

I leaned back in my chair, shut my eyes, and went into a sort of doze for a few minutes. I was aroused by what seemed to be an explosion in the room. As I regained consciousness the name of Albert L. Pelton came into my mind . . . and with it a plan which I knew instantly to be the plan through which I would succeed in getting Mr. Pelton to publish my books. I remembered Mr. Pelton only as an advertiser in *The Golden Rule* magazine, which I had formerly published.

Hill's subconscious mind identified an acquaintance, remembered only as an advertiser in Hill's magazine, as a potential source of funding. You make an impression on everyone you meet, just as everyone you meet makes an impression on you. You never know when an acquaintance may become a business associate. There is great power in your network.

I sent for a typewriter, addressed a letter to Mr. Pelton at Meriden, Connecticut, and described the plan just as it had been handed over to me. He answered by telegram, saying that he would be in Philadelphia to see me the following day.

When he came I showed him the original manuscripts of my philosophy, and briefly explained what I believed its mission to be. He turned through the pages of the manuscripts for a few minutes, then stopped suddenly and fixed his eyes on the wall for a few seconds and said, "I will publish your books for you."

The contract was drawn; a substantial advance payment on royalties was given me, the manuscripts were turned over to him, and he took them back to Meriden.