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THOUGHT IS POWER

# NOW

A Journal of Affirmation

HENRY HARRISON BROWN  
EDITOR

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



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

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# This Number First of Volume VII.

**T**HE PUBLISHERS OF "NOW" FEEL SATISFIED with the past year's work.

Thousands have been helped by the monthly visits of this magazine. In the face of hard conditions it has gone forth each month laden with a love message to all hungry souls. From every continent comes words of praise. Volume VI will be bound and advertised in the future, if you are missing any number you can buy a bound volume later.

**What will you do to encourage Volume VII?** The October issue begins that series; the publishers have done their part by preparing something extra good. Perhaps the best thing in the forthcoming volume will be a series of twelve lessons each upon the following subject: "Auto-Suggestion as An Educator, and Psychometry, How Developed." (See page 24, concerning coming editorials.)

When your subscription expires you will be notified by letter; it will then be for you to say what "NOW" will be in the future. In the meantime try and get your friends to subscribe.

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From all Life's Grapes I press sweet wine

Henry Harrison Brown

# NOW

A JOURNAL OF AFFIRMATION

HENRY HARRISON BROWN, Editor

Vol. VII.

OCTOBER, 1906

No. 1

## A Prayer for Strength to Overcome.

"Give me of your strength, O oak-tree!"—  
Lowell.

Far from every other care;  
Far from every home of man;  
With not an inch of space to spare,  
For any tool this wild to ban;  
Stretched upon the ground I lie,  
With oak boughs 'twixt me and the sky.

The tumult in my soul is strong;  
No human love or voice can stem.  
I smothered seem, tempest bears me on.  
I'd fly for aye the haunts of men!  
Up mountain side, through forests dim,  
I've hied till now there's naught but Him!

And only He, the One alone,  
Can calm this agony of soul!  
But Universal Love atone,  
For passions that o'er my senses roll.  
For this, last struggle of my life,  
For Love and Right are now at strife.

O Live-oak, rugged in your strength!  
Thy shadow's my Gethsemane!  
From thy stout limbs, as here at length  
I cling to earth most lovingly,  
Give of thy power to bear—to say—  
"Thy will, not mine. Thy will alway!"

I follow out each twisted branch;  
True sympathy it hath for me!  
I feel my soul is growing staunch,  
And brave and true! I'm one with thee!  
Thy soul to mine as brother bends!  
Thy branches and my hands are friends!

Sweet now the peace of flecking shade!

Sweet the angels downward sent!  
My every heart-ache now is laid!  
My trust recoils like branches bent!  
I've found my own! Self-poised like thee!  
Henceforth, O Brother Oak! I'm free!

—HENRY HARRISON BROWN.

"Now" Folk Mountain Home, August 6, 1906.

## The Personal Factor.

I AM! This affirmation of New Thought people does not, as so many think, develop conceit by cultivating the personal factor in one. It does the very opposite. Self Esteem is the opposite of conceit. The person of Self esteem is a very companionable person; the conceited person is the opposite.

Self esteem causes one to so respect himself that he will not bow to another's opinion nor allow another to unduly influence his life. He will form his own opinion nor allow another to unduly decide upon his own place in life, he cares not for the opposite opinion of his neighbor. Neither does Self esteem cause one to be antagonistic. On the contrary, one who rightfully esteems himself allows others the same privilege of forming and living out their own decisions. The antagonistic and argumentative person lacks Self esteem. He wants you to agree with him. To see that he is right and that you are so much less than he is, because you are wrong. Any explanation, excuse, argument, or grief

because another does not understand you, arises from want of proper self respect. The affirmation—I AM! gives one this Self-poise; this Self-respect; this Self-reliance, which prevents him from exhibiting any of these follies. What if I am not understood? I understand myself, and that is quite sufficient. What if they think I make a mistake? I am content to let them so think. What if they wish me to give an excuse? I am not subject to them. Let them find their own excuse. I am too busy about my own business to spend time in apologising, excusing and explaining to those who will not understand. No! I AM! That is enough for me. What am I? Whatever I think I am. In this case I am, in my opinion, right. It is not for me to form opinions for others. I will express my thought, and to others it will pass for what price they may put upon it. To me its value is assured. Manks may flout Galileo, but his Truth stands. Has Darwin lost by the disbelief of theologians? Did Jesus lose by Pilate and his High Priests?

In my classes the only "Don't" I use is—DON'T FIGHT! NEVER ANTAGONIZE Put in its Affirmative form it is—Resist not evil—but OVERCOME EVIL WITH GOOD! Overcome with good! Therefore when one would argue with me, I simply affirm my truth and leave it with him. Truth needs no champion. Like sunlight it will care for itself in me. "Poor God with no one to help Him!" says Emerson of those who think the world will go wrong if they do not anathematize, antagonize, preach, guide and argue. No! Truth is mighty and does prevail. I would as soon apologize for sunlight; excuse for the stars; explain Divine Providence, as attempt to do this for myself. I AM. What? "God manifest in the flesh"; I have my individual life to live. I have my thought to think. This I must do. And what I am you are; and as I do so must you. I cannot interfere with your life or let you with mine. If I am wrong, I shall find it out in nature's way by some sorrow or pain. I once was alone in the mountains and came to a fork in the road. Which should I take? It was necessary that I choose. I did so. Af-

ter two miles walk the road ended in a pasture. It was then demonstrated to me that I was on the wrong one. I turned back and came to the right one, learning by the only way, experience, the right from the wrong. Had some one told me, then I was learning by another's experience, which is the way with us all, when we follow heredity or opinion of others. But the experience that the four mile walk was to me paid me then, and pays me now. I am careful to learn the road before I start.

I lost nothing, for Nature's "Compensation" is always with me.

Therefore when we affirm a perception of Truth, those ready for it accept it; but those who are not ready by their unfoldment, cannot accept, and we must be content to affirm and to let Truth take its time, as it will, to bring acceptance through unfolded mental conditions.

The moment we drop all thought of how Truth affects us, and drop any desire that others should see as we do; and are content to let them see at the right time, in their own way, then has the personal factor dropped out of our life, and for the first time, are we free to see ourselves; have for the first time a clear perception of Truth. We know when we are there by our trust and our ceasing all antagonism, and resting content with Affirmations only.

#### Another Medical Theory Upset.

CHICAGO, Feb., 4.—A discovery that may decide the Inter-State Canal case before the United States Supreme Court was announced today by Professor Jordan of the University of Chicago. While on the witness stand in the hearing of the injunction case of the State of Missouri against the State of Illinois and the Chicago Sanitary District today, Professor Jordan declared he had proved that typhoid germs will not live more than two days in seepage-polluted water and will not live more than ten days in pure water.

The discovery, besides being crucial in the present suit, is contrary to all previous scientific theories regarding the life of typhoid fever bacilli.—Telegram Daily Papers.

The amount of money a person receives cannot be increased by worry, but what a man may get for his money varies very much indeed.—Annie Payson Call.

### Affirmations.

(Given before an address upon "Whence is my Supply.")

PEACE THROUGH CONSCIOUSNESS OF POWER.

I think. Because I think I know myself. I am that which thinks, and that which I think that I am.

I think of things and they are to me that which I think them to be.

I am conscious of my existence.

My existence is a manifestation of the One Omnipotent Existence.

I cannot separate myself from all that is. The Power that fills the universe fills me as part of that Indivisible One.

Whatever that Existence is, I am.

Whatever I call this which is Omnipotent, that I also call myself.

That which as Existence fills all space and time I know as Power.

This Power manifests through me as Life.

The whole of the One Life is behind me and manifests through me.

I may manifest all of that One Life that I wish.

I let the One Life manifest through me without hindrance and am health.

I am health because I believe in myself as a manifestation of the One Life.

That which manifests through me is also Truth.

I am Truth. I draw from the Infinite Reservoir all that I wish of Truth.

I let Power, as Truth, express itself through me. I am inspired.

I know this Omnipotent Life also as Love.

I feel and I know this feeling as a manifestation of Omnipotence.

I open myself to the influx of Omnipotence and it flows through me into expression as Life, Love and Truth.

I find myself unfolding. I am an Unfolding Soul.

I learn through this Unfoldment that I am that which I think I am.

Thought controls Life's expression through me.

I control Life in Love of Truth.

In this control I am that which I affirm myself to be.

I affirm: I am health, and become health.

I affirm: I am Power, and I am Power.

I affirm: I am Peace, and I am Peace.

My life is peaceful. I will it to be peaceful.

I find within myself all I seek.

In expression I find the joy men have called "the kingdom of heaven."

I name this kingdom PEACE.

I am in the kingdom of heaven for I am Peace.

---

### The Fields.

I have a passion for the fields, and for

All the lovely things that live therein;

The waving grain, keeping vigil o'er  
Some sweet blue eggs throbbing with life  
unseen,

Does nothing less than softly rise and fall  
With harmony of God's great pastoral;

The little field-mice gnawing at their roots,  
Run railways underground and have strange  
streets,

And busy marts where all trade tending  
meets,—

Behold a mystery in their wise pursuits!

I can not pass the very weeds—they thrive,

By right of fitness 'mid opposing grain;

The lusty sunflowers glad to be alive,  
And strong—in the conflict's fiercest strain,  
Bold, bare-breasted, against odds they stand,  
Battling and falling for their natal land.

They war diversely; wily foxtails fight  
With numbers, while the morning-glories  
glide

About the field, lifting on every side,

Peace invoking banners, soft and white.

But most of all I love the still bare places,  
Missed by the sower in his ceaseless round;  
In times that come when nothing quite  
solaces

The tugging pain, nothing of sight or sound,  
How sweet to lie breast close to the Great  
Breast,

And feel the inflow of eternal rest;

And know these clods and outcast stems half-  
rotten,

These seams unsightly worn by sun and  
storm,

These dull gray patches more than surface  
form,

Are close the heart of life and unforgotten!

—WILSON C. DIBBLE.

"Now" Folk Mountain Home.

## Practical Suggestion.

No. 1

### Telepathy and Some Methods of Development.

*Telepathy is the conveying of a thought or an emotion from one person to another without any visible means of contact. Conveying a message by the invisible wires of thought. The conveying of thought by the fine vibrations of Mind. It must be remembered that Thought precedes language. We may have the same thought though we belong to different nations. We also think in symbols or pictures, rather than in words. Pictures are more easily conveyed therefore than words, and feelings more easily conveyed than thoughts, for thoughts are transmuted feelings.*

Here, as in all message bearing, a sender and receiver is necessary.

The difficult position is that of receiver. Let us first study the part the sender plays first.

Prefacing this with the remarks that we are each all the time unconscious senders and receivers, doing this because it is the necessity of our Being. We live submerged in an ocean of vibrations, in which are those of every human being that ever lived. All these vibrations impinge upon us as thought-beings, as feeling-beings. We notice them not until our attention is called to them. We unconsciously vibrate with those in accord with us as two instruments respond when in the same key.

Some one keyed in the infinite scale of vibrations with myself has a feeling or a thought. It radiates from him. I receive it, and I feel it, or I think it and we are one. If I am not in accord with him, I shall not feel it. Shall not sense it. This which I am doing unconsciously and instinctively I may make a conscious and voluntary act. This is when accomplished. . . Telepathy. It is only doing intentionally what I am doing all the time but did not know it.

While I am receptive to the thought of another, the sender must have me strongly in his mind and have a definite desire. The words he uses have not so much to do with the experiment, but the desire

and the thought must be definite in his mind.

Concentration is a necessary condition. I find many whom I ask to send me a thought who will let their minds wander and thus confuse me. All that is required of the transmitter is that he will concentrate his attention upon the thought. There is to be no looking on his part to see if I have received. That disturbs us both. Let the thought come. Know it comes. Do all questioning later. On part of receiver there is required complete passivity. Make the mind as far as possible a blank. Look into it as into a mirror to see what will be reflected.

*Concentration in silence*, best expresses the condition. It is expectant attention without any rigidity of thought. If this condition is difficult to attain help may be found by thinking of some quieting passage from hymn, poem or essay. I bring myself to this receptive condition by repeating lines from Whittier or Emerson. These lines are good for me;—  
 “I know not where his islands lift their  
 froned palms in air,  
 I only know I cannot drift beyond his  
 love and care.”

This passive condition is required whether you are to practice with the transmitter near by or afar off.

Having agreed which shall receive, when the transmitter is near you, these are good experiments. I think the best for beginning.

Let one sit at a table one side of the room. The other at a table the opposite side, back to back. Both have pencil and paper. As the transmitter, which we will call No. 1, shall draw, the other will draw what comes into his mind. Soon he will draw the figure No. 1 does. Geometrical figures are good for first practice. Then numbers. Then things. A picture drawn or a name written will soon impress itself upon No. 2.

Blindfold No. 2, select an object in the room, and think for him to go to it. Stand behind him and concentrate upon the thought, “You touch the mirror.” Some take hold of the hand. This is not necessary, and gives rise to the suspicion of muscle reading and is practiced by some who fake in this line. There is no

use of touch. And in genuine thought transference the less that No. 2 knows of your plans and less attention he pays to you the better he does. Any knowledge of your purpose will confuse him. Only this condition, be sure that he knows *what the experiment is to be* and you all follow the agreed conditions to the letter. I saw Tyndall, the noted mind-reader, confused by the committee who had been instructed to stick a pin in a hole, and then draw a pencil mark about it, and then hide the pin; but they stuck the pin in the table, drew a ring about it and left it there. After many trials he found pin and hole, but was confused by the auto-suggestions that when he went back to the same place with the pin he was mistaken. *Conditions agreed upon must be carried out.* If changed, tell him before he begins the trial.

The finding of hidden things is easy. We have a fine telepathist who is constantly practicing, and easily now finds the word in a book or tells the word written on a piece of paper.

He requires that No. 1 will concentrate upon the thing that he is to get, and will himself wait patiently, in silence, till it flashes into his mind.

Sometimes it comes before him rayed with light.

From these experiments you can grow into more complex ones.

When separated, let there be agreement as to time and method. No. 1 is to send at such an hour. No. 2 is to receive. Let No. 1 write the message and concentrate upon it. No. 2 will receive it. The greatest difficulty lies in developing confidence in No. 2, so that he will speak when he should. It is to be remembered that he is to speak without thinking. He has no grounds for reasoning upon the matter. He is simply actor and must tell what he sees or feels without trying to reason, if it is true. He must do what he *feels* to do without reasoning upon it. Go as he is impelled. This condition is the most difficult to attain. When fear is overcome the rest is easy.

No psychic work is possible while the pupil is constantly questioning why and wherefore. He must let himself freely do, being led by silent forces and after the phenomena is passed he can study the

conditions under which it was produced. All I can do is to tell you what we have found as conditions necessary.

Next to this is the condition of practice. To develop the power.

Simple conditions are these. Follow them and great are the results.

### The Redwoods.

The redwoods are some of the most beautiful channels that God has made through which to express himself. They are the springs of some of man's noblest inspiration.

They symbolize peace, for as soon as one comes near them he feels calm and restful; all troubles, cares and worries disappear. He has but to look at them and recognize independence. They lean on nothing, but stand alone,

"As tall and straight

As the pillar that stands by the Beautiful Gate."

One sees generosity in looking at them. Their branches give shade to rich and poor alike. They are the embodiment of patience, standing year after year, generation after generation, without murmur or complaint.

No need of artificial perfumery here. It is here by the redwoods. Not in cut glass, but in the more beautiful form of delicate tinted leaves.

What need of church or architecture when "the groves were God's first temples?" These groves have every attraction of a church. Where are the stained windows? What window can compare with the sunlight flickering through lace work of fine delicate tracery of leaves? What carpet more beautiful than the browns and reds of this floor of redwood needles? What seat compares with this redwood at my back? What ceiling can match the patches of sky, broken by the interlacing network of boughs? What cathedral affords such peace, such rest; inspires such thought; brings one into such communion with God, as these redwood groves? If this was the one way man had worshiped, what a beautiful, kindly race we would be.

CAROL, S. D.

"NOW" Folk Mountain Home, Aug. 14, 1906.

### Written in a Birthday Book.

This day I started on a journey long;  
 And hard it seemed for many weary years.  
 But God at last gave me the boon of song,  
 And listening to my music, I forgot my tears.

—SAM EXTON FOULDS.

### Autobiographical—My First Experiments.

#### PRACTICAL PSYCHOMETRY NO. I

*Psychometry is the recognition and interpretation of sensations not recognized by the five senses.*

During the spring of 1862 as I returned from the school I was teaching in R. I., thirteen miles from my home in the village of New Boston in the town of Thompson, Connecticut, I found the family talking of a lecture on electricity that was to be given in the vestry of the M. E. Church in Fisherville, a factory village three miles away, where I had taught school a year previous. I was at this time in my twenty-second year, with all the pride and sense of consequence that a petted and rather bright boy of that age possesses.

I walked with my brothers and neighbors to the lecture. At that time all exposition of electrical science was based upon the theory of two fluids, a positive and a negative, and then, as now, many professors and tyros attempted to explain all phenomena and especially psychical upon the electric hypothesis as cause.

During the lecture the professor went through the audience testing the people with a little glass tube, with vacuum globes at either end, to see who were positive and who negative in electricity. He said I was the strongest negative in the room. "Would I come upon the platform?" I did so. "Would I allow myself to be blind-folded?" I was. After this, he announced that he would perform some experiments with me that would prove that I possessed powers that physicians of his acquaintance would give many thousand dollars to possess. Said he: "You have read of those who would diagnose disease by lock of hair. You thought it humbug. This young man will prove it true. Had he a medical education he would do it, but without

this he will locate accidents. He does it by exchange of electricity, he being a negative. If some one who has met with a severe accident will put a lock of hair in his hand he will tell where the person was hurt." With all the young man's conceit, I sat there determined to show that I was smarter than the Professor, for I knew I could *not* do this. The hair was put into my hand. I became interested in the sensations and forgot my intention to expose him. I was brought up to tell the truth and so would not lie, besides I was always interested in science and here was something the young school teacher did not know. I began to feel peculiar and as fast as the sensations came I described them. When I was through the professor asked the gentleman from whose head the hair came, if I was right. He answered: "Right in every particular. I was thrown from my wagon and had my collar bone broken and had every symptom the young man has felt. And I put my ax into my foot in the same place where he felt the pain." Upon this there were cries, "Let him try me!" But the professor said, "He lives here among you. He can try any time. I have other experiments now."

When I told my parents of the experiment, Father said: "You were mesmerized!" He had dabbled in that some years before. But I was as conscious during the experiment as in any I ever performed, and was not satisfied with that explanation. This answer shows the folly of attempting to solve dogmatically as to the cause of any new phenomenon. Mesmerism cannot do this. Electricity cannot do this. Both the hypothesis of 44 years ago are "with the years before the flood."

But I am puzzled now to understand why I was not sufficiently interested to continue the experiments. But the boy of 22 had too much on hand and never thought enough of this wonderful experience to try it till months later. In looking over the letters I wrote mother during the Civil War I find an account of the next experiments. These letters were a sort of diary I kept for mother and she sacredly saved them, and upon her passing to the Higher Vibrations, I



took possession of them, intending some-time to prepare from them a book telling of the soldier's daily experience during the Civil War.

It was while reading these letters that the thought occurred to me to make my "Psychometric Lessons" during this volume more or less Autobiographical and thus help others in development and to show the value of this Science and Art. Here are the passages from the letter dated:

Stemmer's Run, Md.,  
Thursday, Nov. 27, 1862,  
Thanksgiving Day.

Dear Mother: How can I spend Thanksgiving Day in any better way than to write home? It will recall to my mind happy associations. It has been one short year since last Thanksgiving, but an eventful one. If we are to measure time by events it has been a long one. . . . . Last evening the boys got to performing tricks of hand. At last I got to telling, by holding a lock of their hair in my hands, accidents that had occurred to persons, doing as I did at Fisherville that evening. And without one failure I told the facts in regard to six or seven persons. Ask H—— if it is "humbug?" He said it was at Fisherville. I was blindfolded as I had been several times before. Some of the boys would go down stairs and get a lock of hair (from some of the boys who stopped there as we were quartered in a house). They would place it in my hand, and after rubbing the hair in my fingers a few minutes I would feel a pain in my body on the spot where the wound had been. Once I felt rheumatism and told the boys this man had rheumatism and later learned that he was subject to it. They brought me later a lock of Elias S——s' hair. I did not know whose, but I felt sharp pains run up my right arm, down my hip, and settle in the calf of my right leg, and finally settle in my arm above the elbow. By this time I knew it was Elias' hair and threw it away. He said I was right, for his hand and forearm were numb for awhile and he felt the pain as I said. And once he was severely hurt in the left leg. Is it not strange that I get it on the opposite side? I do not understand it, but it is a curious phenomenon. Not one of

the boys said, "Humbug!" For they all had opportunity to know I was honest. This much from the letter———: Elias had shot off his thumb by accident that day. I had made them promise before I began that they would not bring me any of his hair, for I had by this time learned that I did not care to take on all kinds of pain. They had made me the promise. When I learned they had lied to me, I would try no more and did not for nine years. I then instinctively obeyed the Law and ever since I have consciously experimented and strictly demanded Truthfulness on part of those who wish a reading. Once a person lies to me as sitter for advice, or for health, and I detect him in a lie, I cannot, for I will not, do any more. I am honest and truthful. I live in those vibrations and will not descend to those of that weakness and absence which are represented by evasion, deception and falsehood. No one can safely develop any psychic and I may also say any intellectual, or physical talent without demanding of himself fidelity to what is to him Truth.

#### Telepathy.

A young girl, whose brother was in South Africa, suddenly found herself constrained to write, and the words she wrote were from her brother, who told her that he had been shot through the heart, at such a place, that he had fallen into the arms of two friends to whom he desired her to make certain gifts from a specified drawer on his wardrobe, and concluded by telling her that he was in a world like her own, that he suffered no pain in dying, and that he was then about to explore his new surroundings. Telegrams and letters from the two friends who had tended him bore out the facts.—Harold Begbie, in (London) Daily Mail.

#### Now.

The day is this; the time is now;  
No better hour was ever here.  
Who waits upon the When and How,  
Remains forever in the rear.  
Though yesterday was wasted stuff,  
Your feet may still seek out the way.  
Tomorrow is not soon enough—  
Make this a day!

—W. D. Nesbit.

### What of It.

'Tis true, this tale you bring to me?  
 What of it? Did e'er nature less?  
 Did one e'er find serenity,  
 Who passed not through some great wine  
 press?

Is he not mortal? Can he be  
 Faithful to Truth till he is tried?  
 Can he know heaven—Reality—  
 Till hell is sounded at his side?

I trust? In whom? Alone in Soul!  
 What matters how one friend shall bend?  
 As bow recoils when breaks the cord,  
 So he'll obey the natural trend.

And she? She's human too, you know;  
 Obeys the flame that purifies.  
 Out of the furnace comes the gold;  
 From ooze the lily with pearl vies.

And I? O well! I'm Truth and Love.  
 Eternal Rock of Ages—I.  
 And human actions only prove,  
 Correct the compass I sail by.

HENRY HARRISON BROWN.

August 5, 1906.

### "The City Street."

For years my heart has ached to see the city children with no place to play and no place to go, nothing to see and nothing to do. I never see them but I ask, "What would I have been had I been raised in the city?" For no one thing more do I thank my parents for than for being respectably poor and living in the country. The experiences of childhood and youth among New England fields, hills, brooks and woods, made me a lover of nature, gave me thoughts to think, and trained my hands to do. And I ask myself: "What will the nation be with boys and girls growing up without opportunities to know what is in them; with nothing to call out their better nature; to lack that sweetest of all loves, that of the beautiful in fields, woods and streams; to lack the education of necessity in finding their way, alone, and in inventing schemes, tools and playthings?"

It is one of my fondest dreams that I may be instrumental in bringing from the

streets a lot of these prisoned souls and let them loose among the redwoods and introduce them to Mother Nature in her haunts of birds and flowers. We have this summer seven fine boys, all of whom are revelling in this way and finding expression of the God (Good) in them; never better boys are there than these; from this contact with nature and with thinkers they will make men to bless. I have felt this very deeply this summer. Thousands of little children in the hot city of San Francisco packed in the refugee camps, when we have here plenty of land and could care for a thousand, for we have with the surroundings the love and the desire. But the funds did not come. We could not without help do it. New Thought friends sent their contributions to the General Fund. We could draw nothing from it for this purpose. We had no backing in church or politics or among the society people. New Thought is not popular. We therefore cheerfully submitted. It was not for us. "What is mine comes to me."

But sometime it will come. There is a demand on part of the SOUL that "My little ones" shall be cared for. "Feed my lambs!" saith the Spirit. All this desire was reawakened strongly on my last visit to the city. I contrasted the condition of our boys with those I saw in the Park Camps and felt keenly for them. It took me some minutes to get back to Reconciliation so deeply did the Thought of their need impress me. Sometime there will be in my hands a fund so that every summer I can establish a summer camp under charge of some man wise in Boy-Lore that shall give not only rest, but inspiration to the Good, the Beautiful and the True, through this communion with nature, with each other and with developed men and women. There is a valley with fine groves and running water that I selected for this when we bought the place. It will materialize at the right time—a Commonwealth of Boys.

This was brought to my mind and called out for NOW, by a poem in *The Youth's Companion* for July 12, which I quote here that NOW readers may enter into its spirit and help me thus to materialize this Juvenile and Youth's Common-

wealth. Is it not pathetic? Is it not more? Is it not Truth?

The stony street is pitiless;  
The night is like the day;  
We cannot run for weariness;  
There is no place to play.

The houses are a fervid wall,  
The street a fiery way.  
We cry for water, and we fall;  
There is no place to play.

Dear angels touch our burning brows  
With cooling hands we pray;  
And take us where the Christ allows  
His little ones to play.

O, one of the saddest cries,—“There is no place to play!” Christ in our hearts will take you to a place where you *can* play. Be patient till Christ warms a few more hearts with His Love, then you shall play.

It is worthy of note that while Bernheim believes in the *possibility* of suggested crime, he and other members of the Nancy school assert that *no actual* ill-effects have ever followed the medical use of hypnotism. Thus Professor Forel says: “Liebault, Bernheim, Wetterstrand, van Eden, de Jong, Moll, myself and other followers of the Nancy school, declare categorically that although we have seen many thousands of hypnotised persons, we never observed a single case of mental or bodily harm caused by hypnosis; but on the contrary, have seen many cases of illness relieved or cured by it.” This statement I can fully endorse, as I have never seen an unpleasant symptom, even of the most trivial nature, follow the skilled induction of hypnosis.—*Dr. J. Milne Bramwell, a celebrated English physician, in an address upon “Suggestion: Its Place in Medicine and Scientific Research.”*

The boys and girls should read what we read and we should read what they do. There is room for very judicious and well-read publisher who will give us a young people's library of standard stuff, not condensed or abbreviated but genuine literature, such as *Rasselas*, the best of Scott, Dickens, McDonald, John Fiske, etc. Young people should not be fed thin soups nor watered milk—nor Sunday-school religion.—E.W.Powell in *Unity (Unitarian)* Chicago.

### Soliloquy of a New Thought Beginner.

I wish I knew just where I am,  
And what I am to do!  
If three times three are really nine,  
And two times one are two.  
This “New Thought” craze has turned my  
brain  
And surely “knocked me out”;  
The seekers act peculiar,  
What is it all about?

Mrs. Eddy with her “mortal mind”  
Has made me lose my own.  
I hold my breath when “*Natilus*”  
Finds a “Solar plexus” groan.  
With Helen Wilmans vain I strive  
To find a place to stand;  
But think that “Bishop” Sabin  
Might find that promised land.

The “NOW” of Brown is quite the thing,  
I might just tie to that,  
But then the “Vegetarian” clique  
Say they can knock *him* pat.  
To eat and drink, to live or die,  
Is what one cannot tell;  
To know if there is only God  
If Heaven has swallowed hell.

Barton's *Life* is “on the perch”;  
Conable with his “fast”;  
*Unity* people perhaps are right.  
They claim love's power to last.  
With creed and ism, pros and cons,  
One finds no place of rest.  
I ponder of the olden time  
When simple thought was best.

Well—I'm in it and I'm bound to win;  
I'll swallow all that's said;  
Some tell me I'll be living,  
When others say I'm dead.  
And then to join each coming fad,  
Will surely make me wise.  
Though I'm planted as a tiny seed,  
To mountain growth I'll rise.

ABBIE WALKER GOULD.

Moline, Ill., March, 1906.

NOTICE THAT WE HAVE CHANGED OUR OFFICE. WE ARE FAST CONCENTRATING OUR WORK AND SOON WILL HAVE ALL “UNDER THE REDWOODS.”

### A Most Marvelous Phenomenon

Mr. J. H. De Voe, of Melmont, Wash., wrote me last fall an incident in his life and asked my explanation of it. It so interested me that I requested permission to print it in NOW. I have never learned of one in any way similar. His reply I give in connection with the last letter which follows. I have no explanation unless we call in some disembodied intelligence. And I am not sure we need to do that. It may be, and yet it may also be that the Soul has a prescient knowledge that acts in harmony with the only two Laws of Nature, Rythm and Mathematics, measures of Time and Space, that enabled it to impress upon the workmen this thought, which seemed a mistake, but which was but a part of the perfect crystal which each thing is in Spirit and must be as it takes its perfect objective shape; *but I don't know*. If any reader has anything similar will he report it? If any have any clear idea of "How," will he tell NOW what IT was that caused a correct sash and frame, when an incorrect one was ordered?

Melmont, Wash., July 20, 1906.

Dear Sir: I have your letter of the 5th in reply to a letter I wrote you last November about my experience in Chicago. You ask if I will give you permission to use my name and the facts narrated in my letter of November for NOW. Yes! Go ahead! And if any persons wish corroborative evidence to substantiate what I have told you, refer them to Peter Beck of Harvey, Ill., the man of whom I bought the windows and who had them made for me.

I have read Denton's "Soul of Things," and was never more interested in the study of any subject than I am in Psychometry.

Please send me your "Man's Greatest Discovery" and also the magazine the coming year. Very truly,

J. H. DeVOE.

This is the story as told in the letter of November.

Three years ago I was building a two-story addition to a one-story machine shop in a suburb of Chicago. In ordering the windows and frames made I directed they should be the

same as in the original building, viz: four lights high by three lights wide.

One morning as I was approaching the building as the frame was going up, I discovered that I had made a grievous mistake. The windows I had ordered were too high and could not be used. I consulted the foreman. After figuring he suggested that I change the order from four lights high to three, and to four wide, which would be the right size.

I went immediately to the lumberman who furnished the material and told him my predicament. He replied that I was too late to change the order; that the windows were probably finished. The frames were being made in the Chicago suburb, while the sashes were being made in Oskosh, Wis.

I insisted on his ascertaining how far the work had progressed. He first called up the framemaker and found the proprietor's son. He got this information: "Father laid out the work and make a mistake. The frames are for sashes four lights wide by three high. No good, are they?"

After mirthful comment the lumberman called up the sash factory and after a long wait the office clerk responded with: "Say, our foreman has made an egregious blunder. He has made the sash for four lights wide by three high. Can you use them?"

I thought the lumberman would fall backward with astonishment.

Now, this may seem incredulous, but I can verify every statement by the parties cognizant of the facts. Tell me if you can what power or influence caused two mistakes, that might be corrected, and nobody lose thereby? Both sash and frames had been made exactly to fit it contrary to orders, and before I had discovered my mistake.

I cannot believe it was in both cases an accident. These two mills had no business relations with each other and neither knew of the order to the other nor of the building for which the sash and frames were for. Shall be glad of your comment. Very truly yours,

J. H. DeVOE, Melmont, Wash.

"Fearest sometimes that thy Father  
Hath forgot?  
When the clouds around thee gather,  
Doubt him not.  
Always hath the daylight broken,  
Always hath He comfort spoken,  
Better hath He been for years  
Than thy tears."

### Rebirth.

San Francisco, 1906.

PERCY VINCENT DONOVAN.

Hear, as the prophet heard  
After the shock and blast,  
The still small voice of the Word,  
Clear to the soul at last.

"After the earthquake, a fire,"  
And after the Whisper, a song!  
Courage, set your desire  
On high, sing, and be strong.

Take heart of courage and know  
You have not endured in vain  
Lamentation and mourning and woe,  
For you must be born again.

—*American Magazine.*

### How New Thought People Fared in San Francisco's Great Catastrophe.

From the few magazines that find their way into our mountain home and from references to others, I learn of a much wider spread interest in the *Lessons* of the earthquake and fire than I imagined. Therefore I owe no apology to NOW readers for continuing these articles upon the "Psychology" of the disaster. I have requested many of the New Thought people to write for NOW their experiences. So far but few have written, Mrs. Sophia Curtis, who lost everything in the fire, having not even a change of clothes, has for several years been my student and is now in our city Home. She writes a manuscript from which I make these extracts:

I was awakened from slumber on the morning of April 18 by the terrific sound of falling chimneys, awnings, flower pots among many others caused by the emptying of the contents of closets, bookcases and cupboards upon the floor. I instantly recognized the cause. I felt no fear. The trust expressed in the words, "Rocked in the cradle of the deep" was mine, and I said, "Still safe with Thee!"

In this awful manifestation of Infinite Power I was perfectly calm and self-possessed in the "Hope of immortality!"

This experience now seems like being "born again," having everything material taken from you instantly, without being able to utter a protest. I have taken up life again under con-

ditions much changed. It seems like a new life. And however brave I am, the heart-memory will bring still a feeling of sadness; most over some little treasured pictures. I miss one little lock of hair.

A lady reports a case of a lady that had been expected to die for five days. Doctors said it was a complication of many diseases. In her self-forgetfulness she got out of bed, walked up hill and has been all right since.

A nurse at one of the hospitals reports that a paralytic who had not walked for two years was first in his pajamas to get out of doors.

Are these feigned cases? No and yes. They are not, inasmuch that they have the same cause as all cases. Yes, inasmuch as all cases are mental and are reflections of mental imagery—are created in physical expression by imagination. Imagination is the *only* special creator. By it mankind under the Universal Creative Law, creates his special environment.

The Law of Suggestion:

*I am that which I think I am*, was illustrated in every life and in every moment of it, during the San Francisco catastrophe, but the Law is illustrated in every human life in all parts if he would at all times.

These extreme cures demonstrate it only because they are observed while the ordinary conduct of men and women is overlooked. There is no knowledge so valuable as to understand this Law. No development equal for health, happiness and success, to that which one obtains by a conscious and intelligent application of it to his own Thought-life.

A physician tells me of a singular case well worth preserving in NOW for future record: A gentleman had charge of dynamiting some buildings. Was inside the building in third story when by some misunderstanding or accident, the charge went off. He was blown *outward* and landed upon the sidewalk. Was picked up unconscious and lay so for several days at hospital, but recovered. I can but recall Wasson's lines as I think of such cases.

Life loveth Life and Good! Then trust!  
What most the Spirit would, it must.

Our Mother of masterful children, shall sit  
 on her throne as of yore,  
 With her old robes of purple about her, and  
 crowned with the crown that She wore.  
 She shall sit at the gates of the world, where  
 nations shall gather and meet,  
 And the East and the West at Her bidding,  
 shall lie in a leash at Her feet.

—S. J. Alexander in *"To San Francisco,"*  
*Century Magazine.*

A physician in San Jose was killed by the falling of the third story into the basement. His wife, who remained in bed, and another lady who remained in hers, went safely down and were rescued from their beds, but he who sought safety in flight was killed. "The place where I am is the place for me," says Emerson. It is a deep question in times like these whether to go or stay. Many were killed by falling walls after leaving the house. Would they have been safer had they stayed? A lady friend, now at Mountain Home, was fastened in her room and the upper part of the door was cut away and she was pulled out with a rope. Her trunks were taken to the Post Office square, and with the host of household goods there piled burned and she had not an extra wrap. But she never lost her serenity, and assisted friends to drag trunks and to carry boxes from Mission street to the Presidio. A task stout men could not do to-day. Whence the power? "The breath of the Almighty giveth inspiration." Inspiration is Life; is power to do! Trust the Universal at all times.

A San Francisco friend writes: "I have just returned from out of town and so answer your note immediately. We congratulate you most heartily on your escape from the fire and hope you may long continue your good work. We also fortunately escaped. We are on the northern fringe of the remainder that was not burned. But such an upheaval took place within our domicile that it will take some time to settle things. We are having rather strenuous times in many ways, but it might have been so much worse that we are making no complaints and are truly thankful for our many blessings. We

sincerely hope that some one or more will find it in their power and good will to give you the help you need so you may complete your good work. We thank you in advance for the forthcoming book and anticipate much pleasure and profit in reading it."

The Sacramento friends of Mrs. W. H. Beatty, wife of Chief Justice Beatty of the California Supreme Court, will be pleased to learn that she has greatly improved in health since the earthquake and fire.

"I was in Los Angeles at the time of the shake," said Judge Beatty, when asked about the matter, "and knowing that my wife had been suffering from nervous depression and heart trouble. I was greatly worried lest in my absence the excitement of the occasion might seriously affect her. I hurried home, to find the house upset and the chimneys down, but was delighted to find her up and doing, calmly managing the affairs of the household, not in the least excited or put out by the occurrence, and, in fact, she seemed to be the coolest-headed person about the place.

"More than that, she has been feeling well and strong ever since; there has been no recurrence of her illness and, in fact, she is better than she has been for years."—*Sacramento Union.*

### Drug Danger.

Notwithstanding the oft-repeated assertion that the extent of drug addiction is being over-estimated, and that the dangers to be feared from an increase of the same are more imaginary than real, it is, I say, nevertheless true that drug addiction, more especially that of opium, its alkaloids, and cocain is today a cruel, merciless monster, whose almost relentless grasp holds in a thralldom infinitely worse than slavery, its legions of victims in all parts of the world. The far reaching effects of this evil can scarcely be imagined, much less described, and only such as have seen promising young persons of both sexes gradually lose their ambition, their character, sacrificing their virtue and all that morality and religion teaches them to uphold and maintain, can understand the full import and extent of this great and growing evil. It incapacitates the physician, defiles the sacred desk, sullies the ermine of justice, clouds the most brilliant intellects and fastens its merciless fangs upon every class of people.

—J. D. Albright, M. D., in *Medical World.*

### The River.

Glad river of love, whose streams divinely fed,  
 Countless and free, unresting on their way  
 From hills of God, have down the ages led  
 The soul of man, nor ever led astray.  
 The cloud-born mists back to their ocean flow,  
 Impulse divine, in fellowship with clod,  
 Upbuilding in the thirsting vales below  
 Glad, wayside haven-cities of our God.

J. H. J., in *The Craftsman*.

### What New Thought People Are Saying.

*The Sunflower*, Lily Dale, N. Y., is one of the very best of the journals devoted to the exposition of the Spiritual Philosophy. It is free from a spirit of conservatism that characterizes some, and that of severecriticism and fault-finding of many, and free from over-sensitiveness to the criticism of others that characterizes so many specialty journals. It is reaching out into a broader horizon than that of mere phenomenal Spiritualism. It has a Metaphysical Department in which appear many fine articles from New Thought Journals. Many have been copied from NOW, and the editor is always ready to give credit to the author and journal from which he clips. But in the issue of July 14 appears our Lesson No. 7 in Suggestion, entitled "Bed-time Suggestions" and for some reason it is credited to *New York Magazine*. NOW rejoices to have its articles copied and does not kick when no credit is given, but it is not pleasant to see your productions credited to another. This may be a mistake in the *Sunflower* office. Such things often occur even in NOW office, and it may be that the *New York Magazine* did not give credit where it belonged. Brother editors never mind if anything in NOW is thought worth your columns, copy even if it does sail under borrowed plumes. There is plenty more where that came from, and I am willing to furnish all you will take.

Our Friend Shelton makes the *amende honorable* in *March Christian* for the words which he says I misunderstood. In such use as he refers to in relation to Affirmation or formula, I coincide

with his opinions, be it Prayer Book or Hindu syllable, or Hebrew silent word. There is no power in rule, law, formula or sacred, or secret word. But Suggestions are POWER, but it is in the Thought and Faith of the patient that the Power lies, which Suggestion awakens.

\* \* \* Henry Harrison Brown, in *April Now*, devotes a page and a half of criticism to me for saying that the repetition of words that you do not understand is foolishness. He even calls my statements a "covert thrust." No, no, Harry Harryson, I never make covert thrusts. I meant what I said and said what I meant, but had no reference to statements printed in periodicals. I was talking about words given by healers to their patients like physicians would give pills.

What of it? Did e'er nature less?

The plucky little copy of "Now" that came out after the terrible disaster did me as much good as any of the larger numbers.

MRS. J. E. B.

A lady in Iowa writes in a letter:

"I have all your books and value your writings so much, particularly for emphasizing so strongly as to the holding of the Ideal. I do this as much as I possibly can, among other things to see myself physically as I wish to be. I think "Now" one of the best New Thought journals. It is simply immense. If ever so busy and I come across a number of "Now" no matter if published years ago, I cannot resist the temptation of reading in it and always get something inspiring in it."

A California lady, a patient, who has taken the Mail Course in Suggestion writes:

"Enclosed find 50c for which please send me the First Lesson in 'Art of Living.' I feel the need of your help and thought. I have felt the lack so much since I finished the Lessons in Suggestion! I am well again and know that another old condition has passed away, but we still need your thought."

"Now" for July comes just about on time, and pictures Henry Harrison Brown among the Redwoods racing with Time for a half-hour call on the God of Day. He already has thirty in the "Home," and sings a merrier note than ever. He would welcome some new orders for his breezy little monthly, "Now," and can fill orders for his publications. Write him—"Now" Folk, Glenwood, Cal., is the address.—*Banner of Light*, July 21, 1906.

This kind little notice was in *Christian for June*:

\*\*\* *Now* came out of the earthquake head up and full of courage. The house at 105 Steiner street was saved with their books and subscription list. Henry Harrison Brown, the editor, issued a little circular for May saying that the magazine will be continued and that he can supply you with his publications. Address as above, San Francisco, California.

*The Banner of Light*, Boston, for July 14, gives the following kindly notices of *NOW* and accompanying them with copious extracts from our June number. *The Banner* is the oldest of the Spiritualist journals. At one time I was a familiar friend of all connected with it. Mr. Colby, Mrs. Conant, Mr. Day, who then filled the offices wisely, have all passed to the Higher Vibrations. The present editor and proprietors are keeping up the reputation well.

#### Personal Psychological Study.

In "*Now*" for June, the able editor, Henry Harrison Brown, gives us, under the above title, a glance at the "*Now*" philosophy "under fire," in the following paragraphs:

Henry Harrison Brown and "*Now*" are still singing, "From all Life's Grapes I Press Sweet Wine," although the loss from fire and the general mix-up after the earthquake was very trying. The brave assurance with which Messrs. Brown and Chappell put their philosophy to the test is evidenced in the June issue. Let Mr. Brown tell it in his own words:

"April 18th, 19th and 20th the city was in flames. On the 22d Mr. Chappell discovered a little printing office with a foot press, and consulting with the printer learned that he was ready for a job as soon as he righted his office, which was considerably shaken up. Consulting me, we decided to get out a little "*Now*" and that afternoon he made the contract. The next morning I prepared the manuscript, and on the 25th received the printed matter in our office. It was mailed as soon as the postoffice would receive second-class matter, but was returned to us that we might upon each copy write "Second-class matter," for otherwise, owing to the way it was folded, postmasters receiving would not understand it. It thus goes down to history as the first regular publication issued in San Francisco after the fire, and we believe our subscribers

will treasure such a memento. We have a few hundred copies left, which we will send for 10 cents each to whoever orders them. We will gladly donate to public libraries and historical societies a copy upon application."

From Victoria, Australia, comes a letter from a mail course student of "Suggestion." He says: "For some time I had to leave home to work and at any time I felt dull I would read your letter that I carried in my pocket and concentrating on the Affirmations, I would realize it in fullness; I would drop back again, but realize the benefit."

A number of ladies in a Wisconsin city are taking the Mail Course in Suggestion, and the one who originated the class writes thus on the 24th of July: "We like the Third Lesson very much. It has been most helpful to me. The first sentence came as a sort of illumination to me. The idea of One-ness had never really meant much to me. But your differentiating the idea of universe from *di*-verse and *multi*-verse put the idea in a new and acceptable light.

A physician in Minnesota writes thus:

Enclosed please find check for \$5 to apply on subscription to "*Now*" journal. So much has been said to you about the San Francisco catastrophe, that I feel that words are useless. Silent thoughts of blessing reach better. I know that after reading my letter you will understand me.

I shall always feel indebted to you for the inestimable benefit that I have derived from your literature. I know that you are a busy man, but if you can spare the time to write me a personal letter I shall feel very grateful. With best wishes for your success," etc.

*Light* (London), quotes from the "Autobiographical Notes": *Now* for February, 1906, the instances of "Self-Healing" there narrated and closes the extract with these remarks: "Mr. Brown asserts that he can train his will so that it will act on the lines of protection, and that when he properly suggests to himself, no accident can befall him. So strange are the workings of the faculty of prevision, that even this is not unlikely, because threatened danger might by this means be guarded against, consciously or unconsciously.





Washington, D. C., July 1, 1906.

Your scientific method in your work has appealed to me more than the work of any other metaphysical leader. You have shown convincingly a middle path between agnosticism and mysticism. You are very convincing Mr. Henry Harrison Brown. I learned much through your "Art of Living." Enclosed is \$5 toward your Lessons in "Psychometry." With much admiration for your application of principles during your great trouble, and with best wishes for a speedy and complete recovery, I am, \_\_\_\_\_

There is nothing in the thought that there is a spiritual world in communication with this that frightens me in the least, for I have long been satisfied that the "supernatural" is only the unexplored part of the natural; that the universe on both sides the grave in a universe; as here, so there. Nor do I value a truth because it is grey headed and walks with a cane. The truths of the vintage of today are quite as pleasant to my taste as those of the first century, or any preceeding age.—*Dr. Isaac K. Funk.*

Suggest only good to the inner self. It is both a listener and an artist and its perfect carving is upon durable material. Through high suggestion and ideal affirmation, structural construction is to go on. The conscious mind is to temper material and put it in place. We should talk to the larger and hidden self, for it will hear and also assimilate. Good, clear cut thinking, if put on deposit, will draw interest. Affirm that which is ideal on every plane of expression and do it confidently in the first person, singular and present tense. *The knowledge of these laws in application is the most recent and important human accomplishment.*  
*The intelligent guidance of the current of thought, the cultivation of the imaging faculty, as a fine art, and the dominance of the higher rather than the lower consciousness—these are instruments of infinite capacity in human hands.—Henry Wood, in Practical Ideals.*

In the Smart Set: First divinity student—What is the subject for discussion at the debating society tonight? Second ditto—The influence of Creased Trousers on the Decadence of Prayer.—Exchange.

### Vale, Old 'Frisco!

A whole city full of people tumbled into the streets, and their homes tumbled and burned after them. Then think of them flocking in motley array to the parks, where chilled, hungry, thirsty, smoke overhead and cinders falling, they resorted to draw new plans for a more magnificent city! Think of the way rich and poor and Chinamen hobnobbed and helped each other!

Oh, yes there were some folks killed. But most everybody expects to die some day, and I can't see that one kind of death kills you any deader than another, or leaves your loved ones any less bereft. And there were some fool authority-crazed guardsmen who shot men for the sake of doing it. And there were some folks scared crazy. And most everybody lost all his property.

But what were five hundred dead compared to 300,000 living? What were thirty-seven cases of looting compared to 500,000 times goodness-knows-how-many cases of generous sharing of what was left? What are \$300,000,000 worth of houses tumbled and burned compared to the San Francisco Ideal which everybody is already busy and happy working out into the Real, And bunch all the mean things together and look at them through the microscope, and they are still only a wart on the glorious Humanity which is emptying its pockets to help on the New San Francisco. And bunch everything together—earthquake, fire, shock, death, looting, shooting, hunger, thirst and madness—and what does it amount to in comparison with the splendid Spirit of Brotherhood which is rising from the ashes?

Here is the way Olivia Kingsland, the California poet, expresses it. In a letter of April 26, she says:

"This is the season for can openers and uncooked food, starlight, rain effects and other effects, and other comforts we hardly appreciated in the past, and everything is helping to establish the Brotherhood of Humanity."

The loss of property? Humanity is a child learning things by building houses of cardboard and blocks. Mother Earth takes a long breath and the houses tumble, which gives the child opportunity to learn more by building better ones. It is nothing! it is fun!—when you know it. You can—after the first shock—see that, when you are 3,000 miles away from the tumbled houses. But if you were on the spot you'd probably be attached to some of those card houses, and the tumble would wrench your heart-strings, and hurt a bit. Then you couldn't see the fun and the good of the tumble.

But it is there, all the same. And when you have got over the hurt and gone to work to build greater things than any that fell, then you will begin to really see and feel the truth that even earthquakes and fires are not losses, but gains; gain to the individual if he makes it so; gain to all humanity whether or no.

Goodby, old Frisco! Rest in peace, for your soul is rising to a greater reincarnation.—Elizabeth Towne in her journal, "The Nautilus."

### A Psychometric Experiment.

I placed in the hands of each of the members of my psychometric class something carefully tied up in paper, with the request that each one should sit in silence with it and write what he or she obtained through the silent contact with the vibrations of whatever I had given them. Each had a different article.

Mr. R. had (without his knowing or having any possible clue to what it was) a most beautiful flint spearhead, most probably prehistoric. It was given me by a lady. Others had possessed it. I did not know what he might obtain. He could get a description of the occasion when it was given me or of any of the persons or places in which it had been in modern times, or he could find something of its own history. I suggested nothing, save that each was to tell what he or she, did get through psychometric sense.

The following description Mr. R. read to the class the next morning:

"I get with this, fire. First a very great fire. Then a kind of camp fire. I see around it a strange people. They seem to have a secret dance or some hoodoo service. They hunt bears and other animals for their skins. They are only partially dressed, live in huts made of skins, brush and grass. Dancing seems to be a strong feature among this people. They have long spears and jump up and down. I feel as if this piece was used to kill. It feels chilly and cold. I see blood with it. Strong, powerful men are connected with it, living a natural and very strenuous life. I seem to be taken north among an Indian tribe, but the people I see are dark in color. They dress very fantastical and are rich in ornaments. Bear claws are strung around their necks."

### Under the Redwoods.

Our Sunday morning meetings in the "Emerson Grove" are full of inspiration for both speaker and audience. Our moments of silence are purest communings with Nature. "Rising from Nature up to Nature's God." My themes have been upon the incidents narrated of Jesus; finding in him the prototype of the race. Every incident told of him is also true of every human soul. We have dwelt upon his birth, temple lingering with the doctors, his baptism, the temptation, the preparation for the baptism, and considered some of his cases of healing. I never saw the Principles so clearly. The inspiration of the grove, the climate, and above all the friends about me "open the heavens" wide and Truth comes like sunshine. Sometime I wish to put these morning talks into a book for NOW lovers.

Come into the grove with me. Lie in my hammock while I sit beside you and we talk just as my friends do when they call.

The hammock swings between two huge fellows. Follow up the branches of the tree at your feet till you lose yourself in the space of heaven above you. As near as we can estimate it is 200 feet to top of the tree. O, but it carries you out into space and you find God there. You find Him in yourself as you lie there and meditate. But this is your first visit; I wish to introduce you to the grove. It is a group of young trees that sprung up around a mother tree after it died. By the diameter of the circle they make, the mother tree was sixty feet in diameter. How long ago was that? Well I *guess* when Adam was young it started. How old are these? I have little guess. From my observation from the growth of present saplings, I should put them into the thousands; at least that one with the Emerson Legend on it. It is eight feet in diameter at height of my head. One-half the diameter is four feet. Equals forty-eight inches. If it grew one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter in one year it would make it near seven hundred years old. If it only grew one thirty-second of an inch it would be thirteen hundred. It is, I think, safe to say that

our Emerson tree was here when Charlemagne conquered Europe.

He has as companion ten other trees all forming the circle of our auditorium. One, seven feet in diameter, is near companion. Against these two is my platform. Each Sunday morning all the influences of at least a thousand years look down upon me; are my inspiration. Assuming thirteen hundred the age of the largest, I have here the most ancient Christian Church. The next in years being the Mosque of St. Sophia (Mohammedan), which was converted into a Christian mosque in 1453. While this redwood temple goes back to the seventh century.

Westminster Abbey dates from the eleventh century, and St. Peter's from the fifteenth century. Thus I have invited you to an older temple, whose columns vie with those of any in the world in beauty and antiquity. Yonder tablet on the Master's tree says, "Where man in the bush with God may meet!" You can meet Him in temple, in home, anywhere, when you reverently turn toward spiritual things. This grove invites all the primeval in us to worship. The hairy ancestor of early geologic times that lives in us, our early arboreal ancestors, come up and enter into the worship of to-day. There is no place we may so feel the oneness with all as here. Let yourself down from hammock and lie on the carpet of fallen leaves and twigs (finer to my eye than the finest of any palace) and look upward around the columned nave, while I tell you of the rest of these God-built columns. Four are four feet in diameter, three are three feet, and running from six inches to two feet there are twenty more to complete the circle. But the smaller ones vie with the others in height, and send up tall spires to get the two means of their livelihood, sunlight and the moisture from the fogs.

Come out here early in the morning and see how lovely the two, the mist and the branches, embrace each other and so thoroughly is the moisture absorbed by them, that the ground is ever dry, save in long and continued rains. The fog would linger long seemingly, save that the sun by nine o'clock has completely

gained his way to the tiniest pimpernel of the roadside.

Sh! Still! Listen! It is the quail leading her young. That little quiet cluck is the mother's. She is calling to food. Upon that branch a few feet from the ground is the papa quail. Soon he will see us. He is on sentinel duty and will give warning. There! Not a sound or sight. They are all hidden.

Did you ever see a California mountain quail? Then look them up the first time you go to a library. A more beautiful bird cannot be found. Like the eastern, and yet so distinctively marked. I am only a bird lover, not a scientist. With those two nodding feathers on the crest of head you will always know them. And, if you will never tell, I will show you a nest. Mr. Turner was cutting grass and brush about our cottage and the mother flew out. He did not disturb her. She has thirteen eggs. I thought to see her last eve. Was not sure that she was there. I thought I saw a piece of old branch through the green leaves and I lifted the leaves, and lo! she flew away. My hand was two inches from her. The mimicry of nature that protects her from enemies hid her even from me. I wish you to relax and breathe in, physically and spiritually, the beauty, power and wisdom of the place, while I take my typewriter for NOW and tell of our classes.

Pleasant mornings we hold them in the "Picnic Grove" on the opposite side the creek. "Bean Creek." Why do they give it so unpoetic a name? I wish we could christen it anew into something as beautiful as itself. Here our "Psychometry" seems better and our "Emerson" more inspired. When jay and squirrel add their opinion, we love our situation all the better.

Did you ever critically study Emerson's essay on "Compensation" in the woods, with accompaniment of waterfalls, birds and soughing branches? Since a boy I have often read and reread it, but not till now did I begin to comprehend the wonderful depth, spiritual insight and scientific acumen of this our Seer and Master. Try it. One para-

(See page 27.)

## EDITORIAL.

### One Religion—Many Creeds.

"I should like to draw the attention of your President to the necessity of his studying our Zoroastrian Religion in its purity. The thought and Suggestion process which he seems to suppose he has come upon, are processes taught by Zoroaster ten thousand years ago, and we Zoroastrians give these Suggestions to ourselves a hundred times a day in our ordinary daily rituals, and our prayers are not supplications, but only claiming of what belongs to us." So writes, at close of a business, a letter to Mr. Chappell, H. Dinshaw from Bombay, India. He says, "I shall be glad to hear from you occasionally of the success of your movement for which you have my full sympathy."

Our friend from Bombay is welcomed to our "NOW" Folk company. But he is mistaken in thinking I claim any new discovery. I claim no originality of thought. I claim only an original and individual way of looking at Universal Truth. I am continually saying: "The Law of Suggestion is the One Law of Life!" If so, then every teacher, ancient or modern, has obeyed it. It is true not because Zoroaster and Jesus, Buddha and Confucius, Wesley and Thomas Paine used it and taught, but they all used and taught because it is true. I am of the same Truth as Zoroaster, but not of his methods. We use Suggestion, but not in the way our friend does, as a system of religion. We use it just as he does in the unconscious thought of daily life. He is a Zoroastrian. I am not. I am not even a Christian in the sense he is a Zoroastrian. I am not a creedist. If I am Christian, it is only in the sense that I am born in a land so called. That term means anything the sect using it may read into it. But I have all the respect for Jesus that he has for his prophet, and all the respect for his prophet that I have for all truth-tellers. Our work cannot differ in Principle from that of all other movements man has ever instituted, for all are based upon Truth, and Truth is

a unit. All revelations are orderly and all human growth orderly. So we accept Truth, no matter where found and are ready to change our point of view any day and every day. As we learned from Emerson this morning; "Valor consists in the power of self-recovery, so that a man cannot have his flank turned, cannot be outgeneralled, but put him where you will, he stands. This can only be by his preferring truth to his past apprehension of truth and his alert acceptance of it from whatever quarter; the intrepid conviction that his laws, his relations to society, his Christianity, his word, may at any time be superseded and deceased." There is a larger circle than that described by any teacher or revelator, and is the circle that includes them all, and there are circles within circles outside this larger one, and the circles that the coming teachers will draw.

Our Zoroastrian friend does not comprehend the spirit of Democracy and Freedom in which the editor of NOW writes. He will find no rule, formula, set rite or ceremony in any of my writings. For that reason he has sympathy with us and we, though raised in Christian lands, have the sympathy of every progressive person raised any where in the world. Members of every one of the great ethnic religions write me congratulating me that I have truth and am in sympathy with their teachings. So must every Truth-teller be. But while we all have Truth, I do not come into their limitations. I have much in common with Zoroaster and his followers; much with Mohammed and his followers; much with Brahman, Buddhist, Confucian, but I am not one of any of these. They limit truth to their teacher, to their method, to their interpretation. I have all respect for them, but I cannot allow any one even to ask me to drink *only* from their vessel, to be limited by their rites; to suggest in their way only. I will, however, when I am with them, join as devoutly in their ceremonies and follow as devoutly as I may the footsteps of their teacher, but I shall do the same with the next honest man I meet. I will wear no label, accept no limitation. I am an Unfolding Soul and must have free

scope in all the universe to see my way and tell what I see.

At home I am classed with every sect. People come to me and say, "You are a Spiritualist, Theosophist, Mormon, Unitarian, Methodist, Catholic," etc., etc., with this limitation. "As far as you go!" Yes, as far as all have Universal Truth, we are one. But we are many in the limitations of sect and creed.

The Bombay Brother prays his way and thinks he is right and by implication. . . . "our prayers are not supplications" . . . tells us others are wrong. Any sincere prayer is right. And every prayer is a Suggestion, and brings through the Law of Suggestion that which is prayed for. I have my way; it is by Affirmation. Each month NOW has my form of prayer. I show by demonstration that the use of such by myself and my friends has the same effect that the use of prayer, book and ritual has with others. By one Law are we all led; by one Law all fed; by one Law are we all protected; by one Law are we all diseased; and by one Law all are healed. By one Law the race is made happy or miserable; by one Law made rich or poor, and by one Law do we pray, no matter to what conception of Omnipotence we send petition, praise or supplication; by one and the same Law each child of earth has that which he earns by his thought and that which comes to him by the heredity he has not outgrown. That Law is the Law of Life, the Law of Suggestion.

I have made no discovery for the race. It has *lived* Truth. I made the discovery long ago that all successes came by Concentration. I made also the discovery long ago that all Christian sects agreed upon fundamental principles, and differed only in the details, which are but attempts to tell how an Infinite Principle manifests in Life. But Infinity alone can tell. And as the nation grows wiser there will be less attempt to draw limitations, and more to bring all private creeds, conduct and opinions to the one Principle that lies behind them. Later I made a small study of the "Sympathy of Religions" and found underneath their limitations of name, form, rite, ceremony, creed and legend there were a few fundamental Principles. Some empha-

sizing one and some another of them, but all agreeing in fundamentals. Max Muller said in his "Science of Religion": "If we listen attentively we shall hear in all religions a groaning of the Spirit, a struggle to conceive the inconceivable to utter the unutterable. A longing after the Infinite. A love of God."

Kant says, "Religion is a principle of esteeming all duties as if they were divine commands."

Religion is not in belief, words, forms or names. It is a Principle of action. It consists in the recognition of *Something*, higher than our conscious self. And in the recognition of duties to this higher *Something*, mankind has formulated rules and systems of conduct. All this grows out of the sense of duty, just as governments have grown out of the recognition of duties to each other. Jesus formulated the whole Principle when he gave the "Law and the Prophets" in condensed form. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, soul and mind," our duty to the One, and then added, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Here is the Principle. "LOVE!" This will lead you to right conduct toward man and God. Love will cause you to think in the right creed, *for you* to put forth the right prayer, *for you* to follow the right teacher, *for you*—and when you LOVE TRUTH beyond name or creed, you will grow to make your own creed anew each day; to formulate your own prayer to your present needs, and to build your own church, or to worship in any or in none, as occasion shall lead. Says Muller again: "Be good, my boy, for God's sake; We have in this nearly all the Law and the prophets."

No matter what the words then, no matter what the form, no matter what the belief. It originated in Suggestion, is carried out in Suggestion, and is the mortal, finite, humanly-limited attempt to fit Infinite Principle to human thought, reason, conduct and aspiration. In all systems only one Principle is lacking to make them as perfect as a system can be, and that very one thing destroys the system. That one Principle is LIBERTY. Liberty is progressive. What

is so to-day is oppression to-morrow. Always around my creed, and also around my generalization some one must draw a larger circle and I am imprisoned, till I again draw another around his. And in this does the Infinite Something, who is in each individual expression of the ONE SOUL. . . . The Over-Soul . . . unfold into human Consciousness its latent wisdom and express in objective form some of its Infinite Potentialities. This ONE spoke through Zoroaster "ten thousand years ago," and through Buddha before and then in Confucius and Plato, Jesus and Darwin, and through Emerson, the later prophet. Is not the truth of Emerson as old as that of any of these? Is not the truth of any these ancient as fresh as in our poet Whittier? What matter the instrument when the stream is constant?

No, brother, I am not a "discoverer;" I am not a "founder;" I am not a "leader;" I am not an "Authority." I am merely one who tells what is to him Truth, and when others see the same, or have seen the same, I am glad. I believe utterly in UNITY. It is a profound conviction with me that ALL IS ONE. I ever reason from that fact, and know that anything I may say has been said before; may be a million times, and may be said a million more. But now some of my brothers have no other prophet but me to help them to see that they ARE TRUTH. And when one comes to realize the Affirmation . . . I AM TRUTH! he needs no prophet, Bible, priest or ritual. Is independent of them and therefore will use any and all at pleasure.

And right here is a good place at the beginning of this new Volume Seven, to tell something of my way of writing. I am not a student. I never was. I have never made a study of any system of philosophy or of religion. I have dipped into them enough to see that they had nothing for me and thus had everything. Do you understand that paradox? I found UNITY there and as soon as I did that, ALL was there, and I had all in having UNITY before. So I have read only when I enjoyed, and as I enjoyed. I know these teachers lived, and when I

wish to know what they wrote I psychometrize their writings if any are at hand. I put the book under my pillow and sleep in the same spiritual vibrations from which they drew, and I have all the Truth they can tell, without having the limitations of their age, time, place, people, prejudices, mentality and spirituality. Why can I not drink from the same stream Plato did? Why must Plato see for me? Why should I drink of bottled waters when the same fount is near me and the same inspiration is waiting me that these had? No! I will not allow that any child of God is superior to any other, or that one has advantages all have not. If one seeks and another does not, the loss is only in not taking advantage of opportunity, and not because God has shown partiality. I will draw for myself. And I think all this is implied in the words Jesus taught us to say when we wish to pray . . . "OUR FATHER!" It is not Moses', or Zoroaster's, or Confucius', or Plato's Father, but OUR Father. Then, I am the equal of any of my brothers. I affirm: *What all men are I am!* and as I read of their achievements I see through them all Expression of the ONE who uses human lips which HE made for Himself, and of Himself, through which to develop in Himself Self-Consciousness; to bring Himself, the Unconditioned, into the Condition; to make of Himself—MAN. I see the Divine in all men and . . . I AM DIVINE! I affirm of myself. Knowing myself as an expression of the ONE I also affirm. . . . *What man has done I can do and more because these have prepared the way!* Every man is a John preparing the way for the Lord to speak through some other lips which he has made more capable, because the John has spoken. I speak because I cannot help it. I tell what to me is *perceived* by the Soul I am, and reveal as best I may that which my limitations of language, experience, intellectual ability and my LOVE OF —TRUTH allows me to reveal.

But did I not speak, did I not write there would be a loss to the race as great in proportion as there would have been had

Zoroaster not spoken. Lucy Larcom saw this when she wrote

"Hand in hand with angels—'tis a twisted chain,

Winding heavenward, earthward, linking joy and pain.

There's a mournful jarring, there's a clank of doubt,

If a heart grows heavy, or a hand's left out."

And Kipling saw it still more plainly when he wrote "Evarra and His Gods."

It is well for us all to realize that the Omnipresent One is voicing Truth through us.

Evarra made four gods and finally went to heaven. There he saw his four gods and his wondrous law, "Thus gods are made," and One God; he was ashamed and said:

"I have sinned!" "Not so.

If thou hadst written otherwise, thy Gods Had rested in the mountain and the mine, And I were the poorer by four wondrous Gods And thy more wondrous law."

### Book Reviews.

**As a Man Thinketh.** By James Allen. 61 pps. Leather, 60 cents; cloth, 35 cents; paper, 15 cents. Edvard E. Beals, Republic Bldg., Chicago. Beautifully bound in buff calf, it has come from the above party who, recognizing its rare virtues, seeks to bring it within reach of great numbers. You will note that it is to be had in three bindings and prices, so as to suit all. The contents are,—Thought and Character, Effect of Thought on Circumstances, Effect of Thought on Health and the Body, Thought and Purpose, the Thought-Factor in Achievement, Visions and Ideals, Serenity.

**The Twentieth Century Christ.** By Paul Karishka. 205 pps., \$1.00. Lothrop, Yee & Shepard Co., Boston. Paul Karishka is the pen-name of a well-known jurist. His book is startling in its boldness, yet reverent in its tone. It displays a vast amount of philosophical reading, covering as it does, Buddhism, Confucianism and the system of the great Chinaman, Laotsze, the Zoroastrian philosophy, the Greek scholasticism and the modern French, German and English schools. The author compresses into a little volume of two hundred pages the essentials of all religions so far as they bear upon his view of the Christ. The style of the writer is as attractive as his theories are interesting. Poetic imagery smiles from his pages everywhere and enlivens with pleasure the demonstrations of the most

abstruse philosophic doctrines.

What is the "Twentieth Century Christ?" It is not the Christ of the Church, veiled in myth, clouded from our clearer latter-day vision by the theological contests of mediaeval churchmen, obscured by dogma of self-seeking salvationists. It is not the incomprehensible Man-God or God-man whom the western dark ages created with a perverse ignorance of history, as if the millions of earth's peoples had for thousands of ages wallowed in ignorance as dense as their own without one particle of truth to temper the falsity of their philosophies. It is the humanitarian spirit—the human love that redeems man from the animal and makes him man. A book, one to be studied, loved, absorbed and lived.

**MENTAL DEPRESSION.** its Cause and Treatment, based on Modern Medical Reform Science, and Successful practical experience, clearly explained for the purpose of Self Treatment without Medicine (No. 1. of the Natural Treatment Series), by Professor Richard J. Ebbard. Price \$1.10, New York, Fowler & Wells Co., 24 East 22nd Street, and L. N. Fowler & Co., London.

This book can be recommended to those who are tired of drugs and have not yet reached the full reliance upon Thought as a curative agent. It has excellent advice and common sense directions that will help all those suffering the worst of all pain, nervous conditions and accompanying results. "Chapter Sixth" is the most temperate and progressive chapter upon sex matters I have seen and is really worth the price of the book. Throughout the book the use of Suggestion is inculcated. This passage shows the author's position. "The only palliative remedy which may be applied against headache, neuralgia, ticks, irritation and all nervous affections of the internal organs, is *self-suggestion* treatment such as I have previously referred to." (p. III.)

Now is the time to begin with NOW. Vol. 7, No. 1.

Office of NOW  
105 Steiner street. San Francisco, California

Vol. VII. OCTOBER, 1906 No. 1.

# NOW

HENRY HARRISON BROWN - - EDITOR

A monthly Journal of Positive Affirmations.

Devoted to the Science and Art of Soul Culture.

It is the utterance of the Editor only. All thought not credited to others is his.

Its basic Affirmation is:—Man is Spirit here and now, with all the possibilities of Divinity within him and he can consciously manifest those possibilities HERE and now.

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Entered Jan. 6, 1903, at San Francisco, Cal., as 2d class matter, under Act of Congress of March 3, 1870.

**THIS IS NUMBER ONE OF VOLUME SEVEN.**

OUR BUSINESS OFFICE IS NOW REMOVED TO GLENWOOD, CAL., and we wish all letters addressed there. Domestic money orders may be drawn on Glenwood. Foreign orders on San Francisco. We deal through a San Francisco bank. Draw bank paper on San Francisco.

NOTE 1. Remember this is October number, but it is the next number in the series, being No. 1 of the new volume 7. The old volume closed with the August number. We could not get out a September number. If we get behind the P. O. Dept. will not let us put out two issues in one month, so we shall always

be behind one month if we do not now date with the current month.

NOTE 2. Notice the change of address. The business office is now transferred to Glenwood, Cal. All our business, except mailing of the magazine is now at our Mountain Home. We still maintain an office in the city for the magazine only and shall remove that here as soon as we can get permission from P. O. Dept to do so. Address all letters to "NOW" FOLK, GLENWOOD, CAL., and they will reach us two days sooner than if sent to the city.

NOTE 3. This is October and not September number. But each subscriber will receive 12 numbers. The magazine is numbered consecutively. So no one will lose a number. We are not to blame. Copy for August number was in printer's hands July 10 and we expected to mail on the 25th of July, but the printer did not receive his linotype and presses from the East and had to get the work done in already overcrowded offices, and it was not till August 20 that we mailed. There was not then time to get out a September number before the end of that month, and an October also. Our printer has now received his machines, but it is too late to print both numbers in season. Did you know the conditions of labor and business in San Francisco you would rejoice that we have been able to get out any numbers. We are alive and on deck. Publishers, printers and editor have all done their best. Fortunate are we that we have been able to do as well as we have.

HENRY HARRISON BROWN WILL MAKE ENGAGEMENTS FOR LECTURES AND CLASSES ANYWHERE WITHIN REASONABLE DISTANCE OF SAN FRANCISCO BETWEEN OCTOBER 31 AND MAY 1. HE HAS A CHOICE OF FOUR COURSES OR HE WILL GIVE AN INDEPENDENT COURSE FITTED TO HIS CLASS. TERMS WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL REALLY INTERESTED PERSONS. ADDRESS HIM AT GLENWOOD, CAL.



IT MADE ME TIRED and once would have made me sick . . . the typographical errors in last NOW, and worse than that, the mix-up of the paragraphs. In all my editorial experience August NOW "takes the cake." I must forgive our printer, for under existing conditions he is not to blame, and because I pray: "Forgive as I forgive!" but it took a few minutes in the Silence to get my poise, when I saw my poem made more obscure, by printing "bawl" in 4th stanza "bowl" and to find the period left out after "love" in 6th. Put these changes in and see the sense complete.

Mr. Foulds did not speak of a "groateful" but a "grateful" heart, and you will readily correct the rest of the errors like an extra "i" in "spring" on page 297, and an extra "l" in "brightness" on page 290. But you will never get the sense out of the 23d line on page 298, second column, all you put it between the second and third lines on first column of page 300. Turning to article "Under the Redwoods," second column, line 36 has slipped some words. Place in there this . . . "Will come. We have some shoats" and you will understand Sam's dream.

Page 303 "Reserved" in twelfth line should be "Research" and the next line has slipped into the column as the 29 bring it back and you will find that "I am loafing on one of the finest groves on the ranch." And line 28 if placed after line twelve will tell you that "I do not think Truth will be hurt by Psychic Research Societies."

A printer readily understands how these mistakes occurred. Our magazine is set up by linotype. The printer expected to have for this number his own linotype and presses, but they were delayed en route and he had to get the work done wherever he could. San Francisco has not yet, by any means, restored her printing facilities. Oakland was laid under contribution, and offices were used by our printer when not in use by the owners. During the time our copy was in the office and the printing of the magazine delayed, presses and machines came and were installed. Our matter was in

galley, ready to be corrected and made into pages. In some way proof corrections were neglected and in some way, some lines of type fell out and were placed in anywhere. The error was in my not demanding a page proof; but as it would delay the magazine three days at least, to send one to me and return it, I trusted to the printer's care and for some reason, probably haste, it was not made and the present condition is the result.

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Does the news-stand in your city, town or village keep NOW and our books? Why not? Have you encouraged him to? I will tell you how. If he will not send himself, you order through us and we will keep an account with you. You put them on his stand and keep an account with him. Once they begin to sell he will begin to order for himself. Try this.

If there is no news stand in your village, why not keep our books and magazines and sell them yourself? If each subscriber only sold one copy a month it would double our list.

Where there is a WILL there is a way.

---

Have you a WILL to help NOW into a greater circulation? Then the WAY will open. Just a little push now.

---

Remember this is the First number of a new volume. NOW'S Seventh Volume. If you wish bound volume of Volume 6, send word to "NOW" Folk, and we will have as many bound as are called for. We have not cash to put into those that will not immediately pass off our hands. Bound volumes, each \$2.00.

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How about CONCENTRATION? Well we hope to send it to the printer before the next NOW goes to press. Conditions are being mastered as fast as possible. Meanwhile send in your orders. They will help us to forward the work. \$1 bound. 50c paper.

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Remember our present address, "NOW" FOLK, GLENWOOD, CAL.

Once since coming to my Redwood Sanctum have I been into San Francisco. Not till then did I realize the awful ruins. Tears came in spite of all my power of self-control, when I passed the ruins of Odd Fellows Building where I had so many Sunday evening audiences for nearly four years.

And a smothered sense of grief took possession as I passed our old office on Market street. Not once during all that terrible week did I lose control, but this was too much, for now there was no reason why I should not feel the condition. San Francisco is doing bravely. Gradually beauty is coming from ashes, but to those who knew her as she was, and loved her, it is like looking on the face of the dead. But ever good comes out of seeming evil and I can see a more beautiful New San Francisco, and when it comes, I will be there; in fact we are there just as soon as the railroad between us *through* the mountains is repaired. Then only seventy miles, and that in these days is *there!* Now, by a longer route we feel that we are *almost there!*

Volume Seven. It is our desire to still improve and make this the finest of all. Prices of labor, material, transportation, rents and cost of living are all very much higher than they have been. NOW costs us more. We cannot increase our price. We do not wish to lessen the magazine. It is up to our readers, our lovers, to say what we shall do. By an increased circulation of magazine and books we can carry out our plans. We wish to add cover and some other features. What will YOU do? I mean you who now read this! You *can* do something. We have for six years now done much, we now expect NEW THOUGHT PUBLIC SPIRIT to do its part. We have demonstrated our staying power under difficulties. A little working interest on part of those who love the magazine will relieve us and why not share the burden with us? It is *your* magazine. Feel it so and you will soon send us new subscriptions and book orders. Every liberated person makes your world so much better. No one reads the pages of NOW who is not better in mind and body. Now

no church subscription troubles you. Let NOW be your church.

Our Editorial upon "UNITY: . . . One Religion; Many Creeds," is an introduction to a series of Editorials upon "Unity and its methods and Laws of Expression," which will run through the year. I prophesy that no deeper philosophy has found expression than will be found in these. They are the outcome of a course of Lessons I have been giving to my Class this summer. They will give an explanation to much that is obscure in the ancient philosophy, and in the theories and scientific hypotheses of the present. No one can afford to miss them. The subsequent titles are . . . Causation, The One Major Law, Attraction. The Minor Laws of Expansion, Equilibrium, Adaptation, Crystalization, Natural Selection, Inspiration, Expression, Liberty, The Moral Law and Soul Education. Begin with the October number if you would get an insight into a common sense philosophy of a Universe which is inclusive of MAN and GOD.

Note carefully the little article, "The Redwoods," by NOW'S youngest contributor. She is here with her parents for the summer. A little girl that I carried a baby in my arms a few years ago. She has fallen in love with the groves. She brought me this to show what she could do. She will learn of its appearance, as you will, by seeing it. Such is the effect of nature. It awakens the soul to expression as never the city does. "God made the country" and we find him here. "Man made the town" and we see him there. We need both, one to inspire and one to encourage. The trees spoke to this little girl and I let her speak to you.

Our Home at No. 105 Steiner Street has been left for the present in the hands of good New Thought people, who will care for it for the present. Our friends will find good accommodations there and always get any necessary information.

(Continued from page 27.)

graph will do for one lesson. Perhaps a single sentence. Here is a Souloper. It contains all New Thought boiled down. "Being is the vast affirmative, excluding negation, self-balanced, and swallowing up all relations, parts and times within itself." It is ALL there. We find so many utterances that we are uplifted, and at close of lesson don't wish to touch earth again. But we do. We find that the visit to upper air has stimulated us for the life of the lower vibration. What he saw, we may. We are studying Emerson's "Circles" now. I wonder how many of his readers are aware that in this essay he anticipates the present position of science? Since the discovery of Radium, science has made tremendous strides toward Truth and the philosophy it now involves, Emerson has stated in this essay. We found such a fund of deep wisdom in "Self-Reliance" and "Compensation," but were not prepared for such scientific acumen as we find here.

Mr. Charles P. Madsen, from the State University of Utah, a gentleman as well posted in chemistry as will be found in any professorship, and an unequalled electrician and manufacturer of electrical instruments, has been taking our courses, and at the same time, giving us two evening lectures a week upon the "New Science," which is the science that recognizes "All is Mind" and "matter as a condition of Mind that has power to draw to itself other forms of motion that shall give it the conditions we term matter." His lectures show there is no division between true physics and metaphysics. It is a great pleasure to me to find that every position I have taken in my books and magazine is substantiated by the later positions of science. Mr. Madsen is preparing himself as a teacher of the New Science with the one motive of showing the Unity of all, and that Science must be metaphysical and metaphysics must be scientific, or better, that they are One. Any society can do no better for themselves and Truth than to

call him for a course, *if they can get him*. He is full of plans and purposes.

August 9 I was riding through the orchard after our evening meal and noticed something white on one of the apple trees. As I reached for it I noticed it was a blossom. I broke the branch with its green leaves. It was a double blossom and deceived many, who thought it a white Japonica. It is the only blossom any of us ever saw of its kind, double, large, faintly tinted and fragrant with the usual fragrance of spring in the apple tree. But whence came its size, and why so double? We enjoyed it as long as we could keep it and reluctantly let it pass away.

One of our two dogs is a little fellow of no particular breed, but one of the most friendly and affectionate little fellows. Sunday, August 5th he came into the grove at meeting. He had done this when something tempted him to disturb us with a bark, so we have kept him shut away several Sundays. So when he came and laid down before the services began I said to him, "Captain, I shall take you into my room and shut you up, so you cannot disturb us!" I then turned to address some friend and the dog deliberately got up and crawled under the platform where we could not reach him, and never once made a noise the whole meeting. Telepathy? No. Thought transference, I think. He acted under a *feeling* of safety. Not under a *thought*.

It is 5 p. m., "My Lady," and I have an engagement. I shall take a spin around through "Scott Valley" and along the beautiful "Bean Creek" road and get up a circulation that will enable me to give a good talk to-night and write into an editorial to-morrow. Let who will have yacht or auto. I'll take "My Lady" and saddle. And we shall take through the groves a leisurely gait, and perhaps listen to the squirrel chatter as we scare him from his hazel bush; we may frighten the quail from his dust-bath in the road, but all the time there is an undertone of thought for my NOW readers—my world-wide family.

GLENWOOD, CAL., is the address of "NOW" FOLK hereafter.

### The Philosophy of Fasting.

A message for Sufferers and Sinners, by Edward Earle Purington. Published by Benedict Lust, 124 East 59th St., This is a book by one who is strongly individualized. It is a book to read, *and select from.* One of those useful, dangerous, books. Useful, if used as the author intends, that is, each person is to adapt the thought to his own condition. Dangerous for any one to take as authority. A book that the masses who like directions and rules and a positive mind behind them could rest upon as they do on any prophet; but a book from which a wise man can cull much wisdom. NOW believes in Principles and not rules or in methods. These are dangerous. Fasting is right for him who desires and needs to fast and this only because he thinks he must. It is dangerous to him who fasts because he has decided that is the way to health. All the results this author has reached by the fasting process, I have reached by "temperance in all things." I believe in self-control and a proper use of every faculty and function of body and mind. "Be ye temperate in all things." Fasting is as intemperate as drunkenness. Both may be and no doubt are, the necessary expressions of those certain temperaments that can find equilibrium in no other way. Mr. Purington is an enthusiast therefore a fine inspirer, but a dangerous leader. With this thought I recommend the book, first for its spirit of progress and its brotherly feeling, next for its awakening power.

### Cause of Distress.

The San Francisco catastrophe was, indeed, a sad event; a vast amount of property was destroyed, many lives were lost, and great physical suffering occasioned. The greatest distress, however, was doubtless of a mental character, caused by a lack of scientific knowledge of nature and faith in the absurd and terrify-

ing teachings of dogmatic Christianity. There is no doubt that had all the inhabitants known what geologists and a few of the general public know about the earth, and had been educated to take a rational view of things, the event would have been robbed of more than half of its horrors. It was the fear—all the more terrible by reason of its vagueness—that the vengeance of some Almighty "God" was being displayed, that the world was coming to an end, that an "awful last judgment" was impending, and that an endless hell might be yawning to receive their souls, that, more than the real surroundings, terrified and crazed the people. And for this indescribable suffering, the clergy and other educators are responsible. Let them, henceforth, preach and teach scientific truth instead of theological imaginings, and much better results will follow.—*Ingersoll Memorial Beacon.*

### The Latest Position of Science.

The earth is capable of being expressed as energy. In fact that is the only way it can be expressed at all. We know of matter only through the energy it exerts on the various senses we are endowed with. We say that we feel a thing, that is, we mean that we feel the heat and the resistance offered by this something we call matter. When we "see" things we only see the light they reflect.

"It is here that people make the mistake in thinking of the mind. Consciousness is real energy, and by consciousness we mean the same as mind.

"When we think of our own consciousness that embraces so much, it is not difficult to pass to a higher consciousness that would be capable of embracing the whole universe. This is all that the most orthodox claim for God, and here we have it explained in terms that our own meagre consciousness can comprehend.

"People demand that science connect the mind with matter. This is impossible, You cannot express the mind in terms of itself, and that is all that our conceptions of matter are.—Dr. James Jackson (Lowell Institute Lecture) Reported in Evening Transcript, Boston.

SUBSCRIBE now for the seventh volume of this magazine. It has lived through earthquake and fire and is now firmly planted "among the Redwoods." Nature's masterpieces among trees.



### Send "Thought Blessings."

A meeting of the Metaphysical club was held in Huntington chambers, Huntington ave., this morning at 11 o'clock, for the purpose of sending thought blessings to the stricken ones in California, so that they may realize the universal brotherhood of man and the infinite fatherhood of God.

Mrs. Mary Sylvester Spinney, who presided, read extracts from the Scriptures particularly appropriate to the occasion, and in commenting on the text, said, "I think that many of us have experienced mental earthquakes, but when the still, small voice is heeded, we have that peace of mind which passeth all understanding."

"Now is the time, however," she added, "when it is imperative to send thought blessings to that city of ruins."

Miss Sarah G. Mowry La Vake read a letter from Henry Harrison Brown, who was in California at the time of the disaster, which gave a vivid pen picture of the awful conflagration which followed the earthquake.

Mr. Brown asked the co-operation of the members and requested them to crystallize their energies on the saving of their new building. He referred to the beautiful San Francisco of the past, and said that already a still more beautiful city is erected in the thoughts of the people, which will in time be an accomplished fact.

A season of silence followed, nothing being heard save the ticking of the clock, while thought waves laden with messages of love were sent on their way to loved ones, and to all sufferers as well in the city of woe, which was broken by Dr. Sears, who spoke for some time on cosmic power, saying that nothing happens but is brought about by the divine power, and that what we sow so shall we reap.

"I think this problem of California is the fulfilling of the law which makes for better development and that from the ashes of the old will rise a new city, more beautiful, better developed, and with people still better developed."

Mr. Edminister said that a day has not passed that he has not sent thought blessings to the sufferers. Mr. Wm. Pitts spoke of the need of love, but said that with love messages should be a special mixture of wisdom, among which should be suggestions that more care should be taken in the construction of new buildings.

A number of women spoke briefly, the theme of their speeches being the fact that

this awful catastrophe brought out the love that is predominant in every human heart and showed that the love for our fellow beings is inherent and universal.

A profound silence of 15 minutes ensued, during which thought blessings were wafted westward toward the city of the golden gate, to eventually reach those for whom they were intended, and give them renewed strength and courage.—Transcript, Boston, Mass.

### Surgeons Too Free With the Knife.

A special from the N. Y. Herald from Paris says:—A sensational statement was made before the Academy of Medicine by Professor Dieulafoy, who said many persons with sabulous typhlocolitis are wrongly operated upon for appendicitis. In muco-membraneous typhlocolitis there is a pain in the right iliac fossa which resembles that caused by appendicitis.

Dr. Dieulafoy pointed out that it was very rare for persons to suffer from appendicitis and typhlocolitis at the same time, and in any case appendicitis is neither the consequence nor the result of typhlocolitis. He expressed the opinion that the number of errors of diagnosis and unnecessary operations were ever on the increase.

The only person who has ever adopted an adequate punishment for tax dodgers, is an ingenious tax collector, of a thriving town in the State of Missouri, who advertised that "All persons are hereby notified to pay their dog tax by April 1st, otherwise they will be killed."—Case & Comment.

Our shrewd American humorist, the late "Josh Billings," rounds up the moral to be enforced in one of his instructive harangues, where he says:

"Konsider this, young man. The usefulness of a postage stamp consists in its sticking to something until it gets there."—Printers Ink.

No! Such a God my worship may not win,  
Who lets the world about his finger spin,  
A thing extern; my God must rule within;  
And who I own for Father, God, Creator,  
Holds Nature in himself, himself in Nature;  
And, in his kindly arms embraced, the  
whole

Doth live and move by his pervading soul.

—Goethe.

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"NOW" Folk Mountain Home

Glenwood, Cal. Oct 16 /37

J.C.Rowell

Librarian, University of C

Dear Sir:..Your letter of the 23 requesting us to complete your files of NOW received. We have printed no magazine since the Oct .No. which you have.

The enclosed circular tells ~~the~~ story:

It pleases me that you care enough for it to miss it. I will gladly continue it when resumed, at it will be later.

If you have not a set of my books will be glad to send a set, IF you tell me they will be acceptable. The Librarian of The Tokio University Japan sent for "Man's Greatest Discovery!" I write not to be accepted, but to stimulate thought along lines neglected. It is a compliment to the person who to himself cannot read and criticised.

This is our only business address.  
Truly your friend

*Henry Harrison Brown*





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## Subscribers and Friends of the NOW Magazine

GREETING—

# Have You Missed Your Magazine?

HOW YOU CAN HELP.  
A CO-OPERATIVE PLAN.

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“NOW” Folk Mountain Home,  
Glenwood, Cal., October 1, 1907.

Dear Friend: Please regard this as a PERSONAL letter to you as a friend and as a subscriber to our magazine—NOW. **Will it be issued again?** If so—WHEN? These two important questions must be answered by each subscriber and each friend of NOW.—**by you**—for only through a co-operation will it be issued.

It is a year since the last number. We found it not wise, under the conditions in which we were left by the San Francisco fire of April, 1906, to continue the publication, until we had overcome enough of those conditions to leave us free to carry the financial burden of the magazine. The expense was largely increased, owing to the rise in price of labor and of all the materials that entered into the magazine. And our friends, instead of being, as I anticipated, spurred up to increased endeavors in the magazine's behalf, felt the paralyzing effects of the fear, doubt and uncertainty which then seemed to possess the public mind in regard to San Francisco, and our mail orders fell off to almost nothing.

I now feel that this mental state has passed away, and the time has come—is now, for we have so far recovered from our financial losses and the untoward conditions, that we feel able **with YOUR assistance** to start again. I feel that the friends of NOW should demonstrate their sincerity and their faith in TRUTH enough to make practical efforts to sustain it.

From the many letters which we have received, each containing regrets and anxious messages for its appearance, I feel warranted in presenting this plan.

What will YOU do financially, besides sending your dollar (if you have not already done so) for the next volume?

We have this Home of 300 acres and are thus saved the big item of rent which we had in the city. We have among ourselves the labor, which is another great saving. All we shall have to hire is the linotype work. The rest "NOW" Folk will do.

We wish, therefore, **OUR OWN PRINTING PLANT**. With this we shall avoid the many delays and uncertainties which beset us when we let the work out on contract. Our capital is now centered in this home, making it a **WORLD CENTER** for New Thought.

**Our Friends and subscribers can readily, and at no risk or expense to themselves, furnish the capital for this plant.**

We can put up the needed building, purchase engine, press and other accessories and lay in a six months' stock of material for \$2,000.

We wish NOW to be the IDEAL magazine it was in its sixth volume. We will restore it to that size and appearance as soon as the subscriptions warrant. We never crowded its pages with advertisements, nor admitted to its columns any advertisement that was not in harmony with the principles for which the magazine stood. This cuts out the best paying advertisements and reduces the income. But you WILL support such a New Thought magazine!

Heretofore we have maintained the magazine by our income from book sales and other sources. It has never paid me any salary. Now I know YOU will demonstrate a like willingness to work and give for TRUTH! The first number of volume seven was issued October 1906. We wish to issue the second number of that volume as the JANUARY, 1908, number. This number should be in the mail by December 25th. All new subscribers will commence with beginning of the volume—that is, with the October, 1906, number.

We shall start with sixteen pages—same size as before. We will increase the number of pages as fast as the income will allow. This is the way you can help me:

How much of that which we have for sale will you order for yourself and to distribute to friends during the next two years? **Will you pay in advance** and order as you wish later?

Here are TEN opportunities of investment, and a dollar advanced in any one will be a dollar towards the printing plant:

- 1 This HOME, where guests, patients, students and children are entertained.
- 2 We received patients for treatment by all Mental Methods.
- 3 We maintain Classes in Mental Science and Soul Culture.
- 4 We have this magazine—NOW.

5. We have for sale the following seven books, written by myself:

"Concentration: The Road to Success" .. Paper, 50c; Cloth, \$1.00	
"How to Control Fate Through Suggestion" .....	Price, .25
"NOT Hypnotism, But Suggestion" .....	.25
"Self-Healing by Suggestion" .....	.25
"Origin, History and Principles of New Thought" .....	.25
Federation Addresses—"The Call of the Twentieth Century,"	
"The New Emancipation" (one book) .....	.25
"Man's Greatest Discovery" .....	.25
"Dollars Want Me" .....	.10

6. We have back volumes of NOW, bound, at \$2 each. Volumes 3, 4, 5 and 6.

7. We have Three Mail Correspondence Courses—"Suggestion," "Art of Living" and "Psychometry." Each course, \$10.

The first two courses consist of twenty-five lessons each, the third course of twelve lessons, double size. With each lesson goes a personal letter from the author, which makes them the most valuable lessons ever issued. With the third course there goes also with each lesson two experiments in psychometry.

8. We treat absent patients by Letter of Advice, and Telepathically.

9. I also give by mail, Psychometric Readings of Character, and, for the understanding of conditions, with advice for remedying the same.

10. We shall publish during the next two years several new books, which I have already in manuscript.

It is my intention to continue the publication of books similar in price and form to those already out, until I have some twenty-five or thirty of them. These will give an income which with the conditions I have in this Home, will enable me to claim the needed leisure for the preparation of the great work of my life, i. e., A System of Philosophy of Life from the point of view of present Metaphysics—Mind s All—to be embodied in several large volumes I am now 67 years unfolded, and under the old thought should be preparing for rest. I have but just begun, and am good for many, many years' labor; and this printing outfit is a necessity for my work.

I have put into the magazine, to bring it to success, the money earned by lessons, lectures and healing. I feel now that friends will DEMONSTRATE with me, and thus show their appreciation of the GOOD that the thousands of my books, magazines, letters and lectures have been to mankind. (No gift or contribution is asked.) All I ask is that you ANTICIPATE YOUR ORDERS FOR THE NEXT TWO YEARS and thus give me the use of the money for a period varying from six months to two years.

SEND IN YOUR MONEY NOW, and any time after six months you can begin to order what you wish in the TEN opportunities given above.

We will give a certificate for every \$5 sent, will keep a ledger account with each one, crediting him or her with the money, and charging the orders until all has been paid.

Among the 2,000 subscribers, and the 1,000 who purchased at news stands, there surely are 400 who will invest thus, \$5 each. YOU may be the very ONE to complete that amount.

There should be 200 who can invest \$10 each. Are not YOU one of these? Others may feel like investing \$25, \$50, or more. With such we will correspond and arrange terms of payment.

How much do you appreciate NOW and our work?

"I sympathize with you so much!" said a gentleman to a lady friend of mine who was robbed of her purse in St. Louis, as he placed a greenback in her hand.

The Principles of New Thought require individual demonstration. Will YOU demonstrate \$5, \$10, \$25? DO IT NOW, for the time is short.

As fast as money comes in for this purpose it will be deposited in bank as a "Printing Fund" and used for no other purpose. When sufficient has been received the press will be ordered and the building commenced.

Your words of sympathy, of cheer, of appreciation, of encouragement have all been good, but just now DEMONSTRATION is better

I am not working for personal gain. Were I seeking that, other fields would reward me better. Truth and Love are the Principles which actuate NOW Folk. These inspire and impel our work. NOW Magazine was born in this inspiration—it will live only in this atmosphere. This advance of a few dollars will be a gain to you in the consciousness that in taking this part in its republication you have demonstrated over fear, selfishness and doubt, and have put FAITH in the Principles of Love and Truth.

Currency sent in letters should be registered. Bank checks and drafts may be sent. Do not send personal checks; each of these cost 10 cents for collection. Domestic money orders should be drawn on Glenwood; foreign upon Santa Cruz.

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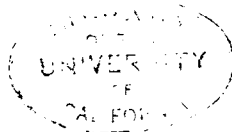
My work thus far is now done. Yours is now to begin—demonstrate! And after settling the amount for yourself will you not demonstrate still farther by giving your friends an opportunity?

Truly your friend,

HENRY HARRISON BROWN,

Editor of NOW and President of "NOW" Folk (Inc.).

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