

The World's Most Fantastic Success Story

On the other side is a reproduction of a full page which appeared in "EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY," one of the largest circulating magazines in the British Empire. I do not ask for nor seek this publicity. I am not responsible for what they say. Yet, it seems, the story is too fantastic, and almost too unbelievable to be true. So, such internationally known magazines as "TIME," "THE PORTLAND OREGONIAN," "THE PRESBYTERIAN BANNER," "CAVALCADE," "THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TIMES," "THE LUTHER COMPANION," "THE GOSPEL ADVOCATE," "PSYCHOLOGY," and scores of other newspapers and magazines have called attention to my work. IT IS ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE. Yet what came to me can

come to you too. For I do not use any human power. I use the God-Power. And whenever that Power is used, things always happen, and the wonderful thing about it all is, that I started to use that Power at 43, when I had a record of absolute failure behind me. Think of it—43 years of age, \$42.00 in my pocket, and a wife and child dependent upon me. And to support them, I had a job here in the Corner Drug Store, in Moscow, Idaho. THEN I FOUND GOD. Just as you can find God. WHAT'S THE STORY NOW? Well it's a lot different from what it was ten years ago, I can tell you. But YOU TOO, can find and use this staggering Power of the Invisible Spirit of God to show you how to attain the things you need here in this life.

WHAT GOD DID FOR ME

It has been said all over the world that I am a wealthy man. That is not true. I don't want to be wealthy. If I did, I could be. But I do have a beautiful home with a wonderful pipe-organ in it. I do have a beautiful car to drive. I do have quite a credit at the different banks, and I do have enough life insurance to care for mine after I am gone. I was able to donate ROBINSON PARK to this community, and I also own the controlling stock in the largest circulating daily newspaper in this entire area. I own the Robinson Professional Building, the largest and finest office building in this entire area. I own the Drug Store which fills more prescriptions than all other drug stores in Moscow combined, and, through the Power of the Spirit of God alone these things came to me. I have a right to them. I wanted them. I

visualized them all long before I had them. It is a fact that I am, perhaps, the most famous of the world's religious leaders of the day. Millions hear me over the radio, and more millions read the advertisements of "PSYCHIANA." And the Power of God did it all, just like that Power can do it for you if you'll but let it. Let's make no mistake here though. Money, as such DOES NOT INTEREST ME. I am heading a world Movement which is bringing God to hundreds of thousands. I had a right to a good home, a good car, lots of life insurance. God wants me to be happy, and God gave me these surroundings so that I might tell others of the existing Power of the Spirit of God, which Power alone is responsible for what I have been able to do.

What Is This God Who Can Do These Things?

Religionists throughout the world have told us that, a long time ago, Adam and Eve did something wrong in the Garden of Eden, and as a result of that "sin," you and I are damned into eternal hell-fire unless we accept "salvation" at the hands of some church organization. Well—as far as "PSYCHIANA" is concerned, that story is not true. Yet millions say they believe it. Really they don't. But they say they do. And all because some religious organization teaches it. But listen, friend, whoever you are, THERE'S A FAR NOBLER AND BETTER PICTURE OF GOD THAN THAT. Do you know who and what God really is?—let me tell you. And when you grasp it you will be able to do, through that Power which is God, similar things to what I was able to do. Now listen carefully while I give you the first TRUE picture of God you have ever had given to you. Then, if you care to, you may join up with us and learn how to find and use this amazing God-Power. "GOD IS THE SPIRIT OF INVISIBLE LIFE, POWER, PEACE, JOY, HAPPINESS. This invisible Spirit of God exists here and now, AND IS THE CAUSE OF ALL LIFE, WHETHER SUCH LIFE BE ANIMAL, HUMAN, OR PLANT. NOTHING CAN LIVE WITHOUT GOD. GOD IS ALSO EVERYWHERE, but as a dynamic, pulsing, throbbing Spirit

of Life and Power, which Spirit CAN BE CONTACTED AND FOUND BY YOU, AND USED BY YOU FOR THE ATTAINMENT OF EVERYTHING IT IS RIGHT AND PROPER FOR YOU TO HAVE. NONE ARE EXEMPT FROM THE PROVISIONS OF THE GOD-LAW. A dynamic, pulsing, Spiritual, invisible Power—that's what God is. And GOD LIVES IN YOU AND GIVES YOU YOUR LIFE EVERY MOMENT OF THE DAY. IN FACT, THE INVISIBLE PART OF YOU IS ACTUALLY AND LITERALLY GOD. Then, this being so, do you not think you can learn to use such a staggering God-Power to bring to you all things whatsoever you need, whether Spiritual or material, or both? Of course God can. If God couldn't—HE COULD NOT BE A GOD. So shall we lay to one side the ancient soul-blighting traditions which have hidden God from mankind, and shall we step out and learn of a God who can, by virtue of what He is, ACTUALLY OPERATE FOR YOUR BENEFIT HERE AND NOW. If you are poor, its because you want to be. If you are ill, its because you do not know the Power of God. If there is any sort of a lack in your life, IT'S BECAUSE YOU HAVE NEVER YET HAD THE TRUTH OF GOD BROUGHT TO YOU.

DO YOU BELIEVE THIS?

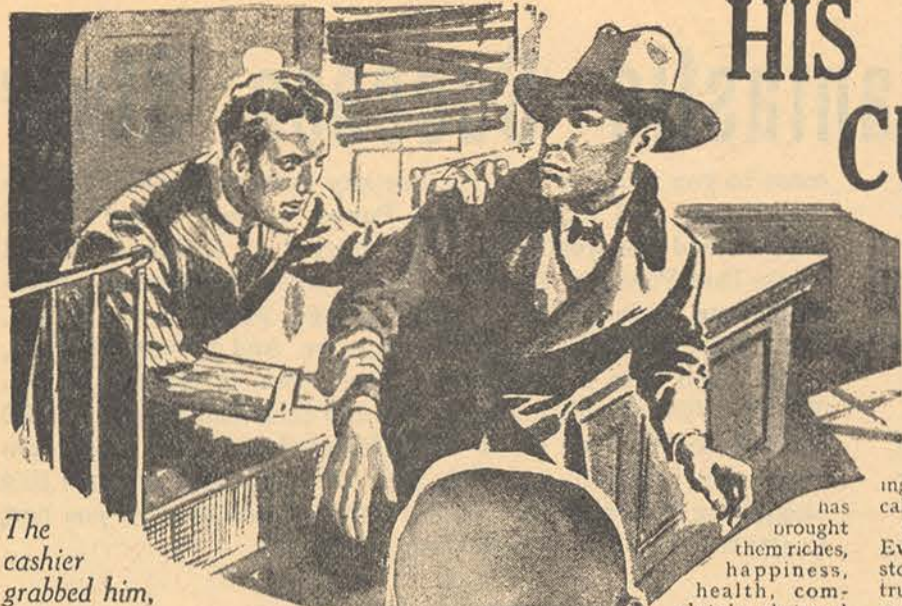
Then the next move is up to you. So far as I know, no one on the face of the earth is giving this conception of God to mankind. Ten years ago, I was clerking in the little drug store. Today, I am leading tens of thousands into a beautiful knowledge of God, whose Power, here and now, once recognized and used, can transform human lives. It did it for me—why can't it do it for you. It can. Will you come along with us. It's up to you my

friend. Thousands are coming along. If you want to ACTUALLY KNOW THE INVISIBLE POWER OF THE INVISIBLE SPIRIT OF GOD, WHICH POWER IS ABUNDANTLY ABLE TO DO MORE THAN YOU CAN ASK OR THINK, then get your Membership Application in the mail TODAY. You must make the first step. God never fails.

(See other side)

HIS PRAYERS BY POST CURE THOUSANDS

*He asked stranger for
By R. W. THODY £8,000—and got it!*



The cashier grabbed him.

INTO the Los Angeles Second Trust and Savings Bank strode a tall, husky Englishman with a prairie-land accent. He walked up to the cashier, a man he had never seen before, this being the first time he had ever entered the bank, and said: "Hello, I want to borrow 1,500 dollars (£300), and if you'll make out a note, I'll sign it." The man's voice was so confident, forceful, that the cashier calmly did so. Taking the £300, the Englishman started to leave the bank, then turned around and said to the cashier: "Do you know who I am?" The cashier jerked into action, realised that the man to whom he had just paid £300 was a complete stranger to him, grabbed him saying: "No, I don't..."



Frank B. Robinson

has brought them riches, happiness, health, completely changed their lives... and he does it all with a postage stamp!

ROBINSON credits his success to his discovery of the power of God. He walked into that bank to prove it... but stranger things than

that have happened to him. Ten years ago, with a wife and child, he stepped from a train that stopped for a moment at the drab, inconspicuous small town of Moscow, buried in the fertile black soil of Idaho, North-western farming state. He was broke, miserable; at forty-three, a failure. But the Englishman transplanted himself in that rich soil; and sprouted like the tall, green, healthy corn that acre after acre swayed in the breeze...

... in the rich black soil of North-western America an Englishman has transplanted himself. His is one of the most fantastic success stories of the century. . . .

send £8,000." Two weeks later a local bank notified Robinson that £4,000 had been deposited with them, that the cotton importer had promised another £4,000 the following week. So "Psychiana," as Robinson called his teachings, was born. Find that one difficult to believe? I did. Even "Doc" Robinson admits that the story "makes me sound nuts," but it's true. While the good people of Moscow pointed to him and said "He's crazy!" Crazy as it all sounded, Robinson definitely "had something." From all corners of the earth people wrote to the man who claimed that any man could have parley with God

Health, Wealth, Happiness
ROBINSON'S teachings caused the small town of Moscow to leap to prominence. The former failure was now employing dozens of people, spending £3,000 a year on postage stamps alone, riding around in an hundred-mile-an-hour car, living in a beautiful house with his own eight hundred pipe organ. As Robinson sits at this organ in the evening and plays, usually Brahms, he muses over his success.

As everything used once to go wrong, now everything goes right—since he lay down beneath that tree. He owns a drug-store, instead of working in one; a printing works; a newspaper and more besides. I have a copy of his evening newspaper before me. No different from any paper of its type, yet it has the largest circulation for miles around. But that's the way things happen to Robinson. And the people who once thought him "crazy," now thank him for a beautiful eternal monuments to Robinson himself.

Recently he went to Washington and met President Roosevelt. Said the President: "Doc, you and I are trying to do the same thing; make people think." To-day Robinson's 600,000 students in sixty-seven countries claim that he has brought them to understand God, helped them find health, wealth, happiness.

She's Getting Well

To try to understand their viewpoint, I read some of "Doc" Robinson's teachings. In a small flat off the Strand I lay quiet, as Robinson instructed, told myself time and time again, "I believe in the Power of the Living God..." Frankly, nothing happened to me. Perhaps I didn't try long enough, hard enough. Perhaps I am too satisfied with my lot

But the fact remains that thousands hail him; thousands even say that he helped them cure anything from love-sickness to a ruptured appendix. Here is a letter I took at random from Frank B. Robinson's files:—
Mr. Sibley, Twenty-Nine Palms, Cal.:
"Some time ago I wrote you for help for my wife whom the doctors had given two weeks to live. I brought her out to die or get well. We have found God and she is getting well..."

Amazing Recovery

LETTERS like that arrive at every post. Some thanking him; others asking for help. Some even wire for help. There is the case on record of a New York follower who wired Robinson at noon one day asking for help for a friend whom doctors feared was dying. Then the follower calmly told the patient's father that she would be better the next day. She had appendicitis but made an amazing recovery.

At first Robinson charged four pounds for his course; thousands willingly paid it. Although he procured for himself the luxuries of life he long lacked, Robinson poured the profits back into the business to promulgate his teachings.

Now he has made a bold move. He offers his course free. Students are merely asked to send him what they please—if satisfied. Strange as it seems they are sending him on an average more than when he asked for a set fee... But then strange things happen to Frank B. Robinson.

Fantastic Story

TEN years ago, at forty-three, the Englishman was a poorly paid drug-store clerk, with no savings, no hopes, no future... to-day he is chief citizen of the budding town of Moscow, Idaho; head of an amazing "religion by mail" that claims "every man can talk to God," with over 600,000 followers.

Robinson is prosperous, famous and happy, one of the most fantastic success stories of the century.

His thousands of followers claim that he

NO FAVOURITISM, PLEASE!

THE jealousy of the Commons for their privileges is one of the wonders of the world. Less envious of its undoubted rights is the great British Public. One of these is the right to hear the Commons in session from the public gallery.

Public gallery? The name seems nowadays to be something of a misnomer, for on many days of the session it is practically impossible for the Man in the Street to enter the public gallery of the House of Commons.

Writing to "The Times," a member of the public told how, having waited from early morning to 4.15 in the afternoon, he was told that there were no seats left as ticket holders occupied all available space within.

Sound Suggestion

M.P.'s treasure the right to hand out tickets to constituents. There is nothing against that, so long as the number of tickets given is not equal to the number of public seats available.

The member of the public referred to above suggests a division of the Gallery into two equal parts; one for those with tickets from their Member, the other for the Great British Public, the first to become available for the second when unoccupied at the proper hour. We commend this suggestion to the officials concerned. There must be no favouritism.

The Tide Turned

HE joined the Presbyterians; he thumped a big drum in the Salvation Army; he taught Sunday School; he joined the Christian Endeavour, a dozen other creeds. But he didn't find God with any of them. He remained a failure—until that sunny Sunday afternoon beneath an Idaho tree.

Exactly how God came to Robinson, he doesn't say. But it was something tremendous, shaking, for a moment blinding.

He rushed back to the small room behind the drug-store where he worked, and started furiously writing. For days, weeks, months he wrote, then he borrowed £100 from a friend.

Of this he took £80, bought advertising space in a psychology magazine, advertised his beliefs. His ad. brought in three thousand replies! The tide had turned.

One reply came from a British cotton importer in Egypt, who sent his photograph. That very night Robinson dreamed he saw the cotton man standing over a corpse, saying: "This is Psychiana, the power that will bring new life to a spiritually dead world."

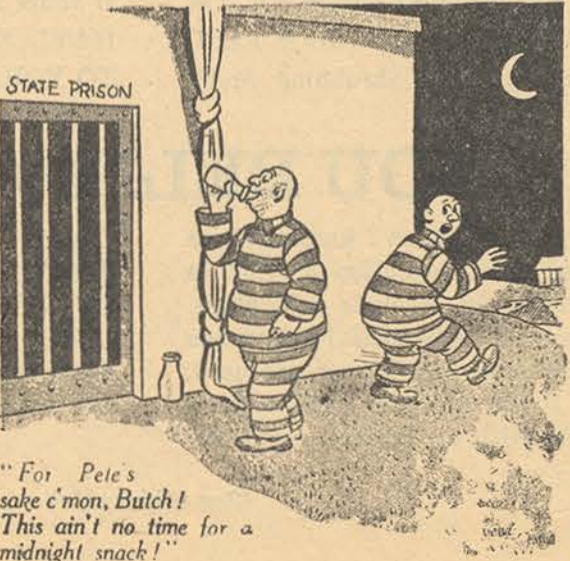
"He's Crazy"

NEXT day the drug-store clerk, to whom nothing was now an impossibility, calmly wrote to the cotton man: "You are to be associated with me in this business. Please

park and lake, eternal monuments to Robinson himself.

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Can you describe a Guinness in 100 words?

(It's rather difficult not to let yourself go over Guinness—but we'll try)

First the famous head—product of the exclusive Guinness Yeast, watch it gently creaming till you've finished the glass. Then the colour—dark, but with a ruby twinkle as you hold the glass to a strong light. Third, the taste that is Guinness and Guinness alone. How it invigorates you! (Fifty up.) Full of body and strength, yet so clean and refreshing too. A natural taste. For Guinness is naturally brewed, naturally conditioned. Lastly, the good that Guinness does you. Guinness gives you appetite. Soothes your nerves. Brings you strength. And a Guinness a day is the finest tonic in the world.



Round in 99! No—it's 101. No—well, you count 'em. Then let's go and have a Guinness—we'll have earned it!