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LIVING



DAVID V. BUSH



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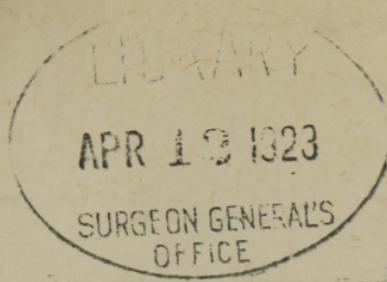
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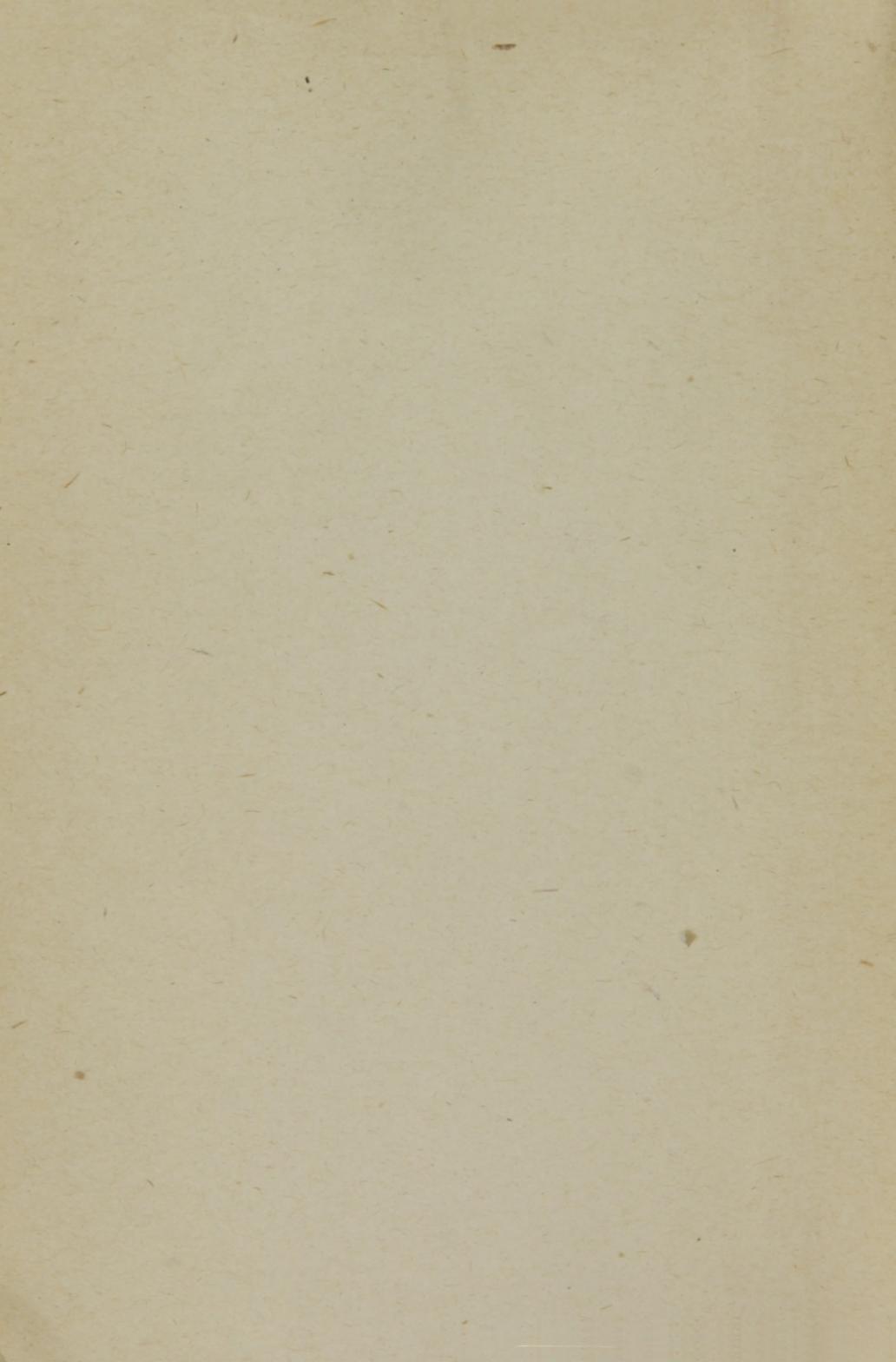
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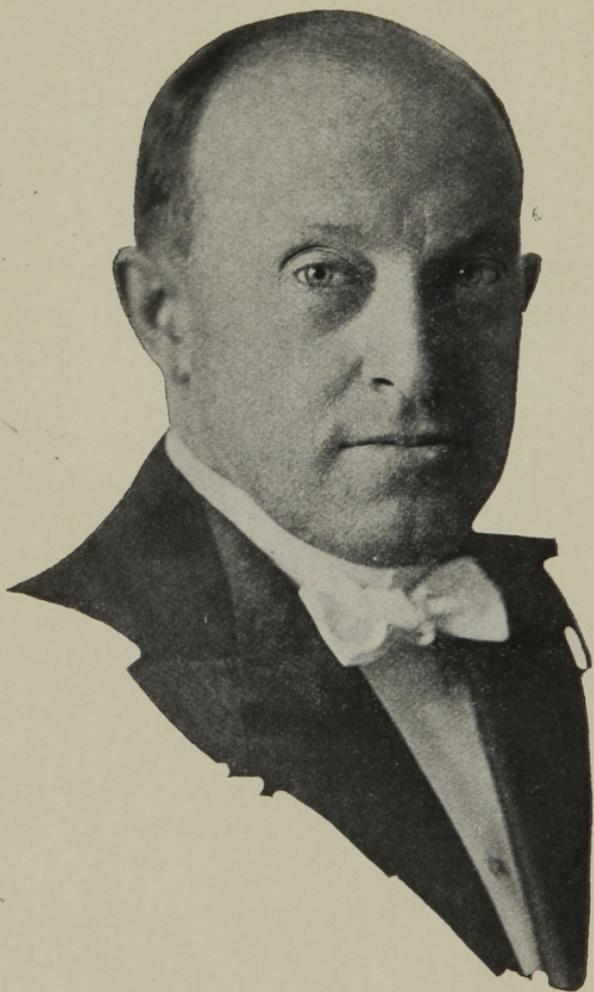




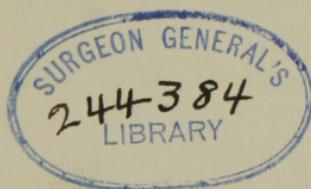








APPLIED PSYCHOLOGY  
AND  
SCIENTIFIC  
LIVING



BY

D. V. BUSH ✓

AUTHOR *[+ V. L. ...]*  
WILL POWER AND SUCCESS  
*[St. Louis, 1922]*

**WORKS**  
of  
**DAVID V. BUSH**

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## DEDICATION

To the countless thousands of the good people who have heard these lectures and who have contributed, by their presence, enthusiasm and encouragement, to the success of my great campaigns in theaters, amphitheaters, arenas and auditoriums, giving me the inspiration, without which no speaker can do his best; thus being co-laborers with me in helping to carry the message of Applied Psychology and Scientific Living to the multitudes throughout the world, this book is most gratefully and affectionately dedicated.

—D. V. BUSH.

## THINK RIGHT.

By David V. Bush.

Think smiles, and smiles shall be ;  
Think doubt, and hope will flee.  
Think love, and love will grow ;  
Think hate, and hate you'll know.  
Think good, and good is here ;  
Think vice—its jaws appear !  
Think joy, and joy ne'er ends ;  
Think gloom, and dusk descends.  
Think faith, and faith's at hand ;  
Think ill—it stalks the land.  
Think peace, sublime and sweet,  
And you that peace will meet.  
Think fear, with brooding mind,  
And failure's close behind.  
Think this: "I'M GOING TO WIN!"  
Think not on what has been.  
Think "VICT'RY"; think "I CAN!"  
Then you're a "WINNING MAN!"

—From Inspirational Poems.

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## PREFACE

In my ministerial life and in my public speaking, I have had a cast-iron rule that seldom has been broken; namely, that each time I delivered a sermon or an address, I would give the very best that was in me. I followed this religiously for many years. It still is my ambition, each time I have the privilege of standing before an audience, to be in such physical and mental trim that I am giving the best I possibly can, at that time.

This has not been carried out in the preparation and writing of this book. It has been just impossible for me to put in the time necessary to write this book as I should like to see it from a literary standpoint. The demands of my time, strength and energy during my great campaigns, coupled with the great need for this book to be in the hands of the public, especially those who have heard these lectures, has driven me beyond my depth. Therefore, the book will have to be read and its precepts practiced in the same spirit in which we write it—for the greatest amount of good and service which we are able to render and apply to ourselves and the world.

This book contains many of the lectures given in the theaters, amphitheatres and arenas in the great cities of the world, preceding my Advanced Course Classes in Applied Psychology, Scientific Living and Healing. The multitudes of people who have heard these lectures and who will profit by reading them in print, as well as those who have never heard the sound

of the author's voice, I am sure, will be greatly benefited by the application of the laws herein given, so that the literary style, as these pages are read, will be but a secondary consideration.

In getting out such a work as this, which is the culmination of over twenty years' of study, experience and reading along psychological lines, the author has, of necessity, borrowed many thoughts and ideas from the great writers preceding him, as well as of today. In many of these instances, he has felt it his great privilege to quote wonderful men, word for word and, especially do I take delight in passing on the exact words, in different instances, of the great truth and light-bearers of Orrin Swett Marden and Ella Wheeler Wilcox. It has been my great joy to contribute many mental children of my own thinking and practice but, as we are all inheritors of ages past, we claim but little originality in the thoughts for this great Movement of Psychology, New Thought, Truth, or whatever we may term the Mental Science which is gripping the population of the world in this generation, with all of our boasted twentieth century intelligence and intellectual advancement, nevertheless, are borrowers from the centuries that are gone.

I have, however, tried to add much from modern, scientific, physiological and psychological studies of researches and discoveries to the philosophers and teachers of the days that are gone. This makes Applied Psychology and Scientific Living the very latest scientific, physiological, logical and psychological text-book for students and seekers after the Truth for the New Life.

—D. V. BUSH.

## CHAPTER I.

### WHAT IS GOD?

As the shores of time are strewn with the wrecks of women's loves and hopes, so have the waves of time washed away many old ideas of God and ushered in the new.

A little girl who was trying to draw a picture of God was encountered, in the act, by her mother, who asked what she was doing and the little girl said, "Why, I am drawing a picture of God." The mother said, "Why, dearie, no one knows what God is like." "Oh! don't they?" said she. "Well, they will when I am through."

Through the centuries we have had different conceptions of God and it is most interesting to get out a religious encyclopedia and see how the Christian Church, for instance, has, century after century, changed its theological interpretation of God.

What the church has considered God, in one century, it has disowned in the next; and yet, each theological enthusiast thought that he had given the final conception of God but, had he lived for another hundred years, he would have found that some other theological giant was able to start a school which offset his; and that, in turn, to be superseded in the next century by another.

Thomas Tupper says: "Some time ago the editor of this paper wrote an editorial about the house fly as a pest. With the article there appeared an enlarged

picture of a fly's foot—perhaps five hundred times as large as the fly itself. As I read this editorial, a fly lit on the paper and began to crawl over the picture of its own foot. Did it realize that it was walking on a picture of a part of its own anatomy?

“The fact is that the paper, the picture, the editorial, the brain that conceived the editorial, the machinery that put the paper into your hands—all employed to speak the truth about a fly's foot—represent a form of life so far above the fly itself that even when the fly crawled over the picture it did not know of them.”

We are probably crawling over the earth in more or less the same way. That is, like the fly, we conceive our own world; but not the realm of lofty intelligence that surrounds us and comprehends us as we comprehend the fly.

To change the picture, we are, each of us, like a bay of the great ocean, depending on it for the force of its water, the life of its tide-throb.

It is as natural for the soul to seek God as it is for the swallow to seek her nest and, in that quest, we try to picture God.

The Scriptures tell us that God created man in His own image. In His own image created He him. “And man was created in the image of God. God breathed into him a living spirit.” Man is spirit, we believe now, but just what that image meant in Genesis, above quoted, and just what the spirit is within man has had speculation by theologians throughout the centuries.

And just what that image and spirit is we have been speculating about ever since.

The woman who said that she believed absolutely in God, so long as she did not attempt to define Him, also hit upon a great fact in experience. Those who hold that nothing should be believed which cannot be defined, shut out from faith the larger part of the greater and more influential things in life. Most things that are formal and provisional can be defined; nothing that is vital and eternal can be defined. This great fact was understood when the second commandment was formulated.

Every living human being in the world today is an illustration of life; but there is no one final definition of life.

Life is vital but we cannot define it. God is, but He has never been defined so that our finite minds can fully understand, much less comprehend. Just what is that spirit? If we cannot define God we can experience Him.

Christ has come the nearest when He says that God is love. We can understand love although we cannot understand God.

The old idea of God was that He was seated on a throne in one great star in the center of the universe, surrounded by planets, moons, stars, etc.

The new idea is not of some super-eminent star, standing for the chosen abode of the Ruler of the Universe; but, on gravitational ground, we now think that there is not a single, huge controlling body but that there is a center of gravity around which the entire stellar system is symmetrically arranged.

The modern conception of astronomy believes that

at least three hundred and eighty thousand millions of millions of miles is the center of the universe.

Around this are one thousand million stars in swarms, in streams, in scattered groups, following dynamic lines in symmetric assemblages. No telescope or photograph can reveal anything of the person or the abode of the Supreme Intelligence that ordered it all.

As science brought these facts to light, we were forced to alter our conception of Deity being fashioned physically after man, or man after God, as one big Personality—like man, with bigger hands, extraordinary eyes, large feet, sitting up in the center of the heavens on a throne of ivory and His lower extremities resting on the earth—a golden foot stool.

It degrades God in the mind and imagination of men to limit Him to forms of matter.

Witches of Shakespeare are charming but when reduced to acting by persons, they are ridiculous.

To think of God as spirit and love is wholesome but to try to reduce Him to a figure like man is preposterous.

We can only liken God, if we must have an image of Him, to something that we have already seen in life or pictures. In fact, pictures are all fashioned after some object which man has seen.

Try to picture the shape and form of people living on Mars and what have we? A distorted image, fashioned after man. We cannot conceive of any being without it having some of the form and shape of other beings which we have seen.

**Mastodons:** Give a scientist a bone of some antiquated animal which has lived long before man tilled the soil and what kind of an animal does he produce? An animal which has some of the features, lines, legs, eyes, etc., of other animals which man has seen.

God must be unlike anything which man has ever seen for God is spirit. Man has not seen this spirit—God—at any time, yet we picture Him as a great personality and so offer our oblations and say, “This is the God which brought us up out of the land of bondage, the land of Egypt.”

We err, when we try to depict the form and features of God. The Hebrew Scriptures do not try to, but Christians have.

Isaiah, John—the Apocalyptic writer—and Daniel try to give some conception of God, but it is only “sublime indefiniteness.” At their best they are only symbols playing on the imagination.

When they are reduced to a definite form, they not only lose their beauty but become grotesque. How absurd is the picture of a lamb, as described by John, with seven eyes and ten horns, holding something in his split foot which resembles a head.

Where the Scriptures are silent, man ought to be modest enough to likewise be silent. But although silence is Golden, man has not always been golden.

Christ came the nearest to giving us a conception by which we can fathom God but He did not try to define God or to picture Him; but to reveal the Father.

If we know God as a companion, a guide, a help in time of storm, a comforter in days of sorrow, a friend in stress and fatigue, we should be satisfied, without

lowering His Divine nature by vain pictures and caricatures.

As Charles Kingsley, the great preacher, lay dying, he was heard to say that "God is very beautiful." That is what we should hold in mind.

God is beautiful but who can define or describe God, the Beautiful?

### WHAT IS GOD?

The God I love, to man is shown  
 As spirit, truth, and kindly care,  
 Whose lavish hand for all His own  
 Is manifested every where.

He is my Father, mild but strong,  
 A counsellor of boundless might,  
 Who heals the sick, forgives the wrong,  
 And makes the heavy heart grow light.

My God is Spirit, pulsing Life,  
 Whose vast creating watchful power  
 Solves every knot in time of strife  
 And comforts in the darkest hour.

My God is Friend, Companion, Guide,  
 Who at His duty never sleeps;  
 Who's always present at my side,  
 And lovingly His vigil keeps.

But not for me alone He cares,  
 Or for my nation or my clan;  
 The Life celestial that He shares  
 Is linked with every mortal man!

—From Inspirational Poems by D. V. Bush.

An old proverb says that man is the noblest work of God; but with reverence it may be added that God is the noblest work of man. In the large sense, every man must paint his own picture of Deity. All nature is a palette, all beautiful events and scenes are pigments and each man, according to his gifts, paints his picture of God. No two men ever had the same conception of the Unseen One, because no two men have exactly the same eyes, the same intellect or the same horizon and circumstances.

In our effort to explain God, how many times we have misunderstood Him and how many times we have misrepresented Him!

There came to the city of Florence a stranger. He lived his life there with but few friends. As he made money he seemed to shun humanity. He did not mingle with others. He did not spend his money, the city considered him a gross miser; so he came, lived and died a stranger, without friends, without love.

Upon his death the will was read, which startled all of Florence and brought tears to nearly every eye of the Florentines. This man had lived a most sacrificial life, saved every penny he could get, going without the necessities of life for himself that he might leave enough money, upon his death, to bring fresh water to the Florentines. They had suffered for the want of fresh water. Contagion after contagion had swept the city and, in the bigness of this man's heart, he had promised himself to live sober, saving and sacrificially, that he could give Florence the needed water supply. His will contained the glad news that his fortune was to be spent to build a viaduct leading from the fresh

springs and streams of the mountains down to the city of Florence. Then shame overwhelmed the people who had misunderstood their benefactor.

A noted physician, who lived to be ninety-four years of age, had a fall at the age of ten, which started a cancerous growth. That was in the days before anaesthetics. His parents were advised that the only thing that could save his life was to cut the cancer out and to scrape the bone. Following the advice of the physician the operation was decided upon and the little ten-year-old youngster was strapped upon an operating table, without anything to allay his suffering or to deaden his pain. With his eyes wide open, watching what was being done, he was overwhelmed with terror as well as with pain. As the poor little fellow writhed under the straps of the operating table, he looked at his parents who stood by (who stood by in love and encouragement); but he did not understand and counted his parents hard hearted, cruel and indifferent to his suffering; and hatred for them filled his heart. But it was the one thing that saved his life, as the physician and the parents understood life-saving in those days.

When the operation was over and his life was saved and he grew into manhood and later into maturity and then to be an octogenarian, he gave thanks in abundance for the love of his parents who, with him, endured the suffering that his life might be saved—apparently in cruelty. He did not understand, then, but later he did.

Some times we misunderstand God, by our theological teaching or experiences of sorrow and disappointment, and think him deaf, dumb and adamant

to our cries and supplications, when really God is spirit—a spirit of love, a Being, beautiful—and that spirit is within.

What awful things we have attributed to God in our misunderstanding of his character and attributes.

Washington Gladden became an international celebrity and pulpiteer. He is one of the great intellectual giants of his generation and has done an infinite amount of good to bring light into dark, theological places. When he was a boy he attended one of those old-fashioned typical hell-fire-and-brimstone revival meetings, in which the evangelist railed against everything that could be couched in the term of love and declared that God was a God of "Justice" and that, because God was a just God, He could not be true to Himself and the children of His creation unless He damned the greater number of men born if they should disobey the man-made, theological methods of getting into the Kingdom of Heaven. It was declared that, because God is a God of "Justice," He had to damn His own creation.

That evangelist's misconception of God, miscalled a God of "Justice," set poor young Gladden to thinking. At first he pictured himself in hell writhing in pain and agony, because he had not had the same kind of a conversion that the preacher talked about and then his soul revolted at such a tyrannical Creator and, from the revulsion of his soul, he became heart-sick and gave up the notion of becoming a preacher, which he had so hopefully cherished; until he thought the thing through, when he finally made this expression: "That men should be judged and doomed before they were born; that men should be blameworthy and punishable for

what was done by their ancestors; that justice could be secured by the punishment of one for the sin of another, are propositions unthinkable.”

By the leadership of Robertson and Bushnell, he finally got his feet back firmly on spiritual terra firma, by staking his belief and faith in God, who made the earth, by knowing the “Judge of the earth would do right.”

Early Hebrews said, “He is a God of war, who had drowned the enemy in the sea.” Joshua and Elijah gloated in glee when their God turned the tide of battle against the enemy and they conquered in loot, blood and gore.

The Church of the Middle Ages made Him a God to slay all who did not believe as they. The Post reformation churches called Him a God of Justice perverted. That is not Christian. If we are to Christianize our theology we shall have to get away from the old dogmatism. We shall have to get away from the old creeds, to put them to one side for the moment; at any rate, to realize what they are, how they came to be, what immense pagan elements are in them, how they speak to us more of Greek philosophy than of Christian thinking; and we shall have to come back to Jesus Christ, or, rather, to go up to Jesus Christ and try to see God as He set Him before the world. The terms in which Jesus Christ spoke about God were not the terms of the Throne or the law-court or the judgment-seat. They are the terms, as some one has said recently, of the home. It was “Father” and “love” of which He spoke.

When the Church drifted from the moorings of love, Fatherhood and home, it watered its own stock

and could not pay dividends on all of the paper which it had issued.

We do not have to go back to the days of Constantine, of Joshua, for evidence that God is here. Bergson is right. Life is God; and life which turns the clod into a man is the evidence of His presence. A boy asked his father, "What is the air? I cannot see it, nor touch it nor weigh it." "Come out, my son," replies the father, "this spring day. Now breathe." The boy drew in long breaths. "How good it is!" he says. "That is the air," replies his father. "You cannot see it, nor touch it, nor weigh it; the way to know it is to breathe it." We breathe air but we cannot see it. That is the answer of the present to the demand, "Give us some evidence of God." "In Him we live and move and have our being." We experience God—the Spirit within but we cannot see God. No Church has a monopoly of Him. He is neither Catholic nor Protestant, Orthodox nor Liberal, Christian nor Jew nor Pagan; and He is all and more than them all; He is "all in all."

"When we are not engaged in theological or ecclesiastical discussion, we recognize this Spirit in life Who is more than the sum of all human lives. He is in all Churches and all religions but He is more than all Churches and more than all religions. He binds us together in families, in neighborhoods, in nations.

"We speak of the American spirit, the English spirit, the French spirit, the Italian spirit. And now we are beginning to perceive that, as no creed is sufficient to define and no ritual is sufficient to utter the human consciousness of the Great Spirit who makes of

all religions one religion, so neither is any nation large enough to interpret it. It is this Spirit dwelling with us and in us who unifies us, binds us together, makes possible human brotherhood; who makes of a hundred million people of different tongues, traditions, faiths, races, one American people; and who, now, in spite of our egotisms and our prejudices, is bringing all nations together in an international brotherhood. It is He who binds the past, the present and the future together in a unity as impossible to deny as it is impossible to define.

“This Spirit in literature unites all interpreters of life, because life is more than all interpreters; unites all lovers of liberty, because liberty is more than all political sects, as faith and life and love are more than all religious sects. This Spirit in Abraham Lincoln is more powerful today than it was when he was President, because he was only one interpretation of that spirit of justice and liberty and mercy which finds some interpretation in all pure, heroic, true men and women. It is not in a sun, halting for an hour, in its journey to the western horizon; it is not in a cross shining for an hour in the sky and then fading that we are to look for an evidence of God. If these phenomena should occur, they would be but a poor evidence of God and no indication of his moral worth. Spirit is the evidence of spirit and it is in the Spirit in man that we are to look for a Spirit greater than the sum of all human spirits. For God dwells in his children and the evidence that He exists is in the children in whom He dwells.”—Lyman Abbott.

All who believe in a Power greater than ourselves,

a power that makes for righteousness in ourselves, might well be summoned to unite in an expression of their gratitude for His inspiring presence in the past and to make humble and hearty petition for his guidance in the future.

We cannot define God, we cannot describe God any more than "I am"—God is Love, Spirit—and the only proof that I know of God is the Spirit of God being in the children of His creation. That is God. God is within you whether Catholic, Protestant, Greek or Barbarian. If we want more proof than that, I wonder if we are not somewhat like the boys who wrote to Prof. McKeever, asking him to "prove that there is a heaven, if there is one."

When the boys asked Prof. McKeever to prove that there is a heaven, "if there is one," he told the boys that not long ago he went into the home of a stricken father whose only son was asleep in Flanders Fields, where the poppies grow: Whose precious young life had been nipped in the bud by the lustful God of War and that the blood of his darling boy was sprinkled upon the altar of democracy. As McKeever entered the home of this grief stricken father, the old man proudly led the scholar into the room where his son was wont to spend much time as a little boy. The father tenderly and sweetly toyed with the relics of the boy's childhood, with which he used to play. Then he led the Professor into the boy's bed room and here, with all of the sympathy and love and tenderness, pouring from a heart that was open and bleeding, told, with a certain amount of patriotic pride, how his boy had slept in this room for many years, now never to return, whose final sleep

was being watched by the angels of God in Flanders Fields in France.

From here the great Professor went to see a mother whose little baby had lately been in her arms for the last time and who still had tear-washed eyes in the recollection of the little life which was with her so short a time; and she, in turn, spoke only as a suffering mother can speak, of the great joy and happiness that had been hers for a little while and now only the shadow of a recollection—a dim mist of memory.

From these two places he went out under the bending heavens and, looking up, saw countless numbers of stars and moons and planets, each one in silent array, living its course in its time and in its place. The Professor had viewed these three scenes. He had seen love expressed by the father of the boy in khaki; he had seen the love of the mother's heart wrung with anguish and pain; and then came to the broad, bending heavens and saw the love of God manifested in the swinging stars, in the reflecting moons and in the planets of the heavens.

Who could define love? No one. Yet the great Professor had seen love lived and expressed by the father and by the mother and by the great creative principle of life. The love of the father was unexpressible and unexplainable. The love of the mother was unutterable and unfathomable. He had seen what love is but he could not define it. The father and the mother knew love, but they could not explain it.

He saw in the heavens what? Movement of the spheres and the stars. And what is the wonderful law

of the movement of the spheres? And the more sympathetic laws which bring on the clouds and the rain and the life from the seeds in the earth?

Let us call it Zeus, Pan, Nature or law or X, which performs all of these things. You know as well as you know your own name that there is an intelligent power. Why not call this power "God?" Can you think of any grander or more sublime an object to worship?

No, do not try to analyze and fathom the depths of a father's devotion or the subtleties of a mother's love or the mystery of the stars in the heavens or the hidden essence of growing life on the earth or the majestic power that holds all these things and yourself in the form of an intelligent universal system.

The very best you can do is to act as if these things were true and eternally to be trusted as such. And, lo and behold! the assumption works. Use the law of love, the law of growth, the law of eternal rhythmic change, as eternal laws of your own being and, thus, God Himself will come into your soul and bless you with the satisfaction that He lives and reigns forever and ever.

What is God? God is life, but we cannot explain life. God is Spirit, but we cannot explain Spirit. God is love and lo! Our lips are sealed, our reason dumb-founded and our language mute, for man cannot explain love. Man cannot explain God. Man can only experience God and, in experiencing God, he knows that God is and that, that God is within; that that God is Spirit—Mind. God is All—Mind is All—you and God are one and the same. Your mind and God's Mind is one and

the same but different degrees. Two of these different degrees are the conscious and subconscious mind we shall study in the next chapter.

NOTE: More on the love of God will be found in this book in chapter on "Fear."

**NOTES.**

**NOTES.**

## CHAPTER II.

### SUBCONSCIOUS MIND.\*

#### Different Degrees in Animal and Man.

You are a genius. Genius is asleep in your subconscious or subjective mind. Man is no longer a blind victim of fate. He has the power within to literally work out his own salvation. Man is master of his fate.

Your greatness lies in your subconscious mind. To know this and to arouse the genius, to put your subconscious mind to work for you, means your greatness.

No child was ever born defective or abnormal. There has come a shock—a fright, or suggestion—to the subconscious mind of the child at or after birth. This shock may come by the use of instruments in helping deliver a child at birth or this shock may come an hour or a week or a month, a year or more after the child is born. The subconscious mind of the child is subject to impressions from the outside world, at birth and after. A perfectly normal child may be made abnormal, while it is yet an infant, by wrong environment, conditions or suggestions.

It does not matter how old we are or how far we have progressed, genius is still asleep in the subcon-

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\*For a deeper study and understanding of the power of the subconscious mind—how it can be put to work for you and accomplish anything which you want accomplished—see "Practical Psychology and Sex Life" by the author.

scious mind. It is a matter of arousing this genius, by suggestion, so that each one will develop the latent power within.

Every person comes into the world with a well-developed, subconscious mind and seems to function in that subconscious mind until about the age of twelve. When a baby is creeping or able to sit, propped by pillows, it responds to noises around about; when it laughs or cries while in its infancy, it is all functioning in the subconscious mind; when the child gradually tries to adjust itself to the external experiences that are around him, there is such a demand for objectifying that he gradually develops a phase of mind which we call the conscious or objective mind.

All is mind and all mind is the same but there are different degrees of this mind—universal or cosmic mind. The sublimial mind (which, the late Professor James says, is the greatest discovery of one hundred years) is all “one” and the same “mind” but a different manifested degree of the same mind.

Now, for practical purposes to which we will put our subconscious mind, let us take the simple statement that “man has two minds (these two minds, are, however, a part of the one great universal subconscious mind, which has other degrees as well as mentioned above). Every person has two degrees of this mind, at least. We call them the conscious or objective minds and the subconscious or subjective minds. The conscious mind is that which we use in reasoning, judging and arguing; that which we use during our “awake” state and this mind is under the control of the will. It acts voluntarily at our will and command.

We might call it the intellect. The subconscious or subjective mind is that which controls our involuntary actions; the beating of the heart, the circulation of the blood; that which controls all organs of the body that function without our conscious thought. Ninety per cent of everything we do is in the subconscious mind. You want to remember this, that you may see the greater necessity of understanding how to use the subconscious mind, for your success, health, prosperity, love, joy, peace and harmony.

If you have any doubts as to whether you have two minds or not, I only call your attention to the administration of ether, where the patient's conscious mind no longer has power to think and to reason or to register sensations, either joy, fear, or pain. The patient on the operating table, etherized, is still living, but unconscious of the surrounding danger or perils, instruments, or blood. The patient, for the time being, has a conscious mind but this conscious mind has been put out of business. The subconscious mind is still active, because the heart continues to beat and the respiratory function continues.

In fact the subconscious mind never rests—when it stops, man ceases to live. The subconscious mind works day and night—ceaselessly, endlessly it continues. Therefore, how easy it is to see that ninety per cent of all of our life's activities are controlled by the subconscious mind.

Again, to understand the two degrees of the great universal subconscious mind in man, you have only to recall what a hypnotist can do with a subject that is under hypnotic influence. Under hypnosis one of

the most respected and dignified citizens, if he is a good subject, will do any foolish and outlandish thing, at the command of the hypnotist. The hypnotist only has to tell him that he is a rooster and your dignified banker will flop his arms at his side, bend his knees in a half-squatting position and attempt to crow like a rooster. The hypnotist may tell the subject that his leg has been cut off and the subject may believe it. He may then tell some other subjects under hypnosis that "this leg has been cut off" and these men will pretend, at the command of the hypnotist, to be doctors, and will, while under the influence, pantomime putting the leg back into its position.

Hypnosis is the suspension of the conscious mind, by suggestion, while the subconscious mind is still alive, active and forceful.

Not only has man these two degrees of mind: namely, the conscious and subconscious but this is also true of animals—I believe with all the lower animals. This is where snake charmers have their great control over reptiles. This is how such magicians, as appeared before the Egyptian Pharaoh, performed their wonderful feats three thousand years ago—hypnosis in animals.

By a slight pressure in the neck region, it is possible to make a widely excited asp (hooded snake) suddenly become motionless, so that the dangerous reptile may be put in any position without fear of its fatal bite. This hypnosis in animals Moses and Aaron understood, just as well or if not a little better than the snake charmers at the Court of Pharaoh. When Pharaoh's "magicians" were able to turn a snake into

a rod and rod into a snake, they had nothing on Moses and Aaron. Pharaoh looked on dumb-founded. Pharaoh was not a snake charmer. Pharaoh did not understand hypnosis in animals but the great Israelite and his brother did. It was a matter of suddenly pressing in the neck region of a snake until it stiffened and looked like a rod. This Moses and Aaron were able to do, as well as the other snake charmers and so the wonderful recorded miracle, of Moses turning a rod into a serpent, was but the natural application of the law of hypnosis in animals.

If you want to prove this for yourself, get a rattlesnake, grip it quickly by the back of the neck, press slightly and see the rattlesnake come under your control. (Of course you may rather take our word for it than to play the part of a rattlesnake charmer.)

If you don't care to experiment with a snake then try a chicken. If any excited fowl is seized suddenly with a firm grip and laid quickly upon its back, after a few brief attempts to escape it will remain motionless. Guinea pigs, rabbits, frogs, lizards, crabs and many other animals behave similarly. It is the opinion of Ver Worn that the hypnosis of human beings depends on the same psychological mechanism. That is an inhibition of the will. Thus, you see man and animals have two minds, or you might say you have a snake mind, a lizard mind, a guinea-pig mind and a chicken mind; only your snake mind is of a higher degree than the kind of a one that crawls on its belly.

“Man lives, moves and has his being” in the great subconscious mind of the universe. We cannot get

away from this mind any more than east can touch west; but we can operate this mind understandingly and put this mind—the Power within, God—to work for us until wonders and “miracles” may be performed by the genius which is asleep in our subconscious minds.

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## CHAPTER III.

### THE SUBCONSCIOUS MIND—Continued.

#### Its Many Functions and How it Works.

Not only does the subconscious mind control our involuntary actions, but it is the seat of memory. It is believed that the subconscious mind of each individual has stored within it the memory of every experience of the human race from the time that man first began to evolve from the protoplasmic state of a jelly fish and through his "monkey" tree evolution development, through his cave-dwelling years, his Indian tribe scalping expeditionary trips, through the superstitious centuries of his heathenism, down to the present status of today. Be that as it may, your subconscious mind is the storehouse of memory.

We have already said hypnosis is the practice of a suspension of the subconscious mind. We are hypnotic subjects in the subconscious mind.

Dreams are all in the subconscious mind.

Somnambulism—walking in your sleep—is performed in the subconscious mind.

You go to bed at night and awaken without the alarm clock at 6:00 o'clock in the morning. You do this regularly. This is the functioning of the subconscious mind.

All wonderful feats are performed in the subconscious mind. Every great virtuoso performs or enacts his wondrous performances in the subconscious

mind. No conscious mind ever yet has had the rapidity of action so that a person could play the whole score of *Il Trovatore*: the performance is done in the subjective mind. A person may play some of the Masters and carry on a conversation at the same time. He is conducting the musical score, by the habit of the subconscious mind, while he is conversing with the conscious mind.

When I heard that others had ridden the chute-the-chutes on a bicycle, with feet extended over the handle-bar, coming down lickety-split, with the bicycle dropping from under them as it came to the edge of the water, I went them one better by pedaling my machine down this steep incline.

The chute-the-chutes was an amusement arrangement which was supposed to give one thrills and, from the shouts of the women and the cries of the men as they made their dash down the steep incline, it lived up to its reputation as a thriller.

This amusement device was of the shape of a boat which ran on wheels. This boat on wheels was guided to an elevator; the elevator lifted the boat, with its human freight, away up into the air and then the boat ran down a steep incline, at an angle of about forty-five degrees, on these wheels, making a quick, sudden descent, which gave the joy-riders a sensation similar to the quick drop of an elevator. As the people, in the boat, made their descent, it was so quick and so rapid that many would catch their breath, gasp for air, scream with excitement, grab their hats in frenzy—half terrified with the quick, rapid descent—as the boat rushed down the chutes at breakneck speed. At the

bottom of the chute was a lake, or body of water and, when the boat finished its descent on the track of the chute, it would plunge out upon the water.

In 1896 I had the championship of the world for dare-devil bicycle riding (this was unofficial as I did not ride under any society). This feat was performed in the subconscious mind. I had heard that others had ridden down the chute-the-chutes on a bicycle. The other riders had sat on the saddle, put their feet over the handle-bars, made the dash down the steep incline and, as the bicycle came to the end of the chute and dropped from under the rider, the rider, with feet extending over the handle-bar, was thus put in a sitting position so that he scooted, in this sitting position, a few feet on the water.

Did you ever go a mile a minute on a bicycle? That's what I did on the chute-the-chutes. By the time I got half way down, I was going so fast I had no more breath in me—for a breath-taker, it beats an elevator by a whole lot. If you don't believe it, try it. I rode a bicycle with 84 gear so that, by the time I reached the bottom of this incline, making my whirling, dizzy descent down the chute, my feet were going around faster than man could count; faster than man's conscious mind could follow. At the end of the chute, I made a dive from my bicycle and shot, by the force of the spring from the pedal, forty feet through the air and dived into a lake of water only four feet deep (about up to your waist); and this body of water had a plank bottom. When you dive through the air at a distance of forty feet, you have some momentum by the time you hit the water and, if your dive should be

too straight and your head hit that plank, it would be about the last time that you would take your forty-foot dive.

When this act was performed, every amusement in this great park in the East, was at a standstill; it was performed during the intermission of the band, the scenic railway, the popcorn stands, the X-ray and the maze-of-life; all the other amusements, to the very last one, were at a standstill, by the order of the park authorities. The big feature was on, "The Boy Wonder" making his daring leap down the dizzy chutes. As high as eighty thousand people at a time witnessed the feat which was never attempted or performed by any other living human.

When I got within twenty feet of the end of the chute, my feet buzzing around as fast as a circular saw, buzzing its way through an Oregon pine, there was a little "something" within which told me when to make my leap. What was it? It was the prompting of the subconscious mind, for a thousand conscious minds—all combined—never could have acted with the quickness, alertness and precision necessary to make that leap. That "something," which made the leap and gave the dive, as the pedals whirled around in their rapid pace, within a thousandth part of a second, was the subconscious mind. All feats are performed in the subconscious mind.

The subconscious mind is the seat of habit. It is the fountain of practical initiative and constructive forces of life.

"On the spiritual side, it is the source of ideas, inspiration, imagination and the channel through which

we recognize and find Divinity and in proportion as we recognize this Divinity, do we come into the understanding of this source of power.”

The subconscious mind is the storehouse of all knowledge. We can draw from the universal mind any original knowledge along any line which we may desire; that is one reason why there is no need for anyone to be just mediocre, because, down in the depths of the subconsciousness, there are latent powers and talents which, if brought into expression, can make of one a genius along any line.

It is very commendable to have a high-school, college, and university education—sometimes; but if you have been denied this privilege you still have the power within, by proper concentration, to draw from the universal storehouse of knowledge that which you may desire (for more along this line see “Practical Psychology and Sex Life” by the Author).

The subconscious mind will hold only one thought at a time. It does not reason, deduct or use its own judgment in working upon this one thought. The thought on which it works is given to it by the conscious mind. The process, of passing from the conscious mind into the subconscious mind, this thought, is called suggestion. The conscious mind suggests to the subconscious mind what it shall work upon. This conscious mind, acting in such a capacity, has been given many terms. It has been called the “sentinel at the gate,” or, every thought which the conscious mind has, does not pass on to the subconscious. The conscious mind acts as a sentinel, letting the thoughts reach the subconscious mind or preventing thoughts from reaching

the subjective mind. The subconscious mind has sometimes been called the keeper of an estate. I like to use my own terminology; namely, the conscious mind, acting as a little trap door, which, when opened, lets the thought pass into the subconscious and, when this little trap door—the conscious mind—is closed, the thought is in the subconscious mind to stay, guarded by the sentinel at the gate, until the little trap door is opened by the sentinel and a new thought is given to the subconscious mind, whereupon the former thought is crowded out by the new.

All suggestions reach the subconscious mind by way of the conscious mind but every thought which the conscious mind holds is not passed on as a suggestion to the subjective. That is because we have trained our subconscious mind to accept suggestions offered by the sentinel—the conscious mind—at the gate. For instance, if a person has fear deeply imbedded in the subconscious mind, the subconscious is so engrossed upon working overtime on this fear thought that it does not readily accept a suggestion from the conscious mind. In that instance, the conscious mind must be very thorough and positive, suggesting to the subconscious, to get the subconscious to accept the new suggestion.

If the subconscious mind is filled with fear and we want to replace this with confidence and courage, it means that the conscious mind may have to repeatedly suggest, to the subconscious, courage and confidence; but, if the person is consistent and persistent in repeating “confidence” and “courage,” the subconscious will, in time, take up the new suggestion.

Sometimes, however, a person has not power enough behind the suggestion of the conscious mind to open the trap door and get the suggestion into the subconscious. In that case two or three other minds, suggesting to the person, or even six or eight minds suggesting to the person, add power to the suggestion, so that the trap door will open and the subconscious mind accept the new thought. This is called hetero suggestion.

The subjective mind will accept and work upon one thought at a time, only, but it will not take an immoral suggestion.\*

If you should question that the subconscious mind will not accept any immoral suggestion, you may have your faith strengthened by recalling that a hypnotic subject will likewise not respond to immoral suggestions by the hypnotist. We had a man in our city who had a grudge against some other person and this man's grudge developed into hatred and murderous intention. He, however, did not have enough nerve to commit the deed himself, so he hypnotised the subject and commanded him, while under hypnosis, to commit the murderous act. The subject refused to perform the deed. Now, you may tell a hypnotic subject, while under the influence, to do most anything and, if you tell him that tomorrow, at 4 o'clock, he is going to straddle the back fence, tomorrow, at 4 o'clock, he will try to straddle the fence (but he does not know why). The hypnotic subject, while under the influence of hypnosis,

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\*For study how to save your children from yielding to immoral temptations during adolescence, see "Practical Psychology and Sex Life" by the author.

will do most anything; but he will not perform an immoral act. Neither will the subconscious perform an immoral act.

The subconscious mind, when properly trained, is the wonder of the ages. It will do anything for man that man wants done. It will lead you to your vocation; it will help you raise money; it will bring you friends; it will keep love; in fact, there is nothing in the annals of man's activity which the subconscious mind cannot do if properly trained. (Just how to train the subconscious mind and put it to work for us is thoroughly discussed in "Practical Psychology and Sex Life" by the author.)

If the understanding of the wonderful functions of the subconscious mind is new to you, a careful, considerate study and application of the principles, will open wonderful avenues of help and strength for you. Some people would as soon jump into quick-sand as to try to apply a new truth; but, the one who applies the truth knows, by actual experience, what the truth will do. Do not think that we are talking in hieroglyphics. This is scientifically true and, if there is any crumb of truth anywhere, let us seek it and find it. The subconscious mind will work wonders for you if you will give it a chance.

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## CHAPTER IV.

### THE SUBCONSCIOUS MIND—Continued.\*

#### How the Subjective Mind May Receive Wrong Suggestions and Work Harm.

The conscious mind ought to be on the job as sentinel at the gate every minute of the waking hours; but, sometimes, this is not so. The little trap door sometimes opens when the sentinel is off-guard and, while the subconscious mind is unguarded, most dangerous thoughts may be suggested to the subjective mind. During the height of anger or the excitement of panic or any time of unrestrained passion or impulses, the conditions are most dangerous. The subconscious mind then is open to the suggestion of all sorts of negative forces derived from the surrounding individuals or circumstances. This is the time when fear, hatred, greed, self-depression, timidity, jealousy, etc., may be received and the trap door closed.

You see, the subconscious mind does not reason or deduct. It merely takes the stronger suggestion and, while the sentinel—the conscious mind—is off guard, the suggestion reaches the subconscious, the trap door closes and no end of mental disturbances, depressions and sicknesses follow.

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\*For a further and more practical study of the functions of the subconscious mind, see "Practical Psychology and Sex Life" by the author.

This illustration will emphasize our point. One of my patients, who had been given up by world-celebrated surgeons, came home with no hope from the medical world. It was heart failure and the doctors said there was no chance for her life. Back of every sickness or illness is some mental disturbance—some kink of the mind. When I went to see this patient the family were able to assist her into a chair. She had been given up and was dying from heart failure. I called about 1:30 p. m. and that evening, this woman cooked the supper.

In asking, as is usually my method, of what sorrow, grief, disappointment, reverses or excitement came into her life about the time this sickness began, I found that she had been extremely frightened while in a dentist's chair (it wasn't the dentist's fault, I suppose, it was the condition of the patient's nerves and her mind). While in the chair, she was so frightened that the dentist was unable to finish the extracting, so that she had to come back the next day. My prognosis was correct. While this patient was in the dental chair, filled with fear, the sentinel, the conscious mind, opened the little trap door and fright lodged into the subconscious mind. This fear—fright—in the subconscious mind had affected the system which localized in the heart. Heart failure ensued. Not only did this woman get her supper that afternoon but she was permanently cured, by being given a stronger counter suggestion.

Every sickness, every mental disturbance and every depression of life can be overcome by the proper suggestion to the subconscious mind. If such negative

thoughts have entered the subconscious mind, furnishing the gun-powder which may be liable to blow up all your happiness, peace and poise, a counter suggestion will prevent the powder from being touched off and the explosion ensuing.

Just as Beethoven put a girdle of harmony around the world, just so the subconscious mind will put a wall of protection around man, for every event.

Bennett was a crazy colored man in an insane hospital. When he was calm you would not detect that there was anything wrong with Bennett but, when he became enraged, he would take the ordinary iron bedstead, usually used in such institutions and, without any implements but his bare hands, could bend these bedsteads out of shape. This power lay in the subconscious mind. Every person has an equal amount of power for constructive right thinking and living in the subconscious mind, which, if properly put to work, would become the miracle worker for each individual.

The dead embers of one's ambition often begin to flicker in the subconscious mind also. Psychology teaches us how to fan this spark into being, life and crystallization.

All marriages should be made in the subconscious mind. All permanently happy unions have their subconscious basis. "There is something in every loved man or woman which cannot be grasped by reason or expressed in words." We express this by saying the person is "genial" because he partakes of our genius of spirit. Without this affinity in the subconscious realm, even brilliancy or even intellectual beauty may

be dispensed with. It is this which lifts true love above the visual and sensual and gives it profound moral significance, for the subconscious mind is purer than the conscious and, if any part of our being is permanent, we believe this to be such.

The subconscious furnishes the mental power and spiritual motor out of which the structure of great men are made.

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## CHAPTER V.

### THE LAW OF SUGGESTION.

Suggestion is a "miracle worker," but it is as scientific as Euclid. It is this part of your mind which is creative and the thoughts held in the subconscious mind remake the body and spirit within a man. Whatever thought is predominant in our thinking, will produce a like condition. If we think courage, we make courage; if we think abundance we have abundance; if we think prosperity we have prosperity. The subconscious is a part of the universal mind; is all health, all wise, all abundance, all peace. Many people are sick because they think they are. Change our way of thinking and we change our condition. Think beautiful thoughts and you will become beautiful.

In campaign after campaign we have people who have been made beautiful over night. The change has been almost miraculous, so that their friends comment upon their youthful buoyant step and beautiful countenance. This is all due, of course, to the law of suggestion—the mind thinking youth, health and beauty. Nearly everyone uses suggestion whether he knows it or not, all the way from the doctor who prescribes pills to the undertaker who prescribes colors and coffins.

A certain doctor who made enough money to retire from the practice of medicine by the time he was forty, told me that medicine has killed more people than it has cured. I was in his home one day when his

mother lay groaning upon a bed. This mother continued her groaning and moaning for three hours. I did not tell the doctor what I thought of him but I wasn't thinking very complimentary expressions about a son—a doctor at that—who would allow his mother to roll in pains for three hours without giving her a pill.

After this mother had had a good time with her groaning—some people enjoy “poor health”—the doctor winked his eye at me, signaling for me to follow him into his laboratory. He said, “Do you see this? It is flour; and do you see this? It is a capsule.” He put the flour into the capsule and took the capsule of flour to the bedside of his groaning mother and told her to swallow it—it would do her good. In five minutes that mother was up around the house, singing like a lark. The doctor was wiser than I. He knew that his mother had to have just so much enjoyment with her pain before it was a psychological time to effect a cure. The flour capsule might have cured her an hour ago but then how much fun she would have missed!

Many people are happy in their groans and it would be unpsychological to relieve the pain too soon. This the doctor understood. If we need to be healed by the suggestion of flour, let us buy it by the barrel—it is a whole lot cheaper than calling in a doctor to give it to us in little capsules. (Besides, we will have plenty left for the rest of the family—if they need it.)

It is a fact that many of us are sick because we do not know how to be well. A certain woman who had something the matter with her throat, so she thought, had traveled to specialist after specialist. Each one

of the doctors had been honest with the woman. Every last man had told her there was nothing the matter with her; but she didn't want a doctor to tell her there was nothing the matter with her. She wanted one to cure her—she knew herself that she had throat trouble. She wanted the doctors to tell her that. The doctors had all been honest with her—but she wasn't seeking for honesty but for someone to tell her she was sick and who would take her money to make her well. It was a matter of psychology, pure and simple.

After she had seen many great specialists and had traveled far and wide, she finally came back home, where she heard of the great reputation of a new dentist who had come to the city. She connected dentistry with the throat. A dentist ought to know a bad throat if he saw it. She thought a dentist might know that she had throat trouble—inasmuch as he “monkeyed” around the mouth and would naturally see several throats in the course of his practice, so she went to the dentist. This dentist was a psychologist, as well as a D.D.S. He was just as honest with the woman as the other specialists had been, only a little wiser. He looked into the woman's throat with all the wise air of a great man which he was heralded to be and said “Yes, Madam, I can cure you.”

This is what the woman wanted. She wanted someone to tell her that he could make her well. The dentist was fair enough with the woman. He did not say there was anything the matter with her but he did say he could cure her. He assumed all the dignity needed to sustain his reputation. He went over to his instrument cabinet and fumbled over a few nickle plated

crow-bars and tooth jacks and, finally, found one a little colder than the others. One that he could "jab" into her mouth and let her feel the effects of the cold pointed steel. That also was good psychology. Her throat, or any other throat, would have felt that same steel jab. This only aggravated the throat's tenderness and, of course, the doctor proved to her by the jab of his instrument, that she had a tender spot in her throat. She had known it, of course, but she could never prove it to any other doctor. Now this doctor was proving it to herself, therefore she was in a very good frame of mind to be healed. The doctor had met her upon her own ground—on the ground that she needed his attention and curative assistance.

After he had probed around enough to excite the aggravation of the delicate throat, he put the instrument back, walked several times around the cabinet, rubbing his chin as though in a brown study, thinking what next he should do to prove to the woman that she had throat trouble and that he was able to cure it. Again he went back to the chair, opened her mouth wide, said a few psychological, encouraging, helpful, hopeful, well-full remarks; and, once more, started to feel around her throat. This time she was more sure than before that she had come to the right man. This time he was very profuse in propounding some technical expressions relative to her condition, until her consciousness was aflame with the fact that this doctor, above all others, knew his business—and her sore throat.

After he had convinced her that he knew what he was about to do, he again went back to the instrument

cabinet and this time "juggled" some bottles containing colored water and a few other colorings, picked up a stick, on the end of which was some cotton, and ran this cotton-stick into a bottle of iodine. She, however, did not know it was cotton and did not know it was iodine. It served the purpose, however, for when with all the majesty of a wise specialist about to perform wonders, he came back to the chair, holding the "swab" stick behind him, asking her to close her eyes and open her mouth—"Open the mouth wide, please"—he "swabbed" this soothing iodine over the part of the throat the woman knew was weak and where he had jabbed his instrument. There was an instant soothing feeling and the woman felt much better. She agreed with the doctor that he could cure her. She gave fifty dollars for the swab and made an appointment to come back the next day.

The doctor set the day and the hour when the throat would be entirely healed. So she returned as per appointment on the next day and got her iodine-stick swab—paid fifty dollars and felt much better. In fact, this one thing she wanted. She wanted to feel better by giving her money away. No other doctor had been willing to take her money, that is, with the understanding she would be well; so, back she came the third day and the fourth day, as per appointment, and got her unknown swab at fifty dollars per. The day that the dentist set for her complete healing came and the woman likewise came.

She would have kept on coming for twenty years if the doctor had promised that at the end of that time she would be a well woman but, you see, the dentist

had other people who thought they were sick and he couldn't devote all his time "swabbing" one woman. There were other women to be swabbed and the dentist's reputation to grow. So the appointed hour came. The last swab was swabbed and the swabbed throat became completely well by the swabbing swab of the last swab. The woman was a well woman, made well by psychology and fifty dollars per swab. So, after chasing hither and yon trying to find her cure at the end of a rainbow, she came back home and found it at the end of a dental swab stick.

Everybody is using suggestion. The merchant is using it, the banker is using it, the butcher is using it, the candle stick maker is using it, the baker is using it and the barber is using it.

I have a very tough face—that is tough to shave—this toughness you might say is due to the fact that my skin is very tender and my beard wiry; besides it grows criss-cross, which makes rather a delicate operation when it comes to shaving. When I go to a new city I sometimes have to go to several barbers before I find one who can shave me without drawing blood. I like blood—the red blooded kind—but I would rather have the red blood in my veins than spreading out on my face. It is more healthful and besides, better looking. In that case you might say you have good looking blood.

I got into a barber chair one day where reigned supreme one of those proverbial talkative barbers. He was a psychological, talkative kind of a barber. He psychologized, as it were, whiskers out of my tender face. Of course, he used a razor but his suggestions augmented the slashing of the razor. He began with a

downward stroke on my jaw and, as he pulled the razor, said, "It doesn't hurt, does it?" Now, I can tell the moment a barber begins shaving my face whether it is going to be a clean shave or a bristle scraping fracas. Before the barber said anything I knew what was coming, but he warded me off by saying, "It doesn't hurt, does it?" He made another stroke, another scrape and then continued his psychology: "It doesn't hurt, does it?" This was continued for some little time, with each push of the razor the scraping becoming a little more severe.

I knew what would follow but he kept my mind from failing by continually talking and saying, "It doesn't hurt, does it?" He became more intense in the operation as he had me partly vocally-etherized by psychological suggestion. My mind, so to speak, was lulled to sleep by the soft tones of his positive suggestion. It was somewhat like a dream—a night-mare—you might say, feeling the scraping blade mixed with the soothing admonition of the positive barber, that it didn't hurt. The stroke of the razor, however, got out of step with the motion of his body while he said, "It doesn't hurt, does it?" And, while out of step, his hand slipped and "ZIP"—he ripped my jaw half an inch.

As the blood oozed out he laid his hand over the cut and said, "It doesn't hurt, does it?" As the blood rushed down and made the white lather crimson, he continued to mix blood, lather and psychology by saying, "It doesn't hurt, does it?" I didn't have time to answer him—he talked too fast—I had to take his word for it and I suppose that was good for me. Not being

able to contradict him that it did hurt me, I suppose I got over the effects of it much easier.

Yes, everybody is using psychology and, when we ponder over but a part of the wonders of the subjective mind, our souls are rapt in silent meditation.

Here is one a doctor told me: You see everybody is practicing suggestion, even the medical profession. Mrs. Bush thinks this is a rather hard story on the women, that it is about time I should tell one on the men. I have plenty equally as illustrative on the men, as this one, but there is one reason why I pick on the women. That is, because the men would mob me if I were to pick on them and the women are psychological and don't care how much picking is picked at them so long as the picking picks emphasize the point—serve the purpose of illustration.

An animal doctor—the kind of a “Doc” who doctors horses, pigs and cows—is called a veterinary surgeon (very dignified, sounds much better than it really looks).

A certain veterinarian was called out by a farmer to doctor his cow. The veterinary surgeon arrived on the scene of the cow's sickness, was ushered into the stable of the sicking cow, marched around her awhile (of course saved her life) and started to leave the stable, when the farmer said, “I wish you would come in and see my wife, she is not well. I have been trying to get a physician but she won't know the difference. You look as much like a woman doctor as you do a cow doctor and if you don't tell her she will be just as happy.”

So the veterinary surgeon was ushered to the

bedside of the sick woman. The cow doctor looked wise. He had seen physicians at the bedside of other women so he knew about the way to proceed. If he had never seen a physician proceeding at the bedside of a sick woman, that would have made no difference to this particular cow doctor—he was an opportunist, you might say a psychologist. He went through all of the ordinary preliminary frills of a physician, looking as wise as any cow-doctor-physician could be expected to look, under the conditions. He had the woman run out her tongue. He put a silver spoon on it and looked down into her throat. He took the woman's pulse, ahem-ed a few times, cleared his throat, stroked his beard, sat in a "brown study" (just like a real woman doctor). When he came to the end of his rope he knew that a very essential move in preparing a patient's mind for the curative prescription, which might be written in a dead language and partially read and compounded by a partially dead drug clerk, would be better filled and swallowed if he had preceded all of this prescription writing by the employment of the ordinary physician's temperature-thermometer.

But he was a horse doctor by profession, not a woman doctor; although by circumstances he proved to be a most efficient human doctor. He was stumped, but this cow-horse doctor couldn't be stumped for long. He had too much native horse-sense for that. He was what you might call a cow-horse-opportunist doctor. A happy thought struck him. He wasn't in the habit of carrying to women temperature-thermometers but he was in the habit of carrying cow-thermometers. The difference between a woman thermometer and a cow

thermometer is a difference of about a foot. You see the ordinary physician's little temperature-thermometer would hardly get inside of a cow's mouth, so the cow-thermometer is considerably longer.

The animal doctor had a happy thought; he took out the cow-thermometer, but on a second glance into the woman's mouth, by mentally measuring the length of the horse-thermometer by the length of the mouth, he saw that it would never do to try to take her temperature with that long animal-thermometer; but as I say, he was an opportunist. He wasn't to be stumped for long and, as I have already said, a happy thought struck him. The happy thought continued to strike him, woke him up—there is such a thing as getting a strong enough thought to wake any doctor up. He got that thought. If you can't use a thermometer one way, why not use it another way? The woman was not well versed in the method of taking the temperature of a horse or a pig or a cow and she wouldn't know the difference between the cow doctor operating a horse-thermometer on her, although it wasn't the ordinary procedure of taking either a horse's or a woman's temperature.

The cow doctor therefore took this long horse-thermometer and, instead of putting it in the woman's mouth, he stuck it under her arm pit, next to her body.

Any cow doctor, who is wise enough to take a woman's temperature by a horse-thermometer, would be wise enough not to tell her what he was doing. He only looked wise and proceeded. She looked on and progressed. After he had looked as wise as he knew how and had cow-doctored her as much as a horse-doctor could be expected to animal-doctor a woman, he left.

The next time he made his visit to the cow stable the farmer again came out to see him and told the veterinarian he would like very much to have him go in and again call on his wife but, before sending the cow doctor in to the bedside of his wife, the wise farmer said to the veterinarian, "I should like to tell you, before you go in, what I should like to have you do: Please use that instrument on my wife again, for she says she never had anything in her life that did her so much good."

Everybody is using suggestion and the best of it is that the thing works—as well for the cow doctor as for the woman.

If a man's mind has been exiled to "Devil's Island" of fear it may take some time for scientific psychology to get hold of him. I, therefore, marshal some medical authority to endorse our statement.

Dr. James J. Walsh, Dean of the Medical School of the Fordham University and for fifteen years Editor of a medical journal, says that many students feel the symptoms of diseases which they study and become victims of those diseases. This is experienced every year, although the students are forewarned that they will come down with the diseases which they study. Despite this forewarning, student after student will "slink" around, under cover of darkness, to see some Doctor Professor to tell him that they feel the symptoms of the diseases.

This, of course, is a matter of suggestion only. A person who is a good subject to a suggestion may be told that, at a certain time, a blister will arise on the back of his hand; then, to augment the suggestion,

blind-fold the subject; take nothing more caustic than a postage stamp, wet this, put it on the spot on the back of the hand where the blister is to rise and, then—adding to the suggestion, you see—let a bandage be tied around this hand and postage stamp and, at the appointed time, remove the bandage and stamp and lo, the blister has come.

Dr. Walsh also suggests that you can cause an arm to bleed in a certain spot, on some people, by the power of suggestion.

If a person be affected with any mental worries or negations, so that he becomes disturbed, discouraged, down-hearted or depressed, he is losing the greater chance of winning in life's battle. Nothing can so completely paralyze the creative power of the mind and body, as the dark, gloomy, discouraged mental attitude. The human mind cannot accomplish great work unless the banner of hope goes in advance. Put the key of hope into the lock of discouragement and you are saved. Lose the key of hope and you lose the greatest chances of life and, oftentimes, life itself.

Any condition of man, whether it be worry, anxiety, failure, depression, sorrow, grief, misfortune, which lowers his vitality and weakens his efficiency, can, by the outside suggestion, be changed by the alchemy of thought into a positive condition which will bring about success, prosperity, abundance, happiness, joy and peace.

Any disease known to man can be contracted by suggestion—that is, mind—and, any disease or condition, which has been contracted by mind, can also be eliminated and erased by mind.

Dr. A. T. Scofield remarks in "The Unconscious Mind" that, when the brain is restored to health by good nerve tissue and healthy blood, it can be made, by suggestion, to exercise as healthy an influence over the body as previously it exercised a harmful one. If ideal centres can produce ideal diseases, surely the rational cure is to bring these ideal centres into a healthy condition and, then, make them the means of curing the ideal disease.

"Mental diseases require and can, ultimately, be cured only by mental medicine."

Therefore, suggestion, when properly understood and practiced, will put man in perfect health, proper mental attitude for success—which means the greatest amount of efficiency—which, in turn, means a greater prosperity. To understand how to put the subconscious mind to work for you, see "Practical Psychology and Sex Life" by the author.

**NOTES.**

## CHAPTER VI.

### APPLIED PSYCHOLOGY.

#### What It Is—What It Can Do.

Some of the applications of the laws of psychology will:

Teach you how to think right.

Eliminate all discordant and negative thoughts.

Produce harmony, happiness and peace.

Stop worry and overcome nervousness.

Eliminate poverty and bring prosperity.

Produce plenty and opulence.

Slay the dragon fear and thoughts of defeat.

Make man have complete control of his emotional nature—not stifling emotion but harnessing emotional experiences for the betterment of the possessor.

Overcome timidity, self-consciousness and self-pity.

Produce health and long life.

Give you beauty, charm and personality.

Make man courageous, strong and confident.

Stimulate undeveloped brain cells and arouse the genius within you.

Teach man how to surmount all obstacles and difficulties and hindrances so that he will be a maximum success.

Show us how to overcome life's handicaps, environment and hereditary tendencies.

Teach you how to overcome mistakes, blunders and errors.

Point to you the virtue of forgetting the past and how to overcome when once the past has been heavily laden with wrong thinking and physical prodigality.

Arouse ambition and stimulate a desire to fulfill your great mission in life.

Teach you how to find your talent, tap the reservoirs of power within you and make yourself a king.

If you are in the wrong kind of work "Applied Psychology" will show you the way out: If you are a misfit it shows you that you no longer have to remain a misfit.

It will teach the proper relationship of labor to capital; of the employee to the employer.

How economic conditions may be solved and the world brotherhood ushered in.

The right relationship between man and man and nation and nation.

The elimination of crime, poverty and disease.

Right understanding of juvenile government, criminal law and sociology.

The solution of the political and civic entanglements.

How to have peace of mind and be content.

How to have a happy home and harmonious conditions.

How to prevent forms of insanity and abnormalities.

How to cure insomnia.

How to have friends and be one.

How to reclaim all you have lost, with added interest.

How to smile and look up.

How to overcome despondency, depression and misfortune.

How to be cheerful, happy and hopeful.

How to conduct business and domestic affairs in poise and equilibrium.

How to be successful.

How to be prosperous.

How to achieve.

And how to win.

As a man thinketh in his heart so is he, is scientifically, physiologically and psychologically true; is as well known as "Heinz 57 varieties."

In the realm of scientific thinking we have not yet come to the mountain top where we can gaze over into the promised land.

"Primitive people have great faith in the curative power of certain plants and herbs, because they believe that the Creator has put into them remedies for every physical ill. The most highly civilized people are beginning to realize that man has within himself the great panacea for all his ills; that the antidotes for the worst poisons, the poisons of evil thoughts, passions and emotions, exist in the form of love, charity, and good-will essences, which the Creator put in the soul of man from the beginning. He has implanted in every human being a force that is stronger than any evil or vicious thought. We have the power, if we will only exercise it, to direct and control our thoughts, to make them what we will. We can send out and draw to ourselves whatever manner of thought we desire."

There is no freedom but the freedom of the mind. One may be a slave in Siberia's snow yet, if the spirit be free, it secures a partnership with God and to him it is paradise. Neither cold nor heat, neither poverty nor hunger, neither sorrow nor sickness can take away from him the freedom of mind of the spirit. Indeed it is true that to be spiritually minded is life and peace.

The human system is a wonderful thing. I think I will raise my hand, and lo! the hand goes up and no physician on earth can explain how I do it. No one can tell how it is my hand moves in consequence of my thought. Or, without thinking about my hand, it goes up. It obeys some dictator. It is a mystery and the brain is very hungry, in every direction, seeking further information.

Some one once asked a chief of the Texas Rangers to explain the remarkable exploits of his men in arresting desperate criminals single-handed. His reply was: "A man that knows he is in the wrong can't stand up against a man that knows he is in the right—and keeps on coming."

That is one of the chief merits of all state police, whether they be Texas Rangers, Northwest Mounted Police or the State Constabulary of Pennsylvania. They are trained to "keep on coming."

One day while seated in a hotel in Georgia, I saw a sheriff come in who had been out rounding up some "moonshiners." His round-up was successful. He had safely lodged the "moonshiners" within the calaboose of the little Georgia town. Having read of the exploits of danger and daring of the great Texas Ranger, Captain McDonald, I asked the sheriff if he needed any

guns when he went out on such a man-hunting expedition, to which he replied: "No, for when we are following a man who has broken the law, the ordinary criminal has enough troubles and fear of being caught; enough fear 'to tote,' without having much strength for defence."

If a man is to carry on his life's battles and to achieve the very highest that is within him, he cannot "tote" fear, anxiety, nervousness, worry, trouble, sorrow, grief, disappointment, misfortune or any discordant or negative thoughts. These must be eliminated. The law of psychology will teach us how to eliminate this discordant thinking.

Everybody ought to learn, from early childhood, the importance of controlling their thinking. Thoughts may be, and often are, as deadly as the worst engine of destruction ever invented.

During the War a Zeppelin went sailing over Paris, dropping bombs as it passed, and not one was killed or seriously wounded by the exploding bombs. One woman, however, though untouched, fell dead.

She had been killed, not by a bomb but by a thought—a momentary, devastating thought of fear conjured up in her own mind.

There was a train wreck in Illinois. A number of passengers were badly injured but many escaped without physical harm of any sort. Yet, among the latter, there were at least a dozen who, afterwards, developed paralysis of arms or legs.

These persons, I repeat, had not received the least real bodily harm. The whole trouble with them was that they had thought they must be severely injured

and, by thus thinking, they had so deranged their nervous system as to cause the development of paralytic symptoms.

Bearing cases like these in mind—and they are occurring every day—it is easy to understand and appreciate the force of this emphatic statement by a leading American physiologist, Professor Dearborn, of Tufts College:

“The aspects of consciousness are the realest of real things. For every man crushed by a falling rock or an overturning car, dozens are crushed by mental objects, such as volitions and feelings.”

Again and again it has been conclusively proved that thought of fear, anxiety and despair have caused a fatal outcome in case of accident and illness where recovery would otherwise have been assured.

Moreover, the world is and always has been full of physical wrecks whose invalidism has been directly and solely due to the destroying thoughts on which they have allowed their minds to dwell.

Truly thoughts are “the realest of all real things,” and the whole trend of a man’s life, for good or evil, depends on the kind of thinking in which he indulges.

“As a man thinketh, so is he,” is no mere picturesque literary phrase. It accords with and is supported by the facts of scientific research and everyday observation.

Control your thoughts and the secret of health, happiness and success is in your grasp.—H. Addington Bruce.

Psychology will teach you how to control your thoughts.

When you come into an understanding of the laws of Practical Psychology, you will no longer be a victim of fear or timidity. You will understand the power within you to make you brave and courageous. No longer will you be timid or filled with self-pity.

If your ambition is smouldering now, Applied Psychology will teach you that it is not dead but sleepeth. Man is born with a strong will and high ambition; but ambition very often strangled and choked because of one streak of so-called misfortune after another, reverses following upon the heels of reverses, fear stalking in the shadow of failure, harsh criticism cutting the heart like a two-edged sword, or lack of appreciation and reward for efforts done.

Though you think that the hippodrome ambitions, which once fired your soul, are dead they are not but dormant, though a thousand fears assail you, psychology will teach you to have the faith and speak the word; then fear will be pushed out of the back door and hope enter the front gate.

One day at the end of an address to a great company of soldiers in France, a young man waited for a conference with me, says Hillis. He said, in brief, that for months he had been the victim of the fear of death. He had suffered every form of wound through his imagination. He had been blind, he had lost both his legs by cannon balls, he had had his arms shot away, he had been paralyzed—not one form of mutilation but, imaginatively, he had suffered. Night after night he would awaken after a brief nap, drenched with perspi-

ration. At first it was impossible to believe him. His face shone, his hands were steady, his eyes bright and, then, he told his story.

“Those words of yours, sir, about each soldier boy being dear to God, that we cannot live too long since God is beside us and we cannot die too soon since He goes into the trench with us and that, if we fall here and our work is interrupted, we have another chance there—I have lost all fear. I can go over the top tomorrow and go with a light heart. You will never know what it is to be redeemed fully of the fear of death as your message of God’s care for us has redeemed me.”

But in the larger sense we are all in danger of passing under the influence of fear. Not one of us but has some fault, some memory, that we would fain change. But the past should never be a trap or fetter for your feet. Remember that your life is not in the yesterday but in the morrow. Always there is One who is on your side. His laws are not man traps for your destruction. He is no avenging executioner out upon a deadly pursuit. He is wiser than any teacher, gentler than any mother, kinder than any physician, braver than any leader. For He is the great lover, the Divine Emancipator, and all that there is in the little in this strange epic of human life that we have studied together is to be found in the large, in this wonderful drama of God’s love and of man’s soul.

Philosophers have told us that the decisive battles of the world are fought in the mind. ’Tis even so!

Of greatest interest, in judging the character of Foch today by his words of years ago, is the insistence which he always placed upon the personality of the

General—his will, his belief in himself, as well as in his knowledge and competence. "A battle lost is a battle which you think you cannot gain," he would approvingly quote, year after year, to his classes. Two other favorite quotations of Foch are on the lips of his old pupils in these days: "For there's nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so," from Hamlet, and "Moral force is the mistress of armies," attributed to the French colonial general, Bugeaud. But Foch never relied upon inspiration or will-power to make up for blunders or stupidity arising from lack of knowledge of the art of war. Each year, at the end of his lectures, he would tell his pupils, to make them remember, "the unchanging and unchangeable character of fundamental principles." "No invention, no new machine, no increase in the number of your effectives, can change the inexorable laws of war. Great commanders may sometimes appear to achieve success by breaking the rules but examine closely and you will find that the career of each of them is a crowning vindication of what I have told you."

The greatest souls have been fired to their highest achievement by failures of the past; but a man who understands psychology recognizes no failure, except it be as a stepping stone to something higher. It teaches man to recognize only the true and the successful. When our eyes are steadily focused toward the goal of our ambition; ravines of mistakes, rivers of misfortune, hurricanes of troubles and cyclones of reverses are the materials out of which the man who understands psychology carves his greatest success.

Great men are never deterred because of failure

and, if we do not recognize our greatness, psychology teaches us how. Frederick the Great ran away from his first battle; the same as Charles the Twelfth, filled with fear, discouragement and failure; but they overcame it, went back to the fray, marshalled all of the forces within them (the same as **you** can do) and became Immortals.

The average man is as capable of becoming an Immortal as Frederick the Great or Charles the Twelfth; it is only a matter of having that faith and understanding of the power within which teaches us that nothing is impossible to the man who believes he can.

You must face life's battles tomorrow with the courage of one who knows that victory is assured and, should you meet a defeat or two, it is only a matter of delaying your ultimate triumph. Make no plans for any kind of a retreat but think only of your ultimate goal and achievement.

General Grant would never allow defeat to figure in his day's diary. He had had a mighty severe day fighting with the enemy and the great Sherman came to General Grant's tent that night with the intention of recommending to Grant that they retreat and give the victory to the enemy; but, when Sherman came into the tent of Ulysses S. Grant, the great Commander was "chawing" the end of a cigar with such determination that Sherman could not muster up enough pepper to suggest "retreat" and so he said, "Well, General, we have had a pretty hard day of it today." "Yes," replied Grant, "we have had; but, damn it, we'll lick 'em tomorrow!" And they did.

When you're thinking of retreat, the better thought would be "victory;" but sometimes we have to back up, tack and plow around. Your retreat can never be, by the law of psychology, a permanent defeat. It is only mustering your forces on another battlefield of life's experience, ready to marshall your talent and abilities to an ultimate triumphant achievement.

If failure has dimmed your life's perspective, Applied Psychology will teach you that anything which has come into your life can be erased by the power of the mind and, if your perspective has been blackened, the power of the mind can polish it until it will shine with all of the brilliancy of a highly polished seventy-two inch telescope.

The "Ladies Home Journal" and the "Saturday Evening Post" are the outgrowth of failure. Mr. Curtis, of this great publishing company, tried once and failed; but Curtis was too big for failure. What was a failure or two to a man who could build the best well known periodical in the world? Why, failure was only a stepping stone; it was only getting his eye teeth cut; it was only learning a bigger game. Failure, to Mr. Curtis, was what Curtis needed and the world needed Curtis to give us the "Ladies Home Journal" and the "Saturday Evening Post," not mentioning the "Country Gentlemen."

Patrick Henry has given us a speech that will be proclaimed, by all American school boys, to the end of time, "Give Me Liberty or Give Me Death;" yet Patrick Henry was a no-account lawyer, as-little-account farmer, a no-more-account business man and was considered nothing more than a ne'er-do-well. He had

failed in many things but all of these failures only stirred the emotion slumbering within the breast of the great Colonist; so that, when the great moment came, although confronted with the record of past discouragement and failure, he was able to reach in his immortal "Give Me Liberty or Give Me Death," one of the loftiest peaks that any orator's soul ever scaled.

Many people have the idea that the brain is not susceptible of any very great change; that its limits are fixed by the destiny of heredity and that about all we can do is to give it a little polish and culture.

There are plenty of examples, however, of individuals who have completely revolutionized portions of their brains and have made strong faculties of those which were weak at birth or deficient from lack of exercise. There are many instances where certain mental faculties were almost entirely lacking and yet have been built up so that they have powerfully buttressed the whole character and stimulation.

Take courage, for instance: Many good and very successful people were once so completely devoid of this quality that the lack threatened to wreck their whole future. But, by the help of intelligent training by parents and teachers, they have developed it until it became strong.

This has been done by the cultivation of self-confidence, by holding the constant suggestion of courage in the young mind, by the contemplation of brave and heroic deeds, the reading of the life stories and works of great heroes, by the suggestion that fear is a negative quality—the mere absence of the natural quality

of courage which is every man's birthright—and by the constant effort to perform courageous deeds.

The brain is very adaptable. Each vocation makes a different call upon it and develops faculties and qualities peculiar to itself, so that as the various professions, trades and specialties multiply, the brain takes on new adaptive qualities, thus giving greater variety and strength to civilization as a mass.

If you apply the laws of psychology, success will come and you can't stop it, although you build a watertight compartment around yourself. The operation of natural laws brings about a natural result; and, when once these laws are tapped, harnessed, understood and operated, man himself will not be able to prevent it. No combination of circumstances can prevent the operator of these natural laws from bringing into his life the things which he desires.

Applied Psychology will teach you how to be successful, even though poverty shakes its skeleton fingers at your form of despondency and the winds of life seem to have blasted all your hopes.

For your success, you must understand that all of your power is within; that this is a God given power; that It is God Himself. When we understand this law and this secret of strength and power, we become harnessed to the great universal dynamo and right thinking will snatch victory from defeat.

It is not enough to know that this power is within you but you must have the faith and the courage to operate this law. You must believe that you can and, by a systematic study of psychology, as outlined in this book and "Practical Psychology and Sex Life"

by the author, you will have a working knowledge of the practical laws which will unfold to you the power within.

I know a man who has the biggest drug store in his city and this is a city of first magnitude in the United States. When he was married he had no job and had just thirteen cents in his pocket. You will have to confess that the girl who could marry a jobless man, on an "unlucky thirteen cents," on Friday the 13th, either had a lot of pluck or was insane or a psychologist. Time demonstrated that she was the latter; there is no more ill-luck on the 13th than on the 1st, unless your thinking makes it so. Their thinking turned thirteen cents into a fortune. When the young fellow was married, a man, who had a dinky drug store and who was thoroughly disgusted with it, offered to sell it to the jobless "thirteen-cent" man; but a man with thirteen cents couldn't buy very much—especially in the drug line, judging from the way prescriptions are sometimes charged—so the young married man told the druggist he wasn't in a position to buy a drug store: But, if a man has character and faith and courage, he doesn't have to be in a financial position to go into business. There will be plenty of ways for a man to get money if he has the character and the grit and gumption, so this druggist told the young fellow that he could have the store and pay for it as he made the money. The "thirteen-cent" jobless groom and the "thirteen-cent" faith-bride bought the drug store on nothing.

As time passed, the young man, with his energy and foresight and integrity, was able, not only to make

ends meet, but to pay off the indebtedness of the store. However, he didn't do it in that drug store—in that drug store he just made expenses: But a man who has the grit and the woman who has the psychology to marry on thirteen cents are not going to let a little thing like that deter them from their future ambition.

When this young man bought that non-paying drug store he said, "Some day I'll have the biggest drug store in the city;" and, if he didn't make money there, at least he still was hanging on to his goal. So, after four or five years of just meeting expenses, with the original deal still hanging over his head, he moved to another location. Here he made a little money. After a number of years of making a little money, he sold that store about the same time that his relatives died. Whether this had any connection with the transaction or not, I do not know; but, when his relatives died, he left the city and then, later, he came back again.

What connection his dead relatives had with his coming back, I do not know, but nevertheless he came back, started another drug store and lost money. But a man who had his eye set on the biggest drug store in the city couldn't stop just because he lost a little money in his new store, so he started another drug store in another location where he lost some more money. (Lovely! For a man now reaching middle life, with the ambition of having the biggest drug store in the city, and seeing what money he had saved dwindling away.) But no one who is a good psychologist cares about a little dwindling of money. A psychologist is tickled to death that he has

money to dwindle—for there are lots of people who haven't reached the place where they can dwindle any money—and so he buckled up his spirit, smiled a little more, turned the crank of psychology and bought another store. In this new store his money continued to dwindle.

He was in the middle of a block. The corner store became empty and he saw the handwriting on the wall that some other druggist would come to that corner store and would get not only the little business he had but everything else in the neighborhood and thereby his dwindling money might all dwindle out.

It takes some psychology and some faith, when you are going down hill and losing what money you have saved, to rent a second store in the same block but this man had started out with the ambition to have the biggest drug store in this city. His experience told him that this empty store on the corner was a good drug store site and if he didn't get it somebody else would and, when somebody else got it, his business would be a "goner." So, taking another risk, he rented the second building. Now he had two drug stores on his hands on which he could dwindle money, if the dwindling was going to continue. It did—for awhile—and then the tide turned. About the time that he had lost all the money which he had made, it turned; the tide began to sweep him up on the beach of prosperity and, by the time he was fifty-five years of age, the tide had so swept him up on this prosperity beach that he had made back all the money which he had lost and he did own the biggest drug store in the city!

When you think you are going to drown, it is a mighty good time to paddle; and, if you lose one oar, it is a mighty good time to paddle with the one that is left; and, if you break the one remaining oar, it is another mighty good time to splash around with the piece that is left; and, when the piece is broken up into splinters, it is a mighty good time to stick to a splinter; for thousands of men, who are successful and prosperous and leaders today, saved themselves with the last little splinter that misfortune and failure had left in their hands.

Applied Psychology will teach you how to have a peaceful and happy home. There can be no such thing as an inharmonious home unless we allow it to be. There is no such thing as a domestic intranquillity unless we allow it to be.

What makes a home—brick and mortar, furniture and fine trimmings? Nay! Nay! A home is not cold cement, stone, pine and fir, lathe and plaster, for a palace can be a den of human reptiles and crocodiles. A home is not the material but the spirit within and the most humble cottage can be a palace of love and, when love is cherished and nurtured, we own a paradise. Man's mind—psychology—makes the paradise, not the architect or the structure.

Mind is everything. Psychology teaches us the proper control of the mind which, in turn, brings to us everything we desire.

We may be in a theater, crowded to the doors, everything peaceful and serene; the actors holding us spell-bound; and yet, let someone run in hastily and holler "fire" and a great commotion, hubbub and tur-

moil will ensue; people scramble over their neighbors in an effort to reach the doorway and to escape; ladies may faint and men suffocate; and yet, there may be no fire at all: Panic stricken by the cry of "fire." The fire didn't do it, for there was no fire there. Mind did it because of the suggestion to the theater-goers that there was a fire. It is the mind which determines the state of our bodies and what it produces in our bodies, it also produces in our mental storehouses.

Dr. William A. White, of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, says, "It is high time to set up repair shops for minds that are out of order."

Dr. White is chief mental expert of the Federal Government, Superintendent of that great Soldiers' and Sailors' Hospital just outside of Washington which specializes on cases of sick minds. He is one of the leaders in the national committee for mental hygiene which sets the pace in the study of this subject and his institution trains more specialists along this line—psychiatrists they are called—than any other. He is the man in the nation about whom advanced thought on problems of the mind revolves.

In an interview with William DuPuy, Dr. White made the following statement:

"If your typewriter or your automobile or your sewing machine gets something the matter with it, you know right where to go to get it fixed up.

"If you get the toothache, or corns, or poison ivy, you have but to go around the corner, peel a few layers off your roll and relief is yours.

"But if that master mechanism of the universe, the human mind, gets out of order, there is no repair

shop. It must limp along with a flat wheel or a cylinder that does not fire until it becomes such an obstruction to traffic that it is hurried to the scrap heap.

“Civilization has fallen into another of the pitfalls of the obvious. It is leaving that thing which is nearest it, of the most importance to it—the engine that drives it—out in the wet, exposed to the elements. The human mind, which has built and preserved the complicated structure that is peculiar to man, has given no practical thought to itself.

“It is high time that we set up in every city a repair shop for minds that are out of order. It is high time that every municipal hospital had psychopathic wards, mental hygiene clinics, which would put the chains on minds that are skidding and bring them back to steady going.”

It is easy to fan poisonous thoughts already kindling into flame, but Psychology teaches us how to put out the fire by getting rid of discordant thinking.

Indigestion, general stomach trouble, sluggish liver, irregular functioning of any of the organs of the body, may produce a sluggish vitality which will change the features of the person within a short space of time. The stomach trouble, the indigestion, the sluggish liver or the irregular functioning of the organs are probably due to wrong thinking. Grief, stress, anxiety, fear, worry and nervousness all work their ravages upon the person entertaining such mental conditions and these ravages are expressed in all kinds of inharmonious functioning of physical organs. Remove the nervousness, the worries, the stress, the anxiety, the

fear and the organs will become normal. So our health is a matter of mind.

Mrs. Bush had physical ailments peculiar to her sex. She was in such agonizing pain that if you were to come within eighteen inches of her bed she would scream in her agony for fear you might touch the bed. She was unable to stand. The doctors said it was a matter of two or three operations and, then, she might not have her health. Within six weeks, by mental treatment, she was a well woman. The old difficulty never comes back. We are what we are by what we think and the great secret of life is to know how to think right. By right thinking, all of our inharmonious conditions become changed; by right thinking, we become inheritors of the abundance of life.

Mind does it. There is hardly a physical disability, with perhaps the exception of accidents or contagion, but what is produced by mind. Get a kink in the mind and all kind of disturbances in the physical body and mental realm ensue. It is a matter of understanding the kink; of charging the subconscious mind with a stronger counter thought.

There are some surgeons, world-famous, who had given up a cripple. She used crutches and had not been free from pain for six years. These world-famous surgeons were unable to bring relief and had sent her back home, hopeless. Within twenty minutes, after I had seen this woman, the pain left and that day she threw down her crutches and walked. A matter of mind.

A certain patient of mine had not slept well for years. She had a creeping sensation all over her body

which especially localized in her legs and a spot on her head. This was a "creeping feeling," not itching or a pain but just as though something were creeping inside. She said she knew she was going to become insane. There is always a kink in the mind which produces our physical ailments, with the exception that I have said—perhaps in the cases of accidents and contagion (and in the realm of contagion I believe it is more mind contagion than physical contagion; that is, I believe we talk so much about the flu, appendicitis or infantile paralysis, that the consciousness of man becomes obsessed with these respective suggestions until the contagion does locate in the bodies of the victim). This woman referred to above had hated her sister. She said that, at the last scene they had, she could have killed her sister and believed that if she had had anything in her hand, she would have attempted it: Just a kink in her mind. Her emotion had reached the state of hatred and murderous thoughts and this, in turn, had poisoned her system (see chapter on "Chemistry of Emotion" in this book). With one treatment (and by treatment I mean giving a counter suggestion to that hate and murderous thought) the woman became well. She, of course, first had to erase from her mind the scene and thought of hatred which had produced in her mind the physical difficulty.

One woman who, for fifteen years, had been a student along Truth lines, had obsessed her subconsciousness with the idea of her personal inability to achieve so that she was on the verge of a mental breakdown. She had had one nervous prostration and felt a second one coming on. She had had great ambitions for

life but some how had lost the faith and the grip on herself that she could achieve. This was her kink. It reacted and produced the nervousness which would have probably brought on paralysis; at least, another nervous prostration. By one treatment of twenty minutes of stronger counter suggestion this kink was straightened out and the woman was made over.

When our nerves are raw with suffering and the doctors give no relief, try Psychology, the science of the mind; and where pink pills, colored water, poison and surgery do not effect a cure, remove the kink from the mind and become well. Maybe you have stepped on the hose of your mental water supply. Get off of the hose and give it a chance for a full inrush of harmonious thinking.

Psychology teaches how to use the mind in sickness, limitations, despondency, fear, grief, emotion, reverses or sorrow.

A certain noted physician, who used probably as much psychology in his practice as he did pills and prescriptions, diagnosed the case of a certain woman's physical troubles as having been developed by worry. He gave this woman a prescription better than any druggist would have been able to compound. He told her to go home, put all of her worries into a box, lock the box and throw the key away. If worries are the kink in your mind remove the kink.

We may not be content with life as it now is: Our surroundings, environment, associations, work and conditions may have a tendency to upset our poise and balance. An application of the laws of psychology will teach us how to be content so that, by an understanding

of the laws, we will not have to be content in inharmonious conditions, associations and environment; but, by right thinking, have contentment, which is brought into our lives by changing our mental attitude; which will, in turn, change our conditions (for a fuller discussion of this, see chapter on "What is Love and How to Keep It" and "Poverty a Disease").

Psychology will train the mind so that every leaf will become a psalm; every flower a censer; every bird a chorister; every sight a beauty and every sound music.

The application of the Laws of Applied Psychology will teach people to better understand each other; to view the individual life from the angle of the other person's point of view; teach us how to associate with each other without friction; teach us how to overcome our own particular difficulties, emotions and temperaments and view ourselves and all individuals in our true relationship to society. Applied Psychology will teach us how keep our thoughts and tongues in the safety notch.

The application of psychological laws will revolutionize our ideas of criminal law, sociology, political and economic conditions, as well as juvenile government.

It will bring into the lives of individuals, society and nations, a peace that passeth understanding: "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war"; and that peace of the soul which passeth all understanding can be had by the application of the laws of Practical Psychology.

Not only does Psychology teach how to use the mind in sickness and misfortunes (if we are unpsychological

enough to believe in misfortunes) but it also teaches us how to have charm, beauty and personality. If a girl has a wretched complexion and a voice like a peacock she can become the dominant personality of the office and the popular girl of her society (for an understanding of this see chapter on "How to Develop Personality" in this book).

In short, Applied Psychology teaches the law of human life from every angle; physical, mental, moral, temperamental and spiritual. Shakespeare says, "'Tis the Mind that Makes the Body Rich." Every thought has its effect upon the body. The body in turn has its effect upon the mind. Psychology shows how the particular temperament of each individual determines his life, his health, his feeling and emotions, with the corresponding reaction which the world gives toward him in a business and social way.

Thoughts determine all of the events of man's life as well as his physical, material and spiritual destiny. If we are lubricating our road to destruction instead of being rich in mind, psychology comes, bearing glad tidings of great joy that the thoughts of destruction may be crystallized, by the alchemy of thinking, into glorious possibilities.

Applied Psychology produces, not only riches in the mind and soul, but material riches—prosperity and abundance. Poverty thoughts are abnormal and rob us of many things which life has for us. We should form the habit of feeling prosperous and thinking prosperity. Psychology teaches us this. If a man thinks poverty he attracts to himself the very thing which he thinks. Job says, "The thing I feared has come upon

me." Psychology teaches us to change our mode of thinking and, by changing our thoughts of poverty into thoughts of prosperity, conditions for our material gain also change.

I know of a young man who changed his idea of poverty thinking to thinking prosperity thoughts; instead of pinching himself, buying the cheapest neckties, walking extra long distances to and from places of business to save carfare, he changed his attitude entirely; bought better clothes, rode on the street car, which in turn reflected upon his mental attitude so that he walked with more agility, spoke with more decision and had his social and business intercourse with more force and power. This mental attitude reflected in his demeanor and voice and action and brought into the young man's life a higher position, with added influence.

A certain young man who had been more or less penurious, pinching and stinting, finally was aroused by one of our course of free lectures to take our Advanced Course Class. It cost him Twenty-five Dollars but when he let go of that Twenty-five Dollars his attitude of pinching was changed and he assumed the attitude of a man who could afford to spend for his own advancement the sum of Twenty-five Dollars. He had had considerable difficulty with the concern which employed him and with his business associates. The attitude of prosperity and success, joy and contentment which our class registered in his soul, changed his thinking and actions toward his employer and associates, which caused the employer to make an inquiry. When his "boss" found out that the young man was

spending Twenty-five Dollars and taking each night and following closely our classes, he sent word to the young man that when the classes were over, his pay would be raised and he would be given a more responsible position.

Everything is right if thinking is right. Thinking makes it so. Thinking abundance makes abundance and thinking prosperity brings prosperity. Thinking limitations weaves the web of limitation that much tighter.

The Law of Psychology, when applied into our life for success and for confidence and for courage, must of necessity remake our mental attitude, which in turn reflects upon our action toward our family and fellow men, as well as business and social associates.

While the great economic depression of 1921 was gripping the country, a man took our course who had been out of employment for over six months. His mental attitude changed; he began again to have the old-time fervor and faith and confidence.

Economic depressions in our country are psychological, which, of course, to those who are caught in the meshes of it, is as real as life itself. This man had caught the spirit of the country's depression until he himself was downcast, despondent and depressed. He was living in the slough of despondency. He, as our course proceeded, began to realize that there was just as much a chance for him to get a job as anyone else. Therefore, with this confidence, he went down to a place and put in his application for a position. He was told that there were six hundred applicants ahead of him for that one position. Six days before, that man

would have been defeated by six applications ahead of him but, now, right thinking had made him a positive, courageous, dominant dynamo of belief in himself. This was caught by the one who had charge of employing. When he was told that there were six hundred ahead of him he said that didn't matter, he would get the job anyway. With such confidence, of course, he was going to get it. These courageous mental vibrations reached the like mental receiving station of the employer so that this man was awarded the position over six hundred others. If we are out of a job or if we are in poverty, thinking will change our life.

A discouraged, despondent, disheartened man will repel business instead of attracting it. He will repel the confidence of friends, instead of attracting their confidence and support. Prosperous thoughts make prosperous friends and conditions. Applied Psychology teaches us how to make the mind prosperous (for further study of this, see chapter in this book "Poverty and Disease"). The way to change your world is to change your mind. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he."

Applied Psychology will teach us how to prevent certain forms of insanity. Insanity, the same as abnormality (defectives) is a condition of the subconscious mind. We have had scores of people, who have attended our lectures, who have been saved from suicide and from insanity. They have allowed conditions, environment, business reverses, failures, misfortunes and sorrows to get the upper hand of them; which, if continued, would bring insanity or suicide. By changing their mind they changed their world; by changing

their attitude they saved themselves (for a further study of this, see chapter on "Smile, Smile, Smile" in this book).

It is as easy to have friends as it is to breathe. If you have a voice that sounds like a filing saw and a frigid face like a cocodile or if you are considered a "grouch" and too cold to register on a Fahrenheit thermometer, the application of right thinking will soften your voice, change your face and attract warmth and radiance.

If we are to have friends we must be one; to be a friend, therefore, means to have a mind surcharged with the ambition to be friendly. If we are friendly toward others and continue to be so, no matter what may be the attitude of others toward us, friends are bound to be won. How we may get our minds prepared so that we can be friends to all is a study of psychology which you will more fully understand as you continue reading "Applied Psychology and Scientific Living" and "Practical Psychology and Sex Life" by the author.

Insomnia can be cured, in fact, the worst standing cases of insomnia can be cured by Applied Psychology—by proper suggestions to the subconscious mind. We ourselves have had patients who have not slept well for twenty and forty years. We have had patients who have had to resort every night, for the past number of years, to opiates before sleep could be induced and then obtain only intermittent spells or snatches of sleep. We have taken such stubborn cases as these, and had the patient sleeping within forty-eight hours. Just how to cure insomnia and to administer the proper counter

suggestion to the subconscious mind to produce sleep is found in chapter "How to Cure Insomnia" in "Practical Psychology and Sex Life" by the author.

The application of the laws of psychology will overcome temper, envy, jealousy, hatred and all kinds of immoral habits; and in their place, bring peace, poise and power. If a man has been poisoned by prejudice or gangrened by jealousy, the antidote is the application of Psychological laws.

The one great way to find your work, to be sure of it—for a genius is asleep in **you** as well as all of the rest of the Sons of Man—is by the application of Psychology. (This is taken up in detail and the three great ways "How to find your work which will never fail is in "Practical Psychology and Sex Life" by the author.) "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

Thinking makes us what we are and, in this great day in which women are emancipating themselves; not only from serfdom by having the franchise granted, but emancipating themselves from some foolish customs of dress of the past, we are delighted to see that her wisdom of wearing short skirts is changing man's mind to a great degree about the moral side of a woman's ankle. There could be no more immodesty about a woman's ankle or leg than a man's and, sometimes when you see the bumps and "spavins" on some men, you are sure there is not as much. So, you see, everything is in the mind.

I have been a man of travel and have had considerable social intercourse for many years and I know of the ways of life; but I cannot recall one instance within the last three years, since women have

been wise enough to shorten their skirts, where I have heard a man stand on the street corner, look at a passing woman and make any immoral remark.

When long skirts tripped the women's feet and gathered up all of the microbes of the dirty sidewalks, which, in turn, swished back in the atmosphere to be fanned and breathed by man as she had to gather the useless yardage of dress goods around the calves of her legs as she made an attempt to take a step, men would stand on the street corners and pass all kinds of indelicate remarks as they happened to get a peep at the passing woman's ankle. Now, man sees so many ankles that they are all the same to him and there is no more immodesty about her ankle than about her wrist. Only thinking makes them so. Cover up the ankles and the thing is different; show the ankles and, curiosity takes wings of the morning and obscenity flies to the uttermost parts of the earth.

Right living or wrong living depends upon right thinking or wrong thinking, whether it is in regards to health, prosperity, happiness, success or dress.

Applied Psychology teaches us that we should work in conjunction with all of the known laws of life and living, among which, eating has its proper place. Aye! A most important place, for nineteen out of twenty cases of ill-health can be overcome by proper eating, exercise and diet; and knowing what diet to use, so that the body may be nourished with as much pleasure in eating as in the old way of "stuffing;" so that brains may be developed and constipation cured. This is given in "Practical Psychology and Sex Life" by the author under "Scientific Eating."

Psychology teaches that there is nothing ever lost in the law—all is good. If anything has been lost, whether it has been money, friendship, love or what not, by a proper attitude of mind and operation of the law, the lost will be returned and the principal, not only reimbursed but great interest shall be added. If we have lost money, friends, love, happiness, by assuming the right mental attitude, as outlined in "Applied Psychology and Scientific Living" and "Practical Psychology and Sex Life" these things will all be regained and very often many fold over.

It is true that you never lose anything in psychology but that (if you apply the law) it will be returned with added interest.

Many years ago, the author took up a Government homestead and, out on the prairies of the great "American Desert," he met a man whose face was covered with a heavy beard, whose eyes were hidden by colored glasses, who had gone out on the plains of the far West to "bury himself."

He had been a very prominent newspaper man of the state; had prospered as well as could be expected, had married a charming woman and had a great future before him; but within one year after he was married, he was told by another that his wife loved some other man. This was a shock which stunned his senses and nearly paralyzed his mind but, upon regaining his composure, he took time to think it over and, with steadiness and unflinching eyes he approached his wife and told her that if she loved this other man he would go away and let her live her life as she pleased; she could apply for a divorce and he would not appear

against her. He was willing to give up the happiness of his life for that of the woman he loved.

True to his solemn, manly promise to his wife, he did not appear—the divorce was granted, his breast torn open and his heart left bleeding. When I met this man, he had come on to the prairies to forget that he ever had had a heart and to get away from life; to surrender all hopes of happiness and to “bury himself.”

Nine years passed. The man was unable to “bury himself.” After the great crushing blow had passed and he was able again to think, the little shack on the prairies, nine by twelve feet, was too small for him. His great spirit must have room to rove and his ambition to soar, so he again entered the newspaper game and, within two or three years, became managing editor of a metropolitan newspaper in a distant state. Nine long years; nine long years living the life of a single man and trying to run away from the past; being true to the woman of his love; but you never lose anything in psychology but what it comes back with added interest.

At the expiration of the nine years, he—a successful editor in a great city—met a woman of refinement, of culture and education, not only had she diplomas from American Universities but she had taken post work on the Continent and was an accomplished musician, as well as a scholar. This man was attracted to the woman and, in time, they were happily married. After a lapse of many months letters came to me from this man, in the midst of his great busy-editorial-managing-life and what do you think these letters conveyed?

They were chuckful of one theme and that theme was "love."

He had met the lady of his heart; he had married the woman of his soul; he had regained many times over what he had lost. His own words are that he never knew he loved before. The love for his first wife, he said, was "puppy love." Soul had met soul; mind had met mind; spirit had met spirit, so that they truly were "two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one." He had lost his love. He had been true to his first infatuation for nine years and he gained more than he lost. You will never lose but what you will gain, in the law of psychology.

If nature has made you as full of the grouch bug as an egg is full of meat and everybody considers you a crabbed, cranky, cross-grained old individual, the applications of the law of psychology may turn that brow of brass and apparent heart of stone into a soul of sympathy, love and harmony. The power is within and all who get the proper understanding will know how to use this power for the changing of our temperament.

Psychology teaches you how to listen and know when the bombs of trouble are coming and shells of misfortune are fired and how to overcome all!

The time is undoubtedly coming when there will be no such a thing as professional prize fighting, as we know it now. It will be scrapped along with dueling, the lottery and gambling.

In the "good old prize-fight days" that are gone and going, John L. Sullivan was for twenty-five years the King of the Ring; not only was he a prize-fighter, but he was a man—every inch a man. I suppose no pro-

fessional athlete ever held the admiration, esteem, respect, and love of the world as did John L. Sullivan. He was absolutely invincible for a quarter of a century, but, along with that, he was a real sportsman in the truest sense of the term. He had always played fair, acted a man and fought with such sportsman-like manliness that even the multitudes who did not believe in the ring had sympathetic heart-beats for the great King Pugilist.

A young man, by the name of James A. Corbett, finally won the world's title from John L. but, in the eyes of a psychologist, he won it as much by psychology as he did by science or endurance. The fight was staged at New Orleans; the great auditorium was crowded, with the accumulated interest in Sullivan and sentiment for his victory of twenty-five years championship at its highest. The whole atmosphere was for Sullivan. The bets were heavy in favor of Sullivan; the ticket purchasers expected Sullivan to win. Corbett, the young aspiring youth for the world's championship, had all of this mental attitude to overcome. He did it and he did it wonderfully well. He defeated, on that occasion, John L. Sullivan, the King of Kings, by the power of mind.

There is a superstitious dread among pugilists, fear of losing the battle to the one who enters the ring first. Sullivan's managers, probably prompted by himself, were very anxious to have no superstitious fear enter the heart of the great champion. He was not as young as he used to be; he had not lived as temperate a life as he might have lived, and there was some little apprehension in the minds of the backers of Sullivan,

that perhaps "Father Time" might have some effect upon the giant of the ring.

Therefore, just before time for the great fight, Sullivan sent word to Corbett to enter the ring first. Here's where Corbett's psychology became manifestly apparent. He, the young, ridiculed aspirant for the world's championship, dared to send word back to the great champion to enter the ring first. The very audacity of this young man, dictating to the Monarch of the Ring, had a great effect upon Sullivan, whether Sullivan knew it or not. The effect lasted for some time, for messages traveled back and forth between the contestants concerning the entrance into the ring.

Corbett held his own, until a truce was struck at his suggestion, whereby the entrance would be settled by the tossing of a coin. Thereupon, the coin was flipped; tails fell to Sullivan and, Sullivan had been decreed by "fate" (which psychology does not admit—but which Sullivan's mind did—and, when you think fate is dogging your trail, you are going to feel the effects of fate's dogging) to enter the ring first.

But Sullivan and his managers were yet not satisfied. The superstitious death-knell of the great champion's title was sounding already in the mind of John L. He was losing the old-time faith that he had in his own prowess, power and agility. It reached such a state that Sullivan and his backers tried a ruse on young Corbett. A messenger came from the dressing-room of King John L., telling Corbett to hurry up, that Sullivan was in the ring; whereupon Corbett rushed out of his dressing-room and started down the big aisle toward the ring.

As he got about half way down, the mass of human beings, thronging the great auditorium, began to applaud most loudly. Corbett knew this could not be for him. His mind worked fast; it worked quickly; he was using psychology, and it flashed over his alert mind that the applause was for Sullivan. He looked into the ring and saw that Sullivan was not there. This aroused his curiosity, his precision; he turned to look behind and saw, coming down the aisle back of him, the Great Champion himself. Corbett paused and waited until Sullivan came to the very spot where he was standing. The two men faced each other; Sullivan with that old-time masterful gaze of triumph and Corbett with an equally strong mind of victory. The two contestants looked at one another. Corbett spoke (despite the twenty-five years of championship and the attitude of the multitude for Sullivan) with grim determination and looked steadfastly into the eyes of the Great Champion and commanded him, saying, "Get into the ring first." Sullivan obeyed; it was the first time that any contestant ever dared to command him and it was the first time that he had ever obeyed. Sullivan's mind was weakening; Corbett's was strengthened.

These two men sat in opposite sides of the ring. It was more now of a mental combat than it was of fisticuffs.

Sullivan, when he was in the ring just before the battle, had a habit of catching the eye of his opponent and looking at him with a decided triumphant scowl, almost a sneer, conveying the attitude to his opponent

of what a fool he was to ever try to stand up against the great Sullivan.

Corbett knew this and, again, Corbett used psychology. The great pugilist, King of Kings and Champion of Champions, tried, on several occasions, to catch the eye of Corbett but Corbett evaded him each time. Then looking out of the corner of his eye, Corbett saw a peculiar expression creep over the face of the Champion; an expression of wondering, as if he were saying to himself, what kind of a man is this I am going to combat this time, who dares to defy me and thinks that he can win. This expression on Sullivan's face, if you are following the fight psychologically, was another evidence that Sullivan had lost the faith that he had in the days that were gone.

And it doesn't matter whether it is the game of the prize-fight which is going out of custom, or whether it is the game of your own individual character which is ahead of you; when you lose faith, the game is lost. Psychology teaches us never to lose faith, but always to generate courage.

Sullivan, with his odd expression of questioning, continued until just before the referee called the two men to the ring. Corbett gazed quickly and squarely into the eyes of Sullivan and smiled. He smiled triumphantly and victoriously. It was the first time Sullivan ever had an opponent who had the nerve to smile a victorious grin on the eve of his unquestioned defeat.

As was the custom, the referee called the two opponents to the center of the ring and again read to them the rules of the game. He finished reading the rules and ended by saying that, if one of the fighters

should play foul, he, the referee, would give the decision in favor of the other opponent.

The referee had no sooner given his instructions, than Corbett began to box and spar and gently tap the referee on one side of the face and then the other, on the torso and, finally, ended by a clinch with him, then as quickly stepped back and said, "You can count on me playing fair but what about this man?" pointing to Sullivan.

It took the very breath out of Sullivan; an unexpected accusation against his life-time reputation as a sportsman, one who would play fair. It not only took the breath out of him but it took the courage away from him, for no one had ever dared in all of his long pugilistic career and championship to ever question privately, much less in an open ring, his true manly sportmanship.

Of course, this was psychology, whether Corbett called it so or not; it was one round of mental combat after another, in which Corbett came out the victor each round. The referee answered Corbett decidedly by saying, "You'll get a fair deal, I'll disqualify Sullivan just as quickly as yourself if he doesn't play fair." Corbett said "Thank you, that is all I wanted to know."

Corbett had won another mental round. Sullivan's spirit had received one blow after another. Defeat was already registered in the consciousness of the great John L.

Sullivan had a terrific blow. He would stand right up and take all of the punishment another man could give him, waiting for the chance when he could get in

his final strike to fell his opponent. He was a man all the way through and he liked another man to stand up face to face and shoulder to shoulder and pound away. Corbett, also, was a man, but he was the mental giant where Sullivan was the physical.

Corbett knew too much psychology to rush up against a stone wall that had a battering ram for an arm, so he foiled, sparred, sprang away, came back again and, when Sullivan would make his great lunge which always felled his opponents, Corbett wasn't there.

This enraged the great pugilist, to think that his opponent wouldn't stand up to be knocked down. Corbett was too quick: he was all around Sullivan and the ring, while Sullivan was wasting strength, making his mad rushes, trying to get in a knock-out blow.

I have already told you that the multitude was for Sullivan and now, when Corbett would not stand up and take his punishment as the multitude thought that he ought to and, as Sullivan also expected he would, the favor of the crowd swung all the more to Sullivan when Corbett danced around, refusing to take the beatings. They had been used to more of the ten-pin prize-fighting than the science of Corbett; human ten-pins to stand up and be knocked down. Corbett used a greater science but, to put it over, he had to use his mind and keep his poise and power and faith. This, perhaps, was the crucial time in his career, for the multitude began to jeer and howl and to hiss and cry out to him to "stand up and fight like a man." Not only had Corbett the great giant to combat but he had the whole multitude to overcome.

Round after round proceeded. Sullivan became more angry and more enraged to think that Corbett wasn't there when he tried to jab him and when Sullivan would make his big onrush with that knock-out blow of his, he punched the air instead of hitting his opponent.

Corbett played the game well. He saw that Sullivan was going to wear himself out, for no man could maintain the mental attitude of rage and express this by the physical plunging and rushing to get his opponent, as Sullivan was doing, without wearing himself out; and so, Corbett, round after round, met his famous opponent and the jeers of the crowd.

Corbett was fighting a battle of mind and the victory was his by mental science for, in time, the great Sullivan weakened; he became tired; he couldn't stand forever this springing and diving and rushing and, then, the "white moment" came and Corbett, with the agility of a tiger and with a blow of a sledge hammer, struck the great champion, felled him to the floor and the referee gave the count. Corbett had won!

But Sullivan played the game of a sportsman to the end. When he was able to regain his feet and recognize that the championship belt at last had gone to another, he leaned over the rope of the ring, grabbed his opponent's hand with a hearty shake of a victor and told the multitude that Corbett had won because he was a better man. Sullivan was every inch a King; to the very last ditch. When he gave that explanation the throng broke out in cheers and began hollering and hooting and stamping, in respect for the great defeated

champion and Corbett, himself, says that no human being ever had a greater demonstration of respect and admiration than that crowd at New Orleans gave to the defeated champion. He had played well the game to the end.

Your success, your triumph, your victory, depends upon the mental attitude which you assume and entertain. You are never defeated unless you think you are. You are never beaten unless you think you are. You have never lost unless you think you have. As long as a man will believe that he has the power of triumph just so long will that man be triumphant.

It is all a matter of mind; absolutely mind.

Follow psychology, learning the laws, apply the same and you are bound to win.

You already have won if you think you have. We can, because we think we can. Think you can and victory is yours.

**NOTES.**

## CHAPTER VII.

### WHAT IS LOVE AND HOW TO KEEP IT.

#### Love Is King.

“Love is the fulfillment of the law.”

When this pronouncement on Love was made it was in the realm of moral and religious development, as a man standing on the frontiers of the world and looking down the stream of centuries, daring in the extreme, to prophesy that love would be the fulfillment of all Law.

We would have to have no Law if love reigned in the hearts of man. But Love shall reign nevertheless and love will yet rule the hearts and actions of mankind.

Bayard Taylor says that love is better than fame. Love is the gold in the coinage of man's emotions.

When the human race reaches the consciousness of living in the realm of love it will need no law. We have laws because there are people who have not reached the consciousness of living in love. They are still groveling in the jungle of animalism.

We have laws because people have not yet reached the mental plane of playing the game of life squarely. We have laws because people do not know how to love, but the time is coming, I am firmly convinced, when there will be no need of law because love of ourselves, love for our neighbor, love for our country, love for

other people, and love for God will eliminate the necessity of having laws.

If we really love ourselves and our neighbors, our country, our fellowmen, and God, there will be no need of laws.

As it is, we are too mistrustful of the other nationality, of the other fellow; this distrust generates distrust, just as love will generate love and, by the law of attraction, when we mistrust some one else there comes a time when our mistrust is manifested.

The time will come when we will love and, because love begets love, there will be no mistrust between the nations of the earth and when mistrust is eliminated from the consciousness of the nations, love will have a chance to rule.

This seems idealistic, Utopian, but I believe that the Great Teacher of Galilee who taught his disciples, upon their request, how to pray, knew what he was talking about when he said, "Thy Kingdom Come, On Earth as It Is In Heaven."

There is no law in heaven, wherever that may be, because heavenly beings would need no law. Heaven is within us and, when heaven rests within the human heart, no law is necessary. Love is the fulfillment of the law.

We will never save ourselves, nor will the world ever be saved or the great day ushered in for worldwide brotherhood except by love, one toward another. Battleships and armies, ammunitions, submarines, cannon balls and gas tanks can never bring "peace on earth, good will toward men." They attract the very things we want to eliminate. If we live in the terms

of battleships and cannons, we are, by the natural law of attraction, going to have use for cannons and battleships, sometime.

If we live in the terms of love, by the same token, the same natural law of attraction, we will attract love to ourselves and, where love is, there can be no war. War comes because of wrong thinking, just as peace will come by right thinking. Think war, plan for war, talk war, expect war and you will get war. Plan love, talk love, think love, expect love and you will get love and, when the whole world is filled with love, there will be no need of laws.

In 1855 David Christy wrote a book entitled "Cotton is King." He had no use for any foolish sentiment about the abolition of slavery, he said. He took the hard facts of life as he found them and he went on to show that the interests of the Southern cotton-growers demanded slavery if they were to prosper; and further, that the interests of the Northern manufacturers of cotton in the mills of Massachusetts and New York also demanded cheap cotton, which could best be produced by slave-labor in the South; and further, that the whole American people, wearing cotton clothing, most of them, every day in the year, demanded this same system of production; and that therefore the whole agitation about the abolition of slavery was but the troubled dream of a few silly enthusiasts. "Cotton is king," he said, "and it will finally determine the issue!"

But hard-headed, practical man though he was, he was utterly and eternally mistaken. Cotton was not king—love was king! Love of country and love of

freedom, love of humanity and love of God—love was king even in that hour when David Christy was writing out his high claims about the kingship of cotton. And, indeed, before the ink was fairly dry upon the pages of his book, amid the rattle of musketry and the roar of cannon, in the quiet tones of Lincoln's Inaugural Address and in the prayers of millions of people, the fundamental lordship of love was being effectively asserted. Men and women did great deeds in those days; they made great sacrifices; they carried through great enterprises, not because they were being paid for it in cotton—they were not paid for it at all. They did it because they loved—they loved their country, they loved liberty, they loved humanity and they loved God more than any material advantage whatsoever. Love is king!

“Love and you will grow wise; grow wise and you must love. One cannot truly love without growing better, and to grow better is to become more wise.”—Maeterlinck.

Love will eliminate all festers creating a mental gangrene.

Love will span all chasms of environment and leap all canyons of heredity and conditions. Love is King.

An American missionary was going down the street of a city in China; not only was he filled with the christian spirit of helpfulness but with the American spirit of hospitality. A little Chinese girl approached him, carrying on her shoulder a crippled brother larger than herself. The American, with his hospitable spirit, stopped the little girl, passed the time of day and said, “That’s an awful burden you’re carrying, isn’t it?”

whereupon the little Chinese girl put her brother tenderly down upon the sidewalk, looked up into the face of the missionary and said, "Why, this isn't a burden, this is my brother."

Love knows no burdens; love has no burdens. Whatever may be your burden, as you think it now, when you understand the law of love, you will know that burdens by love are transformed into tasks of joy.

Speaking of love, I wonder if you know any old maids?

Many years ago, when I was a young preacher, with, perhaps, more enthusiasm and pep than caution, I announced, as was my custom, through the medium of a home-made sign in front of the post office, in my little town of probably four hundred inhabitants, that my subject, next Sunday night, would be "Old Maids."

"Old Maids" didn't sound very dignified to one of my deacons; some deacons are not able to tell the difference between dignity and service. This deacon did not know what an "old maid" was. He probably thought that he did, but he didn't like the sound of the title and, I suppose, not knowing an "old maid"—the real kind I mean—he created considerable disturbance within the church and out, because their preacher had announced such an outlandish subject.

He didn't want "old maids" discussed in the pulpit. He wanted "the gospel" preached. It didn't please him to hear a discussion on the spinster question which might help some women over a rough and jagged path of life. He would rather have had the minister preach a sermon on "hell fire and brimstone;" tell the congregation that, unless they all got in our denomina-

tion chariot, by accepting our particular creed, doctrine and mode of baptism, that they were all doomed to hell and, he, the deacon and a few other "select ones" would be the only ones up in heaven, while the rest of his neighbors in that little community were writhing in hell.

What a beautiful picture some so-called christians have given to the God that Christ spoke about! The One whom Christ called Spirit, Love and Faith! How depraved the human mind has become, to be able to fancy, depict and imagine a Father of the human race consigning some of the children of his creation to eternal damnation, while a very few are saved for eternal heavenly bliss!

It was with some difficulty that I was able to get the sermon across. The deacon had stirred up a lot of fuss and, the church was not sure whether they wanted me to talk on "old maids" or not; but, of course, that good deacon didn't know what an "old maid" was. He had never seen the kind that I had. I don't know just what his conception of an "old maid" could be, but surely, he did not have the right perspective (within a few months after his effort to block my ministry, it became public, that, at that same time, this "good church deacon" who was a married man and had a family, was supporting and living with another woman as well).

If he had ever seen the kind of "old maids" I had seen, he would have gone up and down the streets with a megaphone, crying out to the people to come to church Sunday night to find out what kind of a person was a real "old maid." The kind of a spinster that I had

in mind and about whom I spoke, was that particular specimen of femininity who is utterly unselfish in her love and service to others.

The type of woman whom we call "old maid" is not a caricatured, dried-up piece of human flesh going to bed at night all alone with a white night-cap tied under her chin; but the modern "spinster" is a woman who has given up all of her life's ambition for herself, submerging it in the lives of others. The type I call "spinster" is a woman who, like all other women, has dreamed of having a home of her own with someone to call her wife and mother, with the children clinging to her aprons and the babies cooing in the cradle. An "old maid" is a woman who has dreamed this dream but, in her unselfish love to serve, has relinquished the ambition of her life, to forego the pleasure of having a home of her own or the love of a husband and children, that she might spend all of her maternal instinct and love upon the children of some other woman.

The type I call "old maid" is the woman whose sister has died and who has left several children without a mother; the type I call "old maid" is the woman who refuses to become a bride at the many entreaties of her lover because she has a duty to perform in giving her life to rear the children of someone else.

Speaking of love, there cannot be a much higher manifestation of the instinct of maternity in the bosom of womanhood than the example of the "old maid" who gives up all of her cherished heart ambitions and desires for some one else.

Suppose you were to tell some maiden woman who has crushed the outcries of her own heart for a home

of her own and children to call her mother, who is devoting all of her time to taking care of an aged old father. Suppose you were to tell that girl that she doesn't know what life is; she doesn't go out with young people; she doesn't keep company with young men; she doesn't know what happiness or joy is, taking care of that crabbed old father. Suppose you were to tell a real "old maid" anything like that—she would look at you with an expression of wonderment as though unable to fathom the world from whence you came; she would say, "Why, care of him is not a burden, he is my father." True love, whether it be in the bosom of a woman or in the heart of a man, transcends all apparent difficulties and burdens and transforms them into the crystallization of contentment and happiness.

Rebellion against our environment and position in life often consumes enough energy to consummate our ambitious desires if used to create a mind to overcome environment and position.

Thought is one form of energy. That is a scientific fact and must be remembered. If we use our energy in discontent and rebellion against fate, we do not have it in shaping new conditions. Instead of despising and hating what we have, there is great wisdom in seeking for something to Love, something to be glad about in our environment, and steadily turn our thoughts toward the time when whatever we want will come to us.

The very first thing necessary to change our condition and environment is to change our mental attitude; and the quickest, best way to change our mental attitude toward conditions and environment is to find

something where we are mostly connected, to love. There is something in our office, in our home, in our surroundings to love; if we look for it. Love yourself, if you can't love anything else. Surely there is some quality within yourself that is worthy of love. Put on your specks and find it.

Yes, there is something you can love; spend your energy loving something and do not waste it on bemoaning your condition. The energy spent in complaining and bemoaning your condition, if properly used in constructive thinking, would lift you from your conditions to the very place you want to be. Thought is energy. Wasted energy, by brooding over ill-luck and circumstances, is burning up your energy by night, but which, put to the proper use, would lift you out of the very place you want to leave. But by complaining and fretting and bemoaning, you are unconsciously putting your feet a little deeper into the mire of your surroundings.

Oh, yes, there is something you can find to love. If you have been living for twenty years in the same home, with the same monotonous treadmill, humdrum days work ahead of you that you have had for the last twenty years, there yet is something you can find to love in that home. If John is not the John that you expected John to be, after twenty years of living with John, you will not make John a better John or help John to get in a better position, by continually holding the thought over John that John is not what you expected John to be; be glad John isn't any worse.

Maybe John hasn't been as successful as you expected him to be; maybe he has lost the ambition that you thought was his; maybe John isn't doing the best

that he can. That may be true, but when you wonder what is the matter with John you prevent John from being what John ought to be. You should hold no doubt-thought about John, wasting your energy in picturing John not the same John as you thought John was going to be, but, by constructive thinking, change John by changing your own attitude toward John.

Of course the same thing could be done with Mary, if she isn't the same Mary that you thought you had married; you prevent Mary from being the kind of a Mary you thought Mary was going to be, by wondering why Mary isn't the Mary that you thought Mary was.

We extend to you our psychological sympathy if you have to live the same old monotonous way, day in and day out and tread the same old humdrum mill that you have been treading for twenty years, but you will never get out of it by wasting your time and energy worrying about your treadmill duties.

There is something in that home you can find to love. You can love the opportunity of having children to call you mother and, for the glorious privilege of keeping a home together. Love this home, love something within the home, love the children, love yourself, offer up thanksgiving and gratitude that you are queen of your home and, by taking such an attitude, by expending love and thinking about your queenship, you will lift yourself from the place you are, to the place you want to be.

Suppose you have been washing dishes for the last twenty years at the same old sink, in the same old dish-pan, with the same old dish—you'll never get away from washing those dishes if you keep your mind in the

dishpan. You want to think of something higher and better, if this is monotonous to you. Find something about the dish-washing to love—love the dishrag.

I can see women all over the country today singing and loving the dishrag, as they go about the duties that have become monotonous to them in the kitchen. I see them all over the country, singing and wringing the dishrags as they wash the dishes. I see them all over the country leaving the dishpans and the dishrags behind, having loved themselves away from the dishrag.

I believe I have washed more dishes in my time than any twenty housewives combined. I used to have to wash dishes by the tubsful—that was before the day of patent dishwashers. Some of the choice relics of my life are some of the books I still have, that became all splattered with grease as they were propped in front of the big tubs where I washed dishes. I washed dishes and learned my lessons.

I loved the opportunity to study during my work at day, where I put in fourteen hours, going to night school, and soon loved myself out of the dish washing job. I loved myself out of the dish-tub by loving my books and my lessons and, Women! if you don't like to wash dishes, Oh! you have my sympathy. I don't blame you, but you will never get away from dish-washing unless you learn to love something around the dishwashing business.

Tomorrow begin the day by singing as you wring the dishrag.

Mrs. Bush is a born psychologist: She has never worried about anything and never will. "What's the

use, a hundred years from now you won't know the difference." She didn't like washing dishes, but that didn't stop her from getting away from dishwashing, for, when I was a preacher at Fifty Dollars a month salary, with a family to support and Mrs. Bush the head of the family, there didn't seem to be any chance, so far as mortal eyes could see, of Mrs. Bush ever getting away from the dishpan. But we never gain our point by worry and fretting and bemoaning and crying "just my luck." Mrs. Bush put her love in the Fifty-Dollar-a-month-home, until the time came when she didn't have to wash dishes; when she had others to do it for her.

Of course, if you like washing dishes and your heart is there, it is a most commendable thing to do, for civilization needs clean dishes. I suppose I have mentioned this because washing dishes was most distasteful to me, when I had to do it.

When I was a minister, it was the custom for ministers to spend a great deal of their time calling. I never could see the virtue in ministerial calling as generally practiced. The idea that a full-sized man should use up shoe leather traveling from house to house, wearing out door-bells by calling on women, never appealed to me as a man's job. It might do pretty well for a sissy but it surely seemed as though a real man could spend his time in a more profitable way than that.

However, it was the custom and as my churches expected calling, I went in with the spirit to do all of the calling that was expected of me and I did it. I served two churches that will say I did more calling than any other minister they ever had.

The time came when I didn't have to call; when I became a minister of a city church and had my assistant and church callers, I did very little personal calling. I lifted myself from the place I did not want to be, to the place I desired, by finding something to love; for, as I did my calling on the women, I just loved the women so much that I loved myself out of the calling and was able to have other ones do that work for me.

A little newsboy in Pittsburgh had had a poor day's business. He came home at night and, without any supper, went to bed. The next morning he got up early and, without saying a word to his mother, he slipped fifteen cents under her plate and went out to peddle papers. The mother, thinking that the little boy had reserved enough change for his breakfast, took the few pennies that he had left and bought her sustenance for the day. Poor business continued with the boy; all that day he had no meals, no breakfast, no dinner, no supper. Again he came home, as cheerful as could be, and gave his mother what little money he had made. It wasn't until well into the next day that he got anything to eat. His great love for his mother prompted him to give all of his little earnings, that she might have something to eat. That poor little newsboy, later, became a professor in one of the greatest Universities in America. Love knows only joy and happiness in service. Love knows no burdens; love has no burdens.

Thos. Dreirer says, "That there are as many persons starving for Love and Friendship as there are starving for bread."

When we consider the terrible famine stricken con-

ditions of India in its normal state, we have some way to reckon the enormous amount of people who are this day virtually dying for want of love. We are told that in India one-third of the population never has enough to eat from the time it is born until the time it dies; that two hundred millions of people a day go to bed hungry. If it be true that so many people are dying from love, how incumbent it is upon us, who have health and abundance and cheerfulness and psychology, to pass our kindness, our love and our well wishes on to others.

You may not know it but right now there is some one working at the bench with you or behind the counter or in the accounting room or in the work-shop or business office whose heart is crying out for love. You will pass many on the street tomorrow and in personal contact with others whose hearts are dying for your love, kindness and sympathy. Love is king. Let all crown the king of love in our hearts, and save the world from love starvation.

A business man who was in the depths of despair, was told to change his mind, about face. Instead of thinking of things as he found them to think of things as he desired them to be. To think of employment, success, prosperity, harmony, growth, happiness. At first in derision, then amusement, then in curiosity he began to repeat the words. He found a great calmness in repeating the affirmation then, finally, repeated them with renewed strength and interest. Hope followed and the ambitions which he thought dead awoke to life, prosperity came next, and affluence beckened in the doorway of faith.

Moral disaster, spiritual shipwreck and material failure often engulf men in the stream of life because they do not know how to love—to love instead of fear, to be thankful instead of complaining, to spend constructive energy in lifting themselves from where they are to the places they want to be. Love something and lift yourself.

If it is your environment from which you would like to change, do not consume your energy by thinking what an unpleasant neighborhood you are in and what uncongenial neighbors you have: Energy spent in that way of thinking will be consumed and you will continue to have to live there; but, spend your energy in constructive thinking, of the happiness you will have when you will have moved to the place you want to go. Love what you have so that you will have more love to love what you are going to have.

When the war was on, it was most difficult to get homes to rent, in some of the cities. I had a friend who was living in a house in a neighborhood she did not like, and she finally decided that she ought to make a move. She did not condemn the house she was in or criticize the neighbors around her, she just began to concentrate for a house to her liking, in a neighborhood that would be pleasing to her: she "loved" the house and the neighborhood she was in and spoke beautiful things about her neighbors. These love currents of pleasure and happiness lodged in the consciousness of a man who had a very beautiful house in a most select part of the neighborhood, which he was soon going to leave, inasmuch as he was leaving the city.

He caught the love vibrations of this woman and

was attracted to her. He said that he did not want to rent his house to everyone but believed that she would enjoy having the privilege of living in his home. Thus, she got the house to her liking, in a neighborhood most select, because she lifted herself from her surroundings, by constructive thinking—finding something around her to love. The more we love the more success and happiness will be ours.

In Philadelphia lived two boy chums. They fell in love with the same girl. As time passed, one of these young men began to see the serious situation in which the three had unconsciously come. He thought everything of his chum and he loved the girl, as only a young man in the flush of his first love, could love. He saw that the time was coming when the girl must make a choice between himself and his friend—he saw that either choice was going to be a great trial to her. It did not matter which man she gave her heart to, there would be a parting of the ways between herself and the other man, which could do nothing but wring the heart strings until they bled.

Besides, if he were to be the lucky suitor, his friend also would have a heart torn open and probably never healed. As he saw it, there was but one solution and that solution he followed to the utmost with the spirit of a man of valor and soul courageous.

Without saying a word to either his friend or his sweetheart, he left the city and disappeared from their lives forever.

After twenty-five years had elapsed, living a lonely life, loving the girl as in the days of his young manhood—true to the only woman he ever could love—he

returned to the city; he returned after both his sweetheart and his old friend had died. They had married shortly after his disappearance and three children had been born to the wedlock. His chum had not prospered very well, as the world judges material gain, while he, himself, had become a very rich man.

Upon hearing of the death of his old friend and sweetheart, he rushed back to the city, found the children and told them it would give him much delight and pleasure to see that they were started into business or whatever vocation they might choose.

Thus, his love, which he had relinquished, twenty-five years ago, for another, continued to bless the children of his dearest friends. That kind of love is King and that kind of love, in time, will reign supreme in the hearts of men.

When love becomes the fulfilment of the law, man will consider the other person's feelings before his own. He will be willing, if need be, to go to the extremes in rendering service to others.

Ah, yes, love is king! Love knows no burdens; love transcends all conditions; love is the fulfilment of the law.

I suppose Rosa Bonheur has no superior in the realm of animal portrait painting. There is a reason: She was a lover of animals; her love was mixed in the very paints and colors of her wonderful artistic productions.

Nero was a big lion of the jungle: he was a most ferocious beast. He had been captured and brought to captivity, as had many other lions, to be trained and exhibited before the eyes of the public: showing the

power man has over the lower kingdom. But Nero was a more spirited beast than the other lions; the lion tamers were not able to curb him. The hot blood of his native jungle ancestors surged through his veins with a spirit of wildness so that he never became "under man's control."

His body bore the marks of many beatings—welts still remained on his hide which would stay as long as he lived. One eye had been jabbed out by the animal trainer in his effort to curb the great King of the Jungle. He was not worth much to the animal trainers, for he was not worth anything as an exhibit.

It happened that Rosa Bonheur bought this untamable, unconquerable, ferocious King of Animals and, then, had him delivered to her home. It was not long, we are told, before, by her sweetness, her gentleness and her love, Nero was as docile as a domesticated cat. We read that, after her day's work in her studio, she would doff her apron and Nero would be allowed to come into the studio, unmuzzled, while she would romp and play with him with all of the ease and joy with which most women would fondle their pet kitten. She had used no weapons, no prods, no hot irons to jab and torture the lion. Love had succeeded where brute force had failed.

The time came when she was going to leave home and travel abroad for a year, so Nero was sold to another animal trainer. It was a repetition with this animal trainer as with his former experience: beatings, poundings, welts, blinded eye; and still, Nero, to the

animal trainer, was an outlaw. The other eye had been put out by the keeper's effort to curb Nero.

After Rosa Bonheur had returned, she was going down a street in a city where a circus had come to town, observing the various animals in their respective cages. A great, big lion was lying in one of the cages, both eyes out and with the sightless sockets unmindful of the crowd as it surged by.

Rosa Bonheur came to this cage; she immediately recognized her old pet. She said just one word and, when that word was uttered, the lion sprang to his feet and dashed against the side of the cage with such force that he stunned himself and, as he fell to the bottom of the cage, senseless, he uttered a cry of welcome that had been his in the days when Rosa Bonheur was his mistress. That one word which the great painter uttered was "Nero."

She took Nero back to her home and the same scenes as had been before were enacted again and, when the great lion died, he died with both paws resting in the lap of the famous painter, as though, with his sightless eyes, he was pleading to his mistress never to sell him again. When everything else fails, love will succeed.

You can take nothing greater with you in this world to animal or man than love. Love is king.

A long time after Livingston had made his way through the jungles of Africa and had not been heard from, Stanley made his great sensational search in the heart of Africa for the lost missionary. As Stanley went from tribe to tribe, inquiring if they had ever seen Livingston, and explained that it was a white man, their

faces would light up; he was the only white person they had ever seen and with the expression of kindest remembrances of the kind Doctor who had passed that way years before, they offered their foreign expressions of gratitude and love.

Love is the Universal language. Love transcends language, nationality and species. Love is king.

You can put the most untutored person into the highest society and, if they have a reservoir of love in their heart they will not behave themselves unseemly. Carlyle said of Robert Burns that "There was no truer gentleman in Europe than the plowman-poet." It was because he loved everything—the mouse, the daisy and everything great and small that God had made. With this simple passport he could mingle with society and he entered courts and palaces from his little cottage on the banks of the Ayr.

Love is the fulfillment of the Law. If you do this one thing—love—you will do the other one hundred and one things without thinking of them. If you love you will unconsciously fulfill the whole law—the law of attraction will draw home—prosperity, etc. This fine old world of ours is but a child yet in a go-cart and the practice of love is yet in its swaddling clothes.

If we want to have friends we must cultivate a taste for friends, if we would love God we must cultivate a taste for God. Love does not live without nourishment, we can only keep love by loving.

What makes a good sculptor? Practice.

What makes a good musician, a good ball player? Practice.

What makes a good lover? Practice. Love attracts everything else. We must work for love with the same intensity as we do for character and prosperity. To be lovable is to practice love.

That man who thinks he can have love in his home and keep it by living a selfish life, spending his time at the clubs or elsewhere, leaving his family without his presence or amusement, who thinks that he can wield the scepter of a tyrant and have everyone in the family dance at his fiddling, has a wrong conception of how to keep love. If love is going to be kept, we are going to work for it just as hard as it has been gained; as we worked while we were getting it. Love cannot be bought; love cannot be cornered; love cannot thrive by limitation; we can only keep love by the same persistent spirit with which we sought love and got it.

Love is king, but the king itself can only be kept crowned by the efforts of love.

If I were a wife and had a husband who was finicky and wanted his slippers put out at the same place each night, I would put out a dozen pair, if it tickled his vanity.

The world has boasted of its many and divers ages past and present. The age of copper in Egypt, the age of law—Pericles—in Greece, the age of art and its renaissance in Florence, the age of cotton, electricity and steel in America; but copper, law, art, cotton, electricity nor steel is king. Love is king.

New ages may be crowned king, one after another, and one after another uncrowned by some succeeding age but, through the corridors of time, love will be acclaimed the noblest monarch of them all.

The brow of man has been crowned with the laurel wreath of love, fashioned by the fingers of Divinity, and no ruthless hand of greed, ambition or power will ever be able to unseat the mightiest of them all—Love.

From Plato to Herbert Spencer, reformers have toiled to frame new schemes of sociology. There is none so grand as the sociology of Jesus. But we have not practiced the New Testament sociology yet; we have spent the centuries over its theology, surely man's relation to God may be settled now.

It is time to take up the other problem—man's relation to man. In the former theology, man, as a man, as a human being was of no account. He was a mere theological unit of doctrine, an unknown quantity. He was taught to believe, therefore, not to love. Now we are learning slowly that to believe is to love, that the first commandment was to love God, and the second like unto it to love man. To love man in all transactions means to help ourselves. Love has a power and as a practical success in the world is coming to be recognized.

The old theological monotone of in-the-beginning-God-created-the-heavens-and-the-earth kind of a voice is being supplanted by the practical tone and gesture of a man who is in business to serve the public and you can best serve others and add to your bank account by loving, by rendering unselfish service—to love—love is king in business as well as in religion and home.

Reformers and preachers had supposed that men would respond to fear, to authority; prophets had spoken of law, thundering: prophets had spoken with

threats, frightening; Christ spoke of mercy and love and Lo! where one man would respond to fear a hundred sprang up, answering to love. Love was in their hearts and they knew it not; but when he spoke the language of love their hearts answered.

Lyman Abbot says that "more men have responded, I suppose, a thousand fold to the parable of the Prodigal Son, which is but the word of love, than ever responded to threat or penalty."

Christ taught that you are the children of God. He did not argue this, He asserted it. When ye pray, He said, say, "Our Father." That was enough, they responded and they began to say "Our Father."

Men and women who had been without hope, who had been without love, without faith, or at least without this consciousness of faith and hope and love began to flock about Him, because by His words, His presence, His life, He invoked in them faith, the hope, the love, which was dormant, but unrecognized.

Fear, dread, horror and penalty had been so long in the dusty pigeonholes of time that the fruits of Christ's psychological teachings of love grew like a new crop on virgin soil.

When the church drifted away from its moorings of love it watered its own stock and has not been able to pay dividends on its inflated capital.

It cannot be said that today the laity sits like an owl upon some dead limb of the tree of knowledge and hoots the same old hoots that have been hooted for the last eighteen hundred years.

We are proclaiming today the gospel of the Son of

Man who came to give His Life a ransom for many—  
One who loved us that we might love God and man.

Psychology is the unadulterated gospel of love.

Christ led no army, he wrote no book, built no church, spent no money; but, that he loved and so conquered—this is beginning to strike men and Paul's argument is gaining adherents that when all prophecies are fulfilled and all knowledge becomes absolute and all tongues grow unintelligible, this thing love, will abide and see them all out one by one into the oblivious past.

This is the hope for the world that we shall learn to love and, in learning that, unlearn all anger and wrath and evil speaking and malice and bitterness.

Dwight L. Moody, the greatest evangelist of his day, had a christian friend in business who had a hobby of putting his time and money into a Sunday School. He had built up a Sunday School of fifteen hundred youngsters. The pride of his institution was expressed in his conviction that no boy or girl should ever go through that Sunday School without having been disciplined by love. Love alone was to be the master hand in his Sunday School.

It doesn't matter what goal a man sets or what motto may become his life's inspiration, he usually reaches that place where conditions rise up to blast his hopes and it is the man who can, in turn, rise up with a majestic faith in himself to prevent the blasting from blowing up who becomes great and remains great.

This man came to a place where blasting seemed to be necessary. A little boy, an urchin of the street, who had never been in a Sunday School before and

knew nothing of religion in the home, came to Sunday School one Sunday with all of the defiant attitude of a young bolsheviki. He hadn't been there long before he punched the boy next to him in the ribs, stepped on the toes of another one, talked out loud, got up and kicked his chair over.

By the time the class was over all discipline was disorganized, but the youngster came back a Sunday or two after that and did the same thing until the class was demoralized and the teacher discouraged.

The superintendent, true to his standard of discipline, with very gracious mein, transferred the little outlaw to another class but, by this time the urchin felt emboldened, so he repeated what had been done before—a jab in the ribs of the boy next to him, a stamp on the toes of the boy at the other side; another, a punch in the ribs, jumping up and kicking over the chair. The teacher was chagrined and the class horrified.

After this class had been demoralized, the superintendent changed the boy again but the change was only a repetition of what had gone before, until finally his patience was exhausted and his notion of ruling by love changed, so he called a meeting of his teachers and told them that he had had quite enough of this one particular boy; that the whole Sunday School was feeling the spirit of the outlaw and, if he continued, classes would be disorganized and the Sunday School disrupted. So he told the teachers that, next Sunday, he was going to bring that boy onto the platform and make an example of him. He was going to show him and the rest of the School, that any scholar who thought

he could come into that institution and tincture the atmosphere by his unholy actions, would take a second thought before he'd try it again. He, therefore, told his teachers that he was going to reprimand this boy in front of the whole School and expel him.

One of the superintendent's teachers was a rich woman. She didn't have to teach; she wasn't compelled to come down and spend her time in such a trying position as a Sunday School teacher's but, despite her riches, her heart was in the right place. She had an ambition to serve and was doing the best she knew how, along with all of the other teachers in the school. She told the superintendent that, before he made an example of this boy, she would like very much to have the privilege of him entering her class. The superintendent told her that it was no use; he had been given lots of time and plenty of chances to show a disposition to act fair and play square but he had betrayed the confidence placed in him time and time again.

The superintendent informed this godly woman that she was asking amiss; that he had thought all boys could be won by love but this boy couldn't. It was a time when, if not the rod, something just as strong had to be administered; but the woman insisted with such delicate persistency in behalf of the urchin of the street, that the superintendent finally yielded, saying that, if she wanted to take the boy, she could, but it would do no good.

Next Sunday the boy was transferred into this rich woman's class. He sat there wiggling awhile, attracting the attention of not only his class, but of those around him, when the spirit of the "Old Nick"

prompted him to punch the boy to his right, to jab the boy to his left in the ribs, step on the toes of another one, get up and kick over his chair. The teacher was not only chagrined but dumbfounded. She didn't know what to say; love seemed to be dumb; love was not only speechless but love was powerless.

When she spoke to the little fellow about his deportment, he kicked her on the shins and spit in her face—love hadn't gotten very far. She was unable to say anything further until the last hymn before dismissal was being sung, when she leaned over the little boy and said, "I should like to have you walk home with me," to which the boy retorted, "Gwan, I ain't goin' to walk home wid you, or no place." Then the teacher, not giving up hope, said, "Well, if you won't walk home with me then I'll go with you," but the boy wasn't used to Sunday School teachers going home with him, so he blurted out with emphasis, "Naw, you hain't goin' to go home wid me, I wouldn't have nuthin' to do wid you, I won't be seen on the street wid you an', what's more, I'm never going to come back to your old Sunday School, I'm done with it. See?"

Then the teacher said, "Well, if you won't go home with me and if I can't go home with you, you come to my house next Tuesday. I won't be there, just ask the servant and he'll give you a package," but the boy replied in his curt way that he wouldn't come for no package of hers; he wouldn't be seen coming up her steps and that he was done with her, done with the Sunday School and done with everything that pertained to the old church, "see?"

But the woman knew that the boy's curiosity had

been aroused, so the package, according to schedule, was left with the servant. Tuesday came and, with it, came the little boy. The servant handed him the package. The little boy went down the steps and back to his home as fast as he could go. When he opened the package he saw some things that are appealing to little boys. He had a new suit of clothes and a pair of shoes with brass buckles, which he had never had before, and a red necktie; but there was something more in the package than the clothes and material gifts. The greatest thing in the package was a letter from his Sunday School teacher. The letter had something in it to this effect: "My dear George, I am sorry (of course, if she had been a psychologist she wouldn't have said sorry—you never repeat sorry but what you are bringing back to yourself and others the very thought you throw out. Never say, 'I'm sorry'; but I'm not telling you what the teacher ought to have said, I'm telling you what she did say) you're never coming back to our Sunday School again and this is just a little token of my remembrance and love. I want you to know that as long as I live I shall pray for you every night; I shall pray God to make you an honest, upright, prosperous citizen; I shall pray God that you will be an honor to Him and become a most successful man. While I live, you may know that your one-time Sunday School teacher is praying for you."

This was something new to the little fellow. He had been raised in a home of cuffs and scoldings, reprimands and fault-findings. He had never had any one speak to him with such tenderness as this and the tears ran down his cheeks.

The next day he ran to his teacher's home; he got there before she was up. He waited in the parlor until she came down. When she saw the little fellow she said, "Well, George, what brings you here?" and then George said, "Oh, ma'am, you have been so kind to me; I never had any one in all the world speak to me with the same tenderness and sympathy that you have. I never before had any one give me any words of encouragement and love and, to think that you would pray for me after I was so mean to you, makes me so miserable, and so unhappy that I just wanted to ask you to forgive me. If you will only forgive me, Miss, and let me come back to Sunday School, I promise I'll be the best boy in your class."

True to his promise, the boy went to that Sunday School in this teacher's class and there was no better "scholar" out of the fifteen hundred in that great Sunday School than was this one-time outlaw street urchin. Love had conquered at last. Where misunderstandings and threats could bring no result, love fulfilled the law. Love is King.

**NOTES.**

## CHAPTER VIII.

### VIBRATION.\*

All life is vibration. Alexander Graham Bell says that it is remarkable that nearly all recent steps in science have had to do with discoveries of new vibrations; and, just as we are in our swaddling clothes in the understanding of electricity, so are we in infancy in the understanding of the law of vibration. It may be that this century will bring us more wonderful discoveries in the realm of mental vibration than the last century brought to us in the realm of invention in vibration.

In 1921, Judge Graham of San Francisco gave a decision against a woman who disclaimed the father of her child, by blood vibration tests, administered by Dr. Albert Abrams' "Oscilloscope." Dr. Abrams, Professor in Stanford Medical School in San Francisco, not only claims that, by the use of the "Oscilloscope," can he determine parentage by vibration but that approximate age, race, ancestry and sex may also become known: electronic vibrations of the blood form the basis for this new phase of science.

The case referred to, was that of a mother, Mrs. Del Secco, divorced from her husband, Julius Sorine, who went to court to gain custody of their six-year-old boy, Eugene. Mrs. Del Secco said, in court, that she

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\*For more extended study in vibration, see Chapter 19 of "Practical Psychology and Sex Life," by the Author.

had been untrue to their married life and that Eugene was not the son of her own husband. Drops of blood from the baby and that of the father were taken. The instrument, according to the reports of Dr. Abrams, was of the same rate of vibration and synchronized.

It was reported that the blood of the father and the son vibrated in unison, indicating that the boy's parentage was legitimate and that the mother had not told the truth.

All life is vibration. We say that the bell is a sounding body, yet, this is not true; all that the bell does is to start vibrations in the air and, when these vibrations reach thirty-two thousand per second, the sound becomes apparent to the human ear. The human ear distinguishes sound when vibrations are produced at the rate of thirty-two thousand to thirty-eight thousand per second. Above the thirty-two thousand per second the vibrations continue but the ear does not register the sound.

Professor Hardenback has said that no ear could hear a sound when the waves run below thirty thousand per second—that such sounds, to hear them, would kill a person. So, we see that hearing is in our mind—not in the bell, not in vibration, for there are vibrations above and vibrations below those which the ears register as sound.

When you telephone, you also have an erroneous impression of the use of the electrical wire. When we go to a telephone mouthpiece and speak, so that our voice is heard at the other end of the wire, we have thought that the wire carries the sound. This is not so. All the wire does is to guide vibrations which the voice creates in the atmosphere. Without the electrical

wire guiding these vibrations, which are made by the voice creating disturbances in the ether, the vibrations would not be carried to a given point and would spread and scatter, shoot up and shoot down, shoot right and shoot left; without a concentrated guidance of the vibrations which the voice creates, the sound would be heard only at a short distance.

But, wireless telegraphy has shown us that these vibrations are not dependent wholly upon wire. These are etherial vibrations. You say that the "sun gives light" yet this is in the same principle as speaking in the telephone receiver. The sun simply gives forth energy which produces vibrations in the ether, at the rate of four hundred trillion per second, creating what is known as light waves. These light waves register upon the sense of sight and we see light but light is in our mind the same as hearing. The sound is not in the bell—the sound is in our ear; light is not from the sun—light is in our eyes; therefore, hearing is in our mind and light is in our mind. All is mind.

Go into a room, pull down the shades, close the shutters and you shut out the light vibrations. These light vibrations are not allowed to register on the retina of the eyes; therefore you do not see the light but the light is still there. So, you see, light is in the mind.

When the number of vibrations increases, the light changes in color, each change being caused by shorter or more rapid vibrations; so, although we speak of the grass as being "green" or the sky "blue" or the rose "red," we know that this is true only in our minds. The sensations experienced by us, as the result of vibra-

tions of light waves, produce the color effects. When these vibrations are reduced below four hundred trillion per second, we no longer experience them as light but as the sensation of heat; therefore, heat is in our mind.

If the human race ever overcomes what we erroneously call "death" (there is no death—all is life; what we term death is only change or "transition" or "passing on" of life to other planes), it will be by vibration. There are those who believe that Jesus overcame death; what we term "physical death," I mean. He did this by vibration. (For more on this see "Practical Psychology and Sex Life" by the Author).

In 1917, Mr. Bancroft Gherhardi, Engineer of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company's New York Plant, Wireless Expert, predicted that it would not be long before we could talk around the world: a man could be in a telephone booth in New York City, send his message around the world and have it received by another man in the booth next to him. The man speaking in the telephone booth would talk by telephone to San Francisco, where his voice would leave the guidance of the telephone wire and, by wireless, leap across the Pacific Ocean and light upon a telephone wire in Hongkong. This telephone wire would guide the sound across the continents of Asia and Europe to Paris where, again, at Paris, it would leave the guidance of the telephone wire and make another leap across the Atlantic, coming in rapport with the wire at New York City, which would convey the message back to the man in the booth next to the speaker.

That we can speak around the world has since then been demonstrated; not, perhaps, in this exact way, but we have, at Bordeaux, France, a wireless sending station strong enough to send a message around the world. This has not yet become practical, because no receiving station has so far been invented to adequately receive the message; but that it will soon be perfected, we have no doubt.

But your thought will travel many times faster than a wireless message can travel; you may think a thought and, quicker than wireless, it will travel around the globe.

“Suppose you have the power to make an iron rod vibrate with any desired frequency in a dark room. At first, when vibrating slowly, its movement will be indicated by only one sense, that of touch. As soon as the vibrations increase, a low sound will emanate from it and it will appeal to two senses.

“At about 32,000 vibrations to the second the sound will be loud and shrill, but at 40,000 vibrations it will be silent and its movements will not be perceived by touch. Its movement will be perceived by no ordinary human sense.

“From this point, up to about 1,500,000 vibrations per second, we have no sense that can appreciate any effect of the intervening vibrations. After that stage is reached its movement is indicated first by the sense of temperature and then, when the rod becomes red hot, by the sense of sight. At 3,000,000 it sheds violet light. Above that it sheds ultra-violet rays and other invisible radiations, some of which can be perceived by instruments and employed by us,

“Now it has occurred to me that there must be a great deal to be learned about the effect of those vibrations in the great gap where the ordinary human senses are unable to hear, see or feel the movement. The power to send wireless messages by ether vibrations lies in that gap but the gap is so great that it seems there must be much more. You must make machines practically to supply new senses, as the wireless instruments do.

“Can it be said when you think of that great gap, that there are not many forms of vibrations that may give us results wonderful as, or even more wonderful than, the wireless waves? It seems to me possible that in this gap lie the vibrations which we have assumed to be given off by our brains and nerve cells when we think. But then, again, they may be higher up, in the scale beyond the vibrations that produce the ultra-violet rays.

“Do we need a wire to carry these vibrations? Will they not pass through the ether without a wire just as the wireless waves do? How will they be perceived by the recipient? Will he hear a series of signals or will he find that another man’s thoughts have entered into his brain?

“We may indulge in some speculations based on what we know of the wireless waves, which, as I have said, are all we can recognize of a vast series of vibrations which theoretically must exist. If the thought waves are similar to the wireless waves, they must pass from the brain and flow endlessly around the world and the universe. The body and the skull and other solid obstacles would form no obstruction to their

passage, as they pass through the ether which surrounds the molecules of every substance, no matter how solid and dense.

“You ask if there would not be constant interference and confusion if other people’s thoughts were flowing through our brains and setting up thoughts in them that did not originate with ourselves.

“How do you know that other men’s thoughts are not interfering with yours now? I have noticed a good many phenomena of mind disturbance that I have never been able to explain. For instance, there is the inspiration or the discouragement that a speaker feels in addressing an audience. I have experienced this many times in my life and have never been able to define exactly the physical causes of it.

Again, Dr. Bell believes that every man is sending out, from his mind, vibrations of enormous rapidity and infinitesimal wave lengths that pass completely around the earth and would reveal his thoughts, if there were some way of receiving them or recording them.

“Many recent scientific discoveries, in my opinion, point to a day not far distant perhaps, when men will read one another’s thoughts, when thoughts will be conveyed directly from brain to brain without intervention of speech, writing or any of the present known methods of communication.

“It is not unreasonable to look forward to a time when we shall see without eyes, hear without ears and talk without tongues.

“Briefly, the hypothesis, that mind can communicate directly with mind, rests on the theory that thought or vital force is a form of electrical disturbance, that

it can be taken up by induction and transmitted to a distance either through a wire or simply through the all-pervading ether, as in the case of wireless telegraph waves.

“There are many analogies which suggest that thought is of the nature of an electrical disturbance. A nerve which is of the same substance as the brain is an excellent conductor of the electric current. When we first passed an electric current through the nerves of a dead man we were shocked and amazed to see him sit up and move. The electrified nerves produced contraction of the muscles very much as in life.

“The nerves appear to act upon the muscles very much as the electric current acts upon an electro-magnet. The current magnetizes a bar of iron placed at right angles to it and the nerves produce, through the intangible current of vital force that flows through them, contraction of the muscular fibers that are arranged at right angles to them.

“It would be possible to cite many reasons why thought and vital force may be regarded as of the same nature as electricity. The electric current is held to be a wave motion of the ether, the hypothetical substance that fills all space and pervades all substances. We believe that there must be ether because without it the electric current could not pass through a vacuum or sunlight through space. It is reasonable to believe that only a wave motion of a similar character can produce the phenomena of thought and vital force. We may assume that the brain cells act as a battery and that the current produced flows along the nerves.

“But does it end there? Does it not pass out of

the body in waves which flow round the world unperceived by our senses, just as the wireless waves passed unperceived before Hertz and others discovered their existence?"—Alexander Graham Bell.

We are told that if we were to throw a stone in the middle of the ocean, this stone would create ripples which would continue forever. Scientists also tell us that, each time we wave our hand, we create, so to speak, ripples in the universal ether which likewise never stop. This is also true of the voice: it starts electrical vibrations which never, never stop. These vibrations travel and travel, forever and forever; on the same principle as the wireless, these thought vibrations which we create in the universal mind continue to travel until they come in resonance with some person's mind in tune with our own; then these vibrations will, therefore, be registered in the mind of the mental receiving station attuned to our own.

A wireless message is sent by a sending station in tune at a certain key. These vibrations, created by the wireless sending station, travel through space until they come in rapport with another instrument of the same key, whence the message is received. Man's thoughts travel identically the same—when a man thinks, he creates disturbances in the universal ether. These disturbances travel the same as wireless vibrations, only faster, until these vibrations are received by another mind of the same key.

This is the secret of your success or failure, of your health or sickness; for all of us are sending and receiving stations of thoughts. If we are strong and positive, we receive the strong and positive thought currents,

generated by strong and positive minds. If we are weak and negative, we become receiving stations for weak and negative thought currents. If we, perchance, are negative, we may ward off, for a time, any of the thought currents which would bring us failure, disaster, disappointment, sorrow and ill-health; but should our physical vitality be lowered or our minds more disturbed by worry or anxiety, these negative thoughts may register in our mental receiving station, creating all sorts of financial or domestic trouble, disappointments and ill-health.

We are not only mental receiving stations for thoughts but we are mental receiving stations for sounds. There are some people who have been negative receiving stations for all sorts of noises; sounds which have created ill-health and, while they live in a neighborhood where these sounds are continuously heard, they never can become well. All of the mental practitioners and medical specialists in the world cannot make them well until they change their environment.

Many of us are receiving stations which bring us business inefficiency, domestic inharmony and physical disappointments, because our minds are disturbed by the shrill call of the newsboys, the rattle of streets cars, the grating of wheels, the honk of automobiles, the rumble of wagons; these register in our minds, which, in turn, are reflected through the nervous system until we become physically unfit and, while we continue to live where these noises register within our mental receiving stations, we never can become well.

Change our neighborhood, change our location and we change our physical conditions as well as our men-

tal. Not only will discordant sounds and inharmonious surroundings bring us ill-health, but it lowers our efficiency. A man may not be succeeding and may wonder why; he may be losing his grip, or he may have lost his pep and is not able to account for it. It may be because he is living where discordant noises register within his consciousness, or he may be living in inharmonious conditions at home or at the office, in which he has become a receiving station for discordant sounds and thoughts. These, in turn, have reacted upon his consciousness and inefficiency follows.

Many a person is ill and will remain ill and many a person has lost his efficiency and will never find it, until he changes neighborhoods or inharmonious mental conditions.

Many a person cannot endure inharmony in the home; discord—of jealousy, envy, fear, distrust, nagging, twitting—prevents many a person from regaining his health and from being successful. Most of us, although we do not know it today, are having our health undermined and our efficiency lessened because of such inharmonious surroundings; change the surroundings and you change your life. Change the rate of vibration and you change your life. Raise the rate of your vibration and you bring health, success, prosperity. Therefore, if we want to change our conditions, we should raise the rate of vibration.

Every mental action is a vibration. Vibration has its effect upon the human system. Every given vibration immediately modifies every atom in the body, every cell is affected and an entire chemical change takes place by the change of our vibration. (For more com-

plete study of this, see chapters on "Music and Vibration" and "Insanity and Vibration" in "Practical Psychology and Sex Life" by the author.)

Many of us are, unconsciously, receiving stations for conditions around us which, in turn, brings us all kinds of ill-health and inefficiency.

I was called in to see a patient who had been ill for many years. She had had many medical specialists examine her and, for nine or ten years had been a student of mental science. The day before I called upon her, another specialist had been to see her and had left her with the "glad tidings" (?) that "nothing could be done for her." As elsewhere stated, really every case of sickness is a matter of a "kink in the mind:" cut off your head—where has your pain gone? We do not deny that man has pain; that the physical is out of harmony and racked by agony; but, the science of it is, that this is a matter of mind: by changing the rate of our mind's vibration, we change our physical condition.

To get the speedy results from mental healing, the wise practitioner wants to put his finger upon the "kink" and, once this is removed, the patient becomes well. As is my custom, when I am called to a patient that has been given up by specialists; for we usually get the ones who have "no hope," I want to know everything about the home surroundings, conditions—both financial and spiritual. Before I went to see this particular woman, I had had a conversation with her husband. Before I ever saw her, I knew what the trouble was. When I entered the room, my conviction

was confirmed—I knew just where the trouble was in that home.

This woman had the features of a godly Christian Saint and she talked in terms which confirmed this. She said she did not see why she could not be well—she believed in mental healing and had been a student of it for many years. In questioning her, as is my custom, I finally, very delicately, approached what I considered—and which was, later, proven to be true—the cause of the difficulty: the “kink in her mind.”

She had told me that she had a wonderfully fine husband—kind and gracious to her—who provided well and did for her everything that a good husband could do; but, she had not told me all and I knew she had not. I finally drew her out so that she answered her own question. Her husband had fallen into a bad habit and this had worried the poor woman: for she had been raised in an orthodox church and believed that, if this habit were continued, her husband would burn in hell forever.

She had been so happy with her loved one on earth that, to think of being separated from him in heaven, was unbearable. She had believed that this habit, unless corrected, meant his eternal damnation. Orthodoxy had taught her that God is a most tyrannical, ferocious and murderous Being: Orthodoxy had instilled into her consciousness that God damned some people and saved others and, to believe that her husband would be eternally damned and she saved, was unbearable.

Orthodoxy had also taught her other misconceptions of Deity. It had taught her that God sometimes

punishes us for other people's wrong doings. Therefore, she told me, in time, after my careful questioning, that she believed that God, so that her husband would be saved, was punishing her; that her husband might see the agony and the suffering of his wife, caused by his bad habit. God was punishing her, by torturing sickness, to save her husband. How absurd: what depravity of minds orthodoxy has produced; just to think that God would punish a godly church woman because of the bad habit of her husband. Of course, if we think He does, it becomes a reality in our life the same as it had in hers: wrong thinking made it so—just as right thinking corrected it. Wrong thinking brings inharmony, right thinking joy, abundance, health and prosperity. This woman was the victim of wrong thinking, inspired by orthodoxy.

I told her that God did not work that way—that God would not punish her “for the sake of her husband;” that I never saw a man, either good enough or bad enough for whom God would go to such an extremity to save—by torturing some innocent, God-fearing woman.

Her eyes brightened—the mind became clear—and she said “Do you think so?” And I said, “Yes, I know.” I also told her that if she would think as I told her to think, that she would not only save herself, but her husband. Within two days this woman was walking; within a short time she was well and, more than that, not only had she been made well, but the husband, likewise, had been saved. The “kink” had been taken out of her mind and, what medical specialists were unable to accomplish and mental healers had

failed to achieve, because they were not able to put their finger upon the kink, the right prognosis and counter strong suggestion had effected. The woman became well when she changed her mind; she changed her rate of vibration and she changed her condition. Change the rate of your vibration and you change your life.

We are receiving stations for positive or negative mental wireless currents. We should all be receiving and sending stations of the positive, instead of the negative and we all can be.

Not only are we, sometimes unconsciously, receiving stations for negative thought waves but we are also receiving stations for wrong vibrations of colors. Colors have a great deal to do with our temperament and physical soundness. All shades of colors, more or less, affect our health and this is due to the different rates of vibrations of which these colors are a part. As we have already mentioned, without vibration there would be no color.

Nerve specialists often find that certain colors in homes of patients start vibrations which so antagonize the patient that the colors neutralize or render ineffective their treatment of the sick person. It may not always be true, but in many cases where the offensive colorings, especially when they are bright or deep reds, are changed to sky blue or apple green, the patient's recovery is rapid. I have a friend who treated a woman and healed her from a habit which she had formed. She went home and it wasn't very long until she reverted.

When she came back for further treatment, the psychologist, by interrogation, found out that this woman was living in a home where she spent much of her time in her "red room;" the rug was red, the walls matched in red, the shades and draperies all finished the color scheme of red. The reflection of this red vibration affected the patient and, in order to remain healed, she had to change her mode of living so as not to come in contact with that "red room." We are most careful now how light is administered in our school-rooms and with the color of our walls. A pale green seems to be the most soothing to the greater number of people.

The effect of color upon some animals is very apparent. Go out in the barnyard with a red dress on and see what the turkey gobbler will want to do to you; go into a field where there is a bull and wave a red banner and see what the bull will try to do to you—and he'll do it too, if you don't get out of his way. The red color enrages the turkey gobbler and the bull and creates, within the consciousness of the turkey gobbler and the bull, the desire to fight to the extent of blood and gore. The vibration of the color upon the consciousness of the animals turns the trick. Man has enough of the animal in him to be affected similarly in different degrees by divers colors.

As already stated in "Smile, Smile, Smile," in this book, you may be affected by the color of your dress as well as its fashion. When you are seeking mental healing, whether it be for success and prosperity or health, it is wise to see that you are not surrounded by discordant sounds and noises, inharmonious associations or bright colors.

I know a husband and wife who have, in the past, had a few domestic difficulties. They discovered a most happy way to prevent these ripples which might have upset their matrimonial skiff. The differences began to increase in number and length of time, so they struck upon this happy solution. When they saw they were reaching a point of difference, each one went into a separate room and wrote on a piece of paper what he or she thought about the other and then they handed these papers to each other. It was not long before domestic tranquillity reigned. When we think there is reason for differences, if we do not talk about it, the difference takes wings and flies away. Remove conditions and you raise your rate of vibrations. Raise your rate of vibrations and you change your conditions.

Every individual makes his world by his thoughts. The vibrations he starts determine what sort of a world it shall be. There may be eight or ten children in the family (no wise parents, however, would have more than four children) and yet each one of these children may be as different in temperament as the east is from the west. This is because the individual's thoughts, actions, motives and emotions connect them with different affinity currents. One child of the family may live in the current of reality, service, love, kindness, helpfulness; while the other may connect himself, by his own thinking, with the vilest kind of currents; his thinking connects him with other minds on the same plane.

The difficulty of the wireless operator is to prevent messages not intended for him reaching his "antennae." To prevent this, both the wireless sending and the wire-

less receiving stations are frequently tested and put in tune. They must be kept in the same key; otherwise messages not intended for them may be deflected by their lack of being in harmony.

Man is like the wireless operator. Man is subject to miscellaneous wrong thought currents if his mind is not in tune with the Infinite, or if he is not keyed up to higher vibrations than those of negation.

A man who thinks courageous thoughts sends these courageous thought waves through the universal ether until they lodge in the consciousness of some one who is tuned to the same courageous key. Think a strong thought, a courageous thought, a prosperity thought, and these thoughts will be received by some one who is strong, courageous and prosperous.

It is just as easy to think in terms of abundance as to think in terms of poverty. If we think poverty thoughts we become the sending and receiving station for poverty thoughts. We send out a poverty mental wireless and it reaches the consciousness of some poverty stricken thinking receiver and we get just what we think. It is just as easy to think in terms of abundance, opulence and prosperity as it is to think in terms of lack, limitation and poverty.

If a man will raise his rate of vibration by faith currents or hope currents, these vibrations go through the universal mind and lodge in the consciousness of people who are keyed to the same tune. Whatever you think is sometime, somewhere, received by a person who is tuned to your thought key.

If a man is out of work and he thinks thoughts of success, prosperity, harmony, position and growth,

just as surely as his thoughts are things—as Shakespeare says—someone will receive his vibration of success, prosperity, harmony, position and growth.

If we are going to be timid, selfish, pernicious and picayunish in our thinking, these thought waves which we have started in the universal ether will go until they come to a mental receiving station of the same calibre. “Birds of a feather flock together” and minds of like thinking are attracted one to the other.

If you need money all you have to do is to send up your vibrations to a strong, courageous expecting station and someone who can meet your needs will be attracted to you or you to them.

Suppose someone who has lost all faith in himself and who has no ambition left; who thinks that ill-luck is against him and that misfortune is dogging his tracks, should go into a banker with an attitude of a whipped cur with his tail between his legs and, with half-hearted expression, ask the banker for a loan of Five Hundred Dollars. Why, the banker wouldn't let him have Five Hundred Cents. But let that same man change his attitude and his mind and go to that same banker with a firm step, determined look, steadfast eye and courageous demeanor and see what the banker will do. If there is any place in the world to try your knowledge of vibrating to get results, especially in borrowing money, it is trying to vibrate money out of a banker; but it can be done. Even the banker will “fall” for your vibrations if you know how to vibrate him psychologically.

The great desideratum is to be able to raise our rate of vibration and thus prevent ourselves from being

the recipients of weak, negative and unsuccessful thought currents. By thinking strong thoughts, by thinking courageous thoughts, by thinking faith thoughts, by thinking complete health thoughts, we raise the rate of our vibrations so that we do not catch the negative thought current of lack, limitation, ill-health, inharmony and discord. We become a strong, powerful sending station which will not attract any deflected negative mental wireless messages but which goes through the universal ether to the consciousness of some one keyed to our same strength, power, health and courage and, when we have thus raised our rate of vibration we have changed our world. It will mean only a matter of time for the manifestation of health, prosperity, abundance, love, happiness and peace.

If we are going to have the maximum amount of success, health and happiness we are not going to plug our ears with wax and be deaf to the law of vibration.

**NOTES.**

NOTES.

## CHAPTER IX.

### VISUALIZATION—IMAGINATION.\*

Visualization is very commonly misunderstood. It is the faculty of imagination applied in completing the pattern and structure of our minds. But it is more than that. It is the picturing, seeing, imagining, not of the conscious but of the subconscious mind. Visualization is sinking deep into the subconscious mind the pattern of your life's dreams, of your "Castles in Spain."

Visualization is a product of imagination but visualization is not imagination alone. Visualization is seeing that which is physical and sinking that vision into the subconscious mind. Visualization is imagination developed to a degree of seeing into the subconscious mind.

To be a good visualizer, one must have a well trained and developed imagination but visualizing does not stop at imagination. Visualizing is first making the pattern of our desires in the mind of the subconscious eye and, then, weaving the threads which complete the pattern.

Visualization is what the blue print is to the architect, first putting into the subconscious mind the blue-print of our life's ambition and desire and, then, concen-

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\*For further study "how to visualize success in business to meet obligations and pay bills," see "Practical Psychology and Sex Life," by the author.

trating on the blue-print pattern until the structure has been erected.

Therefore, to cultivate the great faculty of visualization, one wants, first, to have an understanding of his imagination, so that the imagination will automatically and naturally be woven into the subconscious mind--into the perfection of the pattern visualized.

Imagination may be constructive or destructive according to its guidance and development and the same destructive imagination, if properly cultured and cultivated, can be turned into the source of your greatest achievement, wealth and happiness.

We are living in the subconscious mind and, when we can sink our picture and fix our imagination deep into the subconscious mind, then, we are applying the law of visualization. Now, to be a good visualizer, we need a good imagination. Perhaps you have thought you had an imagination that was too flighty; but no one has an imagination but what, if it is turned into the right channel, can lead them into the realization of their dreams.

There are some people who have progressed by the law of visualization where every other method has failed; so, if you have a good imagination or if you are a dreamer and your imagination leads you into the verdant fields of prevarication, do not despair but let us bring it back under the bridle of visualization and, by this imagination, make yourself a good visualizer.

A few years ago a wealthy citizen of Boston, although he had not been bitten by a dog, discovered in himself the symptoms of hydrophobia. He was so sure of his own diagnosis that he went to a physician,

who likewise determined that what he had was hydrophobia and advised the wealthy man that, if he had any arrangements to make before dying, to get them in shape, for he had but twenty-four hours to live. The business man said he was not afraid to die, retired to his private office, made the necessary arrangements and his last will and testament; then, within the allotted time, was dead. This made a good newspaper story. The newspapers played it up and an epidemic of hydrophobia started in Boston and grew until the Pasteur Institute and city health hospitals were overrun with patients who imagined that they had hydrophobia.

You can think yourself mad if you want to or you can think yourself well if you understand how to use the law; you can think yourself in poverty or you can think yourself in abundance.

Someone handed me a newspaper and it stated that a man, while talking with his sick son, was stung by a bee and within twenty minutes after being stung by the bee the man was dead. Imagination did it, not the bee sting. If you have a good imagination you have a wonderful foundation for visualization. It is the greatest work shop and, by developing the imagination, you can bring either weal or woe into your life.

A highly organized imagination may bring about your early death or it may bring your dreams into realization.

A young lady, working around the house constantly, pricked her breast with a knife. She did not even know the little accident had happened and continued about her work as usual. At the table that evening, her mother, sitting opposite to her, saw a

speck of blood, no larger than half the end of your little finger, on the waist of her daughter and, being surprised at the spectacle, said, with a frightened exclamation: "Why! what is that, blood?" The daughter looked at the blood, sprang to her feet, gave a shrill cry and died.

The blood did not kill the girl. The prick of the knife did not cause her demise but imagination, augmented by the startled cry of her mother, brought about instant death.

Verily, if you have a sensitive imagination, you hold in the balance of life's expression either death or fortune.

Before hazing became tabooed in many of our leading educational institutions, there were many, many instances of death caused by a stimulated imagination excited by the pranks of fellow students. For instance, one freshman was taken into a dark room, blind-folded and laid upon an operating table. The practical student jokers wanted to make the hazing as emphatic as possible and whispered one to the other, in audible sounds so that the blind-folded student could hear, that they were going to operate on him.

One suggested making an incision in his throat. This was agreed upon in the presence of the blind-folded student so that he could hear what was said and, after some moments of pause which added to the terror of the unfortunate freshman, one student crept silently up behind him and ran an icicle over his throat as if making an incision. Another student at the same time dropped warm water on the

throat, giving the sensation of the oozing of warm blood. This was so real to the affrighted student that he never rallied and they took him from the table a corpse! Imagination did it.

The icicle did not kill the student; the warm water could not do so. It was the power of thought—imagination. Imagination, if rightly put to work, will create wonders, bring dreams into realization and your life's ambitions into manifestation.

A member of the royal family of France had had difficulties with a friend, which led to alienation of their friendship and, later, to the imprisonment of the one-time bosom friend. After the duke thought his friend had been sufficiently punished, he decided to give him his liberty; but, before doing so he determined to give to his friend one last demonstration of his civil power and authority. He, therefore, had a warden of the prison read a make-believe warrant to the incarcerated man, giving the time of his execution. At the appointed hour the prisoner, after having been blindfolded, was led out to the guillotine and his head was placed upon the block. At this time, his "friendly enemy," in his practical joke, dashed a bucketful of cold water into the face of the prisoner, after which he immediately pulled the blindfold from his friend's eyes only to find that the man was dead.

The water did not kill the man. Imagination accomplished the feat. Your imagination, if properly directed, controlled and cultivated, will accomplish the things which you desire.

Have you a child in your house with a great imagination? Never reprimand the child for telling stories

which, to you, seem to be a fancy or prevarication. If you have a child who tells you the wonderful things it sees and hears and can ramble on, in imagination, to tell you of a story someone has told when you know that no one has ever mentioned such odd and vain stories—don't tell your child to desist from that or that it is "naughty to tell stories;" or that "it is lying;" for the child has merely allowed its imagination to take wings and, having no one else in whom to confide all its soarings, has confided in you, unconsciously, the great talents of its wonderful faculty of imagination.

If your child says it heard eighteen black cats fighting on the back fence, don't scold the child and say it "must not exaggerate;" "tell stories;" "fib" or "lie;" for the child's imagination probably did hear what, to it, was the noise of eighteen black cats. (I have been awakened in the middle of the night from a sound sleep by two stray cats having an unfriendly argument in the back yard and I would not consider my imagination running riot when I thought the noise was equal to that of forty black cats.)

If your child has an imagination so that it could make a mosquito big enough to swallow an elephant, you may have a genius in your home and one who should not be punished for its imagination; but, one who should be guided in the use of its wonderful talent so that some day your child may become a famous novelist, actor, inventor, artist or architect.

The right stimulus for brain work is a well directed imagination. You have to see a big chance ahead before you can do your best work here and now. The way to keep your brain on edge is to sharpen it on the whet-

stone of difficulty and then use it to carve out your dreams. Without a high dream, huge purpose and a great goal, your life will never rise above the tide line of mediocrity. Imagination will bring a realization of your dream, a fulfillment of your purpose and a manifestation of your goal. By all means, use your imagination, nurture it, cultivate it, develop it and strengthen it and the way to do that is via the road of visualization.

In the early days of Wichita, one of the characters of the city was a lawyer—big paunched, big voiced, big necked, big everything physical and given to making political speeches. He had a nasty way of haranguing his opponents with vitriolic criticism. One night, while he was berating in the street, one of the men whom he had attacked before, became excited, drew a knife and, evidently, stabbed him in the back. He fell to the street, writhing in pain and shouting, "I am killed, I am killed." He was hustled to a nearby pool hall where he was laid upon a pool table and the crowd gathered around to see him die.

Newspaper reporters, quick on the scent of "news" rushed to the scene, ready to write up a most thrilling story about the murder and death of the political orator. As the representatives of the press drew near, the wounded man raised upon his elbow and shouted with all the stentorinousness of his bellowing voice, "Come near, you hell hounds of the Press, and see how a Roo-o-o-man can die!"

At that time a physician reached the side of the injured man, turned him onto his back, tore off his clothing and examined the wound. Lo! There was

only a scratch about an inch long, no deeper than the prick of a pin.

Many years ago when I was preaching on psychology, I thought I would carry out a little experiment of my own to test the power of imagination. I told my congregation that I had a vial of peppermint and, as I dropped the contents of the vial, I requested that when anyone detected the odor of the peppermint they were to raise the hand. The wife of one of the richest men in town raised her hand immediately; then up went another hand and then another and another; and then, I said, "Now I have, by the power of imagination made you think that you smelled peppermint," whereas, it was clear water that I had poured from the vial. That was a mean trick but it surely shows the power of the imagination. When the services were over, the rich woman said, "You are mistaken, I was only about to take my handkerchief to use and you thought, when I put my hand up, I meant that it was the signal that I had smelled the peppermint." Imagination had smelled the peppermint but she would not own up to it.

What a golden thread of accomplishment may run through the whole web of your life if you let imagination—visualization—be the weaver. We are now going to put this great wealth bringer—imagination—to work for us via the power of visualization.

In the wonderful mental galleries of imagination and visualization the mind works out its greatest destiny.

Take the great inventor, Tesla. When he contem-

plates a new invention he thinks about it, dreams about it and then sinks it into the subconscious mind. He sees the whole machine complete and perfected in every particular and, not until then, does he begin to build it. He visualizes the invention complete in the subconscious mind. This power of visualization is one of the strongest aids and helpers that you have. I think I have made it plain to you but let me illustrate :

I have a friend in Denver who began visualizing a wonderful home, a home where he was going to entertain celebrities of the world. He had located the site on which he intended to build this home and he began to picture what the home would be like. He had the picture completely visualized in his subconscious mind and the blue-prints were prepared. This was in 1885 but, by 1892, the bank in which he was a large shareholder closed its doors and all his money was swept away ; so, he put the blue-prints away and thought that his home was a long distance off. But this is what had happened. He had sunk into the subconscious mind the picture of the home he wanted and, by the law of visualization, you will understand how the home was made for him.

He found himself, in 1908, twenty-three years afterward, in London ; and with plenty of resources he began looking around for a suitable home. Someone told him that Mr. Pears, of the "Pears' Soap Company," had a house to sell. Mr. Pears had built a house years ago, about the time my friend was visualizing to build a home. Mr. Pears did not know what kind of a home he wanted, therefore, he had employed

an architect to go ahead and follow out his own inclination.

When my friend was ushered into the house of Pears, he said, "Why! This is familiar!" He had entered a room, identical to the one he had planned and had drawn on a blue-print many years before. This was also true of the next room. The entire house was an exact replica of the one he had visualized but larger. When the war came on, the Government confiscated the property and my friend realized a hundred thousand dollars more for the property than he had paid for it. I want you to dream big and the result of the dream you are visualizing will be big.

That architect, sinking his mind deep into the universal ether, by the law of vibration, drew from my friend's visualization the plans for the house.

Now, when you understand that your visualization will build anything you want to build, you are going to learn to visualize big and you will get it—absolutely true! You may not get it tomorrow but, if you begin to visualize tonight and you send out into the subconscious mind the picture of your dream, it will come true.

Visualize happiness in your home. You want a wife, husband, home—follow this law of visualization and you will get them. In fact, this is the only safe and sure way to guide your life and, I mean this in all sincerity, if you want to know whether you are marrying the right man or the right woman, as the case may be, if you have been guided by the law of visualization in your choice, you will have made no mistake.

Here is a woman in California. Her husband died, leaving her with three small children to support. She had no means of supporting them, so she got the law of visualization working for her and spent twenty minutes a day visualizing a companion who would love both her and the children; so, with her mind relaxed, she began visualizing someone making her happy. She saw the companion sitting opposite her at the dining room table; she saw the dining room—in fact, the entire house.

She did not have in mind any particular man; that is, not any man she had seen but just “some man;” because, if she had visualized one particular man, she would have limited her scope of selection. Don’t visualize great big men—you don’t know how much good there is in a little fellow. A woman who said she would never marry a man who smoked, swore or drank, married a man who did all three and was glad to get him. So, this woman sent out into the subconscious mind of the universe the visualization of someone to love her. Then she imagined him in this picture; large grounds, lovely dining room, conservatory; garden, with steps leading from the conservatory into the garden. Not many months afterwards, she met a man and, within twenty-four hours, they were married. This was in California. They went to Virginia and, on arriving at the home of her husband, she exclaimed, “Why this is the identical room I had visualized.”

Bright paths unfold themselves, all carpeted with flowers, to the one who has mastered visualization.

She went from the dining room into the conservatory and, from the conservatory, down the steps and

out into a garden: The very house which she had visualized!

In her visualizing she had said, "Why not have a beautiful home! why not visualize something grand?" She had and she got what she visualized. It is just as easy to visualize something beautiful, grand and elaborate, as it is to visualize something small and insignificant.

She, by the law of visualization and attraction, had, within a short time, attracted to her a man who, like herself, needed companionship.

There is, this moment, some one in the world for you if you are lonely. Proper visualization will soon attract this one to your side.

When this woman began visualizing she started thought currents traveling through the universal ether and these thought currents traveled until they came to a mental receiving station keyed to her own. There was a man in Virginia at the same time who, likewise, needed a companion. He was in tune, in rapport with her. As she visualized, she drew from his mind the picture of the house in which he was living and, by the law of attraction, drew him to herself.

It was the same in the case of the Denver man visualizing, and the architect in London building Mr. Pears' house. The architect had orders to build any house he wanted. His mind was in rapport. Although the other man was across the ocean and half way across another continent, his mind was a suitable receiving station for the strong thought currents which the Denver man was generating. He easily drew from

the Denver man's mind the picture of the house the American was visualizing.

There was an editor in the Middle West who was unable to think of anything to write and, as the time drew near for his paper to go to press, he resorted to stimulants for awhile. But still his mind was inactive. Then, all of a sudden, he began to write and he reeled off an editorial which was on the press in a very short time. Three days afterwards, a friend of his came into his office with two papers in his hand; one was a New York paper (The Sun, I think) and the other was his own. His friend came in confidentially to tell him what he thought of him. He had always considered the editor an honest, upright and straightforward man and never dreamed that he was a mental thief. He put the two papers side by side and showed his friend, the editor, the production of what he called plagiarism and accused him of having copied from the New York paper the identical editorial which he had written.

The editor was dazed; he could hardly believe his eyes when he read from the New York paper the same thing which he had written.

What was this? How did it happen? Vibration via visualization. The Western editor, when in a dilemma of not knowing what to write, was a suitable receiving station for the strong editorial vibrations which the New York editor had composed, and he, the Western editor, unconsciously wrote almost word for word, the editorial which the Eastern editor had written. He had caught the New York Editor's vibrations.

The law of visualization is as clear and certain as

though it pealed from Sinai and wrote itself on tablets of stone.

Here is an instance of a young lady in Chicago who heard a teacher say something about visualizing. The teacher had suggested: "Why not visualize a trip to Europe?" So the girl began to visualize Six Hundred Dollars, the amount necessary to cover the expenses for such a trip. This young lady was a stenographer and she immediately began to work better; when we begin to have faith in ourselves, that is the time we begin to work harder and so she soon had One Hundred Dollars saved.

One day, she said to the teacher, "My! This law of visualization certainly works. I am going to Europe and will leave the first of May." But she did not go. She was visualizing money and soon had the Six Hundred Dollars saved and in the bank, but the bank closed and the girl then went back to the teacher and said, "This law of visualization is no good." The teacher said, "You are visualizing money. Now, let me tell you how to visualize your trip to Europe. Get a map and visualize yourself going to Europe, never mind where the ticket comes from; get money out of your mind."

When we begin to think about money we are visualizing the wrong way, because there is more than one way to take a trip to Europe. The girl got a map, imagined she was in Paris; cruising on the Mediterranean and traveling through Rome. She was sending out into the universal mind the call of travel to Europe. One day, along came a man who gave

her some dictation and, after looking into her eyes, he forgot to dictate for he saw there the woman he had been searching for all of his life. In a short time he proposed and the girl accepted. On her honeymoon, she went to Europe with her husband; so, by the right kind of visualizing, this girl not only got her trip to Europe but, a husband, thrown into the bargain.

This is the one thing to remember: that, if you do not have your dreams realized tomorrow, you are not going to give up and become disappointed and quit. Let the law work—do not block it—and then, let circumstances and the law take care of the rest.

I see people all over the country who have a wrong idea of visualization. They have heard a lecture on psychology somewhere and they get the thought into their consciousness that all they have to do is to stand on a curbstone, concentrate for an automobile, visualize for a limousine and, within ten minutes, like the magic wand of Cinderella's fairy genie, the limousine will be delivered at the curbstone with a footman tailored in the latest fashion and enough gasoline in the tank to run them for ten years.

Visualization does not work that way always. Concentration does not always bring us a fortune over night. So many people have a mistaken idea that all they have to do is to sit down, fold their hands, concentrate or visualize for a fortune and the next wind that blows will waft a million new one-dollar bills into their lap.

The law of concentration and visualization works no magic-Cinderella-stuff. Concentration and visualization, without the proper kind of effort, work, appli-

education and living, will drop no fortune into any one's lap. The big incentive—concentration and visualization—makes each individual (when we begin to understand that abundance of love and abundance of money and everything is for us, if we concentrate and visualize properly) put forth his or her best efforts to help bring about the realization of the concentration or visualization.

When we feel and know that there is a chance for us, the same as for any one else, if we are good operators of the law of psychology, we will work just that much harder and our dreams will come true by visualization and concentration enforced by efficiency and work. Visualization and concentration very often lead us to a better position and, very often, open the way for more work, at better pay; but, if we are going to fall down on the job after it has been given to us, we are missing the greatest opportunity which visualization has brought into our lives.

Visualization today will begin to attract riches to you by your efforts and your work but it may take the conjunction of visualizing and effort and work, a number of years before the manifestation of your visualization is realized. We should never, therefore, be discouraged if we do not get the automobile the minute after we concentrate for it or if we do not get our fortune the day after we have visualized. It is a matter, by effort and work, for ourselves to help the law of visualization to help ourselves.

When man learns that the power of achievement is within himself and that man is a part of the eternal, universal, life-giving energy, he takes on a new spirit

and becomes a new creature. Orthodoxy has taught, for centuries, that man is weak, sinful and prone to err; that man is a worm in the dust; such teaching could produce nothing but a race of "worm men"—a race of men who are poverty stricken, disease infected, mentally disturbed and weak. The result of this teaching has been a world filled with sickness, poverty, sorrow, misfortunes and disease. For centuries, the church taught that it was "pleasing" to God to "grovel in poverty; to agonize in pain; and to be fearful of the storms of life"; and the race has reaped just what centuries of orthodoxy have sown. Teach a man that he is a "worm in the dust" and he is going to be a "worm man." I may be a worm, according to theology, but "By heck!" I have a back-bone in my "wormdom."

I was invited by some members of my class, one Sunday, to attend their church, which I was delighted to do. I had been teaching my class the great "power within," the "God—Spirit," the "Creative Energy," which would "bring health, happiness and peace into their minds—into their life;" and, the very first thing that minister did, in opening his service, was to ask the congregation to arise for the invocation and he proceeded to raise his hands and his voice in a most pitiful supplication to an unseen personal God, somewhere up in the skies. He made a prayer like this: "Oh, Lord, we are but worms of the dust; we have come here this morning in our travail and our sin and we now raise our weak hands to thee, beseeching thy mercy and thy pardon." **Whew!** No wonder the congregation was attending psychological lectures. If that kind of "worm in the dust" orthodoxy didn't send the con-

gregation to psychology, it would either send them to the nether kingdom or to a madhouse.

But, when we have realized that there is a chance for our success, our health, our prosperity and our happiness, then we become "new creatures" and put more effort into our work, more spirit into our endeavor, more soul into our interests; so that all we have to do is to bide the time when there will be a manifestation of our hope, courage and faith.

If we don't have abundance, if we don't have health, if we don't have friendships, orthodoxy has taught us to blame it all on God. For eighteen hundred years, orthodoxy has taught us to be "content" with our lot and, the harder our lot, the more content we ought to be; and we have raised our weak, orthodox hands to an unseen, distant power, crying out, in our weakness, that we are "satisfied to be poor—because God wills it; we will endure our sickness because it is the will of our Father." What blasphemy! And against an All-wise, Loving Creator! What depravity! To picture "Our Father" wishing on us poverty, sickness, disease and sorrow.

Yes, we blame God for a whole lot of things that He is not responsible for. We have been sick and we have thanked God that we could be sick "because He wanted us to;" we have been poor and we have thanked God that we could be poor "because He wanted us to"; we have had misfortunes because of our wrong thinking and wrong living and we have thanked God that He gave us misfortunes "because He wanted us to have them; and we have had misgivings and inharmony, domestic and national convulsions and international

wars and we have thanked God that we have had our divorces and that we have had our national cyclones and we have had our international butchery of war "because God wanted us to."

Blasphemy personified; depravity burlesqued; and God caricatured! God has never wished and has never wanted His creation to be in pain; to have sickness; to have lack; to be in poverty; to be in inharmony, discord or war. We have had these things because we have thought God wanted us to have them and our thinking has brought them on. Change our view of God and our way of thinking and these things will be buried in the dust bins of forgetfulness.

I had a family in my church, as godly a family as a Christian Church could develop—I mean some of the family were: the father was a Deacon and the mother was the "main prop" in the women's organizations. The father had worshiped this tyrannical, murderous, lustful, beastful, war-creating God and the kind of God he worshiped reflected in his life. By the time he was fifty years of age, the reflecting of this awful monster of a God had made of himself a miniature monster and tyrant in his home and this brought on and produced, in time, a sickness from which the Doctor said he never could rally. The Doctors were right—so long as the man continued his murderous thoughts of a murderous God. When his sickness came, he was entirely and absolutely dependant upon his family for support; there were two older boys in the home who had to go to work, as well as the mother, leaving the two younger children to attend school, if they could.

Two of the boys, at the time, were just out of the high school—the time when they should have had an opportunity, if they wanted it, to have made a preparation for a greater career in life. One of the boys had, somewhat, the spirit of the old man but the other fellow was a clean-cut, wonderful, ambitious, four-square young chap. He secured a job in a glass corporation which paid him One Hundred and Twenty-five Dollars a month; the limit that he ever could get with that concern would have been One Hundred and Fifty Dollars. He was young—a whole life before him—and One Hundred and Fifty Dollars a month looked small for him to be drawing twenty-five years hence.

He had been ambitious to go to college; he had been a leader in his high school athletics and studies and could have gone off to college and made his way without one cent from the family; but his father's irregular thinking had brought on his breakdown and the young boy had to give up college education to give all of his money to support the old man and his family. Of course the young fellow irked under this unreasonable responsibility; of course he inwardly rebelled against fate which seemed to confine him forever in such limited and subscribed position. He talked to his parents about going to college and, every time that he talked to them, they came back with orthodoxy and told the young fellow that "if God wanted him to go to college, God would send him; if God wanted him to have more than One Hundred and Twenty-five Dollars or One Hundred and Fifty Dollars a month, that God would give it to him." He ought to be contented with the job that he had and settle down and live a

poor man's poverty-stricken existence forever, because "it was the will of God."

Bah! No wonder the young fellow did not want to have anything to do with the church or that kind of a God. He did not believe it any more than you do, but orthodoxy had instilled it into the consciousness of these good people—a tyrannical Creator who chortled in his glee watching the writhings, the agonies and the tortures of the children of his creation. The young fellow rebelled and rebellion became a **rebellion** and the family knew it.

So, he determined he was going to college; he wasn't going to waste all of his life in a One-Hundred-and-Twenty-five-Dollar-a-month job; so, he selected his college, sent away for the catalogue; and, by the time the catalogue reached him, the country had entered the European war and his particular course did not appear in the catalogue. Then the family had an orthodox pow-wow at which they "hoped" to "smoke the pipe of peace" with the boy and, with all of the solemn monotone of an age-long orthodox deacon, the young fellow was shown the catalogue with his course taken out and the "spokesman for orthodoxy and the church" said: "See here, my boy, God could not keep you from going to college; therefore, He has taken the course out of the college so that you won't go. Bah! Bah! Bah! Rot! Rot! Rot! Blasphemy! Blasphemy! Blasphemy! Caricature! Caricature! Caricature!"

The boy did his patriotic duty—went off to war—and, when he came back, he came back a full-fledged, independent American, believing in himself more than

ever. He left the fireside; he left orthodoxy; he left the tommy-rot preaching of a gleeful God, dancing on the necks of his poverty-stricken creation; and went to seek his fortune. Within two years the boy was able to send back home Two Hundred Dollars at a chunk—he had risen above the One Hundred and Twenty-five Dollar a month job—he had struck it rich quicker than he had expected and the parents did not refuse the money when it came rolling in. Their God, according to their own teaching, had made them poor; but the boy, according to his own thinking, in co-operation with the natural laws of an abundant Creator, had pushed the skeleton of poverty out of the back door and had ushered in a day of abundance.

Yes, we blame God for a lot of things that He never did. As a minister, I have buried more than one person, about whom I would make my guess that the Doctors had killed but we had blamed it on God. I had a ritual of the church which required the minister, at the open grave, to make this lying declaration: no matter who was buried, at what age, or what caused the death—whether it was a wrong prescription from a Doctor, irregular or intemperate living, wrong thinking or foolish accident: namely, “Inasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God to take away from us this dear sister (or brother), we now commit his body to earth—dust to dust, ashes to ashes—and — — —.” Fol-de-rol! I never was guilty, so far as I know, of being such a liar, especially at the bier of some dead man who could not rise up and defend himself against my falsehood—of saying that it “hath pleased God” to take any one away—that part of it was cut out by me.

Yes, we blame God for killing us, when the fact is that ninety-nine out of one hundred of us die before our time because we have broken the laws in more ways than one.

We, for centuries, have been blaming God for our inharmonious homes; we have been saying at the marriage altar and everywhere orthodoxy has been able to blow its own horn, that "marriages are made in heaven and what God hath joined together let no man put asunder" and, the next year, the couple end their miserable companionship through a divorce court. We have been blaming God for mismating us when God has nothing to do with our mismating; we, in our ignorance, because of centuries of wrong teaching about the orthodox contentment of our lot "marry at random"—without any scientific selection, either sexually, mentally or spiritually—and our gross ignorance brings on wrecked homes, ruined lives and blighted prospects and we blame it on God. God has had nothing to do with it. We have refused to rise up to the dignity of our intelligence and conform to the laws which God has made for the happiness of his children—married or unmarried.

Therefore, when you come into a realization of the great power within and that, by the operation of psychological laws, among which visualization has its place, we abandon the heathenish, superstitious idea that God wants us to be poor and God wants us to be unhappy and, by changing our thinking, we change our conditions. If we think "God wants us to be prosperous and God wants us to be well and God wants us to be happy," we change our lives and we will

change the world and the world never will be saved and the world never will be well and the world never will be prosperous and the world never will be happy, until we change this horrible caricature of a tyrannical, murderous, war-ridden God.

As long as we preach a God of War, which the old Testament so vividly depicts and the Christian Church has so universally believed and magnified, just so long will we have war. Talk about a God of War and we produce war; get into our consciousness that the All-pervading Divine Power is war and war we will have; preach murder and murder we will get; preach wholesale butchery and wholesale butchery we attract; worship a God who is happy in seeing the children of His creation enmeshed in the blood and gore of a war butcheryhouse and butchery—war—is what we will get; the world will never be saved until we change our conception of God. Think a God and preach a God of abundance, of prosperity, of health, of happiness, of co-operation, of fellowship and brotherhood and we will have world-wide brotherhood but we never will have—despite all of our peace conferences and our Hague Temples and our pseudo exchange of national good-fellowship greetings—world-wide brotherhood—until we change our conception of this tyrannical lustful God and put into his place the kind of a God which the great Nazarene came to express and expound and to live—a God of Spirit, a God of Love, a God whom every church on the face of the earth can call in the most tender and endearing terms, meaning—to the uttermost of its tender expression—“Our Father.”

When this lustful, bloody, butcherous God becomes "Our Father" in our thinking and in our consciousness, then the world will be saved and universal brotherhood will have been established.

**NOTES.**

## CHAPTER X.

### POVERTY A DISEASE.

#### **The Law of Abundance, Cure of Poverty, How to Double Your Efficiency.**

The law of abundance which leads us to the bank of life's prosperity, is as direct as the pointed index finger. There is a legitimate royal abundance for every living soul.

A great deal of our poverty is a disease, the result of centuries of wrong living and wrong thinking.

On every hand nature is most lavish in its abundance. If there is lack or limitation in our life, it is not because nature has not been profuse in her abundance, but because man has not understood how to make use of, and distribute the abundance which God has provided. As we survey nature with its abundance, we see lack and limitation does not fit into the scheme of life, at all. Naturally, it has been made by man's wrong living and wrong thinking.

When we go to the floral kingdom we find that nature is most prodigal in making provision for the flowers, their surroundings and their reproduction. In the lower animal kingdom it is the same. Under normal conditions all animals and fish have more than they need for their sustenance, more than they can use. In the mineral kingdom it is the same, although we have been startled, at different times, by sensational so-called scientists telling us of the limitations of coal and our

natural resources, yet, it is true that we have such an abundance of all kinds of natural resources that man is not able to determine how many billions of years he can live upon the natural resources now known to us.

One island near Vancouver, British Columbia, we are told, has enough coal to supply all mankind for thousands of years. Besides this little spot, there are the thousands of coal mines in the Great North American Continent, which, alone, could keep mankind without ever considering the abundance of it in China and other foreign countries. All natural resources are the same.

There has been an abundant provision for all of man's needs by the great creative principle of the universe; the same as there has been for the other kinds of life. If we do not have abundance, I repeat, it is because of the years of wrong thinking and living.

Let me illustrate: Here is a family consisting of a husband, wife and two grown sons. They had been living in the world of lack and limitation for many years until they had lost all of the spirit they had; all of the hope for a prosperous life and all expectation of ever having abundance. This, of course, reflected upon their way of living. The man became careless about his person; he would go to work with his hair unkempt, his face unshaven, his clothes unbrushed and his trousers looked as though they never had been creased.

A man who is living in that kind of a mental attitude, augmented by untidiness, catches the spirit of indolence. His whole action and demeanor ex-

pressed what was in his mind: he walked slovenly and slouchingly; he had no sprightliness or spring to his legs and his knees, perhaps, never straightened out as he walked, bent over, slouching along to his work, so that his knees just naturally fitted into the bag in the knees of his trousers and, of course, the bag in his trousers became more apparent as his knees fitted in a little more snugly each time as he slouched along.

If you had approached their house you would have noticed that some of the shutters on the house were hanging on one hinge. The house needed painting and weeds had grown up in the front yard. All of this was a reflection of their own thinking in poverty and limitation.

The woman had lost her spirit of tidiness around the home. The carpets on the floors had not been renovated for "goodness knows how long;" the pictures on the wall were "squeegeed," and the furniture was never in a symmetrical position. The whole house and surroundings and companionship in that home reflected their wrong thinking about abundance. They thought poverty and poverty expressed itself in poverty.

One day the mother came in contact with some literature on right thinking and she read that poverty was a matter of condition of mind—we would say a disease. She had had enough of poverty's nightmare existence and, if there was anything to break the spell, she was determined she was going to try to break it, so she began to change her mental attitude.

She began to think abundance, prosperity, opulence, plenty and riches, instead of allowing her mind

to exist in the realm of poverty, lack and limitation. Of course, there was an immediate change in her personal appearance which, in turn, was manifested in the way she kept her house. The pictures were made to hang straight on the wall; the carpet was taken out and dusted and this, probably, helped the husband to get a dust on himself, for he began to catch the spirit of prosperity which his wife was thinking.

As she began to clean up the house inside, he began to clean it up outside. He re-hung the shutters, cut the weeds out of the front yard and painted the house. By this time, the house inside and out, with its occupants, looked like "new creatures." Not only had the woman's right thinking changed the conditions of the house inside and the conditions of the house outside but it reacted upon the life and habits of her husband and sons. The husband began to take more interest in his person, he was careful to shave and keep his hair combed; his clothes were brushed and his trousers pressed and, when he went down to his work, he walked with the spirit of alacrity, success, courage and prosperity.

Of course, his employer saw the change in the man and, naturally, this led to an increase in his pay. No employer is going to raise a man who is slouchy, slovenly, indifferent about his work and careless in his actions and speech. So, by the mother changing her way of thinking from poverty to abundance, the whole household was changed, including the husband and the sons, for, within two years, not only had the husband been raised in pay and been given a

more responsible position, but the two sons had likewise been given an increase in their salaries.

Verily, poverty is a condition of mind. Think prosperity and prosperity comes. Think poverty and poverty we'll have. A mind filled with thoughts of poverty, doubt, fear and limitation is no more the mind of abundance than the bull frog is like a mud turtle.

If we spend our time talking about keeping the "wolf from the door" and trimming the fringe from the bottom of our trousers, we are liable, by the law of attraction, to attract the pack of wolves and more frazzle will grow on the bottom of our pant legs.

Thought is like a magnet: it attracts to it the very thing of which it thinks. Whatever may be our present dominant mental attitude it becomes a part of our life, our living, and our experiences. Change your mental attitude and you will change your fortune.

The very first essential in the effort toward doubling our efficiency is to find the kind of work that gives us the most joy and happiness, and it does not matter what the present cost may be, we will more than make it up in the future.

There could be no higher office tendered to man in the realm of law than the judgeship upon the Supreme Bench. A man at the age of forty-five who had not had legal training, but who had always had a strong urge to follow the legal profession, gave up his vocation and began to devote himself to the study of law. Of course, it was a great effort to break loose from all of the associates and the assured income, to run the chance of becoming a success in the practice of law, at his age in life, but the urge was strong, his faith

courageous, and he made the leap. In ten years, by the time he was fifty-five years of age, he became judge upon the Supreme Bench of the United States of America.

If you are going to double your efficiency you must be absolutely sure that you are following that kind of work which is the most pleasing and delightful to you. In the first chapter of "Will Power and Success" I have, in the last editions, elaborated upon the necessity of finding our chosen work. There, I have quoted some of the great master minds of the ages, such as the following from Emerson:

"Each man has his own vocation. The talent is the call. There is one direction in which all space is open to him. He has faculties silently inviting him thither to endless exertions. He is like a ship in a river; he runs against obstructions on every side but one; on that side, all obstruction is taken away and he sweeps serenely over God's depths into an infinite sea. \* \* \* \*  
In this talent he has no rival."

All things come to us if we are in our right work; if we, by the right thinking, open the floodgates of our talents and ability so that the channels for success may be abundantly filled by the onrushing stream of success.

Dr. Frank Crane has said that he has made about all of the mistakes that mortal man can make. Well, Dr. Frank Crane hasn't anything on the author of this book. If there are any mistakes that man has made, that I have not made, they have been made in some other plane than the earth plane and I have had quite a sufficient experience without wanting to go to any other plane to find some more mistakes

that I can make. But, there was just one thing where I was right. No man, no matter how full of mistakes, and how foolish he can be, can be wrong all of the time. There must be some chance for him to be right; just as a man cannot always be right, neither can he always be wrong.

So I happened to hit one thing right, after I had had a million things wrong, and that one thing was that I resolved to spend all of my energy, all of my time and all of my talent, no matter what the cost may be, focusing my whole attention and abilities to one goal. Time proved that my judgment was right; time proved that I wasn't always a fool, although all of my friends and near relatives, except the feminine part of my household, said that I was a fool, a double fool and a blankety-blank fool.

After my health had failed twice, trying to get an education by overwork and overstudy, I was forced to go into the commercial world to earn a little bread and butter, buy a shirt and pay the room rent. It was not long before energy properly expended in the business world was bearing its interest. One man, whom I was associated with, offered me work with him and said that I would be a rich man if I would continue in the commercial life.

For a boy who was born in the direst kind of poverty and reared only in poverty thoughts; who had never had five cents to spend until he was sixteen years of age, to be told that he would be a rich man, might have been a temptation to him to continue the wrong kind of work but there was the call within, and this call I was deter-

mined to obey, no matter how many told me I was making a mistake. So, when I finally decided at the age of twenty-four, to give up my prosperous commercial career to go back to school and prepare to become a public speaker, everybody on every side told me what they thought of me. I was taking too big a chance—I was giving up a certainty for uncertainty—I would be incurring debts.

My immediate ambition was to become a minister and, to give up a rich commercial future for the uncertain income of a poverty-stricken preacher, was dire foolishness; at least that is what everyone said to me. One man, as near a relative as flesh and blood could make, who owes me Two Thousand Dollars (for I had helped to put him through school) wouldn't even loan me Ten Dollars on the money he owed me, because he considered I was such a —— fool. Despite all this I went on. I knew that my maximum amount of work could not be accomplished in the commercial world alone. "Will Power and Success" was already being written and I had charged and surcharged my mind with the great teachings of the sages of old, as given in the first chapter of "Will Power and Success," and I believe that they were nearer right than were my family advisors, with all of their well wishes for my continued commercial "success." So, with a courageous little wife staying by me, a mother with a tenacious belief in me and a daughter who had more faith in her father than in eternity, the old associations were severed and, after four years of preparation, having spent all of the little savings I had accumulated, with necessarily contracted

debts and, with my teachers in the seminaries thinking me unfit to preach, I began my ministerial career at Fifty Dollars a month.

I made no mistake. I am still preaching, always shall, although I am not preaching orthodoxy as I had been trained. The world is my pulpit and the universe my congregation and, as far as the rest is concerned, I have combined my commercial training with that of a preacher and now I don't have to worry where my next meal is coming from.

**But it took twenty-two years, from the time I made up my mind to become a preacher, until I got my hands on the first round of the ladder; twenty-two years, while Everybody else stood off, crying fool, blankety-blank fool and "it can't be done" but—it was worth all of the struggle.** What is twenty-two years of poverty, debts, sneers, ostracism, when you are happy in your work and you know that you are going to succeed!

If we are living in malarial swamps of discouragement and plague infested bogs of poverty's hookworm breeding, we can move to the grassy meads and flower gardens of abundance by the attitude of mind and thought, backed up by will power, grit and gumption.

"Mind is creative and conditions, environment and all experiences in life are the result of our habitual or predominant mental attitude."

The next essential thing in doubling your efficiency, after you have chosen the desire of your heart, is to have the courage and the will power to battle against all odds until you finally become triumphant and victorious. Should you need guidance and help on this, the author, in "Will Power and Success," has fully

outlined the way to find the work, make your change from that which you do not like to that which you desire and to know how to have the spirit to hang on until your goal is reached.

A most essential thing, after you have found your work and decided you are going to hang on, is to be positive about your worth and then, back up your opinion as to your value by extraordinary hard work and long hours.

I hardly ever have a campaign but what we hear of one or more men who have, under the inspiration of the hour, gone out; constructed, in their minds, a raise in pay, and have brought about the increase in their income.

When you have fully determined what you can do and then set out to focus all of your strength and mind and energy upon that particular kind of work, it is high time to begin setting a higher value upon your ability and efforts. This may not be recognized the first year; it may not be recognized the second; it may not be recognized the third, but, by all means, have in your mind that you are worth more than you are getting; then, do not "kick over the bucket" by becoming arrogant, conceited or egotistical in demanding your increased income.

I believe one of the hardest positions in the world for any human being to fill is to be employed somewhere where your services are not fully appreciated; where you are too big for the job. The world will never know of the tears that have been shed through long years of struggle and effort of men and women who have had to work in a position too small for their

capacity and ability, having to take the outlandish whips and scorns of outrageous fortune through their employer's or manager's domination, when they knew that they could conduct the business or the department better than those who were in charge. That is the measure of a great soul; that is the test of a victor, for we never can become leaders and we never can show the ability to command others unless we are big enough to be commanded ourselves.

You may have to be under the domineering attitude of the "boss" above you for many years, taking his insults and slurs because you are a better worker than he and jealousy in his heart reflects the mental spears of his murderous intent and your breast may be the recipient for all of his darts and arrows; but hang on, grit your teeth, be brave, be noble, knowing that the time is coming when you will be the upper "dog;" when you will be filling a position commensurate to your talent, ability, experience and ambition to work and serve.

The first thing that an employer usually asks is this, "how much have you been getting?" Of course, that is a logical and good basis to begin the discussion of the value of an employee. Many of us will never get more than we are now receiving until we set a higher value on our services than what we are getting. You are going to remember, as mentioned above, however, that this is not going to make you egotistical or conceited, but you are going to set your own salary, and then, work with all of the effort and energy and application that is within you, to prove that you are worth the price which you set yourself.

I know of a man who is a real genius. I have no doubt but that he was too big for his job but he assumed such an arrogant attitude and talked in such a bombastic way about his wonderful ability to both his employer and his friends that, at the expiration of twenty years, he was getting no more money than he got nearly a quarter of a century before.

I am not leading you astray when I tell you to set your own price, provided you will follow the rest of the directions. You want to set your own price and then be big enough to fill the job which is too small for you, with all of the gracious spirit of a man who has already achieved the president's position.

Always remember, when you are handicapped by a job too small for you, that no work is small if a great soul does it. Let this be your inspiration and monitor, that where you are, although you are big enough for the job ahead, you will do the best that is in you, free from criticism, carping, cavil, sulkiness or jealousy.

The next time you are seeking employment, if you are a bookkeeper and have been getting One hundred fifty dollars a month and the would-be-employer asks you what you were getting, tell him with all frankness that your salary has been One hundred fifty dollars but you are worth Two hundred dollars. He may look at you with a surprised expression, and with a question curling around his lips, but he will recognize that you will be so different in your dealings with him, that the jolt which you have dealt him in having the courage to ask for more money and expressing the conviction that you are worth it, will make him take a second thought before he lets you get away from

him without paying you Two Hundred Dollars. A book-keeper, who can earn Two Hundred Dollars a month, is worth more to the concern than two bookkeepers at One Hundred Fifty Dollars a month. Any good employer knows that. What you want is the privilege of demonstrating that you are worth more money and, should he refuse to grant the Two Hundred Dollars, be big enough to begin at your One Hundred Fifty or One Hundred Sixty Dollars with the understanding that you will demonstrate to him the value of your services. If he refuses, after you have given him a good demonstration of your superior ability, to act according to your verbal agreement, don't doubt or worry, there is some other house that will appreciate your services. While you are content to plod along in the same old rut, you'll never get out of the rut but, above all things, don't ask for your Two Hundred Dollars a month when you are only worth a Hundred and a quarter.

There are so few people who understand that they have the power within them to double their efficiency, that they remain on a lower pay-roll when they might, by the faith within them and the spirit of co-operation and fellowship linked with great effort and work, put their names on a much higher pay-roll.

I have in mind a man who worked for a great concern for fifteen years; nothing but a cog in a great machine. He had had no raise for five years or more and, apparently, from the attitude of the employer, wasn't in line for another one for many a day to come. When he broached the subject to his employer about the advisability of a little increase in pay, the em-

ployer didn't see it. The man might have remained there for a lifetime, in a comfortable rut, but he got up enough spunk and grit and gumption to look for another job and, within thirty days, because he had put higher value upon his services, he went to work for a competing house at a much higher salary.

It is not often that a minister gets his pay raised at frequent intervals. I was a minister for seven years and, during that time, had eight raises, with the exception of my first job where it was a flat understanding of Fifty Dollars a month, I set my own salary and raised my own wages. These eight raises within seven years came through something like the following: Within two months my Fifty-Dollar salary was doubled, but this was never put into effect because the little town that was going to double my salary was absolutely too small for me to remain in, so, within three months, I took another church, at Nine Hundred Dollars per year. Before the year was out I went to another one where I got Eighty Dollars a month, with a privilege of taking up a government homestead; here, I again set my salary and, when I was at conference with the board of trustees, one of the deacons said that he would be tickled to death to work and get a government homestead, as I was getting, at Fifty Dollars a month. I told him, I supposed there were ministers who could come down to his level but he was not talking to that kind of a man now. After two years of service I went to another place with an understanding that I would supply their church without any given salary but, at the expiration of a few months, which would be mutually agreeable to both myself and the church, I would

tell them what I expected. This church had never paid more than Eight Hundred Dollars a year. I had not been there more than a month or six weeks when one of the deacons called upon me and said it was about time that they should have some understanding of what my salary was to be. I told him that I had not exactly determined yet but that it would be nothing less than Twelve Hundred Dollars a year and parsonage—almost double what had ever been paid on that field before. When I told the deacon my price, he raised his eye brows, turned pallid, gasped for breath, but didn't faint. He wanted to, but I wouldn't let him. When he was able to speak in plain English after the jolt, he said, "Why, we can't do that; this church has never paid more than Eight Hundred." He said, "We ought to get a man to fill this pulpit for Eight Hundred Dollars." I told him that I was sure there were ministers he could get for Eight Hundred but he'd get an Eight-Hundred-Dollar minister; he was now talking to a Five-Thousand-Dollar minister who was willing, for the time being, to serve them for Twelve Hundred and parsonage. My salary was given to me. When I left that church after another short ministry, I left them free from debt—after having paid me my Twelve Hundred and house—with money in the bank. I had paid up a church debt that had been standing for over fifteen years, together with a number of other debts which had been millstones around the church's neck.

You will notice that I made frequent changes and for this I was condemned by my nearest friends and by my relatives—by the ones that might have helped me—because they said I didn't stay long enough in one

place. They didn't know the system of employing preachers and the danger a man was in who remained a preacher in a small town until he was thirty-five years of age. I sensed this my first year in ministry. I saw there was just as much caste in the ministry as there is in aristocratic Europe and that, if I had remained, in the little country town, until I was more than thirty-five years of age, I would be dubbed a "country preacher" and would never get out. When I finally determined to leave the small town, I corresponded with many of the leaders of my denomination and I could not get a single one who would give me a chance at a church in the city. All of them offered me country churches but I had already had enough of country churches.

So I pulled up stakes and went direct to a city to see a man who employed ministers for city pulpits. I had always spent my money on my own education, library and advancement before it came due, so that, by the time I got to the city, I not only had an accumulation of debts but no ready cash. I took my family with me, burning all bridges behind me. I had determined that I should have a city church and I said "if I ever get my nose inside of the city, that burg will know I'm there by the time five years shall have passed."

While I was waiting to see the man who employed ministers and before I was able to persuade him that I was the fellow he wanted to take to a city, my funds were all gone and I had my family in a boarding house in the city, without any money to pay my board. I appealed to my nearest kin (one who owed me money)

and another one who was as near as nature could make us, but my appeals were in vain. They would not give me one week's board bill. I was able, by the law of psychology, to stand off my landlady until I got a church. I had to begin lower than I had left off in the country. I took the worst thing the city had and I began at One Hundred Dollars a month. I was raised to Fifteen Hundred a year and from that to Eighteen Hundred and, within eighteen months and before two years were over, to Twenty-two Hundred, with house, light and servants furnished (and that wasn't my biggest salary in that city). Each time I suggested my own raise and I got it.

I might have pleased some of my relatives who would not loan me any money, had I stayed in the little country town for five years, when they said I was making too frequent moves, but that five years, anyone knows who understands the history of ministers, wouldn't have helped me to have gotten to a city church.

I have already intimated that a man may ruin his future and never reach his goal if he thinks he is too big for the job he has and continually lets other people know it. You may be too big for the job but don't shout it from the housetops.

Don't be afraid to meet life's conditions courageously and confidently. Change your thinking; think position, harmony, prosperity, growth and then the wolf will slink away from the front door and the fringe on your trouser legs will become golden embroidery.

Thoughts are things; thoughts are energy; thoughts are magnets which attract to us the very things which we think. Therefore, if a man is in debt

he will, by continually thinking about debt, bring more debts into his life. Concentrating on debts brings debt to him for thoughts are "causes," and he fastens more debt on to himself and actually creates more obligations by concentrating and thinking on debt.

You want to concentrate and think on things which you want; not on things which you ought not to have. Think of abundance, of opulence, of plenty, of position, harmony and growth and, if you do not see them manifested today, they will be tomorrow. If you must pass through the straits of life, where you do not outwardly see abundance, know that you have it within and in time it will manifest itself.

I say if you concentrate on debt, debt is what you have; if you think about poverty, poverty is what you receive. It is just as easy, when once the mind becomes trained, to think on prosperity and abundance and plenty as it is to think on lack, limitation and poverty.

From the time I was able to understand my mother language, before I was able to talk, my consciousness was filled with poverty thoughts. The first thing in my life that I can remember was the discussion, in our home, about debts and poverty and, about the only thing that was ever mentioned in our home for many, many years was poverty, poverty, poverty.

As a child I would awaken at night or early morning, hearing the discussion of what would be done tomorrow when the landlord demanded his money and we did not have it. To help over this poverty condition, I was put to work peddling papers before I was nine years of age, but the

money that I got was never mine. From the time I was nine until I was sixteen, I held a steady job peddling papers and doing other odd things besides, yet never had more than enough money to buy clothes to cover my nakedness. I had saved, on two occasions, copper pennies in a little bank. One time I had Four Dollars and another time I had Five but others in my family thought that they had more right to my little savings than I had and so they got the money. It was nothing but poverty, poverty, poverty. I lived in poverty; I breathed in poverty; I ate in poverty! I smelled poverty; I dreamed poverty and I got poverty.

Finally, at the age of sixteen, I was able to get an overcoat but my mind was so filled with poverty thoughts, attracting more poverty to me, of course, all of the time, so that I would not wear this overcoat for fear that I would never get another. When I was sixteen I remember going out on the street one night after dark when I had thirty-two cents in my pocket and I expected to be held up by a thug every step I took and be robbed of the thirty-two cents that I had. Thirty-two cents, all my own, after seven years of hard work!

I was working fourteen hours a day, at the time I was sixteen years of age, in a sweltering city in the East. My young system cried out for sweets and, especially as I worked extremely hard in the hottest kind of weather that the humid city of Philadelphia could depress its inhabitants with, my tongue used to virtually loll out of my mouth for a taste of ice cream. I think that summer I bought, on three occasions, a five-cent plate of cheap ice cream to appease my growing appetite for the frozen milk.

You will notice, if you think poverty, you get poverty. I thought poverty and that's what I got. You think poverty and—well, if you don't change your thought you'll get plenty of poverty.

In a former chapter in this book, I have mentioned the fact that for daredevil bicycle riding, the world never had my equal. When I was employed to do this, it was a chance for me, if properly conducted, to have made enough money to put myself through college—my ambition. But I had not been able to think in any terms except poverty. I couldn't think in terms of four numerical figures, in thousands, so when the deal was finally consummated that I was to perform, for the amusement of eighty thousand sightseers and amusement seekers at a time, this great feat, the one who went with me, to talk about arrangements, had poverty thoughts oozing out all over him. The one who employed me took advantage of our poverty thinking but, even at that, I should have had enough money to have given me a good start.

All that summer I allowed this money to accumulate. I did not draw it—I wanted it all to be handed to me in a lump sum, then I was going to stick it in a bank and proceed, that fall, to school. I had never in my life had as high as twenty-five cents to spend at one time and now I would not become prodigal, just because I was “the world champion” and I had a little money accumulating (you might put an emphasis on the “**little**”), but I did do an awful daring thing. I shocked myself, as well as I am shocking you, that while I was the “world's champion” I was going to spend some money and so I allowed myself five cents a day spend-

ing money for a greater part of that summer. I spent my money for one thing and that was salt water taffy.

I had seen other children eat candy, it did look mighty good and, when I had five cents to spend, I spent it for the "good looking stuff" that I had seen other boys eat, and I bought the same kind of salt water taffy every day. When the five cents worth was eaten, I had had about one-tenth of enough salt water taffy to satisfy my ravenous candy appetite; but a poverty-bred and a poverty-raised young man, with poverty sticking out of him all over—as it was with me, by my wrong thinking—didn't waste all of his money on "riotous living," so I would go hungry for salt water taffy another twenty-four hours, when I took my own allowance of five cents to buy another sackful. Salt water taffy, in those days I think, was wrapped in sleek oiled or waxed paper or something that was in the way when you wanted to eat salt water taffy, so my appetite was just keen enough from one day to the next, that when I got that sack of taffy, as I remember it now, I think I must have eaten taffy, wrapper, sack and all.

Poverty begets poverty; poverty thinking produces poverty; poverty living generates poverty; like produces like; poverty produces poverty.

Well, time was at hand when I was to receive my accumulated wages, so I got it and went to a bank. I went to the bank, however, Saturday afternoon and found that it was closed; that was the first time that I had ever approached a bank in my life, so you will see I was unsophisticated and unacquainted with banking hours. Why! I thought a banker had to work

fourteen hours a day, just the same as I did. I had no idea that the bank closed for half a day, Saturday afternoon, but it did. Therein was my downfall.

I came back and told somebody (I must have told it with some gusto, I suppose, because I had never had any money in my life before and, if I did not tell it with any gusto, I am sure enthusiasm squirted out all over me and money thoughts were pouring from my brain and somebody else caught the thought I was thinking).

I am trying to impress upon you that if you think poverty you get it and you get it good and plenty. Here was a chance for me to say good-by forever to my dear old pal, "Poverty," but I had been living in the wrong kind of thinking. "The champion of the world" wasn't living like any other human being, at least when it came to sleeping. To have a room to sleep in would have cost a little money; therefore, that summer, while the multitude was watching me in my daring, whirling-down-the-dizzy-chutes, it was unmindful that, when night came, I slept on a pair of discarded bed springs which rested upon rafters above a greasy kitchen in an Eastern summer resort. There were no doors or windows in that kitchen, much less the loft. It was a little gable roof and my bed spring, which was covered with an old quilt, was so near to that greasy roof that I can smell grease yet when I give my imagination wings.

When I came back from the bank I told somebody I couldn't get into the bank. Somebody knew I was sleeping in a place that could be reached very easily without a "jimmy" or a key. So that night I clam-

bered up in the gable to my accustomed spring and my greasy friend "the roof." I went to sleep—I went to sleep with my money in my pocket. I awakened in the morning but, when I awakened in the morning, I still had a pocket but it was empty—the money was gone. I had been robbed!

So I had to start all over again. Poverty had attracted poverty for me and it will for you, and it will for the rest of the sons of Adam who think on poverty. The way to get away from poverty is to think abundance.

There might have been some alleviation to the foolishness of all of my poverty thinking and living and losing my money, if I had just had enough salt water taffy to eat for one day, but I didn't even have that. I can taste salt water taffy yet and, if you never had to wait until you were a young man without eating any candy, and then limited yourself to five cents worth of salt water taffy a day, you don't know what a taste for salt water taffy is!

You have to take time to develop that kind of a taste and, if you want to know good salt water taffy, go the next fifteen years without spending any money for candy, sweets or taffy, and then go back to your boyhood days and try eating salt water taffy—you'll have a taste that you never knew a human animal could have. I'm going to eat salt water taffy until I'm one hundred and fifty years of age, but I'm never going to be able to make up what I lost that summer. Right that summer, when I wanted a sack of salt water taffy in my hand, there

was nothing in the world that I would have wanted more—I didn't get it and I never will.

Now, I'm going to tell you what to do, if you are living in limitation and poverty, so that you will begin to spend, this very moment, lots of money—the other fellow's money.

Think poverty and you get poverty. You would think, that when a young fellow had had his college chance in his hands for the first time, ready to stick in the bank and he got robbed of all that he had, that that would be quite enough to lose for one spell, but follow me below: I had been bred in poverty, I had been born in poverty, I had been suckled in poverty, inoculated in poverty, vaccinated with poverty, permeated by poverty, had inculcated poverty in the grooves of my consciousness; so, when I lost my savings for the summer, there was more to be lost. You wouldn't think so, because I, myself, had nothing to lose, but, that year, my grandfather died and left me a legacy. Again I had enough to start me off, but I was not of age, and others, who needed the money, insisted upon having a guardian appointed and my money secured, from which I got Twenty Dollars and somebody else got all of the rest.

I'm going to show you how you can, by the time you have finished this chapter, begin to live, have opulence and abundance—in your mind. But this is going to be just as real to you as when the material is manifested and you are to begin right this hour practicing abundance and living abundance with as much reality as you will when abundance is yours one year, five years or ten years from now.

If you will do what I'm going to tell you to do, you need never again have a moment's anxiety about poverty. You will live in abundance; you will have abundance and you will be abundance.

It is probably necessary for you to follow through the story below before you catch the interpretation of what I literally mean; namely, that you are abundance. I care not what may be your limitation, what may be your position or lack of position, what may be your surroundings or environment, you can have abundance.

At the age of twenty-four I gave up a lucrative commercial position to go back to school and prepare to be a minister. After more than four years of further preparation, nearly thirty years of age, I took the pastorate of a memberless church out on the plains of South Dakota at a salary of Fifty Dollars a month. This was a "boom town"—it was called the "most wicked town in the Northwest." When the "field secretary" of our denomination came to the seminary and made a plea for "heroic blood" to go to the Northwest—as my custom had been to always tackle the thing that was the toughest—I went to this "heroic blood" secretary and told him I wanted the hardest job that he had—and I got it.

I went to this "most wicked town in the Northwest" where a church of our denomination had been erected before there were any church members there. This, of course, was not good business policy but all indications seemed to point to the fact that this was going to be a "strategic place" for a church. The strategy has never yet been demonstrated, but nevertheless, the church was erected and, when I came to

town, we had no church members. The custom of this denomination was to organize a church if seven people of that faith could be found who would band together to form the organization. We didn't have them in that town—that is, our denomination had not yet found them.

This was a real “wide open town.” Two ministers had been virtually driven from the town before I got there. It was a little Western burg consisting of probably two hundred and fifty people, all told, counting the fifty floating gamblers and a number of so-called sporting women. That kind of a town was not looking for spiritual advisors; it was seeking to evade the law. It didn't want any preachers to come to tell them how to live—they were living in their own sweet way. Gambling was wide open, roulette wheels running and the “sporting women” would drive in automobiles from their house of prostitution at the edge of the town and, while standing on the seats of the automobiles on the Main Street in front of the saloon, they would have their drinks brought out to them, attracting the eyes of men and advertising what they had to sell, by seeing which one could kick the highest and which one could raise her skirt the farthest.

This town was perfectly contented to live as it was living, and woe be unto the “parson” who dared to disturb their frolicking pace.

While there were no actual church members in this church, there was one man—I shall call him Smith but that was not his real name—who was a real christian gentleman. He was a member of a church back East but he couldn't risk his church membership being

moved to the little town, therefore, in order to keep his churchly reputation, he kept his letter back East. He was the one man to whom the new minister could expect to lean upon or from whom he could hope to get support.

This man ran a hotel in the "boom town" and ran it right, too; he had no bar in connection with it and had as straight a hotel as was ever run, which, of course, did not satisfy the class of people which made up the patronage of that town and so he lost about all of the money he had. I have tried to sleep in his little hotel when the cowboys came around to "shoot up the town." Later, I have slept in a "haunted" house there on the prairies, unaccompanied by anything except by my four footed friends, the rodents, and listened to the beatings of the Indian tom-toms as they would conduct their heathenish dance and "music."

I arrived at this little town at twelve o'clock noon, and five minutes later I was standing in front of the open door of the hotel owned by Mr. Smith. The door-sill was raised about eight inches from the side walk; in the door stood Mr. Smith himself, a tall man—I never have been very tall—and the difference in our height was much augmented when you consider that I was eight inches below him on the side walk. As he leaned against the door sill I shoved up my hand and said "How do you do, my name is Bush." He looked down at me, very coolly took my proffered hand and showed on his face an expression of wonderment and ignorance as to whom Bush was.

The state officer of our church had written to Mr. Smith, telling him that the new minister was

to arrive that day and that his name was the Reverend D. V. Bush, but Mr. Smith had never associated a Reverend with anything that looked exactly like me—in my life I have been taken for all kinds of nationalities and for every kind of a bread-winner, all the way from a tooth-pick vendor up to a shoestring peddler, but no one ever took me to be a preacher; I never wore my collars “hind side before” or my shirt inside out or my vest upside down—therefore, Brother Smith should have had more pity than censure when he did not associate with the new minister, the man, by the name of Bush, who stood before him.

He took my hand with just about as much of an expression in the shake as a fish’s tail would grasp a corpse and stood, with his awkward gaze, while I tried to shake enthusiasm into his fishy hand by saying, “Yes, I’m Bush, the new minister;” whereupon he looked at me in surprise and doubt and disappointment and said, “You! Why we need a man for this place out here,” and he lead me into the dining room. I didn’t look, to him, much like a man, evidently, but I did look to him like some kind of an animal that needed feeding, so he sat me down—the only person in the dining room—and wheeled around and left me.

Lovely greetings from the only “christian” gentleman! In this town it was a case of a gentleman versus a man, and I wasn’t either a gentleman or a man in the estimation of my poor would-be church Deacon. When I had eaten my hasty repast, in my eagerness to find out something about the church and

its location and the services upon the morrow, which was Sunday, I rushed out to try to talk to Mr. Smith, who was sitting behind his desk, deep in his own meditation.

I have always been a pretty good mixer and I have always been able to generate enough enthusiasm to get the other fellows to grunt "U'huh" or "Um'p" if I couldn't get "Yes" or "No" out of them; but here, I was stumped. I couldn't get "U'huh" or "Um'p", much less "yes" or "no" out of my "main church prop." He wanted a man—I wasn't it. He was disappointed and I was the "goat." I have my opinion about any new minister who would so disappoint his "main church prop"; but I wouldn't want to express my opinion here on paper.

Well, it was a pretty lonely afternoon, but then I was rich in time, and so I spent my riches roaming over the prairies. Sunday morning came and, with all of the freshness, with all of the spirit of a new harnessed race colt entering my first "heat," I entered my pulpit that Sunday morning and banged away with all the pepper I could muster, which is a whole lot at times, to my great audience consisting of seven people. I don't know where they all came from—it was a stampe, you will understand, to get seven people for a congregation in this "boom town."

My dear Brother Smith was there. He added so much enjoyment to the enthusiastic new minister when he came directly up to the pulpit when the address was over, shoved out his fishy hand and said, "Well, I don't like your preaching."

Lovely! But then who could blame the poor fellow—he had the privilege of his own opinion and it is not for me to say that he made a poor judge, but it might be right for me to say that I was somewhat flabbergasted when he wasted no time to tell me what a “rotten” preacher I was.

Putting two and two together, his first remarks: “We want a man,” and “You’re a rotten preacher” makes the equation of “What in thunder would the new minister be worth, serving in the capacity of a preacher,” which, from all immediate apparent observation, it would seem that the Fifty Dollars a month was about fifty times more than the preacher was worth.

That week passed, and the next Sunday came and, after the Sunday night “sermon” was over, the good, dear Mr. Smith came to my room in his hotel, closed the door, put his back against it so that I couldn’t escape, looked at me with the wondering, inquiring, disappointed eyes of a man who was ready to fight, and again told me that I sure was a “rotten” preacher.

I had no one to appeal to because he was my sole “support, prop, bolster, rafter and gable,” so I let the matter drop. There was no use arguing the point. He had done all of the arguing that was necessary and the verdict was rendered, the case settled and I was—“rotten.”

That didn’t add to a man’s enthusiasm; to say the least, that is, to my enthusiasm. Maybe your enthusiasm may be different; let us hope that it is, if you ever become a new minister in the “most wicked town in

the Northwest" with Mr. Smith as your deacon. If I had any enemies—which I do not recognize—but, I say if I had any enemies, I surely could never wish them to be in a hotter place than orthodoxy calls "hell," than to wish my enemies those first ten days' experience of mine in the little "boom town" with my "church friend Smith"—but this wasn't enough.

You have heard of the great hospitality of the West. I have heard of it and I have experienced it, but I didn't experience it in that little town the first ten days. The town was so small that everybody knew everybody's else next move and so, within twenty-four hours, everybody in town knew that the first move of the minister had been to arrive in town and, within forty-eight hours, they had planned that his next move would be away from the town and, if he didn't want to go by himself, they would help him along by riding him on a rail. It hadn't come to that point with the other two ministers who had had to leave the town, but they were wise enough to prevent the "riding on a rail stunt" by beating the town to it and they hiked out on their own "shank's horses."

So, with Mr. Smith's coldness behind me and the little town's coldness in front of me, I was somewhat in the place of a human refrigerator with the temperature going down. When I would go out on the street and speak to the men and try to pass the time of day, they all turned their backs on me, scorned me, or cut me through with their icy looks. They spoke to other people, anyone, in fact, from the notorious gamblers to the street harlots, but they were not talking to the "parson." The "Sky Pilot" wasn't needed in their

community life and the sooner he knew it, the better it would be for him—that's what they thought.

I came to this town at Fifty Dollars a month salary. It was a "boom town." In "boom towns" money doesn't go as far as in other towns; the bare board and room for one individual—with no exceptions to the preacher—was Fifty Dollars a month. How are you going to figure it out? I was a married man and I had a family—but my family hadn't come with me—I didn't have the money. I had paid my own railroad fare to reach the little town. My salary was Fifty Dollars a month! My board was the same as my salary. By the time I had paid my board I had nothing left for laundry, shoe strings or shirts—in that community it was quite essential that a man have his back covered.

Of course, in the Fiji Islands, it may be a little different. When you are in Rome you do as Rome does—when you are in the Fiji Islands you can Fiji as the Fijians do, maybe—and when you are in a ministerial position you had better do as the ministerial brethren expect you to do; that is, keep your back covered or you will lose your respect—also your position—so you will see it took some tall mathematical, economic and industrial figuring to spread Fifty Dollars over my board bill, laundry bill, clothing bill and barber bill, for myself alone, without any consideration for my family.

My family, at that time, had not yet learned to live on nothing, but they were being pretty well broke into it, just a little while longer and, no doubt, the Fifty Dollars-a-month church training would have brought about good results, but I wasn't

sure that my family was going to live up to the training! In fact, I wasn't quite sure whether I could do it myself and, to be a good trainer of others, you ought to begin at home on yourself.

So I began at home. I had asked my good "church friend" if it was not possible to get my board lowered because I made only Fifty Dollars a month, but I didn't make any impression upon him—he needed my room, if I didn't. Therefore, as I say, I began training at home on myself.

There was an abandoned house in this town where people had once lived but—they were not living there now. The house had the reputation of being "haunted," but who would care about a "haunted" house if he could save something out of Fifty Dollars a month salary with Fifty Dollars a month board, so I went to the man who owned the house. He was very pleased to secure a tenant. I got the house for nothing—you see, it is a good deal better for a house to have somebody living in it, than to have it vacant. It lasts longer; it is preserved better, especially if it is "haunted."

So I got my "haunted" house for nothing, which equalled a room in the hotel, only it had no carpets, no bureaus, no wash-stand, no bed, and no—well, it was just a vacant "haunted" house, without any trimmings whatever thrown in. I borrowed a cot somewhere, dug up some bed clothing from somewhere else and, moved in.

I didn't have anything to move so my moving didn't cost me anything. Therefore, my Fifty Dollars

didn't shrink much there. You know, a whole lot of things could be worse if we only look at them that way—in fact, you see, I was rather fortunate. If I had had some furniture to move or a chest of diamonds to “tote” and I could not have raised the price to move the furniture or to “tote” the chest, it would have been an awful job for me to have shouldered my furniture and carried it on my own back!

Yes, things can always be worse than they are, so, when things are just as bad as they can be, it is a good psychological thing to be tickled to death that they are not any worse. Your thinking may make them so.

I was progressing pretty well in the economical and industrial program of my ministerial life. I was saving my room rent. The next thing was to save my “eat rent,” so I had enough sense to know that cheese and crackers and milk were a whole lot cheaper than beef steaks, mutton chops and apple pie. I, therefore, soon put in my own larder. It didn't take much to put that in—I bought some soda crackers in a box and I bought milk in a pail from the nearest neighbor who owned a cow, and I bought cheese at ten cents a slice—when I had the ten cents.

You may not be accustomed enough to “haunted” houses and deserted cellars to know just what kind of inhabitants really occupy such a deserted and “haunted” house, but that is a good place for rats to live and being a good place for rats, there were a good many of their kind. I have always known, since I was a little fellow in the first grade in school and sang that song about “A Mouse being Tempted by Cheese” that

one of a rat's most tempting delicacies, as well as the staff of their life, is cheese.

I say I have always known that since a child, but that doesn't make any difference, if I hadn't known it, I would have soon found it out. My one experience would have taught me; I would not have needed a teacher, for it wasn't long before it was a scramble between myself and the rats as to who was going to get the cheese first. Sometimes I won and, quite frequently, they won. However, who was to be the victor had nothing to do with the multiplicity of the number of rats which seemed to increase around that "haunted" house; unless their victory of getting plenty of cheese was a stimulant for more frequent calls and an invitation for more rats.

Be that as it may, however, there were plenty of 'em. If you want to multiply or increase a number of rats and you have never known how before, I'm just telling you now on the side, without any extra charge, that if you bring plenty of cheese around you, you won't be lacking plenty of rats.

So, some days, when it was a tussle between the rats and myself and I got the most of the cheese, it kind of edged them on a little, I suppose, thinking that they hadn't gotten their share during the day, so, when night came, and I was sound asleep, they trooped in by regiments and stormed the cheese fort. After they had carried the day and won the battle without any "spoils to the victor" they were loathe to leave and so they detailed scouting expeditions to explore the different parts of my room.

I never was able to count just how many foraging scouts my rodent friends were able to detail in one night, but making a safe guess at it, without missing the mark very far, I would unhesitatingly say that they had a-plenty, while I did not take the time to try to follow all of their scout foraging, I'm satisfied myself, whether you may be or not, that they didn't miss many nooks or corners where cheese might be found.

I don't know just what a rat's capacity is for scent and I don't know just how far they could follow a man's "cheesy" breath or just what benefit they would derive from sniffing a fellow's "cheesy" breath, when once they discovered it, but I do know that I was very frequently awakened during the night by, not only the scuffling and scurrying of my regimental rodent troops, but, very often, just as I would come to consciousness, one of these four footed, hairy, crawling, creeping, foul smelling rats would be tramping over my chest and face with his long, dirty, creeping tail dragging across my upper lip under my nose.

If you have never been awakened in the middle of the night, when the stars have forgotten to shine and the moon not able to smile, in a "haunted house" with rat tails as an alarm clock, you don't know what you have missed! It is worth Fifty Dollars a month to try the experience; to see if you can stand the shock.

Well, having partially solved the economical situation, the next thing to do was to solve the spiritual situation. Somehow or other, I have always had a

notion that there is quite a connection between the spiritual and economic. I mean by that, that it is a pretty hard proposition to keep a smooth, easy, calm, every day honest-to-goodness christian poise on a half-filled stomach an empty larder and a small pay envelope.

I always have believed and I always shall, I think, that a fellow is in a better position to practice christian patience and fortitude in a nice new suit of clothes and a full stomach (provided, of course, he isn't a gormandizer) than it is in the old orthodox way of trying to give thanks to the Lord because you're poverty stricken and you can't face the landlord or meet your grocery bill.

Therefore, it is my candid opinion, although you may have an opinion of your own that, if you are going to solve the spiritual condition of yourself, the church and your community, you have a better start if you are not living in a "haunted" house on cheese and crackers with rat tails as your alarm clock.

But then, if you have a spiritual situation to solve, it is going to take time to consider your handicaps. It soon dawned upon me that, with my friend Smith thinking me "rotten" and the town thinking me useless, and the rats thinking me a poor provider, that I had better move fast and get the esteem and respect of that town or I would move faster in getting out.

I could see, with the attitude and the coldness of the frost, which, in the town's attitude toward me, was fast turning into glaciers, that I wasn't doing very much service in storming the fort and taking the town captive while I was preaching upon the hill to seven

people there in "Jerusalem" you might say, while the town congregated in the saloons and gambling halls down in "Jericho," as it were.

I, therefore, considered a strategic move. It was my first strategic move as a minister, so to speak. New tactics, entirely, for I had never heard before that any minister had ever preached in a saloon but it appeared to be the only solution of the situation. We had two men in that town who ran saloons, one was a Frenchman and the other an American. I chose my man and my choosing proved to be correct. I figured that, maybe one of these men would let me preach in his saloon, whilst the other wouldn't, so the man I selected was the Frenchman.

Of course, I had enough knowledge and psychology in me in those early days to have better sense than to tell Brother Smith that I intended to preach in a saloon; you see, the psychology of the thing would have been that had I told him my intentions, and he had not favored it, and had told me not to preach (which he undoubtedly would have done, thinking I was a "rotten" preacher), I would have had some time to persuade him that that was the right move and that "sometime" might have been in my next reincarnation or somewhere up in the celestial heaven and that wouldn't help a fellow very much on this earth plane, so I said nothing to my "church prop" as to what I intended to do. If the "prop" were to fail me, I figured it would be after I had made my one grand strategic battle and then, if all things went according to schedule, I wouldn't have cared so very much whether the "prop" failed or not, I would have several others in his place.

So I formed my battle, planned my mode of attack and proceeded to shoot my first gun.

I started down to see the Frenchman in the saloon. I started, I say, but I didn't get there—not then. I reached the sidewalk in front of the building, but my knees began to wobble and my nerve to have “spinal meningitis” and speech “dumb-meningitis” and so I passed by on the other side.

This was a most notorious saloon; it was the rendezvous for men who lived on the plains who thought more of outlawry than they did of citizenship, and men who gathered here had no compunction about putting another notch on their guns (each time a man on the plains kills another man in defiance of the law, he is given the privilege of putting a notch on his gun).

You see this wasn't exactly a “churchy” atmosphere—it wasn't the place that you would select, so to speak, to expound scripture. It was more of a place to congregate to gamble your three-month cow-punchers' wages; to boast of your outlaw exploits; to drink yourself drunk and to drug your victim or to shoot your enemy. A man had been killed in this very saloon just a short time before—but he wasn't preaching.

So I tried to muster enough courage again to go into the saloon. I got as far as the sidewalk leading up to the door when, again, I passed by on the other side. I could imagine cowpunchers, gamblers and outlaws putting on their belts and their biggest guns to come down to the saloon the night that I had enough audacity to preach to them and I imagined them mak-

ing me dance while they plugged the floor around my feet full of bullets—"shoot me up."

But death comes to each one of us anyway, sometime, somewhere, and it might be just as easy a death talking yourself into becoming a corpse in front of a lot of men of the plains, as it would be to have the men of the plains tar and feather you, straddle you on a rail and beat you to death by their pistol butts. You may take your choice—I took mine. One way seemed just as bad as another and, as the things appeared, I didn't exactly care which way. The townsmen were going to have their own way and, when a bunch of "boom town" Westerners determine on having their own way, the chances are they are going to have it—unless you prove "too much" for them.

The next time I came in front of this saloon and got opposite the door, I made a bee line for the door and I bolted through it like a shot out of a gun. I didn't stop until I bumped against the bar, leaned over it and began to talk to the proprietor who was standing on the other side of the bar. It was a new experience for me, but things had been moving fast since I hit this little town and Smith had said I was "rotten."

Of course, it is bad enough to know that you are "rotten" without being told; if I had, myself, discovered how "rotten" I was, it wouldn't have been nearly as "foul" as it was to have Smith break it to me suddenly. I could have sort of gotten used to the odor but, when the crash came all at once, it was the usual way of discovering how bad the eggs were, and it was quite some discovery when Smith discovered what a "bad egg" I was.

The owner of this saloon was a Catholic and anyone who has been raised in the Catholic church, no matter how far they may get away from the teaching of the institution of their birth, they always have a spirit of reverence; they may disclaim the church that raised them, but they never get away from the early reverence which has been instilled into their consciousness. It will be manifested in one way or another, whether it is in psychology or in a lodge-room. Therefore, this man was very anxious to have a church in the community. He told me that he was glad to have a church—he should not want his family raised in a town where there was no church. This was a good breaking of the ice for me, and so we had a drink—sarsaparilla.

I finally told the Frenchman that I should like to preach in his saloon Wednesday night. I had made no mistake in judging my man; it rather pleased him, in fact, it did do so. We were standing at the front of a long bar in the saloon. Between this room and the gambling room next to it, which was equally as large, was a big archway. He pointed through this archway to a great big stove. I don't know that I ever saw a stove larger than that one; it was supposed to heat both of these big rooms, I guess, with a thermometer at forty-six below zero and, by the looks of it, you would have thought it could have heated the whole prairie.

He pointed to this room and said, "You may have your service there" and very gently he said he would have the room cleaned out for me. I thought, of course, by "cleaned out" he meant that the gambling tables and paraphernalia would be taken away. I had

no idea that he intended to remove this big stove and have the gambling room thoroughly scrubbed, which he did. Then we had another drink—sarsaparilla. After the definite arrangement had been made for my preaching to be held there Wednesday night, he gave me Ten Dollars and told me that if I needed any more money at any time, he would be very glad to give it to me.

I don't know what your opinion may be about "tainted money" but, if you have ever been a Fifty Dollar a month preacher with a Fifty Dollar board bill a month to meet and you stall off the landlord by living in a "haunted" house, living on cheese and crackers and sleeping with rats, you probably won't have much compunction about the taint on the money. You become used to the taint in the mouldy cheese that you eat. Anyway, I never did think there was anything wrong in so-called tainted money and so I took his Ten Dollars. I took it without any compunction, for with all of the mental energy I had to arouse, and the physical effort I had had to muster to get in that saloon to make arrangements to have the privilege of preaching there, I considered I earned that Ten Dollars. In fact, if I had been given ten times ten I wouldn't have been paid a cent too much for the effort expended.

I went from here directly to the other saloon man, for I was afraid I'd be getting off on the wrong foot if I had offered my services to one saloon man and not to the other, provided the other fellow would have been disposed to have wanted them. I might have started a town faction right there; I might have favored one saloon and not the other, which could have started a great deal of little town talk, but my judgment of the

two men was right. The American didn't want any preaching in his saloon. He said that there was "too big a gulf" between his business and mine, "it would never do to preach in a saloon," but he ran his hand down in his pocket and said "If you want any money, here it is, you can come back for more," and he gave me Five Dollars. Fifteen Dollars in twenty minutes was a big stack for a Fifty-Dollar-a-month preacher. Rockefeller never got that much money in a month—that is, he couldn't have enjoyed a month's income as much as I did that Fifteen Dollars.

Now the next step was to get Mr. Smith lined up for the big show Wednesday night.

Mr. Smith had a most godly wife, as godly a christian as I ever knew, but Mrs. Smith couldn't live in that little town. Mrs. Smith would come out there every fortnight or so, spend a day or two with her husband and rush back to the city. She couldn't stand it any longer. It happened that Mrs. Smith was in town the day that I had made my arrangements with the Frenchman. Mrs. Smith was in the hotel office when I rushed in with all of the enthusiasm that I was able to muster and, with the spirit of youth, I shouted to Mr. Smith that I was going to preach in ..... saloon Wednesday night. No soldier was ever shell shocked more than was Mrs. Smith. She threw up her hands, sank into a chair as she said "My God." Her husband went over to her side with the reviving words of "Now, dearie, never mind, it'll come out all right" and right then and there Brother Smith forgot I was a "rotten" preacher. There was something in the daring attempt

to preach to the rough men of the plains that swung him to be my staunch supporter.

In all "boom towns" you will find, more or less, a number of lawyers. We had two of them in this place. It didn't take long for the news to spread and it traveled as fast as a prairie fire, that the "sky pilot" was going to preach in the saloon Wednesday night. The prairies fairly burned up with the news and that little town had as big a crowd come in that Wednesday night to see and hear what was doing, as it would have had at an ordinary roundup.

One of these lawyers, upon hearing of my "fool-hardy stunt," rushed over to Mr. Smith to give him some free advice. (Advice is cheap, so they say, but some free advice is mighty dear.) The lawyer told Mr. Smith he had better call off that young preacher. "He is from the East, he doesn't know these Western men, he'll go down there, they'll plug him full of lead and you'll carry him out on a stretcher." I already said that Mr. Smith forgot how "foul" I was and, my daring had instantly won him to my support, so, when the lawyer gave his free advice, Mr. Smith answered by saying "Can you tell how far a frog can jump by looking at it?"

Well, I've been called everything in the world and I wouldn't care how many kinds of frogs they called me if it would bring to my heart the cheer that this frog epitaph brought when I heard what Mr. Smith had said. I knew I had won Brother Smith.

But Smith wasn't the only one who got free advice from the lawyers. The other lawyer came to me and told me what a foolish thing I was doing, that I had

better be careful and that he had come as my friend to tell me what I had better say. This lawyer came to tell me, inasmuch as I decided to preach in the saloon, what to say when I went down there. They had had one murder there a short time ago and they were not particularly anxious to have another.

I, of course, thanked my lawyer friend for his good intention and his kind visit but I didn't tell him whether I was going to accept the advice or not. Of course, I didn't. If I had, I might not have been here to tell the story.

If time ever flew quickly it sure passed in a hurry towards bringing Wednesday night. The whole little town was afire with expectancy and excitement. There were no church members in this town; there was no Ladies Aid or Missionary Society, but we did have a group of women whose hearts were in the right place, who had organized what they had called the "Sunshine Society." The intent and purposes of this "Sunshine Society" were benevolent. This society, of course, was made up of the best women in the little "mushroom" town. These women became busy and, they thought, if prayer could do anything, they were going to pray and so they called a prayer meeting to convene at seven o'clock Wednesday night, that they might beseech the Lord to save the "parson" or at least, if he was to be killed, to do it quick and easy. I believe every white woman in that little town gathered with all of the others promptly at seven o'clock to hold their prayer meeting for the minister. At the appointed time, down I went. The saloon man was doing the thing up brown. He had had the stove

removed and the place scrubbed and the tables taken out, the "joint" cleaned and had roasted a pig so that, after the preaching was over, everybody that wanted it, got a free roast pig sandwich. Most of those dear women were very glad to see me alive to eat the sandwich and, at least one lawyer was mighty much surprised, to think that I was still there to partake of the bounteous hospitality of the saloon man.

Cowpunchers, gamblers, plainsmen had all come in from sixty miles around to attend the service; some men who had come out on the prairie to "bury" themselves because of some misstep in life, or because they wanted to evade the law, who had not been to church for twenty or twenty-five years, congregated inside and outside of the saloon to hear me preach that night. I say inside and out, because some of the men had not been near enough to a preacher in such a long time that they were afraid to risk it inside, and so many of them stuck their heads through the windows and doors to get an inkling of what I was saying.

If I live to be a million years of age, I'll never forget what I talked about in the saloon that night! I always have believed that the world admires a man who doesn't straddle the fence or who doesn't try to carry water on both shoulders, who is open and frank, and manly enough to express his convictions, even though others may not agree with him, and so, I did not mince matters that night by trying to veneer a little town and its inhabitants that wasn't running true to form, and the men took what I had to say with the same manly spirit in which it was given. There wasn't a glass clinked; there wasn't a word whispered;

there wasn't a commotion anywhere and, when the sermon was over, the saloon proprietor said, "We will now take up a collection for Mr. Bush." Being a preacher, that sounded familiar—outside of my own voice it was really the only familiar thing I had heard that night; so they passed the hat and, instead of plugging me with lead, they presented me with silver. From that time on, there were no more rumblings about what they were going to do with the preacher. They did it the next day. A man, representing the business interests of the town, told me that, if I would stay as their minister, the business men who dignified themselves by calling their organization the "Commercial Club" would double my pay. A representative from the Sunshine Society also called upon me and said, that the Sunshine Society would stand back of the Commercial Club. I had made Fifteen Dollars on Monday. This was Wednesday, with a hatful of silver and my pay doubled, all within four days. It wasn't a bad week's work for a Fifty-Dollar-a-month preacher.

Just why have I related this long story? This is it: Don't be afraid to meet life's conditions courageously. You must meet your conditions courageously, knowing that the power to practice and realize abundance is within you right now, and that, by holding a mental attitude for the practice of abundance, you may have abundance to spend (in your mind) right now. Yes, but the spending of this in your mind right now, will have as much reality as you will experience when, years from now, you have actually materialized the abundance which you now are thinking. I know, dear reader, what I am trying to tell you. I

would not have related this long story if I were not able to make it possible for you right now, in your **present** condition to practice abundance, own abundance and live abundance.

While I was on the prairies for seven years, cut off from every ecclesiastical channel in the world, excommunicated and apparently buried for life, no minister within three hundred miles to the west of me, and yet, during all of those years and years which followed, I had the joy of spending the money which I did not have for over twenty years later and, when the time came that I could give my first Thousand Dollars without knowing I had given it, I had no more fun than when, during all of those years I had spent this money for gifts, time and time again, in my mind. I had dreamed what I was going to do when money should be mine, and I had actually so lived in the mental attitude of spending this money that, when the time came I did not realize it was here. I just gave it away as though it was an old custom. I am extremely sentimental and yet, there was no agitation, no excitement, no hilarity, no ripple of sentimental emotion, at the joy of having money to give away in thousand dollar chunks than when I was standing off the grocer for my debt which, at that time, I expected would have to run on indefinitely.

It is as true as law can make it, that you can begin this very instant, by thinking abundance and prosperity and opulence and plenty, to live in that atmosphere, to enjoy that atmosphere and to appreciate all of the beauties and glories of life which money can buy. "All that the Father hath is yours." You need

only to claim it, to believe it, to practice it, to know it and, in time, when this prosperity thinking shall have brought your ship to you and your fortune has actually come, you will see that you had the pleasure of spending this fortune years before it was manifested.

How necessary it is for you to think prosperity thoughts cannot be put into language. The result of thinking prosperity thoughts can, however, be materialized in time to come; abundance is yours—you must claim it; prosperity is yours—you must believe that, but go one step further and believe that abundance is yours and that prosperity is yours **now**, and begin enjoying today that which right thinking will bring to you tomorrow.

It may take a number of years before the manifestation of your prosperity thoughts shall be crystallized and manifested. All things in this world are in a harmonious, scientific and logical universe, run by an Omnipotent power which makes no mistakes and the eternal law of mind is here for you to believe and to practice and, by living these laws, by practicing these laws, you, in turn, will have all that the Omnipotent power has to give.

By thinking in terms of the operation of these natural laws we, by their operation, bring into manifestation the things which we want. Thought is creative. Thought is energy. Thought produces the same kind of thought as that which you have been thinking. Your thought attracts to you the thing which you think and if, perchance, you see no materialization of your prosperity thought today; never doubt, it's bound to come. Therefore, spend your time

today, tomorrow and forever, enjoying the abundance which you are going to have later. Spend today, in your mind, that which you will have to spend tomorrow in reality.

Don't become too anxious and never allow doubts to creep into your mind. You have, this moment, by right thinking, sowed the seed of prosperity. This seed has entered the soil of the subconscious mind and, just as we reap what we sow, we shall, in time, reap an abundant harvest of prosperity, if we do not have doubts and misgivings. When we sow a seed in the garden we don't go out every two or three hours to dig the seed up to see if it is sprouting. The seed cannot grow that way—you must give nature and time their opportunity to grow the seed in accordance with the natural laws of material growth. The same thing is true with our mental seed sowing. We must give it time and opportunity to bring forth its harvest from the seeds of thought which we have planted in the subconscious mind soil. To be anxious about it, and to be worried about it, is the same principle as going out with a spade and digging up the material seed after you have sown it into mother earth.

This will also have a tendency to prolong your life, for it is well understood that hope and aspirations and success thinking has a tendency to produce longevity.

If we get stuck in the quicksand of misfortune, the swamp of poverty and the quagmire of environment, we can, while there, enjoy the outcome of our dreaming by owning them in our mind before our dreams are realized. When we are drenched by misfortune's ter-

rential rains and the heavens seem one vast bowl or goblet filled with blasting storms and life's hurricanes, the rains will abate, the storms subside and the winds will cease if we but understand and hold true to the law.

If the future seems as black as the wings of a raven, or as hopeless as Dante in melancholia, the wing will become white as a dove and hopelessness bright as a May morning. Believe in success, prosperity and abundance now, and leave the rest to time and the law.

## NOTES.

## CHAPTER XI.

### **FEAR—MAN'S WORST ENEMY.**

**Man's Religion is the Product of His Thinking.**

**The Difference Between the Christian Church and Applied Psychology.**

**The Unseen World.**

Man's worst enemy throughout the ages has not been war, disease, poverty, intoxicants, failure, crime, famine or death, but man's greatest enemy has been **FEAR**.

Fear causes war, failure, crime and poverty.

Man often has fear stamped upon him before his advent into this world, he is reared in fear, all of his life is passed in bondage of fear of disease and death and thus his whole mentality becomes cramped, depressed, limited, and his whole body follows his shrunken pattern and specification. Millions of our ancestors have been under the domination of fear; a perpetual nightmare for centuries. It is surprising that health exists at all.

There is the fear of old age. Fear of losing our faculties, and again becoming childlike; while crowning all is the fear of death. There is a long line of particular and trouble-bearing expectations, such, for example, as ideas associated with certain articles of food, the dread of the east wind, the terrors of hot weather, the aches and pains associated with cold weather, the fear of catching cold if one sits in a draught, the coming of

hay fever upon the 14th of August in the middle of the day, and so on through a long list of fears, dreads, worriments, anxieties, anticipations, expectations, pessimisms, morbidities, and the whole ghostly train of fateful shapes which our fellowmen, and especially physicians, are ready to help us conjure up, an array worthy to rank with Bradley's "unearthly ballet of bloodless categories."

Yet this is not all. This vast array is swelled by innumerable volunteers from daily life—**THE FEAR OF ACCIDENT, THE POSSIBILITY OF CALAMITY, THE LOSS OF PROPERTY, THE CHANCE OF ROBBERY, OF FIRE, OR THE OUTBREAK OF WAR. AND IT IS NOT DEEMED SUFFICIENT** to fear for ourselves. When a friend is taken ill, we must forthwith fear the worst and apprehend death. If one meets with sorrow . . . sympathy means to enter into and increase the suffering.

"Man," to quote another writer, "often has fear stamped upon him before his entrance into the outer world; he is reared in fear; all his life is passed in bondage of fear of disease and death, and thus his whole mentality becomes cramped, limited, and depressed, and his body follows its shrunken pattern and specification. . . . Think of the millions of sensitive and responsive souls among our ancestors who have been under the dominion of such a perpetual nightmare! **IS IT NOT SURPRISING** that **HEALTH EXISTS AT ALL?** Nothing but the boundless Divine love, exuberance, and vitality, constantly poured in, even though unconsciously to us, could in some degree neutralize such an ocean of morbidity."

There is nothing to fear in life; nothing to fear in death and yet millions of the sons of man today are harrassed by the fear thought of death and its terrible consequences. God, Christ said, is Love. In an orderly universe, where Love is Creator and Guide there can be absolutely nothing for man to fear. **MAN BRINGS ON HIS OWN TROUBLES** by this fear thought. If we fear failure, we attract failure to us; if we fear poverty, we, by the law of attraction, draw poverty to ourselves; if **WE FEAR SICKNESS—WELL IT IS A WONDER THAT MORE PEOPLE ARE NOT SICK** the way they like to “**ROLL**” their troubles—their pains and belly-aches—under their tongue like a sweet morsel.

Fear has left man floundering in heathenism and feeding at the trough of superstition.

Theology is speculative. Psychology is a science that can be demonstrated. Theology is inoculated by fear; psychology is permeated by confidence.

Fear has been the keystone in the arch of theology but psychology knows no fear—no fear of God for God is love; no fear of man for man is a part of God; no fear of the devil (for psychology has no devil); and no fear of hell for God is Omnipresent—everywhere—and where God is there can be no hell for His presence would drive out or absorb hell. We put the “soft pedal” on hell because we are afraid to tell what our common sense dictates.

If a man allows a padlock on his lips, it gives him a fatty degeneration of the backbone. Psychology doesn't believe in that kind of a backbone.

And where do we get this fear: it comes from centuries of erroneous religious teachings; and where

do we get our religion? We get it from our own minds—our God is the reflection of our thinking.

Tell me what is a man's conception of God and I will tell you that man's conception of life for our conception of God is the result of our thinking.

God has been expressed, through countless centuries, in many and divers ways: each tribe and clan and nation has depicted and worshiped its own peculiar gods and these gods have been the result of their thinking; this has always been true and it always will be true.

What has given us the gods of India? Why, man's thinking. What has given us the gods of Greece—a much milder, more beautiful and companionable set of gods than the Hindoo gods? What has given the Grecian his gods? Why, his thinking. What made the difference in their thinking—to produce these gods? Natural phenomena. Man responds, in his thinking, to the natural phenomena around him, just as the baby responds to the cooing of the mother or the tiger responds to the call of the jungle.

The religion that man has or feels is an expression of the inward mind. All outward thought is an expression of inward thought. Let me illustrate. I am going to take you to two countries. I am going to show you, according to Buckle, who says this same comparison can be made of every nation of the world, that every nation's gods are expressions of the thoughts of the people themselves.

Over in India, for instance, we have a great, tremendous country, filled with natural phenomena which man was not able to conquer and, as India was so

great and marvelous, the people were not able to understand it; they stood in awe and fell down on their knees, quivering and shaking and wondering what had produced it; their minds were filled with superstition and they said, the gods have made these wonders. I am going to show you some of the gods. I will show you why India has her kind of gods and why Greece has another set of gods.

India has a river so large that all the engineering skill of the world cannot make a bridge to span it. She has the highest mountains in the world, the Himalaya. These mountains are so high that the small man of India looked up at the snow crested caps, stood in wonder and could not understand what had made them. He was not able to scale the mountains. He could not ford the river and, because he was unable to understand the great natural phenomena, the thing resolved itself back into fear and, then, his fear thought his gods.

The Indian ocean, washing the shores of India, is more treacherous than any of the other oceans—here are the greatest storms. There is not a single natural harbor all the way from the mouth of the Ganges, coming along the southern border of India, down the peninsula and around it—not one natural harbor where ships can go from storms.

All the forests and jungles of India are the same—great and awe inspiring. The thickness of the jungle is so terrible that man can only penetrate near the rim—he can't subdue it or fathom it. The animals of the country are greater than those of Greece. Man's little pop gun of India had no power to conquer

and, because he could not conquer the animals and snakes (which are larger than anywhere else in the world) the next thing he could do, instead of conquering the animals and snakes, was to bow down and worship them. If you are born in India, you will let snakes crawl around in your front yard and play with your children. They could not understand why they were there. They thought that the gods willed it.

Because this country is so terrible and its natural phenomena so awful, India made her gods accordingly. It is just as plain as the nose on your face—and some of you people, of the same nationality often ascribed to me, know that “we” have pretty plain noses. Here is the kind of gods they have in India. If things were beautiful and lovely, the mind would have gone into the garden spot of imagination to make the gods lovely and kind; but, because the jungles are so great and the animals so mammoth they could not conquer them, they then began to worry and ramble in the realms of superstition and these are the gods their minds depicted.

I will just give you one instance—one of the triumvirate, Siva and his wife. The god, Siva, is a monstrous, hideous thing and, to show you how terrible he is, he has a girdle of snakes for a “stomacher;” and to show you how ferocious he is and that he has it in his mind to do harm to people, he is dressed in tiger skins and is supposed to ramble around with all the ferocity of a tiger, going every place he can to strike terror and death into the heart of man. Then he has in one hand the skull of a giant he has killed. Over the left shoulder, to enhance the terrible feature of this god who goes around seeking whom he may devour, there

is the head of a cobra, the largest snake known. This god flies around, flies into your home and out, to strike fear and terror and death into your heart. It is all imagination. Imagination has created these fancies because of the great phenomena of India—phenomena which man was not able to conquer.

See the beautiful wife this god has. All the gods have been male and female. What a nice wife is "Durga!" If you have ever seen a blue man you have an idea of the color of Durga. She is a being with four heads, four arms, the palms of her hands dripping with blood to show her appetite for the lives of the people in India. She has a nice necklace. Her necklace is made of the skulls of people she has killed and devoured. What a nice, beautiful goddess India has along with her many gods. They all come from the mind within. The people of India were not able to understand the phenomena around them and so it was that India, through fear, pictured the gods she worships today.

Will you go with me to Greece or, first, to Peru, where they have more earthquakes than any other place in the world. In places where earthquakes are frequent, each time the earth begins to quake, the people are filled with more fear than before—they don't understand it. The natives of Peru are so filled with fear that they have mentalities about as big as the end of a pin head. No country has more superstition than Peru.

In Spain and Portugal, where the earthquakes were great and where the storms were terrible, here superstition reigned supreme; and so it was, in the darkest ages, the clergy had its greatest grip upon the

people. People could not understand nor conquer surrounding conditions, so they resorted to superstition. They believed their sorrows came as a direct visitation from God! The church today has been teaching this the same as the church in which I was raised. I was raised in a church that taught me that, if I was sick or sorrowful or poor, it was due to the fact that God was pleased to have me sick and filled with misfortune and poverty.

Come with me over to Greece and we will make a comparison. Greece is a little country. The rivers in Greece are so small most of them dry up in the summer time and one can ford many of them. Here there is no large jungle. The animals are not so large and ferocious. Here they have many natural harbors along the Mediterranean Coast. So man, there, was able to take care of himself. He did not have to look up to a great mountain chain, for it was not there, as in India. The Grecian went about his way. He was able to cross the rivers and cope with the animals that came his way and, because he was able to take care of himself, he then had a different set of gods than had the people of India. The same thing is true today. As we begin to understand psychology, we learn that there is nothing to fear and, in this one particular, psychology differs from the Christian Church of the last eighteen hundred years. Psychology knows no such word as fear. When Greece was able to take care of itself, Greece was able to find it had power within. There was nothing to fear and so Greece had a set of gods altogether different. "Diana,"—the woman—showing the gladness and the beauty of woman. Notice the

difference between the gods and goddesses of Greece and those of India. "Venus," for beauty and sensuality—altogether different from what we see in "Durga" of India; "Juno" for pride—and pride is a dominant characteristic of the gods of Greece. They are about the same as man, only a little more powerful and a little more beautiful. When we think of the beauty of woman, we think of "Diana" and "Venus." "Minerva," the goddess of accomplishment; what a difference between these gods and the kind I told you about in India. The same thing manifests itself among the gods as among the goddesses. "Neptune" was a sailor. "Vulcan" was a smith. The difference between the people and their gods was that the gods were a little more powerful than man. The gods followed the same kind of occupations man was following. Man was on the same plane only the gods were a little higher. They could understand a god who was a smith and one who was a sailor, but they could not understand Siva and his wife, huge beings who tried to kill people and make them sorrowful and fill them with terror and fright. It was all just a matter of mind—a matter of mind due to the natural phenomena of different places. Fear has kept people filled with heathenism and fear comes into the heart of man according to the god, or gods he worships. If you worship a god who puts strength within yourself and you are linked with that God, there can be no fear, no worry in the world.

Theology—the Christian Church of today—is not an institution that was scheduled to run according to the specifications of Jesus Christ. The Christian Church of today is an organization of speculation and we call

it "theology" and theology is not religion pure and undefiled, at least not religion as we should have it. We speculate about theology and we say this is what may or may not be and this is what the church stands for. It is interesting to see that, in the centuries upon centuries since the ascension of Christ, the church has had a new leader for each century. There was one leader of the third century, another one in the fourth and, in this way, it has run down through the centuries. One mental giant, able to speculate, has given the Christian Church one theology after another of which Christ never dreamed. Jesus never speculated at all. He went about doing good and, in places, you will find Jesus at work; he was always doing good. He was sending out a forgiving spirit to the people who came near Him and He was healing wherever He went.

Theology is speculation from beginning to end, while psychology is a science that can be demonstrated; I must have something I can demonstrate and I can understand. This is the thing I will bet money on and give money for.

The question was asked me last night, "Do I believe in God?" Certainly, I believe in God—I believe in a God of love and no one has said it more beautifully than the "Man of Gallilee." I believe in a spirit—"God is a spirit," said Jesus. God is love. That's the God I believe in. I don't believe in a God of "hellfire and brimstone."

Reared by such teachings fills man with fear as a porcupine with quills. No longer are our feet going to be snared by the toils of our ancestors.

I go back to the old testament, from which the Christian religion gets much of its teachings and, there are so many quotations, I could keep you, hour after hour, where the prophets tried to tell the people, when they were drawn into superstition and killed lambs and bullocks, to please God, that that is not what God wants. God does not want death—He wants life—and that is what the prophets said: Ezekial said, "Will God be pleased with thousands of lambs and rivers of oil?" The prophets were trying to teach people that God was not pleased with this. What God wants, to quote from the "Man of Galilee," is service and not blood from animals nor man either.

Man's worst enemy has been "fear," throughout centuries. A great psychologist, who has been quoted by the late Prof. James, says "the remarkable thing is that we have been so filled with fear that we have any health at all. Our mothers were filled with fear when we were conceived; our progenitors were filled with fear when we came into the light; and we have been filled with fear, bodily and mentally, for eighteen hundred years; and the peculiar thing is, with the fear of death, fear of disease, fear of sickness, fear of God and fear of hell—the wonderful thing is—that anyone has any health at all."

Ninety-eight per cent of our sickness comes from negative and fear thoughts. You may have them or someone may have them and you have received them. Any institution, as the Christian Church, which has taught fear for centuries, is guilty of bringing sickness into the world and, the fact we have so much sickness (we are told ninety per cent of the people of America

and of the world have some form of sickness) is evidence that the Christian Church has failed in that opportunity for serving mankind.

It is the fear of hell which you have in your subconscious mind which is bringing sickness to many of you. I used to go to meetings and hear the preaching of hellfire and brimstone. This was thirty-two years ago. I imagined, as I heard it preached in proletariat meetings, that there was a great furnace of fire and that, if I was not good, I was going to be stuck in that furnace and burned forever and forever; and I am sure that was preached with all sincerity. Men preached it until thousands of people believed it and they got down on their knees to the God who had made creation in order to throw the majority of His creation into a fiery furnace to burn there forever. My God does not burn anyone and never will. The idea of accusing God Almighty of being guilty of burning His own creation! There is not a man nor a woman who is a father or a mother who would burn even a finger of their little girl. Then to carry it out and to say that God, who is infinitely more loving than humanity, would ever dream of burning one of His creation, even for a moment, is the cheapest kind of ignorance I know anything about.

How could we ever believe a few people could be saved and play on golden harps they never had any use for on earth, while the majority of the Sons of God burned down in hell. It is absurd!

The Christian religion itself is one of the smallest religions, in numbers, in the world. There are four hundred million in India, four hundred million in China, an equal number in Africa—probably, in round num-

bers, fifteen or twenty hundred million people in the world who are not Christians. We have about one hundred and ten million people in America we call Christians. Some of them, according to my standard, do not measure up very high; but we say we have one hundred and ten million Christians in America and, probably, an equal number in Europe; two hundred million people we class as Christians and twenty hundred millions that are burned. The idea of burning twenty hundred million people and saving two million or two hundred million! What a travesty against God!

Then, we divide up our denominations for such little differences. I have been through the whole thing. I first was sprinkled and then I thought I did not get enough water and so I had my second immersion. I "went under" all the way and then I went out as a minister but I could not preach it. We, as Baptists, were supposed to preach that if you were a Methodist you would not be saved. How can we think a small handful of people could be saved and all the other millions of the earth be "damned" for eternal punishment? What mental depravity to fancy such a God!

The God we have been worshiping, in the Christian Church, is a God brought into the hearts of men by fear absolutely.

Let me give you one picture of the kind of hell they had in the sixteenth century. The theology of today is just a repetition of the theology of Rome, only added to and taken from, here and there. Let me show you a nice picture they had of hell in the sixteenth century, which one particular church still maintains today. They taught in the sixteenth century

that, before a baby was born, it was condemned for punishment or to be saved. Imagine a mother in those days, when families were large—eight or ten or fourteen children—thinking before her baby was born that it was consigned to eternal punishment. Can any one picture a more horrible hell than a mother, going through everything in order to give life to another being, giving life to one already damned forever and forever; but this was the way they taught.

I will give you one picture. I could talk for hours giving you the different kinds of hell the church has taught man was going into. We would have to live a long time in eternity to get into half the hells they had. Here is one of them: a great, big sea of molten lead (no teaching of Christ but of the church), surrounded by great slippery walls. After you had been in this molten lead for a long time, you still are able to suffer and keep on burning. There is a chance now and then for you to climb up the slippery walls and escape but you never escape. The church had it fixed in that respect. They had it fixed so you could "climb up" but, after you climbed up, there were many thousand devils, who walked close to the edge and pushed you back, not into molten lead but into ice cold water (they had to have the contrast to make you suffer more). You dropped from molten lead back into ice cold water and swam around in that for a few centuries.

This is one of the pictures of hell that was depicted by the Christian Church. Can any thinking human being believe in that?

My candid opinion is that there is not one educated minister in America who actually, in his heart, believes

in such stuff the church stands for and the only way we are going to change the situation is for you people who are members of churches to go back to your church and tell your church you don't believe in that silly stuff and you want your minister to have the freedom to teach what he believes; and not until that time comes will the shackles be broken from the Christian Church.

When you people go back to your churches and tell your boards of deacons and officials you want your minister to have freedom in preaching, then there will be a different kind of preaching than we have now and then applied Christianity will come in, my friends, and the old theology will go out.

The God, my friends, we have—a God of fear—is a God that is keeping America and the rest of the world in poverty. You go to where they have a picture of God, more fearful than is found in any other place, and that is where there is the most poverty. We have a little more money in America than the people who are less civilized, because we have a different picture of God.

All through, the Old Testament is filled with the songs of Miriam and Joshua and others—filled with songs of the glory of the God of War—and, as long as the Christian Church believes in a God who is a tyrant, is a monster and makes human beings to burn them afterward—as long as we worship a God of War just so long will the people of the earth fight and have war and more war.

We talk about brotherhood. I believe with all my soul it is coming; but it can't come while the Christian Church preaches from its pulpit the kind of a

God that condemns His creation to hell fire nor so long as we have denominations who are fighting with other churches.

I know my church absolutely demanded that I was to preach sermons that would "hit" the other denominations and I never, in all my experience, would allow myself to become so low as to say an unkind thing about another denomination and, because I would not do that and because I would not stand up in my pulpit and deride Methodists and other denominations, I was "called on to the carpet" and ex-communicated.

They didn't have anything against my character, my education or anything else except that I was "not doctrinal enough." I am not criticizing what the other ministers preach—that is up to them: If they can preach that and it comes from their heart, alright, but I had to be true to myself, first, and I could no more stand in my pulpit and say a Methodist was not going to heaven than I could say a Mohammedan was not going to heaven and I could not say that.

I will give you a little difference between psychology and the Christian Church. Fear has been taught in our Christian Church for the last eighteen hundred years. As long as we teach fear—fear of hell, fear of dependency in the future, fear of coming before the face of God in the day of judgment—as long as we teach this, just so long will the people have sickness, sorrow and the curse of poverty. The moment we begin to teach a God of love, abundance, charity, mercy and peace, that is the moment everybody is going to have abundance.

How I should like to give you a picture of what I think is God, if I could. No one has ever been able to do it anywhere nearly as sweetly as Jesus Christ. If you don't quite understand the teachings of the church and have been told there is no chance for you to be saved and you are not a member of any church and you don't contribute because you can't believe everything that has been preached, I want you to know that you have just as much chance to come to the pearly gates and be ushered in by St. Peter as any other man who believes in hell.

The judgment—how I should like to talk to you two hours on that. Do you know what I believe judgment is? I don't care what you have done.

A murderer, a short time ago, according to his published statement, was hanged on the gallows because the criminal laws of America do not take care of boys when they make their first false step. I could no more conceive that murderer being condemned to eternal punishment than I could conceive of my mother, sacred to me as any other man's mother, being condemned to damnation.

My opinion of judgment is this. I don't care what you have done. I believe if I had the same environment, lived under the same conditions and had the same temperament as someone else who has made some slip, I would be there and a little lower myself. I don't care what a man has done or what a woman has done to break the civil or moral laws of man or God. The one who has had the hardest life of sinning here has more love and tenderness coming from God Almighty if that could be.

I believe the judgment is a great Homecoming. I believe it is going to be just as happy and sweet as an earthly homecoming—to come into the Infinite presence of the Almighty, whatever that may be.

For you people raised in church who have your idea of what heaven is, I would say I believe the judgment is not going to be a day to be feared, not a day when God will frown upon you and condemn you to punishment. I believe judgment is just a homecoming. I believe all people who have made mistakes, from the murderer hanged on the gallows to the scarlet woman who weeps that she ever took her first wrong step and all the people we call sinners (I would not have that word in my vocabulary), it is for them just a great homecoming and they are going to be ushered into the presence of the great Divine. No one will be filled with fear.

It is going to be like the story Jesus has told of the Prodigal. When he came back his father fell upon his neck and kissed him. I care not how deeply men or women have gone, when they are ushered into the great world to come, they are ushered into the Presence of love and love never will have scorn nor scowl. Love will return love and the man who has gone wrong and who goes to the judgment seat, is going to receive the greatest welcome from God that man ever had.

To come down to a few things more practical for you and the rest of us: As long as we have the religion of yesterday, so long will we have sorrow and poverty and mistakes and sickness.

I was raised in a home that was Puritanical. I was

told if I smiled today I would pay for it sometime tomorrow. Think of it! That we could lay such an accusation at the feet of the sweetest Master that ever lived. That was my early training. We have laid that at the feet of God and Christ. It is just as wrong to teach that we are going to a great judgment where God will point the finger of scorn and condemn us to eternal punishment. If He does, then He is not the kind of a God I know and I will never meet Him because He does not want me.

When we come under the influence of this fear and take it into the business world, it is easy to explain the effect. Here is a business man who says, every time he invests money, the stock market goes down. He is filled with fear. When we have fear, we lose out every time. We want to have the idea we are working with the greatest power in the world through us. I will call it God to be short. If we are working with God, there is nothing to fear—no more than with a little child, coming to kiss you in the morning as it gets out of bed; no more to fear in your business transactions; no more to fear in your domestic relations; no need to fear God when you meet Him face to face, than when a little child meets its loving parent.

When you believe there is a power trying to harm you and you are always filled with fear and timidity, you can never be successful. If we are filled with fear about business transactions, we can never be positive men. This is true of all great financiers of America. They are all men, positive in their decision. Here is one thing to practice. If you are a man who is dealing in grain, you want to know all about it. Now then,

you want to be so filled with positive thoughts, not fear, that when some business deal comes up you can instantly make your decision. A man who cannot make a decision instantly, probably never will be much of a success in the business world. If you are not able to make a positive decision, it is because you have been filled with fear all of your life—probably fear through religion and the Christian Church. "Fear" is all in your mind. Anything you worry about is all imagination.

I thought for many years the devil was chasing me. When I said to the devil, "Get thee behind me—I am just as good a sport as you are," that is the time the fellow ran and I have not seen him since. I actually used to think that there was a devil chasing me and, when we think the devil is on our trail, he is there; but, when we believe he isn't there, he leaves.

I want you to know there isn't anything in the world for you to fear. If you have any fear it is all in your mind.

#### FEAR.

Deep in my flesh have Satan's arrows flown,  
And evil javelins by his demons thrown;  
His cruel lash my bleeding back has borne,  
Till my tried spirit could but pray and mourn;  
Sharp are the prongs his hand relentless guides,  
And sharp the pangs his savage sport provides;  
My heart beneath his thrusts has cried in pain,  
Yet ever feels the ceaseless blows again.  
Then one foul spear, more deadly than the rest,  
Malignant struck, and pierced my aching breast;

Straight through my heart the wicked missile wound,  
And pinned me prostrate on the gory ground.  
There fixed, I saw above my brow upraised  
The claw of Satan, who in triumph gazed;  
Within that claw his dripping trident shook,  
The while he froze me with a fiendish look.  
He laughed—and as my feeble strength grew less,  
Stabbed once again in wanton wickedness.  
Worst blow of all, it crushed my reeling head,  
And the curs'd creature left me there for dead,  
But as I lay, of mind and hope bereft,  
In each dire wound a spear or arrow left,  
There reached my side a blessing from above—  
A loyal friend, with ministering LOVE!  
He soothed my brow, and from my mangled frame  
Pulled each dread missile sent by Satan's aim;  
With healing touch my myriad hurts repaired,  
And through the years for all my future cared;  
Taught me that he who all my ills bestowed  
Was but my erring mind's Tartarean load—  
So now I know that suff'ring's lethal spear  
Comes from the hand of that arch-demon—Fear!

—From Inspirational Poems by D. V. Bush.

Did you ever get so deeply in debt that everybody was clamoring for money and they were threatening what they would do to you? You don't know what you have missed if you have not. I have been paying debts for over thirty years, paying interest on stuff so old I have paid it twice over now. I can teach you people how to meet your debts by visualization—how to meet every one of your obligations. If you are honest

and want to meet your debts, you don't have to fear one second what is going to happen tomorrow. If you will follow the rule we will give you, you can meet every obligation, maintain your dignity and self-respect and the loyalty even of your creditors. If you believe in God, in yourself and in the power within, the creditors are going to know that and give you time. I wrote the poem above when I was wondering what my creditors were going to do to me.

I want to give you two or three other little thoughts, on the difference between Psychology and the Christian Church. I want to give you an illustration of business. After all what do you care about the idea of hell, so long as you can go on and be better in your business? Anyone, filled with fear of hell or failure, can never make his maximum amount of success in business.

You might just as well try to cross the Mississippi River in June on snowshoes, carry Brooklyn Bridge on your shoulders, blow out the moon with a bellows or hold back the tide with a pitchfork, as to try to be a maximum success while fear is in your consciousness.

A business man I have known for some years always thinks he is going to get the worst of it in whatever he undertakes. If he invests in anything he will say: "Of course, I'm sure to lose. It is just my luck. When I buy, the market always begins to fall. The good things fly away when I purchase. Failure is forever pursuing me."

"If he starts something new in his business, he immediately begins to talk gloomily about it. "It won't go. I have a feeling that it won't win out," and so on. He is always talking about poor business, predicting

that business is going to the bad, and that "it will have to be worse before it is better." There will be a slump, a panic, or hard times. He fears this and he fears that, and is constantly worrying and fretting about something or other. He is forever expecting that he is going to get the worst of it; that his enterprises will fail, that his investments will turn out badly, that he will fail in whatever he undertakes; and, of course, good things do not come his way, for what we expect tends to come to us. This man hasn't nearly as much money as he had several years ago, and his losses have come largely from his sour mental outlook, his lack of confidence in his judgment, his perpetual anticipation of "loss and evil."—Marden.

Even though they threaten to bury you under the sands of the sea, where the tide ebbs and flows twice in twenty-four hours, if you have no fear, you will win.

Why do so many people habitually evade making positive decisions and then acting upon them? Because they are guided by fear instead of faith. They fear they will make mistakes; that others will gain an advantage over them; that unpleasant consequences will result.

If your neck is under life's guillotine and the axe about to fall, it will fall if you have fear.

A young man who had studied Psychology in a city where I had been, came to tell me how psychology worked. If you will not be fearful and will not worry and will send out the spoken word and will rest in peace and ease, what you want will come to you by the operation of a mental and natural law.

Here is what happened to this young fellow. He was making thirty-five dollars a month and trying to get more but didn't seem able to accomplish it. He had only been through the fourth grade. He went into the automobile radiation repair business. He rented a little tumble-down building for Thirty-five Dollars a month. He soon got business and soon had to put in two or three other men to help him. Bye and bye, he was putting money in the bank and became so prosperous that he started a second business. The foreman in this first business saw a chance to get business away from the young chap. When rents went up and the landlady raised the rent from Thirty-five to Fifty Dollars a month, the young chap was so unsophisticated and so honest he never thought of getting a lease; and so, his foreman heard of it, slipped in and offered the woman a little more money and got a lease. So the foreman thought, the first of the month, he would have the business.

The young fellow went to a lawyer. The lawyer said, "You haven't any chance." The young man then went to one of the leaders in a class of psychology in the city. "We will hold a thought," he said "that all things that are mine will come to me and no harm can ever come in through my door;" and they sent out a good thought for the foreman who had perpetrated the trick. The thing went into one court and they got it taken up to another and so it was being dragged along. The lawyer said (one of the best lawyers in northern Illinois), "We can't win the case, there is no chance." This other man said, "We will." He hadn't a moment's worry or fear.

No matter what comes in the business world, nor how gigantic it may appear, if you will hold a similar thought, as this young man, you will win. The mental law will work it out—not the law of the statute books (though a clever lawyer can seem to read almost any meaning into the laws on the statute books). The law of the mental realm never changes. It is eternal and always works out right.

This is the upshot of that story. This young fellow had sent out no negative thoughts. If a person comes to me for treatment who is trying to be well, I will take no one who holds a negative thought. I don't want their money, nor think I can cure them. I can't if they hold negative thoughts. You can't win by the law of psychology if you have negative thoughts. This man had no harm thoughts towards the other person and finally the landlady sent for the young man. (The lawyer had advised him not to pay the rent and he had not, for four months). The landlady needed money and she sent her son over to tell the young man she wanted to see him. The man who wants to get even with the world would have said, "Tell your mother I will come to see her when I feel like it" or words to that effect. The young man said politely that he would come to see the landlady that evening.

He did so and she said, "You always paid your rent. I am in need of a little money and I wonder if you would like to have a lease on the building instead of the other man." The man picked up a little stub of a pencil and a piece of butcher paper and said, "I will pay you four months rent and pay you another month in advance and then you write out a receipt

under our new agreement” and the moment the fellow had the receipt he went down to the lawyer and the lawyer said, “Of course the building is yours.”

The case was dismissed and the young man has his business and he is so thankful to psychology that when I was conducting a campaign in his city he gave up his business for two days and went out personally and brought in sixty paid members to my advanced course, because he knew psychology had helped him and wanted it to help others.

That is an example of applied psychology. That fellow never would have kept that building and had what he wanted to have if he had held negative thoughts or had fear within him. I want it to be so grounded in your consciousness that you will never have one moment’s fear or doubt.

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It is as natural to die as it is to be born. We now know scientifically that there is no feeling to the patient in that awful “death throat rattle” we like to elaborate and magnify. A person knows no more about passing from this life than he knows about coming into it and after that, what? Why! still in the arms of Everlasting Love! who should be afraid to die and face a God of Love? Can such a Creator as Jesus pictures have aught but love beyond the grave as well as love here? It has been our fear teaching of the Dark Ages, which has **jammed our common sense** with shuddering at the thought of passing through the “**Valley of the Shadow of Death.**”

Fear causes more failures, heartaches and misery than any other spectre which haunts the life of man.

Science tells us there is no more fear in death and the suffering of death than there is in being born. We used to hear of the "death rattle." There is no such thing—only the reflex action of the muscles. When you slip from this life into the larger life, it is going to be the same kind of an ushering into a greater expression that we have when we come into this life.

For instance, if there is any time in the home that is freighted with love and tenderness, it is the few months you are thinking about the advent of the baby. The mother spends her time making beautiful things and planning what is going to take place. The name is already selected and the father has already been arranging for the great little life that is to come. There is no time in the world when love is quite so tender as when we are thinking about the baby that is coming and then, when the little baby has been ushered into this life, the parents are there and the neighbors come and the father is so glad he spends his money for cigars and other things to treat the "boys"—all because a little life has come into the home.

There is just the same feeling of gladness when we leave this life for the next. The Infinite Spirit, whose love is so much greater than man's, has a reception for us when we pass into the next life, that is so much grander and more beautiful, than the advent of a baby into this life that there is no comparison. The natural attitude of man should be that he wants to pass from this life into the next and not to be afraid of it. If we are filled with fear and, if we are wondering about it, it is all because of the teaching of ages past.

I have never performed a single ceremony at the bier of anyone, whether murderer, outcast, scarlet woman or a man respected and a member of my church, where I have had anything to say but words of encouragement and love for the one who had passed on to meet his Creator.

You want to have in your consciousness that you are going to welcome death. Of course, I know it is going to be hard for us to accept that at the beginning, but naturally the condition of man is such that, after he has lived a certain length of time, he should be ready and want to go. As pastor, I have sat at the bedside of people sick and suffering who were anxious to go. This is the reason. You can have just so much happiness and so much sorrow and that is all.

We read in the paper "the murderer to be hanged slept well last night, and never had any fear or worry." He had suffered all he could suffer after the murder had taken place. After that, there is no more capacity for him to suffer.

You people who have gone through the same experience as I have, of putting to rest your dearest and nearest of blood, know that after you have been awake three days and three nights and longer, being up every moment, your nerves have suffered all they can and you drop off into a peaceful sleep. You can suffer so much and that is all you can suffer and you can enjoy so much of life and that is all you can enjoy.

A little boy likes candy but turn him loose in a candy store and, after he is filled, although you offer a barrel of candy, he can't eat any more. The same thing is true of life.

One of the great mistakes of married life (Elbert Hubbard says "Divorce is trying to get more out of married life than there is in it") is failing to understand that one can have just so much enjoyment in the physical and that is all. Carry that to its logical conclusion, and we can have so much enjoyment in this life and that is all. After we are one hundred and fifty or two hundred years old, we ought to be ready to die, having had all of this life we want until we reach the consciousness where there will be no death. In the law of psychology, after we have had all this life can give us, we are going to want something better in the life that is to come.

Psychology makes no speculation on what dividends shall be declared in heaven: It believes in a here and now—in the power of the mind, within the soul of man, to be co-laborers with God, both in this plane of living and in the plane to come; and, here, on the earth plane it believes that God is Omnipresent—that is, everywhere—and, where God is, there can be no fear. Infinite Love casteth out fear and blots out hell.

## NOTES.

## CHAPTER XII.

### HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL.

#### How to Develop Personality.

#### How to Be Popular.

Is beauty the first and most important question in a girl's life—more vital than social, business or moral problems? The comparative number of letters sent to the editor of a popular woman's magazine would indicate that it is. Last year, says the "Ladies' Home Journal," 9,846 girls wrote to it about beauty problems; only 1,776 asked advice as to other personal problems—"the THROBING VITAL QUESTIONS that beset the SOCIAL AND BUSINESS LIFE of the modern girl."

No one is born TO BE LIKED OR DISLIKED. There is no decree of fate that one has to accept and bear as well as possible, whether it works the right or wrong way.

Any one can work out her salvation and make the other girls she knows ashamed to think what they did with their advantages when they behold her overcoming a handicap of plain looks, poor taste in dressing and no flashing brilliancy of mind.

The man who sets out to be a great discoverer in science, or a great creator in the world of art, may not have the time to become a popular man in his own social circle. But, if he is decidedly unpopular, he is sure to lack some of the large elements of character

which are necessary to bring him to the summit of the heights he seeks. Unless he is liked and respected by those who know him best, something is amiss with the man.

“No matter how poor you are, you can cultivate a charm of personality, a wealth beyond the reach of money or influence, which will make you welcome where the mere money millionaire cannot enter.

“I know some exquisite characters who, though very poor, are not only welcome, but sought by the most exclusive circles for the wealth that inheres in themselves, beside which the most precious jewels and mere money wealth would look contemptible. Never cease your self-improvement, never cease to add to your mental wealth, to improve your manner, to cultivate this personal charm until you shall have tasted riches which cannot be bought.

“What fortunes have been made by men who possessed this charm! Who can estimate the value of it to newspaper reporters and correspondents? It is said that there was scarcely a door closed to De Blowitz in Euorpe, a private office or a place so exclusive that he could not enter it. All opposition seemed to give way before his magnetic personality. Doors which were barred to others would fly open to him.”

Charm and magnetism are things which can be cultivated by taking thought. Beauty is a gift that comes from the gods—when it exists it can be guarded and improved as any flower may be cultivated. When it is absent, cleanliness and health and good taste may enable one to produce a fairly satisfactory “something just as good.”

Sincerity and tact are two qualities which make for lasting charm and popularity.

Charm calls also for tact, for discretion, for good judgment, for unselfishness, for generosity, for amiability and the power to bring out the best in others. It calls for a heart big enough to rejoice in the achievement of others. It calls for the elimination of all jealousy, all tendencies to gossip, all impulses to be indolent or indifferent or self-centered.

Popularity is the product of a charming personality.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox says "Therefore, it would seem that an ambition to be popular is at the same time an ambition to become a worth-while individual and a practical Christian.

"The one who desires to be popular should first of all learn the charm which lies in LISTENING well; and she should cultivate the art of drawing others out, of making those with whom she is thrown in contact shine to their best advantage.

"If a man talks well, lead him to converse; if he sings well, induce him to sing; and to bring forth the most attractive qualities and accomplishments of her women friends is a sure way for any woman to take a long step forward on the road to popularity.

"Such a woman, possessing no marked accomplishments herself, and without beauty or great mental gifts, stands a far better chance of becoming popular than the self-conscious Venus, or the prodigy of brilliant attainments, who only enjoys herself when occupying the center of the social stage and basking in the glare of the spotlight.

“Unselfishness, then, is the keynote to popularity, as it is the key to the highest moral worth.

“LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE.”

There are a few fundamental principles which, if followed, will develop personality and beauty in everyone. I shall not try to enumerate all of these but only a few of some of the important ones.

Each person should have a winning personality which will act as a human magnet to draw friends, business associates and companions to them and, this human magnet—personality—is developed by right thinking and a few fundamentals outlined below will help you, in your thinking, to generate the strong, dynamic thoughts which will attract to you, not only friends, business associates and companions but, by these friends, your success, fortune and abundance.

One of the first characteristics which all should develop is that of a sympathetic nature. I use the word sympathy in the terms of psychology and not of orthodoxy. We should never sympathize for any one in trouble or sorrow or grief with the commonly accepted terms of sorrow, for their particular temporary trouble. To tell people you have sympathy for them is to generate sympathy within their consciousness which, in turn, will attract to them other troubles which will bring on difficulties through the expressions of sympathy.

Therefore, when I say we should have a sympathetic nature, I mean we should have a nature so mellow and permeated with the spirit of helpfulness and kindness that we can, in all times of troubles and sorrows and disappointments for other people, throw

our arms of love-sympathy around them until they see the very strength and glow of our desire to be of aid in their time of trouble.

It is not enough to express to any one, by words, our sympathy. Anyone can learn a formal phrase and say it with indifference and with a heart cold as an icicle, but the world can see through that veneer. We may think that that is a time we can fool some of the people, by our soft manner and veneered speech, but we are fooling ourselves more than the world. Others may not know why but they do not respond to our so-called expressions of sympathy. They do not respond because there is a mental cross-current which they may not be able to interpret but which they feel.

The same thing may be said of sincerity. We never will have a magnetic personality which will bring to us friends and abundance, if we are not sincere. And there is no use trying to feign sincerity when it is all a matter of formality. The vibrations which you generate, in an effort, if you were to do so, of pretending to be sincere, when it is only a matter of pretension, will be felt by others even though they are not able to interpret it. Sincerity, like sympathy, is a most strong current to generate the human magnet to attract others to us.

One day, I was in the home of a woman who was berating her neighbor in a most unneighborly fashion. In the midst of her tirade the door bell rang and Lo, and Behold! that very neighbor appeared and the woman, who had been vilely word-flogging her neighbor, opened her door and, with a rising inflection to

her voice, which betrayed her words, said: "Oh, we are so glad to see you. Come right in—we would be glad to have you spend the afternoon with us." (At the same time, she was thinking in her heart "How I would like to wring your neck!")

The inflection and color to the voice betrays the expression of insincerity. Expressions of sincerity are not enough: the words must be backed by the soul of honesty and integrity, without which, our expressions become as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals, with the brass cracked and the cymbals broken.

To become a strong personality, one must learn to smile and to laugh. Nothing is more contagious than a merry peal of laughter and nothing is more generating for attractiveness than smiling and nothing is more genuine in producing soul than a sincere, hearty laugh.

And nothing is more despicable and outlandishly contemptible, as well as viciously villianous, than an empty laugh which is not sincere.

But we shall not elaborate upon the efficacy of laughter for that is dealt with in another chapter in this book on "Smile, Smile, Smile."

Clothes have a great deal to do with developing personality.

We may not, at first, be cognizant of the color and cut of our clothes, as reflecting our minds and developing personality. The person who runs after fads in the latest styles; I mean extreme fads—who wears the extreme faddish colors of the season, is having reflected in his life and in his personality either

weakness or strength and if it is a will-o'-the-wisp freakish fad, it is more weakness than strength, by a long shot.

Therefore we should be very careful that we do not go to extremes either in cuts or colors, for, as mentioned under the chapter on "Vibration," color may have a deleterious effect upon our health; it also may bring wrong vibrations and have a most harmful effect upon developing personality. We, some of us, vibrate under one color better than another and a color which lowers our vibrations must, of necessity, lower our personality for it is by raising the rate of our vibration that we raise our minds to higher planes and thus develop a personality.

Anyone who has not had a new suit of clothes for two or three years instantly feels the effects of his new clothes the moment he puts them on. The shoulders go back, the chest out and there is more sprightliness in the walk and this, in turn, produces a confidence in his demeanor which, in turn, attracts courageous vibrations and strong mental currents for success and prosperity and happiness.

Many years ago, in our city, it was a fad, for all young chaps in their teens, to carry a cane. Those were days when canes could be bought for twenty-five cents and when twenty-five cents was as hard for me to get hold of as for Rockefeller to "chaw hardtack." Those were the days when twenty-five cents ought to have been saved to have bought a fifty-cent shirt but, it was the fad—the fashion—for all young fellows to have canes; anyone could see it if you did not have a cane but, if you wore a big puff tie, they could not see

whether you wore a shirt or not; so, between the two, I got a cane.

I might say the cane also got me, for as I started out to Sunday School the next morning, there was an awkward creeping sensation which registered itself up and down my spinal column, affecting the joints in my knees and the circulation in my cheeks. I seemed to be all out of harmony; in fact, I was all "out of kilter" and I knew what did it—I did not have to be told—it was that cane in my hand. You see I wasn't used to canes; I wasn't used to carrying twenty-five cents around on me all at one time and, having a twenty-five cent cane was rather upsetting, so to speak.

Whether it was because I ought to have had the twenty-five cents in a shirt, or whether I was conscious of the foolishness of spending my last quarter to buy a cane, it isn't for me to tell, but the fact is, I knew there was something wrong. I say I knew it and I wasn't the only one who knew it; everybody who passed me knew there was something wrong with me. As I walked, I didn't know whether the cane should come down each time I took a step or whether I should hold it in the air for two steps; I didn't know whether I should whirl it around as I walked or whether I should joggle it in my hand.

I say I knew there was something wrong with me and, I also say, that other people knew that there was something wrong with me for I noticed that, as people approached, before they got within a few feet of me, they looked at me in a most curious, wondering way. Their eyes, of course, shot down

to that cane and then back to my blushing cheeks. As they passed, my eyes sheepishly fell down to the sidewalk (maybe your eyes stay in your head and don't fall down to the sidewalk—but my eyes did at that time) and then, as the people would pass me, they turned their necks—craned to look at me—as I continued my meandering with that cane that I didn't know what to do with.

This continued for some blocks until, what personality I might have had, became a "cane" personality. In the language of scripture, I suppose I might say it was a reed cane, in other words, I had "cane" knees—I was cane-weak kneed—so to speak.

This was lowering my vitality, robbing me of my self-confidence and filling me with embarrassment and, when all those three things get into your consciousness at once, you have lost what personality you might have possessed. So, as I continued, I thought upon a line of procedure—it was an "alley" procedure. I decided that, if ever I could come to an alley, I would dash up that alley and get rid of that cane; the longer I held that cane, the more heavy it became, the more embarrassed I felt and the more the people looked at me.

It seemed a thousand miles before I came to an alley and, when I did come to one, I gave a hurried look ahead of me to see if anyone was coming and a scared look to the back of me to see if anyone was looking and I darted up that alley like a hound after a woodchuck. I threw the cane away and, when I came back to the Main Street again, I was a new creature. Fad—the cane—had affected my mind; my mind reacted upon my

body and, my personality, for the time being, had been ruined.

I spent many a quarter in the world which I begrudged in the old days when I lived under the law of lack and limitation; but so far as I recollect now, I never spent a quarter that I begrudged more than I did that cane quarter: I could have worn a shirt; I could have eaten a sandwich; but I did nothing with a cane but throw it away. Twenty-five cents, spent and squandered in those days was enough to ruin any man's personality. When you feel uncomfortable, squeamish and embarrassed because you are wearing some kind of color, cut, or fad, you will understand that you are lowering your rate of vibration and robbing yourself of personality.

To have beauty and personality, one must be very careful not to be a destructive critic—criticism, reflecting either on persons or society in general. Our critics are our best friends but when we are performing the office of a critic it must be with the best intentions, coupled with kindness and love, prompting us to render service and helpfulness.

A certain girl, about the age of sixteen, had been told that she was developing a most critical temperament which, if pursued, would surely repel all acquaintances and, in time, she would be without friends. She had a great, big soul and, when she was forced "to see herself as others saw her" she determined that, if her critical attitude was going to ruin her future and repel her friends, she would change her mind.

She, therefore, went up into an attic, took a piece of paper and wrote on this piece of paper this

pledge: "With the help of God, I promise to say nothing against any human being, so long as I live." She put this pledge inside a trunk, locked the trunk and kept the key. Many years afterward, when she had reached middle life, she went with a celebrated friend of hers up into the attic and they, together, opened the trunk and she took out this pledge, showed it to her friend and they were both convinced that she had accomplished her purpose. Not only had she overcome her disposition to criticise others but, she had so raised her rate of vibration by saying kind things about others and helping others, that she had become the most popular woman in her set.

If our charm seems to be as bare as hen's teeth in a frog's mouth, we will be able to overcome all handicaps, physical and temperamental, until charm and personality will be our middle name.

To attract others to us we ought to be a good conversationalist. There are two ways to be a conversationalist. A conversationalist may consist in entertaining others and expounding our knowledge or, it may consist in being respective and mute, listening, with all the attention of grace and manliness, while the other talks.

Let the other one talk if he wants to but, if you are going to be the one who does the talking, however, be very careful that you do not monopolize the time in talking about yourself. It is always the great soul who can let the other one talk and it is equally just as great a soul who can talk without continually using the pronoun "I."

In order to carry on a good conversation, both

should have the opportunity of getting a word in at least edgeways. If two women try to carry on a conversation and one monopolizes all of the time, of course, the other woman won't enjoy herself and, when she leaves, she will think what a dull hour she has spent, but, if both of the women have a chance to talk they will both leave saying what a delightful afternoon they have had, what a fine show they have staged and will buy reserved seats to come back again at their own matinee.

There is a possible wealth in conversation alone which many a Croesus would give a fortune to obtain, and all this is within the reach of the poorest boy and girl. The material for the wealth of refinement, the riches of culture, exists everywhere, is open to all. You can practice the power of personality every time you converse with anyone; you can extract it from every book; you can absorb it from travel, from the exquisitely mannered, in the street car, on the street, or wherever you go. Your whole life can be made a school for the acquisition of personal wealth, for the culture of self.

There is a cheap and temporary popularity which comes from the ability to amuse others, from the propensity to be generous to the limit of extravagance, and to be ever ready with unmeaning flattery, but the reign of these social leaders and lions is always brief.

The greatest pleasure in life is promoting the pleasures of others and happiness will come to you only when you realize that it grows by sharing it with others. Kept alone it shrivels and dies. By sharing happiness with others, looking after their welfare and comfort,

we, in turn, have this reflected in our consciousness which helps to generate the human magnet to make a strong personality.

## PASS IT ALONG.

When joy comes into your heart,  
    Pass it along!  
A smile's a gem you should impart;  
    Pass it along!  
Someone should share your joy with you;  
Someone should smile because you do;  
Someone should be as cheerful, too—  
    Pass it along!

When some stray sunbeam lights your lane,  
    Pass it along!  
Some other soul is bowed in pain;  
    Pass it along!  
Your smile will save a soul downcast,  
Your word will cheer and hold him fast,  
Your song will echo to the last—  
    Pass it along!

—From Inspiration Poems by D. V. Bush.

One morning in Tallahassee, Florida, I was standing in a drug store, some distance from the door and with my back turned toward it. I was looking over a selection of books, when the door opened and, as fast as electricity can fly, I felt a personality enter. I immediately turned and saw in the doorway a typical "Southern Gentleman."

No words of mine can explain a typical "Southern Gentleman." Anyone, like myself, who has been born and reared in the North in the bleak hills of a starvation country, can no more develop the grace of a man who has had generations of breeding, grace and manners behind him, than can an elephant develop the grace of a trotting horse. This man was an elderly, white-haired, cultured Southern Gentleman. As I turned, he stepped aside to let an old, bent-shouldered, colored woman pass him and he, with his grace and courtesy, stepped aside, contrary to most of the traditions of the South where there are twenty blacks to one white, raised his hat and said, with all of the gracious homage that he could express if he were addressing a queen, "Good morning, Mammy."

I found an excuse to come a little nearer to the gentleman and fumbled among the books and magazines, unmindful of what I was doing, for my mind was attracted to the great personality of this noble soul. The whole drug store felt the warmth of his charm and graciousness as the arbutus feels the warmth of the Spring sunshine. When the man had left, I asked the drug clerk who he was and, with the expression of one much surprised at my ignorance, he explained, "Why, that man, don't you know him? That's the Governor of Florida."

What made this man attractive? What made him a human personal-magnet? What made him a magnet strong enough to attract votes to put him in the governor's chair? I'll tell you: it was his gracious, manly, gentlemanly, true and sincere charm which had made that strong personality.

No matter what may be our native physical beauty, or no matter what charm we have developed, we may be kept in the pink of perfection by right thinking. All elocutionists, students of expression and would-be dramatic and tragic actors become familiar with, I suppose, and learn word for word the great hate speeches from Shylock in Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice." You cannot read these hate speeches and give your soul and mind entirely to the words expressed, without feeling the features and expressing in your countenance the very expression of hatred.

Because Shakespeare has so masterfully depicted, as no other human writer ever has been able to do, the thoughts of a man filled with hate and put these words into the mouth of Shylock, the student has not given enough careful consideration to what Shakespeare intended to give to the world in his story of Shylock and Antonio in the Merchant of Venice. We have thought that Shylock, filled with hate and revenge, is a typical example of the Hebrew race. Nothing could be further from the truth than this. Shylock, indeed, expresses the words of hatred and revenge, as no other character in literature, but the words expressed by the mouth of Shylock are not typical Jewish words, depicting the soul of the average Jew, but it is the expression of a Jew filled with revenge and hatred which the Christian people had taught and developed.

When Shakespeare wrote the Merchant of Venice, it was a very dangerous thing to criticise the Government; in fact, it would be about the last time you criti-

cised the King, for, if the King didn't get your head, he'd get your heart and a man is just about as useless, as a live creature, without a head as he is without his heart. To criticise the Government meant to be put in jail. Shakespeare was wise enough to keep out of jail (that's more than some people are).

The Merchant of Venice was written by the great Shakespeare to prove to his own Government and, at that time, so-called Christian world, how far the christians were from being christians in their dealings with the Jewish race.

It was the attitude of the Christians' toward the Jew, which drew from the Jew the great volcanic emotions of hatred and revenge, which Shakespeare has put into the mouth of Shylock. In those days, a Jew could be apprehended by the court without any provocation whatsoever, only because he was a Jew. He could be summoned to appear before the judge and told to produce a certain amount of money at a given hour. Should he not be able to raise the money, he would be informed to get it from his friends and then, if it were not possible for him to produce the stipulated amount at the time demanded, the court would order him to put out his hand, when they would take a sword and cut off the hand. With bleeding stump hanging at his side, the poor Jew would go out of the courtroom, without any medical attention or words of kindness.

Abuse produces abuse. Misuse produces misuse. Hate produces hate. Revenge produces revenge. The Christians hated the Jews and the reflection of their

own thought was manifested in the words and actions of the Hebrews.

Such an attitude of the Christian world toward the Jew could be only productive of a racial antipathy which never could be overcome. Shakespeare knew this; he would have liked to have come out openly and told the Christian World what he thought of it but, if he had done that, his writings probably would have been confiscated, burned at the stake of condemnation, at the command of the King, and he, himself, put to death.

So, when reading the great scenes from the Merchant of Venice, we cannot refrain from expressing in the modulation and color of our voice, as well as the tightening of the countenance, the hate and revenge but, when we do it, we are not depicting the true heart of the average Jew. We are depicting an example of a Jew which the Christians, by their hatred and abuse, had made.

Such thoughts, which are the antithesis to the fundamentals of making charm and personality will, of course, produce the antithesis in the human being from charm and personality. If a man, by this kind of thinking (we sometimes call him a "grouch") has lived in such mental inharmony until he looks as though he had the potato blight or as though he has cholera-morbus of the disposition can, no matter his age or station, by right thinking, short-circuit his "grouchy" disposition and face, and generate a charm and personality.

(Here Dr. Bush gives the following hate scenes from the Merchant of Venice:)

SHYLOCK.

How like a fawning publican he looks!  
 I hate him for he is a Christian:  
 But more, for that, in low simplicity,  
 He lends out money gratis, and brings down  
 The rate of usance here with us in Venice.  
 If I can catch him once upon the hip,  
 I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.  
 He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,  
 Even there where merchants most do congregate,  
 On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,  
 Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe  
 If I forgive him!

\* \* \* \* \*

Signior Antonio, many a time, and oft  
 In the Rialto, you have rated me  
 About my monies, and my usances:  
 Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,  
 For suffrance is the badge of all our tribe:

(Showing his yellow cap)

You call me "misbeliever," "cut-throat dog,"  
 And spet upon my Jewish gaberdine,  
 And all for use of that which is mine own.  
 Well, then, it now appears you need my help:  
 Go to, then; you come to me, and you say  
 "Shylock, we would have monies;" You say so;  
 You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,  
 And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur

Over your threshold; monies is your suit.  
What should I say to you? Should I not say,  
“Hath a dog money? is it possible  
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?” or  
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman’s key,  
With ’bated breath, and whispering humbleness,  
Say this,—  
“Fair sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last;  
You spurned me such a day; another time  
You called me dog; and for these courtesies  
I’ll lend you thus much monies?”

“God has given you one face and you make yourselves another,” Shakespeare rightly tells us.

Some one has said, “Beauty only has the start in the race.” It frequently happens that the beauty is egotistic, overbearing and makes the mistake of expecting to be entertained by her admirers, and does not exert herself to please and hence never develops the charm of manner which beats any charm of face or form. The plain girl, however, is often superior in tact, for, being obliged to study human nature, closely, in order to get the most out of companionship, she learns to depend upon this knowledge in her efforts to please. She is not dazzled by admiration, nor is she unduly confident when she obtains it that she will retain it.

Few of us realize how much we are influenced by a fine manner, a gracious personality; but it has influenced legislatures, it has swayed presidents, it has robbed kings of their power. It is true this power may be abused; but we cannot deny the fact that it is a tremendous force.

What a man IS shows in his face. Strength and weakness, resolution, timidity are written in the eyes, mouth, nose, chin and wrinkles. By looking at a face you can tell what has been going on in the mind back of it and above it, just as you can tell by looking at wet sand what kind of birds have been walking on it.

Marden says "Most women overestimate the power of mere physical beauty and underestimate the power of personal charm. Some of the great leaders of French society, who had infinitely more influence than the monarchs on the throne during their reign, were very plain physically. Madame Pompadour was anything but beautiful and yet the king's influence was little compared with hers.

"Cleopatra and Johanna of Naples had striking physical defects which marred their beauty. Madame De Stael, who declared that she would gladly give all of her learning and brilliancy in exchange for physical beauty, swayed the hearts of the great men of France with a personal charm which was absolutely irresistible.

"It is true that physical beauty gives a mere temporary satisfaction to the eye; but it does not hold and fascinate the mind as the charm of personality does. There is an intellectual quality in the charms of manner which the ignorant physical beauty never possesses.

"The ignorant woman, no matter how great her physical beauty, cannot hold the interest of intelligent men very long. There is an incongruity and disproportion in the combination of ignorance and beauty which men of brain cannot stand; so that the possession of mere physical beauty, when associated with an ignorant mind, is even a handicap.

“The secret of many a man’s success is an affable manner, which makes everybody feel easy in his presence, dispels fear and timidity and calls out the finest qualities in one’s nature. Comparatively few people have the delightful faculty of being able to get at and draw out the best in others.”

If there seems to be no place for you in life, isn’t it because you are failing to give out to life any affection? The girl of whom I speak looks upon men as ravening wild beasts. Her attitude toward the whole scheme of existence is one of criticism. She sees nothing anywhere to like or admire or approve.

If she meets someone who is kind and unselfish she persists in regarding that person as a strange exception to the general rule. Within herself she has created a world that does not know kindness or love or unselfishness. And, having created that world, she lives in it, without trying to give anything of help or service to the tangible world that lies about her.

She persists in regarding herself as an unhappy and lonely creature—and this in spite of the fact that she possesses one friend whom she knows she can trust, one friend who is loyal and kind, one friend for whom she feels affection and in whom she can place faith.

It never occurs to her morbid little soul that she owes something to that friendship, that, because someone worth while cares for her, she has even at the moment of her greatest unhappiness a place in life and that she is of use to the world, in fact and in potentiality, because she has the friendship of a fine and admirable soul.

Among the truly popular girls whom I have known,

one stands out pre-eminently. I never knew anybody who did not find her lovable. Once, during her sophomore year in high school, a group of her chums were discussing mottoes and naming their favorites. "Hitch your wagon to a star" and "To the stars through difficulties" were favored. Turning to Jessie, someone said, "Haven't you a motto?" "Yes," she said, "it is this: 'Me last!'" "What do you mean by that?" the others asked. "That's my motto, and I think it is a good one." "But what does it mean?" Then Jessie explained: "It means just what it says: 'Me last.' That is, I am to think of myself last; I am to put everyone else ahead of me, and then look after myself when everybody else is taken care of. See?" The girls saw. And they knew that right there lay the secret of her popularity—she lived up to her motto. She was always looking out for someone else, never for herself. The girls realized that in some way Jessie was always taken care of. "Maybe that's why," they decided.

To say that you have no friends is to admit that you do not deserve friends. Everybody who deserves love gets it. Some young people have fewer friends than they will have after they have learned to be more approachable and responsive. But everybody who is not encased in a rind of selfishness has some one to love and to love him.

If you have no friends or fewer friends than you think are your due, don't decide that this is a heartless old world and that it is useless to sue for its favor. Instead find out where the difficulty lies. Perhaps it is in bad manners. Many a potential friendship is blighted in the bud, because a young man has not

learned good table manners. Perhaps some fault you fail to notice because of long usage, stands in your way of winning the esteem and liking that you crave.

Get friends. You need them, both for your best development and to prove to yourself that you are worthy of friendship.

A young man I know went home to tell his mother of his engagement. He was enthusiastic. "Mother, I assure you I have made no mistake; she is the most popular girl in town." "Why?" asked the mother. "Oh, there are all sorts of reasons. Wait till you know her." "Is she beautiful?" "No, I do not believe she is so very beautiful, but you will surely love her." The girl went West to visit the stately old lady who was to be her mother-in-law. A few days later the mother had a heart-to-heart talk with her son. "I could not have chosen a wife for you so well as you have done for yourself," she said, heartily. "She deserves to be the most popular girl in town." "What is it you like about her?" asked the boy, gratefully. "Of course I know what she is to me but why is it that everybody loves her?" "Simply," said the mother gravely, "because she is so lovable. I have watched her closely. I had an ideal of the wife I wanted for my boy and she fills it—perfectly. She is sweet and unselfish. You see it in little things and she does these little things as she has been doing them all her life. They are second nature to her. She sees to it that everybody who is older or frailer than she is has the most comfortable chair before she takes a seat. Children snuggle up to her; they know what that smile of hers means. She says 'Thank you' to everybody when they

do her the slightest sort of favor and she asks a servant for a service as politely as she would request it of me. Invariably she says 'Please' and 'Thank you' over the phone. When I step off or on a car it is always ahead of her and her strong young hand is at my elbow. All day long she is saving me steps in a kindly, unobtrusive way." The young fellow's face shone with happiness. "Mother," he confessed, "I guess I must be blind; I have scarcely noticed one of these things. All I have felt is her general loveliness." "These, my boy, are the sum total of her loveliness and the reason why she is the most popular girl in town."

When you have earned your popularity you will discover that you have won the thing that human nature craves most in all the world. The great secret of popularity is to win it. And the great jewel of popularity is this:

To be popular is to be loved. And love is the one thing that all human nature craves supremely. So whatever of effort is the price of popularity, is it not well worth paying?

If you are not popular—if your face does not show God smiling through—it can.

The ones who will think these thoughts, as outlined above, are bound to become a charming personality which will attract friends, success, prosperity and power to them as well as making them popular.

To the girls who will become popular by following the above directions, I should like to say this in passing, with all the emphasis that I am able to add; namely, the popular girl is very often the girl who is susceptible to the wiles of the unsuspected men, posing

as sheep in wolves clothing. She is very often the girl who has more temptations thrust upon her than other girls and, because of her popularity, she may feel it will wane unless she surrenders to some of the evil suggestions and subtle promises of men.

There is one safe way for the popular girl to be sure that men have no sinister motives. When a young man asks to spend the evening with her she should say she would be very glad indeed and would know that her mother would be delighted to have him come to dinner and spend the evening with the family. If there are any subtle purposes in the mind of a man he may come the first time and the second time to spend the evening with the family but, if his actions are prompted by sinister motives, it is not probable that he will come the third or the fourth time.

Some witty writer once said: "You cannot always sometimes generally tell." And this is borne in upon most of us all the time. As for example: There was a young woman in California. She was very pretty, and looked as young at thirty as she did at twenty. And she spent so much time on her veranda, and in her garden, planting and pruning and fussing over her flowers, that the neighbors all said she was as shallow as she was pretty. She was certainly not earnest. Pretty, yes, but like a butterfly, they agreed. They mourned for her if trouble should come. And then it came, like a flash: a great tragedy. She lost her husband: then her father: and then her little son, all in one year. The next year she lost her income. She continued to look pretty and to smile. But she went to work. She worked and she accomplished. She

had three little girls to care for and educate and she did it. But the amazing part of the whole matter, to her neighbors, was that she continued to be just as pretty of face and just as attractive in her dress as ever and just as smiling. You see she felt it would be selfish to be sad of face when her little girls depended upon her for cheer. "You cannot always sometimes generally tell!" The butterfly sometimes turns out to be a bee! A courageous soul generates personality.

Any person, after the age of forty, is responsible for the face he or she possesses. In the days of the Civil War, a friend of one of Lincoln's Cabinet asked the Cabinet Member to appoint a certain man to a political office. The Cabinet Member refused to do so on the grounds that he "did not like the face of the desired appointee." The friend said, "That is not fair—what right have you to judge a man by his face?" To which the Cabinet Member replied, "Any man is responsible for the face he has, after he is forty years of age." This is absolutely correct.

Our face reflects our thoughts; our thoughts make us, and our thoughts impress the countenance as a sculptor's chisel carves the features in the block of marble.

We have people, in every campaign I conduct, whose features are entirely made over in a single day; others within a week. Change our mind and we change our features; change our thoughts and we change our countenance; change our mind and change our thoughts, and we change the rate of our vibration; change the rate of our vibration and we develop personality.

I recall a certain woman who had been racked by pain for forty-two years. The doctor had been unable to relieve the suffering and the tortured body had been shrunken and shriveled, reflecting upon the countenance age, care and sorrow. This woman received instantaneous healing in one of our healing classes and, the next day after, she went down the street and friend after friend stopped her and asked her what was the matter with her: she was radiant, she was beautiful. The change was caused through her mental condition. Suffering had stamped lines upon the features of the dear woman and, when the suffering was gone, the countenance was changed.

Any thought which we entertain reflects in our countenance: envy, hatred, jealousy, sorrow, ill health, trouble, inharmony, friction, discord, financial troubles, fear, lack, limitation, insincerity, or sympathy, kindness, love, harmony, health, growth, prosperity, success, good-will, cheer—all have their respective registration upon the features of the person entertaining such thoughts; therefore, change your thoughts and you change your face; change your thoughts and you change your rate of vibration; change your rate of vibration and you change your personality.

If we have been the progenitors of right thinking, advancing years make us more beautiful and the chastening hand of time only makes us more lovely and lovable.

Physical beauty is not the only essence of charm in personality: a fair, beautiful skin stretched over some flesh and bones, doesn't always make a beautiful

person, a charming manner or a strong personality. Personality consists of right thinking, which makes a great soul. Beauty is right thinking expressed in a charming personality. Abraham Lincoln, for years, was considered to be awkward and homely. Later, we have had evidence which has convinced us that Abraham Lincoln's awkwardness was expressed because of his height and size rather than because of his motions.

He was a tall man and, when he sat down in the ordinary chair made for the ordinary person, his knees shot upward instead of being at parallel angles. This gave him the appearance of awkwardness; but Abraham Lincoln was a man of grace, of beauty and charm because of his great soul.

Abraham Lincoln has a personality more attractive than fifty years ago, in fact, the farther away we are from his time of passing on, the more we appreciate and love his wonderful charm, beauty and personality. Speaking from the angle of physiognomy, Abraham Lincoln might not have taken first prize in a beauty show but, speaking from what is real personality—a soul reflecting through the features of the body—Abraham Lincoln was one of the world's outstanding personalities. He was the strong, magnetic personality he was because of the soul he had.

Your beauty and your charm and your personality does not depend entirely upon the features of a beautiful "first-prize taker" but it does depend upon the soul that is back of it. The soul is made by

sympathy, sincerity, kindness, helpfulness, unselfishness and love and anyone, no matter what may be his station in life or what may be his physical handicap, can overcome any of the physical defects and deficiencies so that he can develop a most wonderful, charming personality.

Charm and personality are not beauty—skin deep—but charm and personality are the outgrowth of the soul. Anyone can have a great soul and anyone who is a great soul has a strong personality.

Now I am going to tell you how you may be able to become beautiful in a very short space of time. All of the foregoing fundamentals are bound to make any person good looking, reflecting a great soul and the spirit of a universal beauty. It takes most of us, in the ordinary way of holding these thoughts, a long time to make our face beautiful but, by charging the subconscious mind, we may change our countenance until we may become beautiful over night or within a very short time.

You will now want to read again the chapters in this book on the subconscious mind and for a more thorough preparation of mind and body to get the very best result by re-educating the subjective mind, see the author's "Practical Psychology and Sex Life," chapter on "Subconscious Mind," "How to Cleanse the Aura" and "How to Enter the Silence."

But for immediate practical purposes the following way will bring about most marvelous results.

As you go to sleep at night the last thing you think about should be beauty, charm, personality, unselfish-

ness, joy, prosperity, happiness, service and harmony. Take some such affirmation as this:

I am filled with Abundant, Ever-Present  
Spirit of Beauty, Charm, Youth and Personality ;

or

I am charm, I am Personality ;

or

The spirit of the All-pervading Eternal  
Youth is this moment flowing through me  
And I am perpetual charm, youth and personality ;

or

God's spirit is smiling through me.

A certain girl, who had been reared in a home of affluence, had always been considered in the family circle as the "ugly duckling." The other girls were physical beauties but she seemed to have a handicap so far as native beauty was concerned. All of her life she had been embarrassed a great deal by the family making continuous comparisons with her sisters, unfavorable to herself. She didn't seem to attract the young men as did the sisters. She wasn't the most noticed girl in her circle of acquaintances and she was no beauty magnet.

In time, all her sisters married, one by one, leaving her alone with the parents. Then the father died and, through reverses, the fortune was lost and the poor "ugly duckling" had to go out to make her own living.

She had read that the charging of the subconscious mind would change a person's features and she

decided that she was going to put it to the test, so she took the affirmation each night as she went to sleep:

“God is smiling through me.”

She secured a position in a department store in the city and, after having been there about a year—all the time taking her affirmation each night—the President of a College of the city called at the department store one day and asked if he might spend the evening with her. He had known her many years before when she had gone through the college where he was president.

He was one of these practical educators, filled with more pedagogy than with sentiment. You might say that he was pedagogically sentimental-minus. He had been too busy all of his life swallowing the contents of text-books and managing the affairs of the institution to take any consideration of how a man might woo and win his bride.

Love, to him, was more of a matter-of-fact, ordinary, cold-blooded business proposition, so, when he came that night, he came with an idea of settling the “eternal question” right then and there and—that’s what he did. Without any preliminaries whatsoever, after he had put his silk hat on the rack and his gold headed cane gently into the umbrella stand; then adjusting his spectacles, pulling down his vest and straightening his coat, he stepped into the parlor, gazed at the young woman and blurted right out, “Miss Smith, will you do me the honor to become my wife?”

He settled it right then and there. He might have settled it differently if he had talked to some other

woman! This was a most gracious woman. She had been taking for a whole year the affirmation "God is Smiling through Me." She had a soul just as sweet as the spirit eternal itself and, when she was so unexpectedly—it is always unexpected, you know—held up as by a highwayman lover, you might say, she was flabbergasted but she was more than flabbergasted; she was greatly embarrassed. She had had many unfavorable comments about her homely looks before this but this was the last straw that could break any woman's camel-back of homeliness and so she said, "Why, Doctor, you surely do not intend to embarrass me like this, you do not want me to be your wife. Surely you know that you should have some woman to be your companion and helper who is beautiful and has charm and personality. I forgive you for your abruptness because I know you did not mean it."

I say that he settled it then and there. He did, but he had to have another little speech before it was completely settled. He wasn't used to making love (anyone could tell that by the way he proposed), and he wasn't used, of course, to women saying "yes" or "no." He just took it as a matter of fact, that she was going to say "yes" right off the reel and so, he was as flabbergasted as she was. His jaw fell, his knees bumped together, his diaphragm sunk in, his stomach shook and, when he could get enough strength to speak, he said, "Why, I—I—I do not intend to embarrass you, indeed I don't, I really mean it. Don't you know what the city is saying about you?"

She didn't know what the city was saying about her. It had said so many unkind things during the

years that had passed that she wasn't particularly anxious to hear what new things it was saying and so, she truthfully told the good President that she was unaware of the latest things which the city was saying, whereupon he regained his manliness, his pedagogically native instinct for mating and said, with all of the grace of a Beau Brummel or a Bobby Burns, "Why, my dear, everybody in the city is speaking about your beauty, it is in the public eye and on the public tongue that you are the most beautiful woman in the city and I am asking now, the most charming personality it is my good fortune to know, to become the wife of the President of our College.

An affirmation taken each night for one year had produced results. There is no reason in the world why people cannot be beautiful, have friends, be showered with love and have a strong personality, which will attract to them all the good things that life can bestow. Right thinking both day and night, is as necessary for our growth, happiness, health and peace as is the necessity of eating and sleeping. **Think right and all is yours.**

Here is an affirmation in rhyme that will produce magic results:

THINK RIGHT.

By David V. Bush.

Think smiles, and smiles shall be;  
Think doubt, and hope will flee.  
Think love, and love will grow;  
Think hate, and hate you'll know.

Think good, and good is here ;  
Think vice—its jaws appear !  
Think joy, and joy ne'er ends ;  
Think gloom, and dusk descends.  
Think faith, and faith's at hand ;  
Think ill—it stalks the land.  
Think peace, sublime and sweet,  
And you that peace will meet,  
Think fear, with brooding mind,  
And failure's close behind.  
Think this: "I'M GOING TO WIN!"  
Think not on what has been.  
Think "VICT'RY"; think "I CAN!"  
Then you're a "WINNING MAN!"

—From Inspirational Poems.

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## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE CHEMISTRY OF EMOTION.

It is well-known today that every mental change is preceded and followed by physical changes. If a man is struck in the face or is insulted to the extent that there is an outburst of passion, his mind is instantly charged with an angry thought but the effect does not end there. He may clench his fist, tremble, his features become pallid, his brow darkened, showing the convulsed action of the heart. What did this? The blow or the affront? Not at all. But the effects of the blow and the affront caused the action upon the man's mind. An affront—an insult—will hurt no one unless the person allows it attention.

In an extreme case of anger, the angry thought is followed by mental and chemical change in the blood. The gastric juice is not secreted—the stomach and intestines become paralyzed, so that the digestion is not only impaired but sometimes wholly stopped.

We know of one case on record of a woman who, while eating, received a message of grief which was so absorbed by her consciousness that a physical change was produced in the body and blood, so that the dinner, which she was eating when the message was received, not being digested, became caked and the woman was dead within twenty-four hours.

What did this? The message of grief—not at all. A message has no effect on anyone unless the person

allows it. It was the message acting upon the mind and the mind registering fear and sorrow and grief, creating chemical action of the blood and body which stopped the proper functioning of the digestive organs. It was thought which killed the woman—not that meal, for she had eaten many meals before—not the message, for there were other people at the table who heard the message, but it was the effect of the message upon her mind and the mind, acting upon such a thought, produced the death. We are what we are by what we think.

We can overcome any experience of life, no matter how deadly the surrounding conditions and circumstances, provided we can maintain the proper attitude of mind.

And every thought which we think is preceded and followed by physical changes. Right thinking produces health, success and prosperity—wrong thinking produces the opposite.

It does make a difference what you think.

Sometimes you hear it said that it does not and all that matters is what you do; that your opinions are nobody's business and all that.

“Your ideas are of the utmost importance. What is in your mind directly affects the work of your hands. What you believe alters what you see and hear.

“In fact, every sensation, every fact coming into your brain mixes with the contents already there and forms a sort of chemical compound with the notions on hand; and it is this compound, this combination of actual fact and previous conviction, which finally gets into your ego and forms your conclusion.

“So your first duty is not to get the facts and to see the truth. Your first duty is to prepare yourself to do this. If your mind is full of false ideas, if it is clouded with superstition or twisted by false sentiment or all hard brittle because of some non-fact to which you have given your “faith” from a sense of duty, you are entirely incapable of using the truth.

“Clean up inside.”—Dr. Frank Crane.

There is now on foot a scheme to suggest sentiment or emotions by odors. There is an odor for every emotion, if it could only be found out. A certain Italian is now working in Italy on a “symphony of odors.” You know how you associate an odor with some place. Heliotrope, for instance, has a wonderful effect on me. Should a symphony of odors be scientifically developed, we may get as much from it as sight. They will be able, in conjunction with what you see on the screen, to shoot out an odor into the auditorium which will produce the same effect as sad music, such as Beethoven used to play.

That a normal mind is really a basis of good digestion is shown by the remarkable sensitiveness of the digestive processes to mental conditions. Sudden sorrow, bad news, disaster, great losses of property or friends, great disappointments not only arrest all the digestive processes but even suspend the formation of the gastric juices.

It has been shown that when the gastric follicles are distended and the gastric juices flow freely from them, when one is hungry and eating with great relish, the sudden receipt of bad news completely reverses the digestive processes. The gastric glands immediately

become parched, dry, feverish; and food will remain in the stomach for many hours with the digestive processes absolutely suspended.

The digestion seems to be dependent upon the condition of the mind. Often our passing moods hasten or retard digestion.

We often hear people, especially delicate women who have nervous dyspepsia, say that they do not understand how it is that they can go out to late suppers or banquets and eat heartily all sorts of incongruous foods without feeling any inconveniences afterwards.

They do not realize that it is due to the change in the mental attitude. They have had a good time; they have enjoyed themselves. The lively conversation, the jokes which caused them to laugh heartily, the bright, cheerful environment completely changed the mental attitude and, of course, these conditions were reflected in the digestion and every other part of the system. Laughter and good cheer are enemies of dyspepsia. Anything which will divert the dyspeptic's mind from his ailments will improve his digestion. When they were at home worrying over their health, swallowing a little dyspepsia with every mouthful of food, of course these women could not assimilate their food; but, when they were having a jolly good time, they forgot their ailments and were surprised afterwards to find that they had enjoyed their food. The whole process is mental.

“People who go to health resorts attribute their improvement to change of air or to the waters they drink, when, as a matter of fact, it has probably been

brought by change of environment, change of mental suggestion, as much as by the change of air or water.

“Spring waters, mountain or sea air, often get a great deal of credit which is due to recreation—good, wholesome fun. When people go away on vacations or little outings they go for the purpose of enjoying themselves and, of course, they are benefited.”—Success Magazine.

It is now an accepted, as well as proven fact that such thoughts as hatred, anger, jealousy, worry, fear, despondency, “the blues,” cause the secretion of poisonous substances in the body which wreck the nerves and upset the health. Hurry and worry actually burn up the nervous energy without achieving the desired end. Just as each poison has an antidote, so each thought poison has its antidote.\*

Every discordant thought “wars against the soul,” poisons the imagination, weakens the will and brings havoc where ought to reign order, beauty and peace. The discordant thoughts can be routed and can be set right by the application of spiritual chemistry—right thinking. Just as you can dry up a fountain of tears by soft appeals, so we may change the chemistry of our mind and blood by mental antidotes for poisonous thoughts.

“What a complete revolution in your whole physical and mental being comes after seeing a really funny play! You went to the play tired, jaded, worn out, discouraged. All your mental faculties were clogged

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\*For a study of these antidotes, see “Practical Psychology and Sex Life” by the author.

with brain ash; you could not think clearly. When you came home you were a new being."

Anger, fear and anxiety are among the emotions or sentiments which literally poison our blood. It has often been said that evil thoughts are poisonous, the meaning being that they corrupt other people but the real fact is that they poison our own blood. By losing control of ourselves and indulging in anger, by yielding to anxiety, fear and unwholesome thoughts, we cause an irritation or disturbance which, according to the latest saying of scientists, has the effect of producing a poison in the blood that may have serious consequences.

Hatred, indeed, in common with the allied emotions of envy, fear and rage—out of which it is compounded—reacts singularly both on the mind and on the body. One may almost say that its psychological and physiological effects resemble those of alcohol.

That is, it has at first a stimulating effect. But, if the state of hatred be maintained, the effect is depressing rather than stimulating.

Physiologically, for that matter, the effect of hatred is from the outset depressing in certain important respects, notably in its action on the digestive and nutritive processes.

If the hatred is extreme, amounting to anger, the secretion of the gastric juices is stopped. The muscles of the stomach and intestines likewise slacken or cease their movements entirely.

On the other hand, there is an increase in the activity of some organs, especially the heart and the liver. The heart beat goes up, the blood pressure is

raised and the liver sends into the blood an abnormal amount of sugar.

There is also a change in the distribution of the blood, the supply to the stomach being diminished, while that to the limbs and to the brain is increased. This change in distribution, together with excessive secretion of sugar, according to such an eminent authority as Professor Cannon, of Harvard University, is for the purpose of increasing the muscular power.

But, under the conditions of civilized life, hatred is not followed by muscular action, as it was in the early history of mankind. Even in the countries stricken with war, only a comparatively small proportion of the inhabitants are called upon to make violent muscular effort.

Consequently there is no adequate outlet for the excess energy that the emotion of hatred develops. The profound physiological changes it produces are produced to no purpose.

And, psychologically, owing to the continued interference with the supply of blood to the brain, there is some degree of weakening of the intellectual faculties. The man who hates may think quickly, but he is always exposed to the danger of thinking foolishly.

Hatred, in other words, impairs the efficiency, and may do serious injury to the health. Certainly no man can remain in perfect health when his digestive organs are working badly, when his blood is overburdened with sugar and when his blood vessels are kept at abnormal tension.

Naturalists declare that the venom of snakes is generated by sugar and fear; that it is rapidly col-

lected in a special receptacle and thence discharged at the object of its anger and fear and, it is further explained, that the same process takes place in the human body but that we have no special organ to receive it and it, therefore, disperses in the blood, acting against ourselves instead of for our protection. Be that as it may, it is generally conceded that we are literally poisoned by the emotions mentioned and by any sentiment or passion which upsets the smooth workings of our minds.

Man isn't exactly like a snake—in some respects—because, when he is cornered and becomes angry or filled with emotion, he doesn't have any little sack in the back of his head or a hollow tongue to squirt out his poison onto his enemy. He has to retain all that poison himself.

There have been records of women who have nursed their children during a fit of anger, which has poisoned the woman's physical system—the child's nourishment—where the child has been in convulsions from the poison, within a few hours. A medical journal has reported a case where a woman so poisoned her child, by nursing it during a fit of anger, that the child died.

The chemistry of emotion reacts upon the physical condition of men and is now so well demonstrated that a scientist can analyze the spittle of a man and tell just what temperament he was in when the spittle was secreted. They can tell if it is hatred, anger, jealousy, fear, worry, envy, etc. Whatever thought you entertain has its chemical action upon your physical condition. All ill and discordant thoughts produce a

poison which is pumped into the whole system by the circulation of the blood. We literally poison our bodies by wrong and discordant thoughts.

We may be the subject of discordant thinking for many years before we succumb to some physical ailment but, just as surely as we continue discordant and negative emotions, just so sure are we liable in time to be seized with some kind of a disease. While we are young and robust, filled with strength and power, we can create by wrong thinking a tremendous amount of poison and can by our physical strength throw off this poison but, if we continue our discordant and wrong negative thinking, the body in time will become weakened in one way or another and, when the body is physically unfit, the vitality lowered; that is the time when the poison will get in its deadly effects—the poison will then naturally locate in the weakest part of the body and, once it has located itself, the physical ailment may continue for years and may never be cured unless the train of thinking is changed.

A man may say today that anger doesn't bother him; but it does. He is lowering his vitality, he is lessening his efficiency, he is unable to think as well, and he cannot do his work nearly up to par. He may think he is as strong as Samson, while in reality, if a test were made, it would show that his strength was far below par. This strong man who thinks that anger, discordant or negative thoughts have no effect upon him is just as liable to come down with a life-long sickness, by auto-poisoning, when his physical condition is weakened and his vitality lowered. "The law is

no respecter of persons." Whatever we think, we are. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

So subtle and murderous is negative thinking that blood, taken from a man in a fit of anger, injected into a guinea-pig, will kill the guinea-pig—just see what pig-slayers we are by our thoughts.

In my private practice, as well as my admonition to all my healing classes, I caution the patients about their mental attitude. There are people who never can be well because they are holding revenge thoughts, jealous thoughts, envy thoughts, hate thoughts or discordant thoughts of other natures.

A woman who wanted to enter our healing classes told me her life's story. She was entertaining three thoughts, any one of which would have produced her physical trouble: She hated her brother, she couldn't forgive her son, and she was jealous of her husband. I refused to take her money. This, of course, she didn't like. She wanted to enter my healing class and be healed the same as hundreds of others. When I refused her check, she asked me if her money wasn't any good. I told her not with me; it would be taking money under false pretenses, for I knew while she entertained any one of those three thoughts my healing class would do her no good and I would be taking money falsely.

I then admonished her that if she wanted to change her mind and drop her jealousy, forgive her son and quit hating her brother, that I would be very glad to have her enter my class. She had had so much fun from these discordant thoughts so long that she, on the spur of the moment, didn't

want to part with those thoughts which had brought her so much discordant joy. Our interview lasted much longer than usual. I tried to persuade the woman to give up her old friends for new—her old thoughts for new thoughts—persuasion had no effect. Then I gave her the choice of the dreaded disease which was leading to her death, or stop nursing her hate and jealous thoughts. This had no effect upon her. She was determined to think as she wanted to think and to live as she wanted to live and to hate as she wanted to hate—to be jealous as she wanted to be jealous.

Then I think I scolded her as much as I ever scolded a patient. When first you don't succeed, then do something else. This method seemed to work but she didn't promise that she would clean up her mind. With her returned check she left. The last thing I said as she departed was, "If you intend to clean up your mind, come back and I will admit you to my healing class," and she said rather abruptly and emphatically, yet, tinctured with a yielding spirit, "If I come back you will know I have decided to clean my mind.

The healing class opened and I failed to see the woman present. We continued for some fifteen or twenty minutes when the door opened and she rushed in and took a seat. I could tell by the expression of her face that she had conquered. She had changed within a few hours. I looked at the woman and said, "You will be healed." She was; and saved a most serious operation. Her troubles, like so many other suffering humans, came

from auto-poisoning. She had created a chemical poisonous action in her blood by her mental poisonous thoughts.

I know another woman who had rheumatism, and had had it for many years. Locating the mental kink which produced this affliction, we found she had a hate for a relative, for many years and the rheumatism began at the identical time of the flare-up, which caused the family ties to be severed, which, in turn, produced rheumatism. Of course she thought she couldn't forgive her relative but she changed her mind. It was either a case of having serious rheumatic pains or forgiving her relative and, as a rule, when a patient must make a choice, pains or forgiveness, pains or cleaning up the mind, they usually cleanse the mind.

When a man has hated so long that he thinks there is no more forgiveness in his veins, then, though his blood is molten iron, he usually changes his mind when it comes to keeping the old pains or thinking right thoughts.

Think right thoughts and not only health is yours but abundance, love, prosperity, fellowship, joy and happiness.

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## CHAPTER XIV.

### CHEMISTRY OF EMOTION—Continued.

#### Thought Seed Sowing.

#### How to Prevent a Harvest of Weeds.

In our thought sowing, we rush, like stampeding cattle, head-long to our destruction.

The law that "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap" is as unalterable as are the famed laws of the Medes and Persians and even more so. One may lead an exemplary life, doing nothing but good to all and yet he may entertain certain thoughts and ideas which are as seed that will bring forth a harvest of unhappiness. If he believes in and is full of fear and adversities he opens the way through this fear for adverse conditions to befall him. Believing in poverty, hard times and lack, attracts these very conditions and they manifest as realities in his life, for "As a man thinketh, so is he." Thinking of our fellowmen with kindness, seeking to serve them with unselfish devotion, shall be measured back to us in kind. Thus we have it in our power to sow righteousness and reap heaven.

As true in the world of thought as the natural world, you do not expect to play ring around a rosy in a street car aisle, neither can you get holy, healthy lives from unholy, fear thoughts.

Whatsoever a man soweth: Here is a leaf from an old, old story. Lokman, the Wise, was once sent by his master to sow oats in a certain field in Arabia. In due

time his master saw barley in the ear there and demanded an explanation of his slave's conduct. "I sowed barley," was the reply, "but I hoped and prayed that I should see a harvest of oats." "How dared you play the fool on a matter of such importance?" cried the indignant master. Lokman answered: "Sir, you are constantly sowing in the world the seeds of evil and yet you expect to reap the fruits of virtue in the resurrection day; wherefore I thought I might have a harvest of oats from a sowing of barley."

What did Paul say about sowing and reaping? "Be not deceived, God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." The kind of harvest depends upon the kind of seed sown, in the natural and in the spiritual world alike.

The American army was encamped near West Point, when one day their commander was invited to visit a nearby mansion and dine, with an old gentleman, at precisely two o'clock. Having been accustomed to visit the family, he had, at first, trusted this old man but whispers got about questioning his fidelity to the patriot cause, which at last Washington resolved to put to a test. The host had been insistent as to the hour for dinner and intimated that a guard would not be necessary. This somewhat aroused Washington's suspicion, so he decided to arrive at least an hour earlier than the appointed time. The host suggested a walk on the piazza and, by his nervousness, soon made it evident to his guest that something was wrong. Washington brought the conversation around to the subject of traitors and he wondered at the lack of principle that would cause native born Americans to join the enemy

for a little glittering gold. His fixed look, as he made these remarks, made the traitor quail; but now the sound of horses' hoofs was heard and up rode a company of dragoons in scarlet coats.

"What cavalry are these?" exclaimed Washington. "What does this mean?"

"A party of British light horse sent for my protection," answered his host.

"British horse—to protect you while I am your guest—what does this mean, sir?"

The troops, now dismounting, came toward the piazza and the old man, getting close to his guest, said: "General, you are my prisoner!"

"I believe not," said Washington, "but, sir, I know that you are mine! Arrest this traitor, officer!"

Not knowing what to make of this turn of affairs, the hypocrite looked from Washington to the troopers, and then saw that they were American cavalymen whom Washington had disguised in British uniforms, and who arrived promptly at a quarter before two, in order to protect their general and aid him to test the truth or falseness of his host.

Being conducted, a prisoner to the camp, the false friend afterward confessed that he had been bribed to deliver Washington to a squadron of the enemy at two o'clock on the day when the American commander was his visitor.

In 1913 a war correspondent wrote, "It would seem as though Turkey, after its centuries of persecution and brutal massacres, was beginning to receive judgment. Imagine streets of dead and dying whom you encounter, not at every ten yards but without a break, in groups

of four or five, thrown one upon the other. Death in common seemed to them, perhaps, less awful. I have seen these dying ones drag themselves on hands and knees toward a wall—toward a shelter, groaning from pain and begging for a drop of water. I have seen them biting the earth as though digging already the grave that was refused by others. I have seen them expire with awful contractions, using their last breath to curse those whose fault or negligence has found them such a tomb.

“It is this one sees at Hademkeui. How many are dying? They are uncountable. They are all dying. It is the entire Ottoman army that is perishing. Cholera is sparing nobody. Ali Riza Pasha, who until yesterday was commanding general of artillery, has fallen a victim himself.”

Just as the erupting volcano belches forth its lava of death, so will evil thoughts reap terror, sorrow and death.

When we sow oats we expect to reap oats. When we sow wheat, we expect to reap wheat; and we reap more than we sow. We sow one kernel and we get a dozen kernels or some grains produce 500 kernels of its kind—some weeds will produce one thousand seeds of its kind from one seed.

This law is as potent in the realm of thinking as in the natural realm. Whatever thought we sow we reap. We not only reap the one thought but we reap many thoughts of the same kind. Mental conduct causes the subconscious mind to generate destructive chemicals in the blood and body. Think

one discordant thought and we create more than one drop of poison blood. Sow one discordant thought in the subconscious mind and the body not only reaps that one thought but reaps many of its kind; but it does not stop after having been reaped in one's own personal, physical and mental life. A thought is not only sowed in the individual subconscious soil but it goes out into the universal sub-soil and there begins to germinate, where it will grow itself, plus other seeds and fruit of its own kind.

If we hate somebody, it does not matter whether that somebody has wronged us or not, by hating we harm ourselves, sowing hate, malice and resentment into our own bodies which produces all kinds of bodily ailments.

Not only that but it is sown likewise into the universal subconscious soil and, when the crop of discordant thoughts is harvested, the harvest is of the same kind and many fold more.

The same is true if we sow love thoughts, thoughts of friendship or thoughts of joy, peace, happiness, abundance and prosperity—whatever we sow, we reap. The Scripture is right—"Be not deceived, God is not mocked. Verily, whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." This is true with grain—it is true with thought. Sow hate, we reap hate and all its hateful harvest, sow love and we reap love with all its manifold harvest of blessings.

The great Master understood what he said, when he told his disciples "to love your enemies," "love those who spitefully use you" and "forgive until

seventy times seven:" for by reviewing our past experience, living over again ill thoughts and wrong treatment, nursing affronts, imagined or real, produces the crop of ill health and mental twists. Many a person is not well because he is petting some mental sore. Mind builds the body, builds the blood; and mind is a chemist within your body.

Marie Antoinette, riding to Notre Dame for her bridal, bade her soldiers command all beggars, cripples and ragged people to leave the line of the procession. The Queen could not endure for a brief moment the sight of those miserable ones doomed to unceasing squalor and poverty. What she gave others she received herself for, soon, bound in an executioner's cart, she was riding toward the place of execution, midst crowds who gazed upon her with hearts as cold as ice and hard as granite.

When Foulon was asked how the starving populace was to live, he answered: "Let them eat grass." Afterward, Carlyle says, "the mob maddened with rage, caught him in the streets of Paris, hanged him, stuck his head upon a pike, filled his mouth with grass, amid shouts as of Tophet from a grass-eating people." What kings and princes gave they received.

Look at history and see if this law is not true. Maxentine built a false bridge, to drown Constantine, but was drowned himself. Bajazet was carried about by Tamerlane in an iron cage which he intended for Tamerlane. Maximinus put out the eyes of thousands of Christians; soon after a fearful disease of the eyes broke out among his people, of which he himself died

in great agony. Valens caused about eighty Christians to be sent to sea in a ship and burnt alive: he was defeated by the Goths and fled to a cottage, where he was burnt alive.

Alexander VI was poisoned by wine he had prepared for another. Henry III of France was stabbed in the same chamber where he had helped to contrive the cruel massacre of French Protestants.

“All Romanoffs Slain, Wife and Children Shot Down with the Czar by Bosheviki.” So read the newspaper heading of a horrible drama; innocent children butchered in cold-blooded class hatred.

It was the first time it ever had happened in that Czar's family. But it had happened in Russia in ten thousand Jewish families. And the Czar never lifted his finger to save the helpless—grandparents and small children—butchered to amuse the drunken, brutal scum of the Russian gutter.

Did that occur to the Czar when the door was broken down in his house as doors had been broken in thousands of Jewish homes all during his reign?

“They that live by the sword shall perish by the sword.” They forget it while in power.

What you allow to live in your heart, harbor in your mind, dwell upon in your thoughts, are seeds which will develop in your life and produce things like themselves. Hate seed in the heart cannot produce a love flower in the life. A sinister thought will produce a sinister harvest.

No one can do his best work while he harbors revengeful or even unfriendly thoughts toward others. Our faculties only give up their best when working in

perfect harmony. There must be good-will in the heart or we cannot do good work with head or hand.

What is there to be gained by harboring injuries, by dwelling upon misfortune, by morbid worrying over our failures? Did it ever pay to harbor slights and imagined insults?

There is only one thing to do with a disagreeable thought or experience and that is, get rid of it; hurl it out of the mind as you would a thief out of your house. You cannot afford to give shelter to enemies of your peace and comfort.

If we did not harbor in the mind the things that are not good for us, they would not make such a lasting impression upon us. In fact, they would not get hold of us. It is the harboring of them, turning them over and over, thinking of them, that intrenches them in the mind.

A kindly attitude, a feeling of good-will toward others, is our best protection against bitter hatred or injurious thoughts of any kind, for they cannot penetrate the love shield, the good-will shields.

We do not have to have thrilling blasts blown through silver trumpets to have our thoughts carried around the world.

Thoughts are things and some thoughts are sounding brass and tinkling cymbals with the brass cracked and cymbals hollow.

We may as well try to puncture the clouds with a javelin, fight a swarm of bumble bees with a pop gun, expect a rose to sprout from a crab apple tree, as to think we shall escape reaping what we sow.

Violate the law of electricity and the mysterious

power will strike; the law of fire and you will be burned; the law of wind and tide and you will go upon the rocks; the law of gravitation and you will be hurled into the abyss. Thus the book of Nature, like the Word of truth, declares that every transgression and every disobedience must receive a just recompense of reward.

The Captain of the steamer "Slocum" was sentenced to ten years imprisonment. He had disobeyed the law which required fire drills of the crew of the ship and, when the Slocum caught on fire, this neglect was the cause of the terrible loss of lives. At the time of the fire the Captain displayed courage and faithfulness to duty but, then, it was too late.

We reap from our sowing of wrong thoughts a harvest of grey ashes.

Mind builds the body. Mind builds the blood. Mind is a chemist within your body. Oftentimes there is a chemical unbalance in your body, because of some corrosive, irritating, worrying thought in your mind, which interferes with the subconscious mind doing normal and natural work in your body. Acids, astringents and wrong chemicals are created in the body, in the blood and, when there is a wrong chemical condition in your body, you have rheumatism, kidney disease and other troubles. Mind, by wrong thinking, has generated these chemicals which are destructive to the organs and tissues.

When we sow our fields we see nothing further of the seed but, after some days, it begins to be noticed and sprouts; so it is with our thoughts. For the moment it is hidden from them but after a time it is harvested.

In 1857, at the World's Fair at Paris, was an oil painting only about a foot square. Under it was the caption "Sowing the Tares." It was a picture of a man with the most hideous countenance. It looked more like a demon than a man. As he sowed tares, up came a serpent and reptile. They were slimy; crawling over his body, around his legs. In the background were toads; were wolves and other animals, prowling.

Sowing the tares—it is as true in mental sowing as physical seed sowing. Sow tares of thought and we reap tares of thought. Sow seeds of love, joy, happiness and we reap love, joy and happiness. There is an old proverb which says "Sin and penalty go through the world with their hands tied together." It would be just as well to say that discordant thoughts and sickness go tied together. Discordant thoughts and failure go tied together, discordant thoughts and limitation go tied together and it would be just as equally true to say "right thinking and health go tied together, right thinking and success go tied together, right thinking and happiness go tied together." This is a natural law. Natural laws are put here for man's benefit but they must be obeyed or we must suffer the consequence.

This law is no respecter of persons, for "Verily, whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." This is as true with biblical characters as with others. The bible differs from many other books on religion in that it gives the flaws of its great characters as well as its virtues, and even though the Jews were "chosen people of God" yet when they disobeyed one of these natural laws they had to pay the penalty.

It is as true with one as it is with another. Notice Jacob, for instance, "as a prince he walked with God." But Jacob sowed the seed of lies and he reaped a harvest of lies. Together with his cunning mother he fooled his old blind father Isaac, and got his older brother Esau's birth-right. He had to lie to cheat his brother out of what was his own—corn begets corn, oats begets oats, wheat begets wheat and lies beget lies.

After he had done this dastardly thing he had to flee from his brother to save his life. He went to the camp of his Uncle Laban. He lied to his father. Now somebody is going to lie to him. His Uncle Laban has a beautiful daughter, Rachael. He falls desperately in love with Rachael and makes a compact with his uncle Laban that he will work for seven years if his uncle will give him Rachael as his bride. Uncle says "yes." Uncle says "go ahead" put in seven years of service and Rachael shall be yours. With this in view he worked his seven years and led to the marriage altar, as was the custom in those days, Laban's daughter veiled and, when the ceremony had been performed and the veil removed, "Lo and behold," he had married the wrong woman. Laban had tricked him. It was not customary or good form for an easterner in those days to marry a younger daughter off until the older daughters were bound in the holy bonds of matrimony. Jacob had lied to his father and he was reaping the harvest of his thought thistles and so he had to serve seven years longer to get the woman of his heart. Jacob has become an honorary member in the world's Annanais Club, because he sowed a weed seed and "whatsoever we sow we reap."

If you were to see a man sowing thistles in his garden, you might say to him, "Do you realize what you are doing? Don't you know that thistles will choke out the good crop in your garden?" Suppose a man who is sowing a crop of thistles, says "I am raising garden truck—I am just doing this for a pastime, recreation and exercise—you would probably tell that man that he was rather foolish. That he could not sow thistles and reap beets, carrots and cabbages. Yet many people are just as foolish as that. They pass on slander, repeat foul terms, think poverty, concentrate on inharmony and expect to reap a harvest of health, happiness and prosperity. Whatever thoughts we sow come back, laden with our accumulated interest—an abundance of kind—whether the thoughts be ill or good, whether they be harmonious or discordant. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Sooner or later, unless you "right about face," your deeds will conform to your words. You will reap what you have sown.

If we expect to reap untainted fruit, we must sow pure thoughts. If we expect discordant thoughts to produce harmony, happiness and peace, we will have to change our thinking, for "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." The very things he sows he will reap and, just as thistle seed produces its kind in great numbers and these seeds in turn produce for one generation after another, so a man may sow a discordant thistle thought—to such a degree that it may bear fruit for generations to come.

This sounds harsh but it is the law and yet there is a constructive side to this message and that is that

we get an opportunity to uproot some of the dangerous thistle seeds which we have sown and prevent a great harvest, just the same as weeds may be uprooted in the garden and the garden saved.

Our thoughts of today are weaving the loom of our destiny tomorrow. I have often seen many good, honest, conscientious Christian people who have never seemed to have accumulated very much, or to prosper. They have wondered why it is—they have served God well; they have not broken the ten commandments. They have gone to church regularly and been at their seats at prayer meetings and yet are poverty stricken. Why? Because they have sowed wrong seed thoughts. The law is no respecter of persons. If a good Christian person thinks poverty thoughts, he is going to reap poverty. God doesn't change his immutable law for some good deacon in the church who does not conform to the law of abundance, so it does not matter what may be our religious affiliation, we reap what we sow. If we sow poverty thoughts, we get a harvest of poverty, no matter where we may worship God. If we sow abundant thoughts, our harvest will be abundance.

“Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.” “Be not deceived God is not mocked.” Neither is God a respecter of persons. A certain young man started life most brilliantly, hopefully and successfully. He had, at about the age of twenty-one, been given a farm, well stocked and with plenty of implements to begin life's successful career. To the house on this farm he led his hopeful bride. This farm had been given to him from a heart of abundance. The farm had cost the

boy nothing. He was well fixed, young, strong, well, with a buxom young bride at his side. His old father had no place to go. The young married man brought his father into his home. The wife objected, which might have been all right but the point is that the old man was not cared for. A little cottage might have been erected upon this man's farm, with very little expense, where the old father could comfortably have spent his last days but, instead of going to any expense or care to protect the gray hairs of the father from shame, he was driven out of this home, became a charity subject and lived in the poorhouse. Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.

Many years passed. This young farmer and his wife prospered year after year. He became one of the well-to-do farmers in his community. Everything he touched seemed to multiply in money. His father languished in the poorhouse and died—an old man without a place to lay his head or call his own. “Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.” Although we do not see it today.

Many years of prosperity passed. The young man reached middle life and started journeying on the other side of life's meridian. For over thirty years he had lived a prosperous life, filled with happiness, with his wife at his side. This man was a lover of horses. He always had the best horses money could buy. He prided himself that he could always manage any horse man could harness. He delighted in the sport of breaking in colts and controlling spirited animals. He always had the finest, liveliest horses, there were to

be purchased. But this man had a brutal mind toward horses. In anger he would beat them most unmercifully. He would kick them in the belly, pound them with rods and beat them with whipple trees. One day the hired man was engaged doing some other work about the farm so that he was not able to, as was the daily custom, go to the station with milk, to be shipped to market, so that the prosperous farmer in haste hitched up a team of colts. One of these was his proudest horse flesh prize—Bill.

This farmer was a good horseman but the best kind of a horseman in the world has to have something in the shape of a harness, bridle or rein to control the horses. In his hurry the farmer failed to buckle securely, the bridle on Bill. He jumped into the wagon and the team was off. Things went well for awhile, but it wasn't long before Bill became unruly and, when the farmer tried to bring Bill to an understanding of horse sense trotting; the unbuckled bridle slipped over Bill's head and Bill dashed on out of control of the great horseman.

The speed, the fright and the flopping bridle enraged the colt until he bucked and kicked as he ran wild—dashing the buck-board against a tree, throwing out the horseman and leaving him senseless. Neighbors found this prosperous farmer along the side of the road in a senseless stupor. They were able to get him home and to fix him up. The doctors saw there was a chance for life and, within a few weeks, he was convalescing. "But whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." God is no respecter of persons;

neither is the law. Sow the seed of horse beating and you gather the harvest of a horse-beater.

Before the run-away accident, this prosperous farmer had begun to lose some of his fortune. He was far in advance of the ordinary agriculturist and he was, hence, open to any kind of a farm implement that would save time and labor in harvesting crops; so, when the binder was first on the market he saw the great virtue in having his crops handled by machinery instead of cutting by scythe and binding by hand. He not only purchased a reaper himself but took the agency for the county.

Now, when a big harvesting corporation gets a man to take an agency for a county, they have been in the work long enough to generally see that that man gets plenty of machines, so they loaded him with reapers. He was good for it, the harvester company knew and they also knew for the great number he had bought he would pay them. In paying them he had to mortgage his farm and mortgage it heavily. Other farmers were not as advanced as he and he found that his agency was a dead loss. He could not interest any of his neighbors or other farmers to use this splendid machine to save human sweat and human muscle. In the meantime, some other investments the farmer had made went wrong—one calamity followed upon the heels of a preceding calamity until, when the accident took place, his farm was mortgaged for just all that money lenders would stand.

“Be not deceived, God is not mocked. Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.” This horse-beater soon died the death of a horse-beater. The

wife was left with the farm, stock and implements—especially binders. But things do not always go as well on the farm with the widow as with the trained farmer, so crops were not so good, harvest not as plentiful but credit fairly well—well enough for somebody to plan on getting the widow deep enough in debt to get her farm.

It was not so very long before the farm was plastered with mortgages and the widow had so little equity in it that she was nothing but a poor, lone woman. To add to this: a fire caught in this woman's home (that had been given to her forty years before, from which she had driven her father-in-law to the poor house). There was no insurance on the house. It was a long way from town—no hook and ladder was handy—no fire company hose to play upon the flames and it was not long before the house was burned completely to the ground and the widow farmless and homeless.

“Whatsoever ye sow, ye shall reap.” For over twenty years that one-time buxom hopeful bride, who had turned an old man out upon the public charity, was years in the same condition; only she was able to perform a servant's duty for a shelter from the rain and a bed to sleep in.

When she was nearly ninety years of age she was still a servant working for her bread and butter.

Our better selves are strangled to death by the conditions of ill thought sowing.

Many a man makes his Via Dolorosa by the thoughts he entertains. Arise, follow your conductor of right thinking. Fear no danger for your harvest will be bountiful if the thoughts you sow are good.

We reap in kind and we reap more than we sow but, if we have been spending our time in riotous sowing, there is yet one way to prevent the harvest from becoming bigger and bigger. Every discordant and negative, inharmonious thought comes back, to the person who thinks it, with the same inkind in a bountiful harvest, but there is yet one way that we can prevent this harvest from being abundant. That way is this. This very minute, close the book and send out into the universal ether a constructive thought to follow that which you have been thinking destructively. If you have harmed anyone, either by action, deed or thought, this very moment send out the counter thought; the antidote and send abundant blessing and success thoughts for the ones whom you have injured. If we have physically or any other way been harmful to someone else, we can prevent the harvest from being great and our shoulders stooping under the weight of a foul harvest, by this very moment concentrating for the person's good whom we have sought to injure.

The science of this second constructive thought is that one constructive thought is worth ten thousand destructive thoughts and, if we have thought ill, planned ill, or worked ill toward anyone else, these thoughts have been destructive. One constructive thought will shatter to pieces these destructive ones, if we think with an open mind, free from prejudice, willing to forgive, anxious to redeem the past and hopeful for the other person's health, life and success.

You see then the law is just as applicable in bringing about the good harvest, as the bad, but it is more

forceful for the good, because it is constructive. Just as a rake and a hoe can dig up weeds in the garden, so can constructive thought uproot destructive thoughts which have been sown in the universal subsoil. Let constructive thoughts now emanate from your mental sending station, with all the power and faith of a strong soul, who means to retrieve the past, and your harvest of weeds will be lessened.

Indeed, like produces like, but the constructive thought produces constructive thoughts to a greater degree than destructive thinking produces destruction. Strong, positive, constructive thoughts, retrieving the past, over-looking our wrongs and other people's faults, set about to wish good-will to all, act as the gardener's rake to dig up the weeds. The better you can concentrate, free from envy, jealousy, fear, worry, enmity and hate, the better will be your mind's rake, the better will the weeds of thought be dug up and a good harvest will grow. You yet have within you, the power, by right thinking, to prevent your thistle harvest from multiplying a thousand seeds. You may reduce the harvest to one thistle. You have the power to overcome the past, to plan for the future and to achieve success, happiness and peace.

An affirmation from the Nautilus is worth remembering:

Would you be at peace? Speak peace to the world.

Would you be healed? Speak health to the world.

Would you be loved? Speak love to the world.

Would you be successful? Speak success to the world.

For all the world is so closely akin that not one individual may realize his desire except all the world share it with him.

And every Good Word you send into the world is a silent mighty power, working for Peace, Health, Love, Joy, Success to all the World—including yourself.

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NOTES.

## CHAPTER XV.

### LIFE'S GREATEST BET.

#### Power of the Spoken Word to Destroy and Kill To Save and Build.

In considering the power of the spoken word, there are two results that come from the thoughts we think and words we speak—the destructive and the constructive.

I am going to take just two illustrations of the destructive or the negative side of the power of the spoken word and the rest of our time will be devoted to the constructive side, which shall mean so much to our life for encouragement, help, happiness and success.

In a city in the Middle West lived a woman who had a tongue, sharp as a two-edged sword. Another woman, who was not in the same social strata as the first but who had to make her own living, unaided—had to raise her own family—had one daughter who was a little indiscreet; nothing bad, nothing immoral, but indiscreet perhaps in her conversation and association with young men. This gave the two-edge-tongued woman a chance to gossip. She spread the news abroad that the young girl was indelicate, indecent and immoral and, just as sparks of fire can be fanned into a flame, so the sparks of idle words were fanned and wafted on the breeze of gossip until not only the future of the girl was jeopardized but the heart of the mother was broken.

There is a psychological law that whatever thoughts we think or words we speak go out into the ethereal atmosphere—universal mind—with the power to produce in kind the fruit of the thoughts or the words that are sown.

The woman who so gossiped was, by the natural consequences of the psychological law of the spoken words, destined to reap the weeds of gossip in the years that were ahead.

Her spoken word had gone forth—the spoken word of evil, the spoken word of character-besmirching, the spoken word of heartbreaking, the spoken word of immorality and, as the spoken word has power to produce in kind, so was she destined some time to reap the same kind of a harvest of the spoken word that she had spread broadcast by the power of thought—of her tongue.

Many years passed. The poorer woman, with her family, rose above the idle tales which had for a time been woven about their lives and characters—rose above the gossip, rose above insinuations, rose above reflections and became prosperous and respected; but the woman who had used the power of the spoken word of belittling and besmirching had reaped what she had sown. Her own daughter was living a life of immorality and she was at the same time living in a houseboat on the Mississippi River in illicit association with a man who was not her husband.

The power of the spoken work to blast and kill is psychologically true.

Just one other illustration to emphasize the power of the spoken word to destroy and kill, then we shall

pass to the elevating side of the constructive power of the spoken word to save and build.

Some years ago there was a fire in the City of Chicago, in an institution conducted for the resuscitation of human derelicts. There was just one man in that habit-reforming institution who was burned to death; all the others, officials, attendants and inmates escaped with their lives.

This man was a prominent politician. His name at one time was on the tongue of everyone interested in the civic life of the Windy City of the West. When the fire was over, so badly had he been burned and "roasted" that the only means of identification was the discovery of one finger on which was his ring.

This man had married a Catholic. We ought to have respect in life for each others convictions and mode of worship, especially if a Protestant has married a Catholic—ought to have respect and consideration for each others training and custom.

But the man seemed to have forgotten that his wife had the right of following the dictates of her own conscience in regard to the worship of God and spurned his wife's plea for what to her was the most sacred act in her religious life.

For if there is anything holy to one born and reared a Catholic, it is the privilege of having a priest of her faith and order administer to her, before dying, the last rites of the Church.

This man's wife lay upon her dying bed. Sickness had emaciated her body, suffering had wrinkled her face, pain had racked her constitution; she had but a

few hours to live. Upon being told this she asked her husband to call a priest that the last rites of the Church might be administered to her ere she closed her eyes on this scene of living, forever.

The husband was not in sympathy with such religious ceremonies, told his wife so and said that he would give neither time nor money. During the wife's effort to persuade her husband of the importance of this ceremony for her peace of mind and rest of soul, the husband became enraged and said that he would not give five cents to save her soul from hell and that he did not care if she burned forever. Whereupon the dying woman, with superhuman effort raised herself upon one elbow and shaking her skeleton, death-like finger at the man she had married for better or for worse, screeched her revenge "then you will roast alive." The power of the spoken word—he literally "roasted alive" in the sanitarium fire!

My poem "Think Before You Speak" is so apropos on this subject that I am giving it below as a clincher:

### THINK BEFORE YOU SPEAK.

Suppose a neighbor has gone wrong?  
Think before you speak!  
Each life must have some saddened song,  
Think before you speak!  
You may have a grief some day  
That will lead your feet astray;  
Then you'll bless the tongues that say  
"Think before you speak!"

A neighbor's boy has "got in bad"—  
    Think before you speak!  
Recall his loved ones, shamed and sad,  
    Think before you speak!  
Some day your own son may fall;  
Scorn may push him to the wall;  
Then your heart will fill with gall—  
    Think before you speak!

If some poor girl has slipped in woe,  
    Think before you speak!  
Say no harsh word to weight the blow,  
    Think before you speak!  
Scarlet letters yet may be  
Hung upon your family tree;  
Let us all have charity—  
    Think before you speak!

The power of the spoken word to save and build is manifested in every walk of life. In the Middle West are thousands of acres of land selling for \$250 to \$500 an acre. Seventy-five years ago the land was not worth on the market, five cents a square mile. In 1849, when the gold seekers were making their rush across the continent they passed this land which is now so valuable. It was worth just as much then as now, from the productivity standpoint, but that land needed to be discovered. Its qualifications for agricultural and commercial purposes needed to be exploited and its value put upon the market. The gold seekers in the days that are gone did not know that gold in crops, in stocks, in market produce, was literally covering the sod.

There are oil wells in Oklahoma and Texas today gushing out 1,800 barrels of oil every twenty-four hours—bringing in a net income to the owner of \$3,600 a day, and yet, that same land, years ago, could not be given away.

Wealth has been hidden under the surface of the earth for millions of years but it needed some one to discover the value, to tap the wells and bring forth the commercial price. Gold and oil riches untold—all it needed was someone to make the discovery and market the goods.

When Jesus walked along the shores of Galilee and called James and John, Andrew and Peter; when Phillip brought Nathaniel, it was the power of the spoken word that attracted these men to the great human dynamo of sympathy, love and courage.

The Disciples of the Great Nazarene were men of middle life, not especially successes in the world, as man terms success, but they had within them the gold and the oil of human price and value. It took Christ to bring out the price that was in these men.

He found the gold, He tapped the reservoirs of oil—He made world celebrities out of the unknown fishermen of Galilee.

All men have gold in them. All men have oil wells gurgling beneath the surface—hidden from men's view. All they need is to have the right word spoken, or the right encouragement given to bring forth to the surface and give to the world their great talents and abilities.

In the realm of mathematics as applied to science Sir Isaac Newton stands supreme—a monarch of all—

one of the five or six greatest intellects of all time and yet, the gold of intellectualism and the oil of service to human kind might have remained, in the subconscious mind of young Newton, undiscovered, and he might have gone down to his grave unknown, unhonored and unsung but for the fact that a rich uncle tapped the reservoir of gold and oil.

Newton's mother, like so many misguided and well-meaning parents, had determined that young Newton was to become a farmer. Now there is no more dignified, no more independent, no more happy life than that of the agriculturist, provided that Nature called the individual to follow the life of the soil. Nature had not called young Newton to be a farmer, and his mother was trying to defeat Nature.

So a wise uncle, with plenty of means at his command, saw young Newton was unhappy in his surroundings and work, asked his mother if she would not give her consent to let him take Isaac from his unhappy environment and place him where he belonged. In short, the uncle discovered young Newton, sent him to school and saved the boy.

When we consider the great service that Newton has rendered to the world at large, our minds go back to the uncle and we put upon his brow the laurel wreath of wisdom and genius—sharing equally with Newton all the honors that the world has placed upon the crown of the world's great scientist.

For without the uncle's discovery and without the uncle's money and without the uncle's encouragement, without the uncle's bet placed upon young Newton, the world would have been the loser.

Everyone has something in him or her, which, if discovered and encouraged and developed, may bring blessings to themselves and to the world.

The thoughts we think and the words we speak have the power to save and the power to build. To save men and build lives.

A word, a smile, perhaps a financial lift at the right time, may save a discouraged soul and give to the world a genius.

I suppose there is no more popular song writer of his day than George Cohen . At least, in the theatrical world, he is the most popular and his songs have been sung by millions. Cohen has an odd way of spending his money. It may not be the way that we would spend it but then it is so easy for us to tell the other fellow how he ought to spend his money after he has made it.

Twenty-five years ago we were all telling Andrew Carnegie how he should give his money away. We, who didn't believe in libraries, could easily tell him a better way to get rid of his millions and, I suppose, many of us could tell Cohen the way to spend his money to a better advantage (as we see it) but that wouldn't make much difference to George for he'll go on spending his money just where he will get the most satisfaction and enjoyment.

He likes to spend his money to help people who are totally discouraged and deserted. No one can be in the slough of despondency, in the quagmire of failure or the swill trough of sin too deep for Cohen to try to help. He calls this "betting his money on the down-and-outers." Of course, his bet doesn't win on everyone—everyone doesn't "come back"—but enough of

the down-and-outers whom he helps "come back" to make it a most fascinating game for Cohen in betting his money on life's derelicts.

Man will bet his money on a ball game or horse race, a hand of cards or the weather; he'll gamble on any fool thing, from on which way a chicken will run across the road to how many beans are in a pot; but many a man won't take a chance on helping a human being to get back onto his feet.

A man who is discouraged can never do good work. There is nothing much worse for inefficiency than to discourage a human being and many a man could put his bet upon his colleague which would bear more than a hundred per cent interest.

We often hear men boast that they are "self-made" but there is no such a thing as a "self-made" man. This world is all co-operation. "No man liveth unto himself alone" and the man, who claims to be "self-made" has had more than one person who has figured in his life to help him become "self-made." If each person were honest with himself and would take a few moments thought, he could recall the sign-posts in his life which have directed him to his present place of success—human sign-posts who have said the right word or given him a lift at the cross-roads of life.

The so-called "self-made" man deserves a great deal of credit, that much we will not try to discredit, but, nevertheless, there is only one way you could be really "self-made" and that is to live on an Island all by yourself, like Robinson Crusoe and then you probably would have your good man Friday.

Therefore, when we consider our great success as

being all our own, we are not playing fair to ourselves or others, for someone has figured in our lives to help us when we needed help. It may have been a mother or a wife, it might have been a father or a friend. Aye, it even could have been an enemy who laid his trap to trip you but which fired your fighting spirit to a greater amount of speed and made it possible for you to be a greater man than you thought you could be, by overcoming the obstacles which your enemy put in your way.

When we consider that our success has been dependent upon the help of others, be they friend or foe, we will take account of our own stock. We will not only see that we are where we are because others have helped us, but we will, in turn, want to give our time and attention, energy and money to help others in turn; for there has been more than one man who has bet on us and we, to win our bet, must bet on others in turn.

Place your life's bet on a human being and win your bet.

Handel is the greatest composer of all of the sacred music geniuses. His oratorios are absolutely unequalled, and yet, had it not been for the bet that an Austrian Duke placed upon Handel, his genius would have been lost to the world and his oratorios not known.

In the days of Handel, the patrons of music were of the rich and nobility. Handel had been fighting a losing game. He had not been able to get recognition nor could he make a decent living by his talent. This was brought to the attention of the Austrian Duke who saw in Handel's music and also in Handel himself,

something that the human race needed and so he secured an orchestra and let Handel conduct it; gave him a chance, inspired the dying spirit of Handel which, in time, has made all mankind his debtor. But not only is mankind indebted to Handel but to the Duke who bet at the right time upon the great musician.

Haydn also came to that time in his life when life was not worth living. He was not appreciated; he could not make a living; he had reached the place where there was no use to try to go further. At this critical time, when the world might have lost Haydn and all of his wonderful compositions, there came a trio of nobility into the life of Haydn which saved him and his music. So these nobles, Baron Fernberg, Count Morzin and Prince Esterhazy, have linked their names eternally with that of Haydn, because they had the money and patronage to couple with Haydn's genius, and had the vision and wisdom to do the coupling.

Verdi, the composer, of *Il Trovatore*, became the richest composer in the world, and yet, at one time, he was the most discouraged of musicians. He, likewise, had given up all hope and was ready to sink, when a rich merchant placed his bet upon Verdi. He made it possible for Verdi to continue to get out his compositions and, by his money and encouragement, Verdi, in time, became rich and famous.

Frank Gunsaulus had been inspired by Russel H. Conwell to build in Chicago an institution that would help poor boys and girls who had not enough money to get a technical education as ordinarily given in other educational institutions. One Sunday morning he outlined what could be done in this respect at Chicago if

he had a million dollars. When the sermon was over Philip D. Armour, the great packer, presented his check for One Million Dollars to Doctor Gunsaulus and told him to go ahead.

The papers flashed the news of the "million-dollar sermon" across the continent and around the world. Frank Gunsaulus' dream was realized. The Chicago School of Technology was the result and it has helped thousands of boys and girls that, otherwise, would never have been able to have had their education and start in life.

Whom do you think was the greater man of the two? Was it Frank Gunsaulus, who could dream the dream and put it over; or was it the rich man who couldn't take the time, if he had had the ability, to conduct a school of technology? One was as necessary as the other. Verily we do not live by ourselves alone. Frank Gunsaulus saw the vision. Frank Gunsaulus dreamed the dream. Philip D. Armour bet upon the dream.

The two men together were doing a most outstanding work for those who might need that kind of an education. These two men, the intellectual preacher and the rich business man, combined to place their bet upon human lives. They have helped thousands in this generation, which will be multiplied in the next, and so on to the end of time. The influence will never stop but, like a snowball catching momentum, will become more and more as the years pass. They both bet on man—the kind of a bet which draws the biggest interest.

One was as necessary as the other. In my mind,

one was just as great a soul as the other, for other business men heard that sermon, other millionaires could have given their millions but they missed the point. Armour grabbed it. It takes as big a soul in a business man to support a dreamer as the dreamer must, of necessity, have to build his visions.

But you say that you are not rich; that you are not influential; that you have no particular standing in the community and you cannot start a movement which will continue to reap men into the harvestfold of a better humanity to the end of time!

But wait! It was a poor Sepoy sailor who won India to the English crown.

It was an obscure farmer whose message at the right time made it possible for Washington to know when to move, when to cross the Delaware, surprise the Hessians at Trenton and strike a blow for man's eternal independence. You may not have the same opinion as I, but I believe in the great assize of man's endeavors, that the farmer, who could help Washington to save humanity from the serfdom of kings, had a soul just as great as the Father of his Country, himself.

One hundred and twenty-five years ago the name of Napoleon struck terror into the hearts of the people of Europe. As a poor soldier lad, who had been seven years without promotion, whose ability had not been recognized and who was living with his brother in a garret, on soup and dry bread, he rose to be the mightiest general of his day and one of the greatest military strategists of all time.

There is no doubt but that, at the beginning, Napoleon really intended to help humanity. He per-

haps helped the cause of human independence a hundred years but, when power was his, he became drunken with his own greatness and then it was that ambition to help was swallowed up by ambition to lust and personal aggrandizement. Then it was, he began to dream of all of Europe under his power, subject to his dictation. As he conquered one country after another he put his own brothers upon the thrones of the conquered nations. There was no nation or combination of nations that could stop the onrush of the mighty genius. As Emerson says, he came to France when France had money and left it in debt and poverty. He had torn the heart of the peoples of Europe until not a single family, hardly, of all the continent of Europe, but what had suffered because of this tyrant. He had reached the climax of his tyranny. He had come to the point where it was either the subjection of Napoleon or the serfdom of Europe. In this extremity, Wellington marshalled his forces at Waterloo and the great English general brought to his knees Napoleon, the greatest despot of modern times, save one. And who is Wellington? Why! Wellington was a man who was saved and bet upon by a common, ordinary street sweeper of London.

Wellington was the military genius but, back of him, was the street sweeper. You may not agree with me, but it is my opinion that there beat a heart, in the breast of that street sweeper, just as noble and just as capable of the highest development as that of Wellington himself.

The great war produced many outstanding military and diplomatic men. Three of these great men, beyond a doubt, were Cardinal Mercier, Woodrow Wil-

son and—this third member of the great triumvirate has held the limelight and kept the boat from rocking longer than any other one particular diplomat and, who is he?

He is the product of a shoe cobbler, old, obscure and poor, who bet upon a little lad to the extent of going hungry himself that the boy might be educated.

The cobbler said he was old, had not done very much in his life and so he shared what little he had with the lad who needed help, care and assistance. When the time came for the boy to go to college, it never could have been accomplished had it not been for the cobbler. The cobbler told the young man to start to college, take what little savings he had accumulated, which were but a pittance and, when that was gone, he would try to have more to send to the young man.

The old cobbler said: "It is not necessary that I eat three meals a day; you go, I'll do without my meals and the little I can save I shall send to you." The boy went to school and the cobbler went hungry. The boy finished his education. The cobbler has had reason to rejoice. The young man soon became very active in the support of the working man, the miners of Wales. In stirring up enthusiasm and sentiment for the common people, he was often threatened to be mobbed. Indeed, at different times, in order to prevent a tragedy, he had to be escorted out by way of the back door of the buildings in which he spoke. By and by came the war. England needed someone to guide Her ship of state. Whom could She have? Whom did She get? The little, barefoot boy saved by the cobbler—Lloyd George, the Premier of England.

No matter what may be your station in life, you can, one way or another, use your influence, speak the word, lend a hand, so that others may do the things which you would like to do and, in helping others you are, by virtue of your partnership with them, co-equal with their success.

And, it is my opinion, that the world is an orderly, logically constructed and operated planet; that the law of compensation rules over all and the person, who is able to bet his influence, kindness, love, sympathy or money upon someone who may bask in the public lime-light, gets just as much satisfaction down deep in his heart as the one who may receive the world's applause.

The old cobbler, seeing the success and leadership of the boy he saved, I am sure, gets as much real satisfaction as the great statesman himself and he has all of this satisfaction without the harsh criticism, which, of necessity, is heaped upon the man who becomes a leader. Who knows but that the Premier himself would be just as happy by living in humble quarters with his uncle as where he now resides with the great responsibility which the world has put upon his shoulders.

I have recently talked with a man whose brain was a latent storehouse of musical genius and, at the age of thirty-six—a plain, dull painter and paper hanger—he uncovered, by accident, this vein of pent-up energy. His happy songs are now being sung by thousands.

One of the greatest features in the modern business world is the ability to discover men and put them to work.

Carnegie said that he built up the great steel industry because he had enough brains to find men who could

do things which he could not do. In betting on others Andrew Carnegie made himself.

We punctuate our prayers with groans that the world may be saved and men brought to the feet of Christ; but if we do not try to answer our prayers by bringing men, as Philip did, what doth it avail a man to pray at the Altar of the Cross?

Do you think that you have no talent, no genial way of approach, that you are slow of speech and not altogether lovely and that you cannot lead anyone into his or her own work; that you cannot bet on a living soul? Then remember this:

In Warrington, England, there was a notice posted in front of a church announcing that the Reverend William Robey would speak on Foreign Missions. A young man, by the name of Robert Moffitt, was attracted by this announcement, but the Reverend William Robey's speech had been delivered a day or two before. He was too late. But Robert Moffitt was in another town when he saw the second announcement of the minister's speech and this time Moffitt went in. He listened with intense rapture and, there, made his life's decision. He went out from that meeting determined that he was going to be a missionary of the Cross to the peoples in foreign lands and Robert Moffitt became one of the great Christian missionaries.

It is my opinion that the sexton of that church and the woman who put in her window's mite from time to time, to help support that institution, so that the Reverend William Robey could deliver his speech there and Robert Moffitt could hear the address, were just as great souls and will have just as much of praise and

honor, through the law of compensation—either here or some other place—as, perchance, the rich man may have who was able to subscribe in a more abundant way to the support of that institution. The sexton and the washerwoman and the rich men were all partners, working together for the salvation of the race.

All of christendom, fifteen or twenty years ago was stirred and stimulated by the Great Men and Religion Forward Movement. It was an effort on the part of the men in the church to bring the great gospel message before the masses in a larger way. The Movement succeeded. It performed its service and thousands were helped.

The man who headed this Movement was a wild, reckless fellow whose own prodigal living was killing his mother. She was wearing her life away because of the waywardness of her son. He was on the train one day and, as was his custom, he was playing cards; wasting his time in an unwholesome practice. A stranger came by who did not know the young fellow but who had a message and whose heart was warm and whose ambition was fired for service. He passed the young man—a stranger—while he was playing cards, put his hand upon his shoulder and said: “Young man, why don’t you live the way that you want to die? This young man had been raised in the home of orthodoxy; he understood life from the old-fashioned evangelistic type of living and, when the stranger said, “why don’t you live the way that you want to die” it struck a responsive chord in his bosom.

He continued to play his “unholy game” but not with the same interest as before, “why don’t you live

the way that you want to die" kept ringing in his ears. This phrase burned its way into his consciousness and, finally, he pushed the cards aside and quit the game. When he reached the little town he got off the train, gave his grip to the porter, while "why don't you live the way that you want to die" rang in his ears. As he went up the street "why don't you live the way that you want to die" kept resounding in his brain.

He went to the hotel register to write his name and began to write "why don't you live the way that you want to die." This haunted him until he went upstairs to his room in the hotel and his mind went back to his mother, back to the Christian home in which he had been raised, back to the old-fashioned type of revival conversion and he decided that what he needed was to be converted. "Why don't you live the way that you want to die" finally had its effect. Fred B. Smith fell down on his knees and cried out in the good old-fashioned way, "Oh, Lord, I can't endure this any more, I surrender."

That moment, of course, there came a great peace and satisfaction to his mind, for what we have termed in orthodoxy as conversion is a psychological reaction of the mind. Something comes into our mind by early teaching, reading or theological discussions or "gospel preaching" and we think there is only one way to be saved; there is only one way to get into heaven and that is by the way of conversion as particular preachers have expounded. This preys upon our minds until we catch the psychological suggestion that the only way we can be happy is the way that has been suggested to us, namely, a complete "surrender."

This attitude of the mind has produced an anxious state which probably never will be overcome until we do "surrender." The tension under which our mind has worked or been led for "goodness knows how long" and, the moment that we decide to change our mind or to take the step of "surrender" that moment there comes the reaction, a psychological change, and peace ensues.

The author has taken this angle of conversion up at great length elsewhere in his works.

To Fred B. Smith it was real, just as real as it has been to thousands of others and Fred B. Smith was a changed man when this new experience came into his life, he was just as enthusiastic and determined to spend his energy for the gospel as he had been to spend it in a reckless way. Fred B. Smith and the Men and Religion Forward Movement were given to the world because an unknown man put his hand upon the shoulder of the young card player and bet his words and his influence upon the young traveling man.

If God could use the harlot Rahab to shield the two spies whom Joshua sent to spy out Jericho, in the days of old, surely He would not despise the woman or man who has sinned and in repentance wants to bring some one to Him, even as the woman at the well of Samaria would bring her town's folk to Christ.

Psychology teaches nothing to fear from our actions in the past.

When the bats and lizzards of lust inhabit the heart, it takes the power of God's love to drive them out, and Applied Psychology teaches the scientific way.

If you have ever been knocked down by circum

stances to a dead level, make another effort, by the power within, to become a living perpendicular and then help some one else.

When we consider the shortness of life and what little time we have to let our influence be felt, it behooves us to take time to improve every opportunity in every way possible to place our bet upon human lives.

It takes so many years for a man to prepare to do the little that he is able to do, for, the more he accomplishes, then the more he sees what he could do, if life were longer, and the more he sees how the world needs all of the help and succor that he is able to lend.

Long before modern days, which ushered in the telegraph and the wireless and the flying machine, men sent messages from one part of the then "known world" to another by carrier pigeons. A merchant who lived in Jerusalem would take carrier pigeons, raised in Jerusalem, with him, as he made his journey southward into Egypt, where he might be engaged in the transaction of his affairs for some months. Each day he would send up from his coop of pigeons one which bore a message from him to his loved ones back at home and, when he would reach Alexandria or the point of his destination, he, in turn, would get pigeons bearing messages from his loved ones in Jerusalem. These pigeons had been born and raised in Alexandria or elsewhere, were taken to Jerusalem and, when they were allowed freedom, they would make their flight upward, circle around, get their orientation—sense of direction—and start with the message to the merchant so far away. As these birds made their way through the air, the wings separated the air for the time being

but, when the bird had passed, the space again was filled and no trace could be seen of where the birds had made their way through the ether.

Here on this earth plane man's journey is like the passing of the bird through the air which is parted this minute and closed the next.

When we contemplate that our days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle and we chafe that the brevity of life may cut us down long before we see the result of our efforts, then there is comfort and consolation that we have brought someone into his or her own, who will go on doing the things that we should like to do if our life's span were a thousand years instead of three score years and ten.

For a thousand years in Thy sight are as but yesterday seeing that they pass as a watch in the night.

You may not be able to nominate a man for the Presidency, as Bryan did Wilson, but, as a teacher, church worker, friend, or good Samaritan, you may be the means of making a man who can fill such a position as the cobbler made Lloyd George. Your name may not be heard from hence to China, but, if you can make a Lloyd George, you have contributed to the advancement of the human race—" 'Twould be selfishness to want more."

In the country where I was raised there was a custom among the boys to raise one hand and move the first two fingers as an indication to the other boys that they were going swimming. To raise your hand, wiggle your fingers and to say, "come on for a swim" emphasized the glorious dip in the water just ahead.

A little boy who had disobeyed his mother, had been dressed in his Sunday-go-to-meeting white pants, put in the front yard and commanded not to leave. If he did his mother would meet him in the kitchen when he came home with a strap that hung behind the stove!

I don't know how it is about a little girl during week days; she may like to be dressed in her Sunday-go-to-meeting dress and enjoy staying in the front yard or spending most of her time sitting in the porch without going out to play with other children but, speaking for boys, it isn't the most complimentary thing you can do to dress them up in white pants in the middle of the week, stick them on the front porch and tell them to stay there; especially in the middle of the swimming season when other boys are passing that way and calling, "come on for a swim."

There are other things that a real-live-wide-awake, honest to goodness, wiggling boy would rather do in the middle of the week than to have to be confined as punishment in the front yard or porch, dressed in his Sunday-go-to-meeting outfit.

The little boy was sitting on the porch, his chin resting in both hands, thinking what a dull and listless world this place of human endeavor is when, round the corner came one of his playmates, who raised his hand, wiggled his fingers and shouted, "come on for a swim." The boy started to rise, got about half way up when he turned around and looked toward the kitchen and thought of the strap and the strong arm that would be attached thereto when he came home, so he sat down again, more gloomy than before, for his chum only

emphasized the loneliness of the great wide world when there is no one near you and all of the other "kids" are out a-swimming.

While meditating in this solitude, another chum swung around the corner, raised his hand, wiggled his fingers and shouted louder than the other chap, "come on for a swim." Repetition is emphasis and, when the second boy shouted "come on for a swim" the little fellow raised up almost straight this time, when he suddenly thought of that kitchen and the strap. He looked around again and his imagination could feel the old familiar sting of that kitchen strap and once more he sat down with his lonely mind in his boy's solitude.

Now you cannot tempt a real live boy too often. He's a human just like his father was before him; he can stand a certain amount of temptation and then—the strap.

So, while holding his chin a little tighter in his two hands, his elbows resting upon his knees, the third boy swung around the corner, wiggled his fingers and shouted, "come on for a swim." This time the little chap jumped up, ran down to the fence, put his hands upon the gate, turned around and gave one last glance toward the kitchen as he made a dash and down the street he went!

How much enjoyment he got out of swimming while his mind felt the strap curling around his legs, I'll let the reader imagine for himself. When he reached home his mother's hand and the strap reached him. As the mother grabbed the little fellow by the arms and began to reprimand him for leaving, the little fellow begged,

with all of the earnestness of a man pleading for his soul, not to be punished, but the mother had threatened and, sometimes when a mother threatens, she thinks she can't be a true mother unless she lives up to her threat. So, as she shook the little boy with one hand and raised the strap with the other, she said. "I saw you when you ran down to the fence" (the little boy in the meantime pleading for mercy), "I saw you put your hand upon the gate, I was in the front window and I saw you run away." The little boy's sobbing stopped and, as the tears run down his cheeks, he looked up in a pitiful way and, with a pleading voice to his mother, said: "Why, mama, if you saw me why didn't you tap on the window and help me?"

We come in daily contact with numbers of people who can be made and who can be saved and whose genius can be given to the world by the power of the spoken word. If we have not money with which we can help them, we, at least, have a mind of encouragement, kindness and love and we can, at least, give utterance to our thoughts, by expression. These thoughts carry the power with them to save and build.

This Nation's settlement and development is written in lines of graves across the Continent and the road which leads man from ignorance to intelligence is strewn with the bones of men who dared to advance a new idea and the courage to put it into effect.

It may be your part to support a dreamer, a seer, to put on your pay-roll a reformer who is so far ahead of the rank and file in thought and progress, that the masses of peoples may think him as far wrong as the world judged Columbus.

I'd rather be living in the next ten years than any other decade of the world's history.

To lead a soul to his goal (and to Christ) in such an age is a privilege freighted with most wonderful results—results if we could read the future that would make Aladdin's lamp seem a miniature fairy tale.

You may be but a candle bearer burning incense at the Altar of Progress but, by so doing, win a soul who will carry the banner of progress to the very battlements of mankind's haven.

The Ismaelitic method of every man's hand against every other man's hand, instead of every man lending a helping hand to every outstretched palm, is the method which would not prevail if men in every generation did bring—as Andrew did—their brothers to Christ and men gave helping hands to struggling humanity.

An uncle led Newton to the World of Mathematics.

George Cohen leads discouraged ones to find themselves.

A Duke led Handel to the musicians' court.

Count Esterhazy led Haydn to fame and glory.

A rich merchant led Verdi to be the richest of all composers.

Carnegie led many men into great financial prosperity.

But the greatest is to be a Gunsaulus who finds an Armour, and an Armour who finds Gunsaulus and both leading men and women to the court of learning and helpfulness.

The greatest bet that you can make is to bet on men and women in word, deed, money or love.

John B. Gough was recognized as the greatest lecturer of his generation. He was a printer by trade, but spent most of his spare time in saloons, where he was a most pleasing entertainer. He early found that it was easier to get his drinks by telling stories and singing than by working. This led to a great excess in drinking until he became a confirmed drunkard. He had had delirium tremens once and had reached that stage where he could no longer keep a job. His wife had died, according to his own confession, from a broken heart, because of his wreckless drinking, and all of the burdens of sorrow and poverty which that entailed.

He had, by this prodigality of drinking and carelessness, finally gravitated as far into the drunkard's gutter as a man could go; bereft of his wife, deserted by friends, unable to make acquaintances, the outcast drunkard was on his way, thinking how to end it all, when Joel Stratton, a waiter, met the drunkard and accosted him by saying, "Mr. Gough, I believe." No one had spoken to Gough with the prefix "Mister" for such a long time that it startled him. He had been only "Gough, the drunkard." He was able to reply "Yes, my name is Gough." Mr. Stratton said, "I just wanted to tell you, Mr. Gough, that I am a friend of yours and I want the privilege of helping to get a job for you and get you back into society."

The drunkard assured him that it was useless, that there was a time he might have responded to such words of kindness and encouragement but it was too late now. But Mr. Stratton was persistent and he said, "No, Mr.

Gough, it's not too late; we are going to have a temperance meeting tonight, and I want you to come around, here is the address and then, sign the teetotaler's pledge."

At first, Gough said this was impossible; if he were to sign the pledge he would not be able to keep it for he had been a drunkard so long that he would not have enough control of himself to keep the pledge; but Mr. Stratton was not to be put off so easily. He had the great desire to be of service to this man in whom no one saw anything but broken hopes, a shattered life and a drunkard's grave. Mr. Stratton was so gentle and kind in his persuasion, that Gough finally consented that he would come around and, if it was "the last thing he did in life," he would sign the pledge.

He went to the meeting that night and, when the temperance speech was over, he wrapped his ragged overcoat around his more ragged clothes beneath, and went forward and, with trembling fingers, signed—John B. Gough.

The next day he went down to work in the print shop. It had been his custom to go out for a drink or two, within an hour or so after he began work. The time came for his accustomed drink. His throat was parched; his will weak; his whole being aflame with the craving for whiskey. He endured this for some time until, as he says, he felt that there was a flame of fire from his stomach to his mouth.

He had signed the pledge and now was the great test. He felt that probably something or someone could help save him so, hoping to get some word of encourage-

ment that might allay his physical torture, he went in to his employer and said, "Sir, I signed the pledge last night," to which his employer replied, "Oh, you did, did you? Well, it won't do any good." Poor Gough was dumbfounded, instead of having encouragement the "boss" was adding coals of torture to his burning brain.

The poor man turned slowly around and went back to the work shop. As he picked up a bar of iron he felt it begin to move and wiggle in his hand. He knew what that meant. He had had the delirium tremens once before and he realized what was coming now. Like a hot iron he dropped this imaginary moving bar, which wiggled in the shape of a snake, on the floor, where it made its serpentine tracks, rattling the papers, adding its hideous noise to the already hideous sight of the poisonous reptile. It suddenly made its coil, turned its head toward him and started to run out its fangs as Gough's reason began to totter, when, just then, in came a lawyer.

The lawyer had been out the night before, had seen Gough sign the pledge and dropped in on his way down to the office, to give the poor drunkard a bit of encouragement, so he very cheerfully said, "Good morning, Mr. Gough, I just dropped in to tell you that I was mighty glad to see you take your stand last night for the new life and, I wanted to tell you, if you ever need a friend, here is my card, I shall be very glad to have you call on me at any time. I shall do everything in my power to help you in more ways than one. I am at your service whenever you command me."

This brought Gough back to consciousness. The snake disappeared. The bar of iron remained the bar of iron but poor Gough remained a burning furnace all day as he went about his work. He had taken the pledge, "by the help of God he never would drink again" but, to stop all drinking suddenly, when he had had such a habit formed and had been in the custom of consuming so much "fire-water," it was almost more than human flesh could endure. The flames kept darting from his stomach to his mouth and back again all day. His brain became inflamed; it seemed to ever burn but not be consumed. His mind was stimulated to imaginary activity until the poor man did not know whether he was working or whether he was drowning or whether he was burning.

In this condition, he made his way that night to his humble quarters, back to his drunkard's den which had been wifeless since the death of his companion, whom he had virtually killed because of his irregular living. Back to the place where not a soul called him father, son, husband or friend.

As the shades of night began to envelop the drunkard's hovel the imps of darkness began to appear. The delirium tremens had come back! Delirium tremens and Gough, alone. Many a man who has had delirium tremens has been saved from the madhouse by having companionship during the imaginary suffering but Gough had to save himself from the madhouse and, alone!

The room would become densely dark and then hideous red faces of all sorts of imps and exaggerated animals would appear around the walls of the room,

each one making an effort to kill and devour him and the room would change from black to green with a simultaneous change of hideous features. His hand seemed to be cut into a thousand ribbons and, as he tried to force the strings of flesh back into the palms of his hands, they seemed to be larger in form and more in number and each ribbon of flesh had its particular suffering and agony and, after vainly trying to get his hand back to its normal shape, the room would again change its colors and conditions, and imps would tramp in, one after another, dressed like the proverbial devil, with the horns and the long tail, with the pitchforks in their hands ready to run him through. With superhuman effort he would try to beat off the imps, one at a time. Then all would lunge upon him and, when he was overcome, again the scene would change and he would be in the middle of a bed of snakes and reptiles, hideous, poisonous and monstrous and, with all of the effort he had, he could not keep the snakes from winding themselves around his legs, his torso, then they would gradually come up to his neck, the biggest one roping itself around his throat, choking him almost to death, when, again with abnormal stimulation, he would grab the snake around its neck, squeeze it with superhuman demon force until the snake would let go its grasp and slowly unwind from his body, when he would whirl it around, throw it through the air, dash it upon the floor, stamp upon its head and cry out in his delirious, hilarious, demonish chuckles of triumph; but his triumph wouldn't last for the scene would change again. More snakes, more monstrous, more poisonous, more hideous than before would swarm

around him, taxing his strength to ward them off and, as he pulled one off from one leg, another would wrap tighter around the other leg and, while he was engaged in extricating himself from the grasp of that snake, another one would be winding itself around his chest. So the scene continued for seven days and seven nights, all alone, fighting the battle by himself. During this time no food had passed his mouth and but a little water; but, when the scene was over, Gough's great battle had been won. More were to follow, but this was his greatest.

His wonderful native talent now was used, instead of getting drinks in the saloons, to tell others the wonderful benefits which would accrue from signing the teetotaler's pledge, so he went about lecturing, first in small towns, then larger, until his reputation spread and the reputation became fame and, in a short time, John B. Gough was the most famous lecturer of his day.

He aroused two continents to the great cause of temperance and was one of the first pioneers which has ushered into the United States of America and which will soon be ushered into every country in the world, temperance from intoxicating liquors. He got two hundred fifteen thousand, one hundred sixty-nine signers to the pledge, thus bringing peace, joy and happiness to many thousands of human beings. This, in turn, of course, gave him great riches.

After he became world-famous and had returned from a trip to England, someone told him that his old friend, Joel Stratton, was sick in Boston and not expected to live. Gough hurried to the Hub City. He

entered the room in which was Joel Stratton, the waiter, his saviour. Stratton's disease was of a peculiar nature which prevented him from lying down. He had to be propped up in a sitting posture. Gough ran in and threw his arms around Stratton and said: "Oh, Mr. Stratton, the world is thanking God that you ever lived," to which Stratton replied, "Do you think so?" "I know so," Gough replied. "I get hundreds of letters from all over the world, sending love to you and thanking God that you ever lived and here is a packet that I have just received from England and the good people of England have sent their love to Joel Stratton." Then the man who had gone out of his way to touch the shoulder of an outcast drunkard to pledge him eternal friendship, said to the great speaker: "When I touched you on the shoulder that day, Mr. Gough, I never dreamed it was going to turn out like this, did you?" "No," said Gough "but thank God it has."

A chord had been touched, by the waiter, in the heart of the outcast drunkard, which vibrated to the tone of love.

I wonder if your opinion is the same as mine. Of course, we recognize the greatness of Gough and we see the genius of other men and yet, in the sight of Omnipotent Power, there can be no differentiation between the greatness of the soul of the genius than the soul of the obscure waiter who has become immortal by touching an outcast drunkard on the shoulder and pledging him friendship. It is my opinion that Stratton was just as great a man, as God views greatness, as was the great orator himself. In fact, where would

the orator have been, had not a greater soul touched him with the living fire of a kindly word.

We may not be the particular kind of a person who gets the world's applause or whose name appears in the headlines upon the front page of the newspapers; we may not have our name shouted from the housetops or megaphoned from the street corners, but, in the eternal equation of God's law of compensation, the person who says the word or who does the deed; who gives the lift to help some diamond in the rough, who becomes great and famous, is not only just as great a soul but, in the great assize of Omnipotence, will have as much honor, glory and reward.

The one who bets upon a fellow human always wins the bet and, when the bet is won, there can be no difference in the qualities of the souls of the better or the winner.

The power of the spoken word, the power of right action, of right thinking, of the right mental attitude toward others, of the encouragement rendered, the kindness offered and the love extended, is so far-reaching in its influence, that man cannot more compute the outcome, than can he travel to Mars in snowshoes. It, therefore, remains for each one of us to place our bet upon lives of others in deed and words, leaving it to the law to bring to ourselves the compensation and reward for the bet placed, for the satisfaction and gratification of the bet won, knowing that "inasmuch as Ye have done unto the least of these my brethren, Ye have done unto Me."

**NOTES.**

**NOTES.**

## CHAPTER XVI.

### **SMILE—SMILE—SMILE.**

Thought is everything; thought controls the body. A person may be perfectly relaxed and calm when someone may tell a funny story, changing the soberness into laughter—thought controls the muscles of your body. Should your sympathy be excited and you cry—thought controls the glands of your body, or should you become very angry, the blood rushing to the cheeks, demonstrates that thought controls the circulation. Thought is everything. The right kind of thinking, expressed in smiles and laughter, is one of the very best remedies for poverty and sickness as well as unhappiness that mortal man knows. Smile and change your conditions. A few hypodermics of smiles will cure your indigestion and a few other indigestible customs to which modern man has fallen heir.

Ruskin says that we may be sure, whatever we are doing, that we cannot be pleasing God if we are not happy ourselves.

Remember that laughter is a real and important remedy for illness—the greatest remedy for illness. The greatest medical authorities will tell you that laughter actually keeps off apoplexy and other troubles that comes from excessive pressure on the blood vessels. The moment man laughs, pressure on the blood vessels ceases, and if a man were threatened with rupture of any artery or vein, not all of the doctors in the world could do as much for him as hearty laughter.

Remember also that laughter is vibration and that vibration destroys disease germs.

There is a wonderful recreation in cheerfulness. The man who laughs often and heartily need have little fear of dissipation, insomnia or insanity. Those who laugh are not only, as a rule, healthy people, but they are also **longer lived and more successful**. They get rid of a thousand and one trifles which perplex and upset the nerves and make others disagreeable, morose and melancholy.

Here's the way that many insane people are being brought back to normality. It's called "do you belong." It is a laughing lodge in insane hospitals. We now understand that a real hearty laugh not only prevents people from becoming insane but restores many insane to normal condition, so some insane hospitals teach patients to laugh and these patients, in turn, teach others. The initiation into this "do you belong" is very simple. A man who "belongs" goes up to another insane man and begins to laugh, at the same time saying: "do you belong." If the laughing man who says "do you belong" can get a smile out of the other fellow, the other fellow then "belongs." He is initiated, so to speak.

These two crazy men start out for some other prospective member for their "do you belong" lodge and these two men stop another patient and begin to laugh and, if the third patient, likewise, can crack a smile or get out a ripple of laughter, he "belongs." You have to smile or you have to laugh to join this "do you belong" organization. By getting patients to laugh

many are restored. Laugh well and heartily and you will never become insane.

Indeed, laughter is the beginning of love—but I'm not conducting a matrimonial bureau; this is a health and prosperity course. If man could not laugh, reason would warble on her throne.

To smile is as good as to pray, "Argal"—smile. "A man worth while is the one who can smile when everything goes dead wrong."

Laughter is the great lubricant of life.

They laugh that win.—Shakespeare.

Always laugh when you can; it is a cheap medicine.—Byron.

Henry W. Beecher once said that laughter would yet become a legitimate feature in religion.

Employees of the Boston Opera House assert that Mme. Melis is the one singer whom they have always found cheerfully smiling, no matter what the difficulty, she says:

"Were I to take to heart every disappointment and every unpleasantness and frown, I should soon become aged in looks. As it is, I smile when troubles come and it is wonderful how trouble disappears. I do not know what wrinkles mean and besides I have learned what true happiness is. So if I were asked **what was my advice to women who want to be beautiful, I should simply say, 'Smile.'**"

"I have made quite a lot of progress in English," says Mme. Melis, "and I attribute it also to my smile, for were I unable to smile I could never have mastered the difficulties of the 'w' and 'th.' People think that

it is good nature that produces this smile. I maintain that it is the smile that is responsible for a sunny disposition. Who will deny but a sunny disposition is the best beauty doctor in the world?"

Man is the only animal that can laugh—who would want to be a jackass?

Modern science teaches that laughter benefits the human organism in several ways.

For one thing, and especially in the tender, formative period of childhood, it acts as a device to relieve the mind of the strain of acquiring knowledge. It enables the mind, as it were, to take an occasional holiday.

Also, and again especially in childhood, which is notably the period of rapid physical growth and the accumulation of a large store of nervous energy, laughter acts as a safety valve. It permits the escape of some of this energy, which might otherwise become a source of nervous strain.

In adult life it is similarly valuable as a relief from strain, and particularly from the strain imposed upon us by the trials and complexities of existence.

Moreover, as every laugher knows, hearty laughter when not too prolonged, produces a distinct sense of physical exhilaration and well-being.

It is as though it had set loose in us some force of a real tonic value. And such undoubtedly is its actual effect.

There is more than a mere coincidence in the fact that the nations which laugh the heartiest are precisely the nations which have forged to the front in the progress of civilization.

Consequently laughter is deserving not of repression but of encouragement. Under nearly all circumstances it is a good thing for both the body and the mind.

Yet there are some people who frown on laughter as "bad form." At most, all they would permit is that pale, thin imitation of laughter known as a smile.

They forget that to laugh is one of the fundamental instincts of the human race, and that, like all instincts, it has a highly useful function to perform.

If you are not a laugher yourself, do not pity or condemn the man who laughs. You should rather envy him and try to emulate him.

And, if you are a parent, encourage your children in their spontaneous laughter. Don't taboo it in them as "bad form."

Let them laugh, and, laughing, grow to a sturdy manhood and womanhood.—H. Addington Bruce.

Dan Crawford, the famous Missionary says: "When I first went to Africa, long before we were in sight of land, I saw the blue of the Atlantic muddied by a dirty brown, the Congo; so Africa dirties what comes in contact with it, for 'out to Africa' is really 'down to Africa.' There the tinned abominations, you call them canned goods, go bad, the dogs from Europe go bad and even missionaries go bad. The hard thing to do is to keep singing your song even when the heart is depressed, to keep your 'heart fixed.' Your people can't do that here. I told a Cabinet Minister that the great difference between the England that I left and the England to which I returned was that people have lost the art of smiling. The smile is the coat of arms

of the soul, none that go on four feet have it. I ask you what good it will do you in this materialistic age to gain the whole world and lose your smile?"

The best way in this world to get along is just to keep sweet and keep moving. There is always an open door to the fellow who smiles. When we go about with a frown on our face this busy, plodding old world of ours has business across the street. The secret of why some people are always welcome is because they always have a smile to spare. They are always happy, and as welcome as blossoms in May. "Laugh and the world laughs with you" needs no commentary.

Carlyle says: "No man who has once heartily and wholly laughed can be altogether an irreclaimable depraved." An old Spanish proverb says, "The face that cannot smile is never good." In selecting your employees or your life's companions, your partner or business associate, you may save yourself many a day of trouble if you select the one who can smile.

A noted physician has said that no other feeling works so much good to the human body as merriment. If people laughed well and heartily, ninety per cent of the doctors would go out of business. I know a minister who had been sick for a number of years. The doctors finally gave him up, told him there was no chance to live. He just didn't like that kind of a medical sentence, in fact, he wasn't willing to accept the verdict of *materia medica*, so he went home to his wife and, instead of bemoaning the fact that the doctors had told him that he had but a short time to live, he began to bless the situation. He said: "My dear, do you know

I believe I can cure myself. I have heard the adage, 'laugh and grow fat' so why not laugh and become well?" So he began laughing, he took daily exercises in laughing (as we shall outline later). It was but a short time until the man began to mend and now he is as well as anyone.

Some hospitals are now employing men who laugh to bring merriment and laughter to the convalescing patients, because there is such a magic power in merriment and laughter.

Perhaps it is done something like this: They engage a fat man—there seems to be more merry ripples of laughter in a fat man than in some other kind of a man. They engage a man to sit in a ward (where there are a number of patients) and just begin to laugh. Laughing is catching. The patients catch the laughter bug and the smile germ and, in turn, begin to laugh which brings about a change for the better.

Imagine a nice fat man sitting among a lot of convalescing patients, starting a whole ocean of ripples of laughter. Laughter starts vibrations, vibrations begin to vibrate the fatty rotunda of the fat man and the wrinkles around his mouth seem to stretch all the way down to his tummy and, as he laughs and vibrates his stomach, disease germs begin to be killed. Vibration destroys disease germs. The shaking rotunda smashes a million or two, sends out ripples of joyfulness which is caught by the patients and, before the laughing is over, a few million disease germs have been killed by the merry ripple of the fat man's vibration punctuated by the laughter of the rest.

I have given you some of the physiological bene-

fits of the law of laughter but that which is going to be worth more to the human race is the psychological understanding of smiles and laughter. Just as thought controls the body, so will a happy mind prevent sickness and bring a host of friends and in its wake prosperity and abundance—if the law is not cross-circuited by some other mental attitude. It is, therefore, most necessary that we understand the psychological effect of merriment, joy and laughter.

We should apply with smiles and laughter the mental thought of blessing; not only should we smile and laugh but we should have in our heart and deeply imbedded in our consciousness, a part of our very soul to bless every situation which arises in our life. When we have learned this, we can turn a tragedy into a comedy over night.

A hollow laugh without the real mental condition back of it is a hollow laugh and that is about all but, if the laughter is supported by the right mental attitude, there is nothing in the experience of man that does as much good as smiles and laughter.

We, therefore, must learn to bless every evil word and action of those who would be our deadly enemies; we should learn to bless every bad situation. We should be able to bless every negative thought others may send to us. We must learn to bless every condition and experience which comes into our life, no matter if today it seems a greater burden than we can bear.

The blessing will turn the tide of misfortune or sorrow, grief or trouble every time. There are no exceptions when the proper thought of blessing is pronounced

over every ill-wind that blows. The ill-wind will be changed by the alchemy of blessing into a sunny zephyr; you'll have abundance, joy and happiness.

When Napoleon's armies were tyrannically and murderously swinging back and forth over the continent, the peoples had reached that stage of fright and fear at the mention of his name and approach of his armies, that many surrendered without ever making a fight. One Sunday morning in 1799, eighteen thousand of Napoleon's best soldiery, under the generalship of Massena, appeared on the outskirts of the little town of Feldkirk on the Austrian Border.

Feldkirk was a little village of three thousand souls. It nestled at the foot of a little ridge. Upon this ridge, just above the village, came the eighteen thousand soldiers of Napoleon. Most of the men of fighting age in the little village were off to war. There was no chance of the old men, women and children making any stand against Massena and his well-trained army. A hurried council of the town was called when someone suggested that they take the keys of the city up to the general and beg for mercy. The priest who was present, did not agree with so disgraceful a surrender. He said, "This is Sunday; it is the hour for mass, let the church bells ring out and see what God will do. We have been counting upon the power of man, now let us rely upon the power of God." It may have been a superstitious appeal to a personal God up in the heavens somewhere to help them but, underneath, was the eternal psychological law, which

will work just as well for the superstitious as for the scientific.

The old man's appeal prevailed. Instead of taking the keys of the city up to the general, the church bells rang out, as was the custom. The religious habits of the people were deeply engraved in their consciousness, so, when the church bells rang, they made their accustomed ways to the church and, as Massena up on the ridge saw the people peacefully and quietly going to their church, he began to think: Surely that little town knew more than he knew about the approach of the enemy's army or it never would be so peaceful and calm when he was there with the great army of Napoleon. So he called a hasty meeting of his staff. Others agreed with him that these people had heard of the maneuvers of their army, which he was unacquainted with and which might bring destruction to him; in the night-time some kind of message had reached these villagers assuring them that support of their armies was near at hand or surely they would not be that peaceful and calm, he reasoned.

Believing this, the great general ordered a hasty retreat and lo, the army left. The village retained the even tenor of its way because the people had blessed their dire situation. Every condition and situation of life can be changed just as easily and readily as did the people of Feldrirk change theirs.

We should learn to bless every condition. We should begin talking of our comforts and our blessings; of the good things which surround us; of our friends, companions and positions, instead of dwelling upon the

dark hours, the discomforts, unpleasanties, misfortunes or "ill-luck." By dwelling upon dark hours, discomforts, unpleasanties, misfortunes and "ill-luck," we will, by the law of attraction, bring the very things into our lives which we want to prevent.

During the great war some Belgium soldiers had been trapped in a house by the Germans. It was only a matter of a short time until the Germans would capture them but, in their extremity, they made their way to the attic. Just why, no one knows, any more than the instinct for self-preservation forced them as far away from the Germans as they could get.

They had not been there long before the Germans surrounded the house; in a very few minutes they would be captured and God only knows what else would follow. One of the Belgians said to the rest of the soldiers: "I'm not fit to lead you men in prayer, God knows that, but if there is ever a time we needed to pray it is now and, if you men will get down on your knees, I'll try to lead with a few words while you try to pray."

Down on their knees went the Belgium soldiers. At the same time the door was opened below. The heavy tread of the Germans was heard as they came to the second floor; then the door which led up to the attic opened and the heavy, positive tread of the German officer began to be heard, step after step, coming higher toward the Belgians trapped in the attic.

As the German officer made his way to the top of the stairs he saw these Belgians on their knees in prayer, the lust of the enemy left his heart and

respect took its place. His heels came together with a snappy click, his hand at attention and, saluting the praying Belgians, he wheeled around on his heel, went down the stairs, ordered his troops away and the Belgians were saved.

When everything else fails, try blessing your situation. Add to your smiles and to your laughter the spirit of gratitude, thanksgiving and blessing and see what happens.

Garibaldi has been called by the Italians "The Washington of Italy"—"The Father of His Country." He believed that no one could ever harm him; that he never would be killed by the enemy.

He had been captured by the enemy on different occasions but his wit and his laughter had saved him each time. He had a most happy faculty of blessing his conditions until he was able to persuade the enemy by his merriment and faith in his protected life by the gods that be. He had a superstitious belief that the prayers of his mother saved him from every situation. It was purely psychological. It was his belief within himself of the saving power of the prayers of his mother which actually did save him, for, when his mother died, he lost this faith, thinking that she was no longer alive to pray for her boy.

But while he entertained this faith within himself and could bless and laugh at every condition of life the law saved him.

The enemy finally captured Garibaldi and, this time, were so bent upon his destruction that they put a special guard of trained soldiery around the guard-

house to make sure that he would not escape. He was sentenced to be shot at sunrise.

Just a little before break of day the soldiers took him out, formed a hollow square around him and began to march him to his place of doom. But he just laughed at them. He said, "Why, you can't kill me, there is no use taking me up to the place of execution, for I'll be alive ten years from now."

As he talked to the soldiers on the way to his doom, he laughed. Of course, this had the psychological effect upon the officers and the soldiers. The idea that a man who was as much in their power as he and who was about to be shot, should be so hilarious about the situation, had such an effect upon the soldiers that the officers began to take cognizance of the faith that Garibaldi had.

So, as he marched along, he continued to laugh and continued to assure them that the gun had not been made nor the bullet moulded that could kill him. The psychology of it continued to work so that, by the time they reached the place of execution, the soldiers held a council at which time one said, "this man's life is charmed, he knows it but we don't. He knows we can't kill him, we don't. We had better let him go instead of making fools of ourselves in the endeavor to shoot him," and so the order was given, and Garibaldi went free when just the pull of one trigger would have ended his life. He had laughed himself into safety. He had blessed his extremity and saved his life.

This can be done as readily and as easily in the life of each individual as that of Garibaldi. It is a mat-

ter of smiling, of laughing but having mixed with our smiles and our laughter a mind of thanksgiving, gratitude and blessing.

During the armistice one of America's foremost surgeons, who was a major in a military hospital near New York, was asked if he intended to leave the army at once and resume his practice.

The Major smiled and shook his head. "Let me tell you a story," he said. "The other day there came to our hospital a contingent of wounded from France among whom I worked. Finally I came to a youngster whose leg was in a cast. I could see he was suffering agony in spite of the little, crooked, brave smile with which he answered my questions. He said they had fixed him up at a base hospital in France and that, all through the trip over, his leg had hurt him so that he couldn't sleep. 'It's all right though,' he said. 'I guess I can stand it, and maybe in a few years the pain will wear away,' and the helpless, awful look came into his eyes again, though his lips still kept their pitiful, crooked little smile. Get what I'm telling you, now—he was contemplating years of torture and he smiled! I made up my mind to do everything I could for that boy and looked him over myself. I found that in the hurry and crowd in France his cast had been put on poorly and had twisted his poor leg around and held it there. To make sure of the job this time I did every bit of it myself—took off the old cast, fixed the wound, measured and adjusted the new one and saw him tucked up in his cot. The next morning, going through the ward, I stopped at his bed. He didn't say a word as he looked at me—he just smiled and I tell you the difference

between this smile and the one he had shown me yesterday brought a lump into my throat. I made up my mind right then and there that if I had been given the power to bring a smile like that to the face of even one of our boys there wasn't money enough in the United States to make me quit this until there isn't one lad left who needs me.

A wounded Scotch Highlander lay upon a cot in a London hospital, stroking a German spiked helmet. A nurse said to him, "I suppose you killed your man?" "No, indeed," he replied, "It was like this: he lay on the field badly wounded and bleeding and I was in the same condition. I crawled to him and bound up his wounds; he did the same for me. I knew no German, and he knew no English; so I thanked him by just smiling. He thanked me by smiling back. By way of a token I handed him my cap, while he handed me his helmet. Then lying side by side we suffered together in silence till we were picked up by the ambulance squad. No, I didn't kill any man."

If heaven is a place of ringing bells and smiling angels, then the bells of heaven sent out a merry peal and the angels smiled their best when this act was being staged upon the battlefield along the Franco-Belgian Border line.

The Greeks have a wonderful saying which would be well if the rest of the world could adopt. When they meet one another on the street, instead of using that "awful" expression of America, "How are you," they say "Be glad." If the whole world would use that expression "be glad" for one year as a salutation we could change the mental attitude of civilization.

But see what we have: We meet one another and we say, "how are you?" The very words themselves have the color of gloom, ill-health, ill-luck, ill—everything. You may start out in the morning feeling fresh and as though you might do a real day's work but, by the time you get down to your work, if a hundred people have said "how are you" you begin to wonder how you are; you begin to think if, after all, you are well. Your mind will begin to wonder if you are capable to meet the opportunities of the day. "How are you?" "How are you?" will give the ordinary optimistic person the Monday Blues before he gets half way down to his office.

If you have time and somebody accosts you by saying "how are you?", if you have any semblance of a "tummy" ache you will begin to tell all of your troubles right away and the more you tell your troubles the more your mind exaggerates them and the more horrible they become and the more terrible is life.

Suppose you didn't rest well last night. You get out on the wrong side of the bed in the morning, probably things didn't lay well in your stomach and with a dark brown tasty attitude you start for the street car. Suppose you make a lunge and you reach it and, as you come inside to grab a strap, you step on someone's toes. To step on his toes is bad enough but suppose you step on his toes and with your Blue Monday inflection in your voice, say "how are you?" You start an argument right there which may not end to the best advantage for you.

But suppose (just as a matter of supposing) that you did not sleep well last night, that you did get out

on the wrong side of the bed this morning, that things didn't lay very well in your stomach and suppose you did make a lunge for the street car and caught it, and suppose you did grab a strap and step on someone's toes; but now suppose, instead of saying "how are you" as you jabbed his toes with the heels of your shoe, you say "Be glad." He'll look at you and smile but say "how are you;" he'll frown and be ready to fight.

The Icелander when he meets another Icелander, instead of saying, with the American-der, "how are you" says "Be happy," and yet we send missionaries to Icелand to teach them the way of life. That may be all right but if we teach ourselves to be happy we'd have more grace when we enter the land of the frozen North.

No wonder the Irish have so much wit and hold the palm for being one of the greatest nations of the world, if it is not the largest, when the Irish have such a happy greeting as "The top of the marn'in to you." Why, you couldn't be a grouch fifteen minutes if a half a dozen of Irishmen met you one after another and shouted "the top of the marn'in to you." Not only the words but the color that you have to put into the words to say it, makes you feel cheerful, optimistic and glad that you are alive but, say "how are you" and the bottom drops out of everything. If you haven't anything for the bottom to drop out of perhaps you never will have if you continue to say "how are you."

The Jews greeting of "Shalam" means peace, which is a thousand times better than the American's greeting "how are you."

In the vestibule of a certain hospital, visitors see a card bearing this advice: "Never utter a discordant

word while you are in this hospital. You should come here only for the purpose of helping. Keep your hindering sad looks for other places and if you can't smile, don't go in."

"If you can't smile, don't go in!" is good advice for other places than a hospital. How many sick people have been literally killed by some gloomy "Auntie Doleful" the records will not disclose but it is safe to say, if you want to keep a world full of gloom, discouragement, failure and ill-health, forget to smile and continue to talk "how are you."

When the face relaxes in a smile, the rest of the body does likewise. We twentieth century money-chasers and nerve-rackers don't take enough time to relax. We are all on a tension—no wonder the hospitals are increasing and the beds are full. We do not know how to relax.

Laugh and be glad. Laugh and be happy. Laugh and be healthy. Laugh and be prosperous. Laugh at everything, whether everything goes wrong or not and when you get into your head that things are going wrong, that's the best time in the world to laugh "at everything."

When the United Cigar Stores Company rented the first floor of the Flatiron Building in New York City at such a high rent that it would stagger the imagination of a high financier, New Yorkers began to laugh. What a foolish thing, what a waste of money, what a bad investment, etc. The United Cigar Stores Company, however, was equal to the occasion—it recognized the free advertising it was getting. It instructed its clerks to smile and to laugh at every joke that was

made at their foolish venture, trying to sell cigars to pay the rent.

Men would drop in and ask the clerks when they were going to take the cow-catcher in and pass all manner of slighting jests at the foolhardy move of the United Cigar Stores "tobacco flatiron." The clerks, in turn, laughed as heartily as the customers and they continued to laugh and New York began to laugh and the contagion of the laughter, like a magnet, drew people into the Flatiron Building to buy tobacco and cigars until this has become one of the best paying stores the great chain has.

Smile when everything goes wrong, when the world thinks you're a nincompop and your friends pass by on the other side of the street.

When Loubet was elected, somewhat on the manner of a dark horse ticket, as we express it in the States, to be President of the Republic of France he was most unwelcome. France didn't want him. They didn't like the election and they were ready to rebel politically but, when he came to Paris, Loubet stood in his carriage and, with a smile of a "sunny Jim," bowed to the right and bowed to the left and smiled at the Parisians, smiled at the frowns of the populace, smiled at the discontented electors, smiled and won their hearts. Loubet smiled himself into the good graces of his countrymen. Every condition, every situation, every experience can be turned from the dramatic and the tragic into the helpful and comedy by the changing of our mental attitude—by smiles and by laughter, by blessings and thanksgiving.

If there has been any kind of a thing that has had any more smiles sneeringly smiled at it than the Ford auto, we haven't heard of it. We have had our stories about the Ford, our songs about the Ford; we have had our rhymes about the Ford until the Ford has such a continuous free advertising campaign that Ford never pays anything to advertise the Ford. The more we laugh at it the more it sells. Laugh at yourself, laugh at your enemies, laugh at your misfortunes, laugh at your foolhardiness. Laugh at your blunders and leave the rest to the law.

Fret and worry creates a chemical action which produces auto-poisoning. Smile and laugh and you have the antidote.

Suppose you are blocked now, suppose that there is nothing ahead, that is all the better, smile and go ahead.

There is a Chinese proverb which says: "He who cannot smile ought not to keep a shop." You'll notice that the good business man never meets a customer with a frown. The customer is always right, no matter whether the customer is dead wrong; to the merchant he is always right.

Every big department store has a person who listens to the complaints with the object of winning the dissatisfied customer to the state of satisfaction. A department store in Washington has gone the rest of them one better. It employs a deaf woman as the head of the complaint department. The reason is obvious. Some irritated, dissatisfied, disgruntled, high-tempered customer comes in to "clean

up the place.” He is directed to the complaint department. He faces a deaf woman but he doesn’t know she is deaf. He doesn’t know she doesn’t know what he is saying to her.

For a complaint listener that makes an ideal situation; as he gesticulates and hollers and waves his hands, tells her what he thinks of the house and threatens what he is going to do, she just looks at him and smiles. Every once in while someone comes up behind her and puts a piece of paper on the desk in front of her. This piece of paper informs her of some of the complaints the customer is making (but of course, it doesn’t give the same language and the woman, being deaf, doesn’t get the irritated expression of the disgruntled customer).

After the customer has relieved himself considerable and takes on another round or two with the smiling deaf woman, he gets it all out of his system and when it is all out of his system and she doesn’t talk back, there isn’t any chance to continue the argument. He’s had it all his way. She smiles at him and nods her head with approval, stroking his vanity with her smiles until his feathers, which have been extremely ruffled, are smoothed out by her smiles.

If you want to know a good way to succeed when the world is kicking you around, saying all manner of unkind things about you, it’s a good thing to have deaf ears and smile.

If you feel “down in the mouth,” remember Jonah and the whale; he came out all right. Smile and you will have as good a “come out” as Jonah.

When I was a traveling salesman I always had a feeling when I was losing an order. If the sale was beginning to slip, I could feel it. Then was the time I played a trick on the prospective buyer. It was a good trick, for I changed his mind and had him buy my goods which he ought to have had. I got the order which did me good and we sold him the merchandise which his customers needed. When I felt that I was losing the order, it was, of course, a matter of mental attitude; then was the time I had to change my mind—and I had discovered that the smile inside of me without letting him know it was there, was the best way to do it. Thoughts are currents. Thoughts are ethereal disturbances in the atmosphere which travel like wireless meter lengths. These thoughts produce like thoughts. They produce like thoughts in the mind of someone who may be a receiving station, so when I was losing my sale, I used to say to myself—the buyer didn't know it but he caught the spirit—"smile, you sucker, you smile," "smile, you sucker, you smile," and very, very often by changing my mind—my attitude—I changed that of the buyer. I blessed my situation by smiling and got his order. Smile you (sucker), smile, and get more business.

Laughter enriches the blood. Let's get some rich blood. Laughter is as catching as the measles. Mirth and good fellowship are inseparable. Now we are going to have some contagion and you can kill so many disease germs that no deadly contagion can catch up to you.

A group of American soldiers had had a most

strenuous day's march. They bivouacked that night in an old deserted cabin. Among these American soldiers was a Dutchman wearing khaki. He was as tired as the rest of the boys, I guess, but he didn't go to sleep as quickly as the others. It was but a very short time before they were all asleep except the Dutchman. They were sleeping in the deserted cabin where some skunks had made their abode and had left their tracks on the desert air.

One after the other the soldiers dropped off and began to snore—all but the Dutchman. He just couldn't accommodate himself to that skunk desert air track. It was something new for him. He couldn't stand it. He would lie down, try to sleep, then sit up, look at those around him who were peacefully "sawing wood" and then lie down again but it was no use. He seemed to be stifled. He'd raise up again, look at the sleeping soldiers, take a few whiffs of the air and then, again, try to forget all in peaceful slumber but it was in vain. His slumber couldn't come and he wasn't peaceful, so he finally sat straight up in bed, looked at those sleeping comrades of his and then said: "Och, Himmel, dey sleps un I vakes und I haf to schmel it all."

Did you ever put on a home talent play? Have you ever commandeered your good peaceful townspeople to try their luck in histrionic tramping of the boards?

A certain popular young man in his home town had been persuaded to take a very small part in their home talent play. He remonstrated time and time again but the committee of ladies were so insistent

with their appeals to the effect that the whole show depended upon his appearance, that he finally succumbed to their flattery and accepted "a bit." (In stage parlance "a bit" is the smallest kind of a part anyone could be given. It usually consists of a line or two. It is just what the word indicates, a bit.) This popular young man, who was as far from being an actor as a billy goat is from being a wart hog, was given this one line, "The queen has swooned."

The show was on, scene after scene was being enacted with all of the fervor and enthusiasm of a bunch of amateurs. The blunders of the would-be actors, the faulty elecutionary attempts added luster to the glory of the occasion, which the friendly audience doubly appreciated. The play had swung with all of its ups and downs to the great critical place where the popular young man was to enter, face the king upon his throne and cry out with the heat and fervor of an Edwin Booth, "The queen has swooned."

The young man heard his cue but he didn't go on. He was stage-struck. The cue was given again but the amateur actor waited. The young fellow was more stage struck. It was his turn to go on but he couldn't go. His knees wouldn't let him. He had wobbleitis of the knee caps, so to speak. Again his countryman gave him the cue to enter and again he didn't enter but somebody gave him a push and, on he went, facing the audience, he was able to get half way into the position which the elocution teacher had told him to take, as he blurted out, "the swoon has queened." Needless to take your time to explain that the audience applauded. The young man at first thought he had

won great laurels but, as the uproar continued and the applause grew louder, it dawned on him that perhaps the laurels which he thought he had gained turned out to be milkweed, so he again faced the king, got one arm half way up as the elocution teacher had taught him to do and tried to win new spurs to his milkweed crown as he said, "the sween has cooned." To say that the audience applauded some more is to put it gently; they roared, they stamped, you might say they stampeded. To say the audience was tickled to death would not be exaggerating it. They were tickled nigh unto death but not quite enough to die. They were able to appreciate what followed. Someone back on the stage from the wings, seeing that the popular young amateur was getting his foot further into his mouth, each time that he opened it, shouted so that the audience could hear, "come off, you dog-gone fool, come off," but the young man was not going to lose his milkweed crown that easily. He had taken too long a time to learn that speech, he wasn't going to be cheated out of the glory at the eleventh hour, not while the king was still on the stage anyway, nor while the audience would remain in the theater. So, once more, he got his eagle eye upon the crown of the king, once more he got that right hand into the position as the elocution teacher had instructed and, once more he said his "bit" which was, to-wit: "the coon has sweened."

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"Mother, guess I'll slip on my raincoat and go down to the post office."

"Why, honey, it isn't fit for a dog to be out. Let your father do it."

"How do you tell bad eggs?" queried the young housewife.

"I never told any," replied the fresh grocery clerk, "but if I had anything to tell a bad egg I'd break it gently."

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"You seem to be flushed?"

"Yes; I gave my wife fifty dollars for Christmas and have just succeeded in coaxing it away from her."

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A man, driving along a country road, saw the roof of a farm house ablaze. He gesticulated and called to the farmer's wife, who was standing calmly in the doorway: "Hey, your house is afire!"

"What?"

"I say your house is afire!"

"What did y' say? I'm a little deaf."

"Your house is afire!" he yelled at the top of his lungs.

"Is that all?"

"It's all I can think of just now."

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"Now, Thomas," said the foreman of the construction gang to a green hand who had just been put on the job, "keep your eyes open. When you see a train coming throw down your tools and jump off the track. Run like blazes."

"Sure!" said Thomas, and began to swing his pick. In a few moments the Empire State Express came whirling along. Thomas threw down his pick and started up the track ahead of the train, as fast as he could run.

The train overtook him and tossed him into a ditch. Badly shaken up, he was taken to the hospital, where the foreman visited him.

“You blithering idiot,” said the foreman, “didn’t I tell you to get out of the road? Didn’t I tell you to take care and get out of the way? Why didn’t you run up the side of the hill?”

“Up the soide of the hill is it, sor?” said Thomas through the bandages on his face. “Up the soide of the hill? Be the powers, I couldn’t bate it on the level, let alone runnin’ up-hill!”

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“Laughter is a token of saneness. Abnormal people seldom laugh. It is as natural to want to laugh and have a good time as it is to breathe. There is something wrong about a person who seldom laughs.

“I know a man who rarely smiles, who looks disgusted when he sees any one convulsed with laughter. He is cold blooded and selfish; he lacks tenderness, sensitiveness, delicacy, and is very unpopular.

“There is a moral influence in things which amuse and make us enjoy life. No one was ever spoiled by good humor; but tens of thousands have been made better by it. Fun is a food as necessary as bread.

“Who can estimate the good that men like Mark Twain have done the world in helping to drive away care and gloom?

“Dr. Hillis describes a man whose laughing muscles had been so paralyzed that his laugh was degenerated into a sepulchral chuckle that smote on the ears like a voice from the tombs. Everywhere we see people who seem to have lost the power to laugh heartily, or

even smile. Their laughter muscles have been paralyzed from disuse so that they can only chuckle. They do not know the luxury of the good, old-fashioned, side-shaking laughter and are unable to see the ludicrous side of things. They look upon laughter as frivolous and inconsistent with the dead-in-earnest life. They regard life as a thing to be taken seriously. It is not a laughing matter with them. It is too serious for frivolity.

“If there is any one thing needed in this strenuous, nerve-goading age, more than another, it is optimism, cheerfulness, happy laughter—plenty of lubricant to keep life’s machinery well oiled.

“There is very little success where there is little laughter, says Andrew Carnegie. The workman who rejoices in his work and laughs away his discomfort is the one who is sure to rise.

“Many employers never smile during business hours and discourage anything which approaches hilarity among their employees, on the ground that it is undignified, that it takes valuable time and demoralizes discipline. But some of them are being converted to Mr. Carnegie’s theory. They are beginning to find out that anything which gives a temporary relief to the strain and stress of business is beneficial, that a wave of laughter running through the factory acts like tonic, and tends to promote good work as well as good feeling.

“Never suppress a tendency to laughter in those about you. They will be more healthy, more normal, more energetic, more enthusiastic in their work because of this great life tonic, this human lubricant.”—Success Magazine.

“Great and wise men have ever loved laughter,” says Elbert Hubbard, “the vain, the ignorant, the dishonest, the pretentious, alone have dreaded or despised it.”

I am now going to give you the laughing exercise which, if practiced twenty minutes a day, will not only keep you from having insomnia, indigestion and becoming insane but it will kill so many disease germs that it will bring health, happiness and prosperity to you. This laughing exercise is something that the great Ella Wheeler Wilcox practiced and recommended. It is something to be made a part of your daily living. You want to take twenty minutes a day to follow instructions as herein outlined, so we want you now to get ready to smile, to work your face (some people can work their faces better than others).

You want to stand in front of a mirror (this will be easy for the ladies) and open your mouth as wide as you can. Open it until you can see your wisdom teeth—of course this is just exercise. Take a deep breath and take five ha, ha, ha, ha, ha’s on one breath. Watch your face in the mirror with the mouth wide open and the grimace beginning to play around your mouth. (When you see that awful face it will help the exercise some.)

Now take ten ha, ha, ha—ha’s on one breath; then fifteen on one breath; then twenty on one breath. Then, taking your deep breath and your twenty ha, ha—ha’s, continue the ha, ha, ha, ha’s—until it rolls out into merry, spontaneous, combustible laughter.

This exercise always works better if you can have someone practice with you. The more the merrier.

The more in the laughing exercise the more contagious it will become; the more disease germs you will kill, and the more health, prosperity and happiness will be yours. Laugh and grow fat. Laugh and keep the doctor away. Laugh and be well. Laugh and be prosperous. Laugh and be happy. Laugh and live long.

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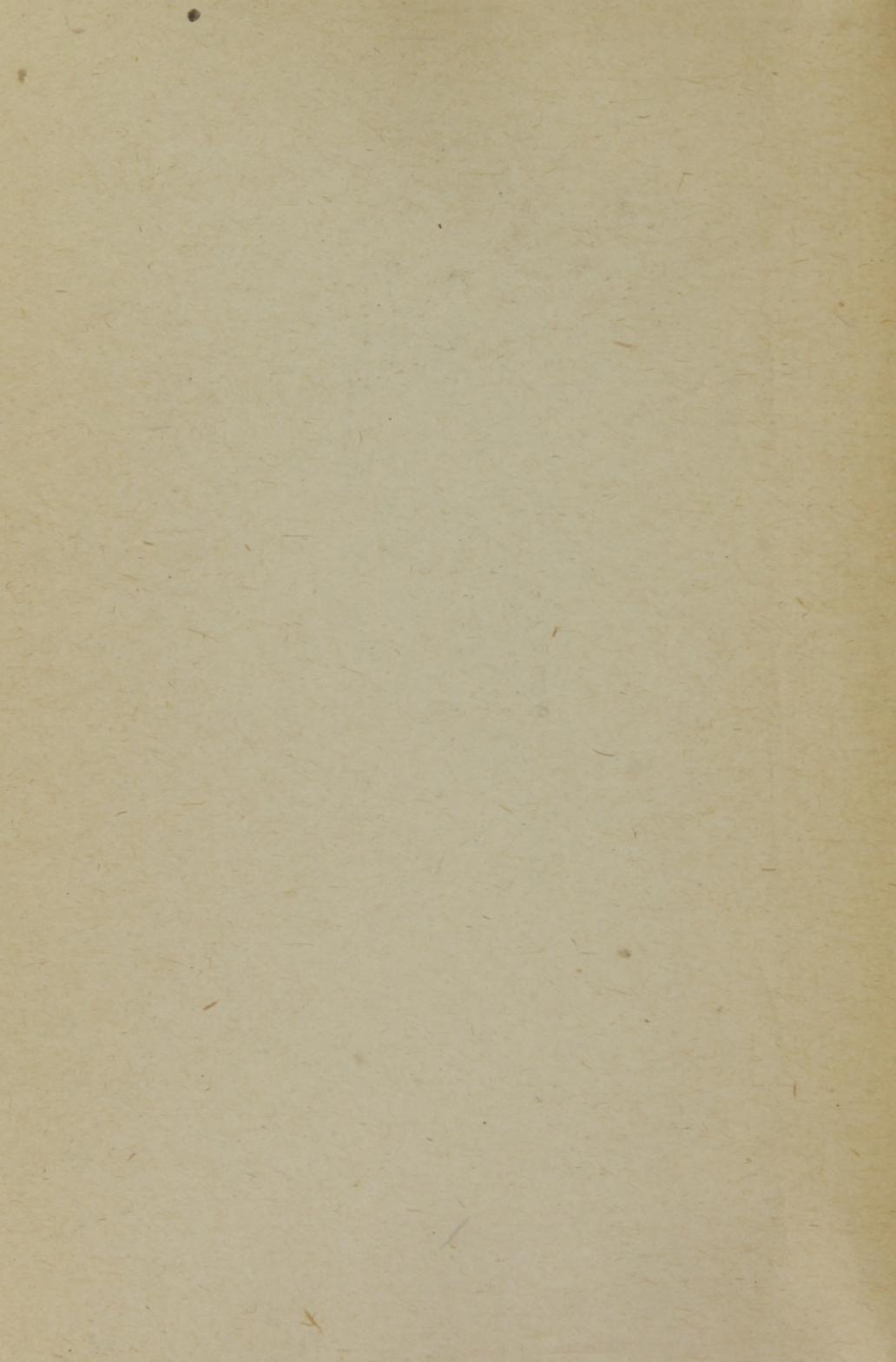












Handwritten signature or initials in dark ink, possibly reading "J. B. D." or similar, written on aged, textured paper.

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