I put all my work I could on to other people, and still my time was so crowded that I sat at my desk eight and nine hours a day and then carried my editorial work into the living room at night. All the time there was a growing sense of having to push through a tremendous day of things that had to be done before I could find time for the special things.

Then it occurred to me that I must just *take* time for the special writing. The easiest time to take time is the first thing in the morning before life has had a chance to take on that appearance of being just "one damn thing after another."

So I gave directions that nobody was to come near my office—which is on the floor above—before 10.30 in the morning. The office has the habit now, and I write with a lead pencil until ten-thirty or eleven every morning.

Also I have completely lost the sense of having to climb over a mountain to get to the place of beginning.

There is a reason: it may lie partly in the pencil: it may be a case of incompatibility between the talking machine and that silence whence comes our best thinking. A dictaphone encourages the output of words, but real ideas polish themselves better at the point of a pencil. The dictaphone is verbose, the plodding pencil cryptic. While it plods one's soul has time to concentrate and polish its expression.

"Time to concentrate" — I have said it!

## LV. WHAT I HAVE FOUND IN NEW THOUGHT: INSPIRATION TO ACHIEVE

BY ISABEL POWERS

**I**N his essay on the "Over Soul," Emerson says, "The heart which abandons itself to the Supreme Mind, finds itself related to all its works and will travel a royal road to particular knowledges and powers."

In the light of New Thought, this has a new and added meaning for me.

For myself, and anyone who embraces it, there are wonderful possibilities.

Not having been born with a sufficient amount of self-esteem, and blessed with many obstacles I simply drifted, thinking I had made a complete failure of my life and that there was no use to try to accomplish anything.

*Nautilus* came my way, and I would go hungry, if need be, to pay for it, even if it cost many times its present price.

It has put new life into me, taught me to believe in myself and never to make a negative assertion concerning myself, but to assume a good quality if I seem to have it not, for I believe the human mind will find itself related to all the works of the Divine and Supreme Mind by abandoning itself to it through the teachings and concentration of New Thought.

I have ventured out into deeper waters this summer than I would have only for the inspiration of New Thought.

It has put new zest and interest into life, making me wish to live to be sure to win the game.

## LVI. HOW NEW THOUGHT IS WAKING THE CHURCHES

BY HARRIET B. BRADBURY

**M**RS. B. FAY MILLS quotes a prominent Methodist bishop "as bewailing the fact that the churches are all honeycombed with New Thought and other heresies." But what would our good Methodist brother say if he could know that when his words were quoted to an influential Congregationalist minister, his comment was, "I should say rather that this is the leaven that is going to save the church."

In the church of which this man is pastor we are doing one or two things that may surprise those who think of the church as an antiquated and unprogressive institution, whose chief purpose is to block progress and tie people up to the letter of a creed. Early in the summer we started a "reading circle" for the study of the new psychology, New Thought, and related subjects. Some four or five individuals planned this new departure, the pastor being a prime mover in it. Each one spoke to those whom he or she knew to be interested, inviting them to meet together and consult about taking up such a course of study in the fall. Twelve persons attended the meeting, and all were so pleased with the idea that they voted unanimously to continue the meetings once a week until the first of August, and to take up as an introductory study Dr. Thompson's book entitled "Brain and Personality." Then the pastor waxed bold and announced the meetings from the pulpit, with the result that as many as twenty-one people came out to hear the reading one hot afternoon, and all through June and July the meetings were continued, those who failed to be present asking to borrow the book that they might read it at home.

The most influential people in the church have been among the attendants at the meetings and some few have come whom we had thought of as quite conserva-

tive. Members of the Methodist and Episcopal churches have met with us, for no denominational lines are drawn and there is no organization to join.

It has been suggested that in the fall we take up Hudson's "Law of Psychic Phenomena." One of the trustees of the church, who has read the book, remarked that it had introduced him to an entirely new world.

It is a mistake to suppose that the so-called orthodox churches are not awake to the new spiritual impulse that is stirring everywhere. There is a Presbyterian church in this city that claims to require no allegiance to any formal creed. What they do with their Westminster Confession is a puzzle, but they get around it somehow. And they have a pastor who is much too big a man to be a Presbyterian — or perhaps just big enough to broaden that conservative old church. The most intelligent people in all the churches are studying psychology or reading New Thought books and magazines, or otherwise coming in touch with the most progressive thought of the day on religious matters.

Our churches are elastic enough — or perhaps it would be better to say *alive* enough — to refuse to be bound by anything that is utterly outgrown. Their members no longer have to leave when they change their views; they go to work to make the churches over from within. The religion of Christ is a growing thing and the churches are waking up to the fact that it is better to grow with it than to be cast aside as old bottles unfit for the new wine, that this method is going to be much more effective than that of getting a small circle of women together by themselves, upon whom church people would look with suspicion and whose members would be recruited chiefly from the malcontents and faddists. Of course a new movement has to start that way, but is it not a sign of progress when the apparently self-satisfied and conservative begin to realize that in certain ways they themselves are "miserable and poor and blind and naked" through failure to recognize the riches within their reach?

# BIBLIOGRAPHY

By ELIZABETH TOWNE

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