

One thousand dollars were given, in fourteen prizes, by the publisher of *New Thought*, for the best definition, within ten words, of "New Thought." The following were the definitions, winning the prizes—the first of \$500, the second of \$250, etc.:

Being and doing one's best by repeatedly affirming one's ability.
 We are what we assert ourselves to be.
 Claim that you are what you desire to be.
 The cheerful, persistent assertion of the soul's prerogative to rule.
 Continuous affirmation of whatever helps us achieve our highest possibilities.
 Attaining the ideal in life through thought concentration and assertion.
 Mental imagery, personally controllable, governs bodily health and individual circumstances.

Holding constantly before one's thoughts the omnipotence of man's mind.
 Human development through recognition and assertion of human divinity.
 The control of mental force by positive, concentrated, ideal suggestion.
 Realization of ideals by becoming them through force of desire.
 Benefiting or injuring others and ourselves reciprocally through thought force.
 Fear nothing; love everything; believe you can do anything.
 The recognition, realization, and manifestation of the God in me.

It seems, therefore, that the more one claims, regardless whether he has it or not, the more egotism one cultivates, the more one ignores facts and lives in indifference to them, the more one ignores disease and treats himself, or hires "absent treatment," by means of "vibrations,"—the more one "realizes the God in me."

One of the "New Thought" journals is called *The Nautilus*. Holmes' poem will be forever spoiled for anyone who has ever read this periodical. "Build thee more stately mansions, etc.," is the motto of the title page each week. One of the recent numbers devotes a page, or more, to the thesis, that "The root-cause of all so-called self-consciousness is really self-unconsciousness, a lack of self-knowledge and self-valuation." So morbid has morbid self-consciousness become, that it is even encouraged as a virtue. Vanity is here deliciously inflamed. A praised illustration, that extends through the columns of one of the articles, is that of a girl, who spent her life in practising poses, facial expressions and tricks of speech before a mirror, cultivating blushing, as she had learned it was pretty and becoming, etc. We are informed in the fourth column, that "self-knowledge includes a knowledge of the universe as a whole, and of every human being as a part of the whole." *The Nautilus*, according to motto No. 2, is "devoted to the art and science of self-expression." Ida C. Craddock (arrested for abuse of the mails with obscene literature) is called editorially "a sweet, earnest, clean soul, who chose, for the sake of forcing her teachings upon an unready world, to butt her head repeatedly against the stone wall of the law, etc." One of the editor Elizabeth's new, greatest, latest, most inspired books, "Just How to Wake the Solar Plexus," explains—let us say everything, but chiefly man's relation to the sun,