

pocket, it seemed like financial suicide when I marched up to the desk and asked for a room; or rather I should say I started to ask for a room when my newly discovered "other self" gave the order to ask for a suite of rooms, the cost of which would about consume my remaining capital in two days. I obeyed.

The bell-boy picked up my bags, handed me my claim check for my automobile, and bowed me toward the elevator as if I were the Prince of Wales. It was the first time in more than a year that any human being had shown me such deference. My own relatives, with whom I had been living, far from having shown me deference, had (so I imagined) felt I was a burden on their hands, and I am sure that I was, because no man in the frame of mind that I had been in for the past year could be anything other than a burden to all with whom he came into contact.

It was becoming apparent that my "other self" was determined to wean me away from the inferiority complex which I had developed.

I tossed the bell-boy a dollar. I started to estimate what my hotel bill would be by the end of the week when my "other self" commanded me to get my mind entirely off of all thoughts of limitation, and to conduct myself, for the time being, just as I would if I had all the money I wanted in my pockets.

The experience I was passing through was both new and strange to me. I had never posed as being anything other than what I believed myself to be.

For nearly half an hour this "other self" gave orders which I followed to the letter during the subsequent period of my stay in Philadelphia. The instructions were given through the medium of thoughts which presented themselves in my mind with such force that they were readily distinguishable from my ordinary self-created thoughts.