

Not only the *New Thought* but these uncouth faddisms are generally based upon the healing business. *Christian* is the name of a "New Thought" periodical published in Denver, Colorado. The New Thoughtists praise it as illustrating the humorous aspect of the faith. With avidity, therefore, one seeks some relief from the solemn earnestness, serious as an insane ward, of all the other journals and writings. The intent and conscious purpose, it must be emphasized, because unintentionally and unconsciously they are far more mirth-provoking than any writing of Mark Twain. The editor of *Christian*, we suspect, would not claim any christianity for himself or his periodical—the "humor" may lie in that—although he tells us he is an "ex-preacher." His wife, of whom he is always writing in his editorials, he says, is an "ex-actress." Regretfully one must confess the humor, if intended, is not present. It is all as dreary as a "comic opera." Of the intended kind the constant calling of his readers "sweetheart" and "darling," and the iteration of such colloquialisms as "in the soup," "bucking against the postoffice department" (Mr. Madden would not let him in), "Shake, my dear girl," "Let him have his jimjams," etc., are illustrative. From a most serious "poem" occupying the whole front page, and composed by a famous member, three disconnected lines should also be excerpted:

"Tinkering of thoughts tobasco."

"Free from mustard meditation."

"Not a new food, nor a long-stunt."

Because there is so little fun in our own or in any method of "Healing," we reproduce a few extracts from the last number of *Christian*. The editor of this periodical should be encouraged because, however unwittingly, he is bringing the eddyistic and vibrational healing business to its legitimate and logical *reductio ad absurdum*. The editor and healer writes:

Give the healer a fair chance, and don't mix mental methods. The other day, a lady wrote, complaining that she did not improve. She said she had written to C and B and A and M at the same time that she wrote me, and had put her case in the hands of each of us. Five healers! It is a wonder she isn't dead or crazy! It is unfair to all of us. Mental medicine should not be mixed. I want you to myself or not at all.

I am the light of the world. I am all the light of the world. I am the light in the jack-o'-lantern and the light of the lightning-bug and the light of the sun.

The leaders of this modern metaphysic movement have not not made good in the way of healing themselves and others. Ostrich-like, they stick their heads into the sands of sect to hide their defeat.

The so-called New Thought is smelling a little musty. Throw it away, even if your old body should go with it.

Don't blame me if all the beautiful women on earth flock to *Christian*. It is by the law of attraction, for the I am is "the fairest among ten thousand, and the One altogether lovely."

*Christian* has had to fight for every inch of ground. It is now the only periodical of its kind on the planet. It is denied second-class postage because it is the