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APRIL, 1907

No. 4

THE SWASTIKA

VICTOR OF LIFE AND
SILENCE I STAND

UPON THE HEIGHTS
TRIUMPHANT.

Edited by

Dr. Alexander J.
McIvor-Tyndall

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One Dollar per Year

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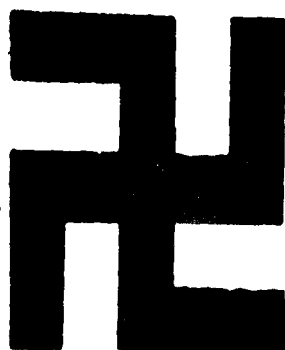
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Yanoske Isoda will give further information of the practices of the secret methods by which the "Zens", attain to such absolute mastery of mind and body that they are enabled to set aside the so called laws of nature.

Other writers will also be represented, among them being Grant Wallace, William Morris Nichols who will have an article on "The Time Idea Eliminated." Dr. Geo. W. Carey will write on "The Kingdom at Hand." Edgar L. Larkin of Mt. Lowe Observatory will have an article, Benjamin Horning will recite a psychical experience, and General Charles Thompson may be induced to contribute one of his forceful logical discourses upon current themes. Baba Bharati, editor of the Light of India has promised to tell us more of the life of India and altogether the May issue of the Swastika will be sure to please the most exacting reader.

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Edited by Dr. Alexander J. McIvor-Tyndall

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Vol. 1

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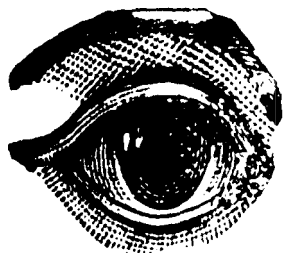
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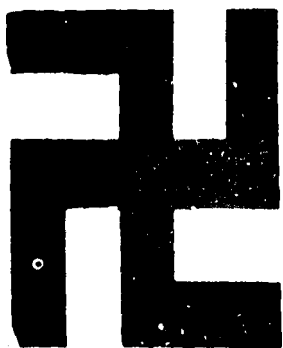
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THE SWASTIKA

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April, 1907

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Editorials

There are some mental maladies that require the surgeon's kind of treatment. The discordant note has so long been struck in the mental concept of the patient, that nothing short of an operation will suffice to cure. The victim must be awakened out of the obsession of the idea, and this can only be done by the broad-ax of Truth.

Like all surgical operations, this sort of thing isn't pleasant to the operator, and many there are who shirk the responsibility and go on sending out vibrations of Love and healing Thought, which fall upon barren ground for the reason that the soil of the mind is already filled with the roots of a diseased thought. I am not now referring to an inharmonious condition of the body manifested in some specific disease. I am referring to that class of unfortunates afflicted with chronic unhappiness, chiefly manifested in "depression," "sensitiveness," "hurt feelings," and all sorts of imaginary "bad luck."

We all know them and while they try one's patience, we must admit that they are in need of help of some kind. The particular kind of help required is, of course, help of the "self"—they are passing through a wilderness, as it were, in which they are lost in contemplation of what they think themselves to be, but which, after all, represents so small and limited and perverted a view of the real self that they must perforce be dissatisfied with the perspective of personality. The ready, or at least the only certain, cure for this condition is to tell the Truth to these self-appraised "martyrs." And this is just the most difficult thing in the world to do.

This perpetual "invisible chip" that sits impudently and monarchically on the shoulder of the "sensitive" being, is the

veritable "keeper of the Threshold." It keeps the soul imprisoned within, and it frightens away the "tactful," the cautious and the peace-loving.

Nothing but the broad-ax of Truth can break through the walls of selfness and imaginary "grouches" such persons can erect between themselves and freedom, and none save an intrepid wielder of the broad-ax can hope to accomplish the task.

And so, let us thank the Spirit of the Age, that with all the Lovers and the Peace-makers and the Thinkers of Good Thoughts, we also have a few who will bluntly, unequivocally, healthfully, hurl the liberating battle-ax of plain Truth at the citadel of prejudice, and "ghost" ideas and imaginary "sensitivity" of human concepts and thus liberate the souls within.

It is a dreadful thing to be sensitive. I know how it feels. The medicine administered for that particular ailment of the mind is very hard to swallow, but it will do you good dear friends. I have taken loads of it and I know.

With this issue of the Swastika, we cover four months in the life of the magazine, and I believe that our subscribers will agree with us that we have not only given them value received, from the very start, but that each number has been better than the last.

This issue will also end the term of "trial subscription" begun in January and we are confident that those of our subscribers who have not already done so, will send in their yearly subscriptions before the next issue. We do not like to make promises; they savor too much of bondage.

It is to our advantage to keep the tone and the quality of our magazine to the highest possible point, and being fully aware of this fact, we are quite sufficiently anxious to make the Swastika all that you or we could desire, and therefore feel that promises are superfluous. We sincerely thank the many who have demonstrated their confidence in and appreciation of our efforts by instantly subscribing to the Swastika, as soon as its existence was known to them, and there have been so very, very many who have done this.

It is not our way to expect little. We unblushingly demand every good that Life has to offer, but we have been wholly unprepared for the avalanche of subscriptions that have poured in from every quarter of the globe. In fact we have been almost too astonished ourselves at the instantaneous success of the

Swastika, to do more than "hustle" to fill the orders. The work that this has entailed, because of the necessity of personal supervision, only those who have been closely associated with us during the past four months can even imagine.

We have been amused lately to read in nearly all the New Thought magazines of the "remarkable interest in New Thought evidenced in Denver."

It has long been a notorious fact among New Thought teachers and lecturers that Denver is the invincible citadel before which the armies of the faithful have gone down ignominiously. "To 'make good' in Denver is to stamp yourself a success indeed," is an expression that voices the sentiment of all who have essayed to teach New Thought here.

This is heresy, we know because if there is anything that is unforgiveable in the sight of Denverites, it is a hint of disapproval of anything and everything belonging thereto.

But we dare to say it, and what is more to print it.

Denver, with its unequalled climate, its beautiful clean streets, its sunshine and its business prosperity, is not, emphatically not, a good New Thought center.

The action of the Denver Post in exploiting a page of New Thought in its Sunday supplement, was not a venture undertaken with full confidence in the demand for such reading matter.

That it has been so extraordinary a success has surprised and gratified the Post proprietors, but the page was started in the first place through the enterprise and generosity of the Post proprietors, in their desire to aid in the work and through their confidence in the editor of the Swastika magazine.

The demand has been created by them and not merely met.

The New Thought Center which has become an influence here in Denver has been established at the expense of more work, more unyielding, persistent and determined work than the outside world will ever know, and even now, dear Denver friends, where do you think the Swastika has got its subscriptions from?

Largely from California, with the Eastern states and Canada a close second.

May we suggest, Dear Colorado, that you try to live up to the reputation which has been established for you without any effort on your part by such indefatigable workers as you have with you, namely the Denver Post; The Balance; The Swastika; Christian; Grace M. Brown; the Vice-President of the World's

New Thought Federation, Miss Nona Brooks, and through many other facts pertinent to the subject?

Is Denver a great New Thought Center?

Well, it is, but Denver doesn't know it yet, but we think soon will.

We want to call your attention to the offer we are making for subscriptions in this issue. The Swastika magazine has done what no other publication that we have ever heard of has done, namely paid from the very first number, and we feel justified in expecting and demanding at least one hundred thousand subscribers by the first of January, 1908. From the progress already made this number is a very conservative figure, and we unhesitatingly predict that the number will be greatly in excess of this.

A single copy of the Swastika costs ten cents. If on receiving it, you do not find it what we represent, you may return the magazine and receive your ten cents back—but, you cannot have copies of the Swastika magazine except by paying for them, or through the compliments of your friends.

It is our belief, that a subscription list built upon anything less than paid up subscriptions is not worth having, and that is what we mean to have.

If we contemplated boarding at a certain hotel or restaurant, we would not ask for a "sample" meal free of charge—we would expect to pay for each meal.

If we did not like the first one, we would probably not order a second.

That is what you are advised to do with the Swastika. If you don't like it, that is your viewpoint, and we will not offer an objection. We will also do better than you could do with any other kind of purchase—we will let you send it back and refund the price of the copy if you don't think it what we claim for it.

We will do anything in reason to please prospective subscribers, but we will not send free samples.

If God ever revealed anything to anyone, He also revealed it to you.

The average man knows nothing save what he has absorbed, much as a sponge takes in all the water that is poured into it.

The Message of the Century



It is very generally agreed that the present century means something. It has opened up, with remarkable changes in thought.

Many of the ideas that were regarded as fixed for all time, have been demolished. In the scientific world, we have had discoveries, and are still having discoveries, that are positively revolutionary in character.

The entire Universe seems to have become anarchistic, and is demolishing the traditions and the so-called facts, to which the world has been clinging.

The discovery of the Ion, is thought by the physicist, to be a stupendous blow to the infallibility of Science, because of its relation to the atomic theory. From the point of view of the psychist, the alleged discovery of the "ion" does not in the least change the importance of the atomic theory. On the other hand, it merely substantiates the affirmation of the psychist, that the visible is only a coarser, denser, expression of the invisible.

Of course, there have been in all ages of the world's history, men and women—few indeed in number—who have perceived the fact of the illusory quality of the external world. But it may safely be said, that during past centuries, the material scientist and the psychist, or the idealist we will say, have been at directly opposite viewpoints.

This century marks a change. Indeed, there are many changes. But one change that is more important than all others, because it is the one that has made all others possible, is the change that we see in the attitude of the materialist and the psychist, toward each other. It is just beginning to occur to each, that they may after all both be right, each looking at Truth from a different point of view. And as always occurs, when both viewpoints are considered, there is very little difference between them.

Whether this world is wholly and completely one of what the material scientist calls "matter," or whether it is what the mental scientist calls "mind," is of small moment, considered merely as a question for dispute.

Whether there is a personal God who sends sickness and

suffering upon his creatures in order to fit them for a better life after death, or whether this earth is the product of the immature creative power of the human mind, does not concern us—or at least it would not concern us—if it were merely a question for discussion.

But the point is this:

Those who have the power to think for themselves, no matter what their viewpoint as regards the cosmos—have come to this conclusion, namely: Something **MUST** be done looking to a less strenuous, less difficult, and less discordant life. It does not take a psychic to perceive that man has become the victim of the machinery he has set in motion.

Money, which is the representative of material conditions, has become a God, to the great mass of people who struggle and waste all the opportunities of their spiritual nature, in the quest for what they fondly believe is the open sesame to happiness.

Differences in religious belief—differences in theories regarding all the questions of the supremacy of matter or the supremacy of spirit—all these differences are swallowed up in the all-important question of the "quest for happiness."

The message of this century is one of unity—unity of purpose. This is merely a preparation for what is to follow. It is only the worker who precedes the sower, digging up the ground in order that the seed which is to bring the desired crop, may find ready root.

And so we find in every phase of the world's work, at the opening of this century, a breaking up of the ground. All the old systems of education; of religion; of mechanics; of all the various branches of science; are being revolutionized.

Ideas that had become crystalized into axioms, are being uprooted. But instead of all this resulting in chaos, we may if we will, perceive through this condition—a wonderful message. There is a universal faith, as well as a universal **DESIRE**, that all is well and that we are soon to claim our birthright of freedom from the grind of labor; from superstitious fear of a Creator; from competition and strife and all the ignoble struggle, between human beings.

Occasionally we see men or a body of men, who can not realize what this changed condition of affairs portends. They feel the tremendous undercurrent of soul-consciousness that is carrying us onward, but they distrust it. It is these, and these alone, who decry the tendencies of the age.

We saw an example of this in the Methodist conference held in Los Angeles two years ago. These people met, and I am prepared to believe, they met in all sincerity to devise ways and means for the best good of their particular flock, if not for the rest of us.

But their methods were like those of a hen with a flock of ducks to raise. The hen clucks and clucks out her alarm and her warning to her brood, and probably says: "If you go near that water you will be damned—or drowned—which is the same thing from the hen viewpoint.

And the ducks, while they hear, and perhaps do not dare "answer back," yet make for the water as fast as they can. They are alive to the urge of the instinct within them. There has been nothing in their experience that pleads for the advantages of water, but the impelling force within them urges them to try it.

And so, when I see some good old clergyman of the last half century's Thought, arise to tell his young hearers that they must not dance, they must not play ball, they must not attend the theatre—and other "must nots," I think of the good old hen with her brood of ducks.

Of course they WILL do all those things. They must. They can no more help doing them than the ducks can help making a bee-line for the water.

Why? Because there is just one thing that is stronger than the instinct of self-preservation, which is said to be the first law of nature.

That thing is love of freedom.

The soul's right to be absolutely unfettered, unrestricted, free, is something that can never be eradicated.

If, to attain this freedom, we must go through the sum of human experience, then go we will, for freedom must be ours. And there is only one thing that can see us safely through experiences—out into the broad sweep of freedom.

That thing is LOVE.

Without love, we become lost in the condition, and then we decide that happiness, which is the thing we seek—only we don't always know it—we decide that happiness is a will-o'-the-wisp.

Some times we hear it said: "Oh, you New Thought people talk of happiness, but I did so and so, and I did not find it."

There is a subtle, but a very great difference between merely doing a thing because you are told to do it, and doing a thing in order that you may obtain a given result.

In the one case you become lost in the condition. In the other you see THROUGH the experience or condition—and gain the Light.

But, it may be said that if one admits the nothingness of experience, one cannot logically find a purpose or a lesson in experience.

I believe that it is in the very perception of this nothingness that we may see the purpose of manifestation.

In one sense the external world is unreal, in as much as it seems to shift and change, according to our viewpoint. The term "reality" implies permanency.

When we are well and happy and glad, all things are glad with us. When we are under the spell of discouragement and sorrow, there is no pleasure, and no mirth in it.

What has produced the change?

Merely our own mental state. The lens of the mind has changed the comedy to tragedy—for us. This, then, would seem to prove the unreality of externals, and the absence of any necessity for human experience.

But, it is experience that has brought us to the point of view wherein we may perceive the difference between the two conditions of mind. And the difficulty lies NOT in the experience itself, but in the tendency to become LOST in that condition—absorbed in the pleasure or the pain of it, and in admitting it as a reality.

Longfellow, like all true poets taught the perception of POWER as the supreme force.. He said:

"Not enjoyment and not sorrow
Is our destined end and way—
But to ACT—that each tomorrow
Find us further than today."

This is but another way of saying—what all illumined minds have perceived—that there is nothing gained by hating sin, or loving piety. Reward and punishment are merely conditions—they are not "our destined end and way." Our destined end and way lies in freedom. And the sooner we claim that freedom, the better. If we claim it here and now, we enjoy Heaven—which is freedom—here and now.

We have always been told that we must hate sin and love God, and God has—erroneously—been a synonym for a condition we have called GOODNESS. Many people, even to-day, regard their hatred of sin, as a legal passport through the "pearly gates." There is no virtue in hating sin.

The murderer needs love—even more than does his victim. I read some time ago of an incident that fitly expresses the mistake of teaching the doctrine of hatred of sin. A party of Mexican fanatics, inaugurated Good Friday ceremonials, and to show their love of the "crucified savior," they made an effigy of Judas, and carried it aloft on a cross, and afterwards, in a frenzy of hatred, they cut the figure to pieces, and burned it.

All this, mind you, in the name of the man who taught that Love is the fulfilling of the law. Of course, I do not mean that this sort of thing would be condoned by the church in whose name the deed was committed. But—the deed is the logical outcome of the teaching that we must HATE sin.

We need these extremes to teach us whither we are tending. These poor creatures seemed to have no realization of the MEANING of all the tragedy of Calvary. They absorbed only the primitive instinct of revenge and hatred. We read of this, and think: "How barbaric," or perhaps, "How ridiculous." But we each need to take the lesson home. How different is that from the custom of hanging men for murder—a custom that is accepted and put into practice by even this great nation, that stands for advancement and enlightenment? It is merely dealing out hate for hate.

And this in spite of the fact that we have heard from the pulpit for eighteen hundred years the one and the only remedy for it all: Love is the fulfilling of the law.

ALEXANDER J. McIVOR TYNDALL.

The following story will bear repetition, although it has been published before: It was at a Socialist meeting, which harbored a dissenter. The dissenter had the floor, and was trying to prove the inexpediency of the principle of "division of possessions" advocated by the previous speaker. He was addressing his conversation to an Irishman, and he labored thus: "Now, Pat, if you owned two brick blocks would you give me one?" To which Pat quickly answered that "he would, be jabbers." "Well, if you had two cottages, would you give me one?" And Pat replied: "Indade he would." "Well, if you had two horses would give me one?" And still Pat unflinchingly assented that "he would." "Well, then, if you had two pigs, would you give me one?" was the final query. "Oh, go an now," said Pat indignantly, "shure ye know I've got two pigs."

Some men are tied to one idea like a horse tied by a halter.

Life Processes: Mental Activities

(Written for The Swastika.)

By DR. ALBERT J. ATKINS and DR. EMMA A. LEWIS, Co-Discoverers of the Life-Principle.



A complete understanding of the laws that govern the motor activities which are constantly taking place in the physical organism, is grand and uplifting; yet, important as is this knowledge to the maintenance of health, there is a still higher phase of this electrical activity;—



it is the citadel of sensation. This realm surpasses all others in its transcendent possibilities; it is here that the human mind receives all of its conscious impressions of life.

The grounding of all electrical circuits in the body, in the blood, causes chemical action among its physical structures, or constituents.

This electrolytic action releases the potential energy stored in the chemicals of the blood. This released energy is magnetic in character compared to that which we gain from breathing air. The interplay of electro-magnetic forces gained from these two sources charges the nervous apparatus of the entire organism, thus making it responsive to outside influences or stimuli.

It is well understood that the telephone and telegraph systems must have proper charges of electrical energy before they can become responsive to signals or outside waves of sound. The photographic plate must be sensitized before it can receive impressions of light.

A wireless telegraph receiver becomes capable of receiving electro-magnetic waves, only when it is charged with electrical energy, and so made sensitive. The waves of sound impinging upon the delicate organs of the ear, cause the sensation of hearing, because the nervous apparatus of the ear is charged with electrical energy, in the manner already explained.

The photographic apparatus of the human eye responds to the images of its environment, because it is charged with electrical energy. These rapidly moving images come from without and are photographed upon the sensitized substance of the brain.

Nerves of special sense are so arranged as to respond only to waves attuned to their own scale of vibration; thus the optic nerve responds only to waves of light; the auditory nerve responds only to waves of sound. If we examine the construction of the nerve we shall find minute granules within its axis cylinder.

It is our opinion that these little granules act like the small magnetic filings in a coherer, so that a current is forced to jump from granule to granule, which forms resistance to the current, thus producing different rates of vibration.

The nerve cells of the brain are composed of the finest material in the organism.

In the cerebral cortex, or mental portion of the brain, these cells are arranged in consecutive rows, like the key-board of a musical instrument. Every nerve cell with its connecting nerve fiber, is a perfect, individual organ—a miniature brain.

It is a receiver and distributor of impulses suited to its individual scale. Those impulses convey intelligence and act strictly upon the electrical plan. When we think of the millions of nerve cells in the brain, each of which is keyed to its own individual scale of vibration, then we begin to comprehend the law of mentality and see how the physical forces are played upon by the finer forces of intelligence.

Physical and mental activities are closely related; consequently, by an application of the same principles of electrical action by which we have analyzed the special senses, we may continue their further application into the finer domain of the mind's action. Our experiments on the living brain prove it to be charged with electrical energy, also that energy increases with disturbance of mentality.

These facts place in the hand of science the key to a rational psychology and a true basis for a scientific physiology. Everywhere energy acts according to laws of vibration; vibration manifests in different scales; each scale of vibratory energy produces a certain harmonious rhythm. Within the human body every organ vibrates to its own individual rhythmic scale; in health all organs vibrate in harmonious rhythm to that of the individual organism.

The individual organism ENDEAVORS to vibrate in harmony with the influences of its environment. Environment for each individual means the effect of all the forces of the universe upon that individual, conscious center of personality.

The forces of the whole physical organism are negative to those of its environment; for this reason alone they respond to influences from without; it is thus that environment produces so great an effect upon the individual.

Luther Burbak says, "Heredity is the sum of all past environment." This rule applies not only to the physical structure of man, but also to his mental development. We are impressed by the physical conditions and mental atmosphere with which we are surrounded.

Our universe is alive with the electrical thought waves of all mankind, which act and react upon the individual and the entire human race through telepathy and thought transference. Nor is this all; the very substance of which our physical environment is composed has received and stored the very essence of all the thought of previous ages.

Thought is the vital force which weaves substance into form; form is transitory, but thought is lasting; passing on from age to age, expressing and re-expressing, until at last the ideal is reached and stands before mankind in perfected glory.

Let no man boast of originality of thought, for he is simply coming into a conscious recognition of that which Nature has so carefully preserved for him in her book of life. This book of life is a history of all previous thought, built into the mental and physical structure of the race;—we call it Heredity.

The sensorium and its environment have been briefly described. Repeated impressions from the environment are continually photographed on the sensitized substance of the sensorium; this action takes place through responsive sense organs, in the manner explained; these mental pictures are thus preserved, constituting memory.

By force of will, currents of thought are reversed, thus bringing mental pictures before the mentality for reflection; this process is called recollection. Recollection of experiences permits of mental comparison; comparisons form judgment.

Judgment brings many experiences into classification, which are known as conclusions. Many classified conclusions constitute knowledge. The harmoniously classified knowledge of the many minds constitute principle. Principle leads to an

understanding of unity; unity is the sum of all past experience, the comprehension of which is wisdom.

We are living in a remarkable age of transition; we are passing from the old to the new strata of thought; the whole race is vibrating to a higher key. It is an age of inquiry and progress; as we advance, old traditions and dogmas dissolve, leaving nothing but the thought which gave them birth; this thought becomes the stepping stone which lifts our consciousness one plane higher in the scale of intelligence.

As we slowly ascend the mountain of wisdom, our perspective becomes broader, our consciousness more acute, and we begin to comprehend the unity of life's forces. In an absolute sense, life has no beginnings and no endings; it is the one eternal NOW. Time is the transitory hypnosis of environment.

Behind all energy, all force, all time, all phenomena, there is intelligence.

Through reflection, thought brings us our highest conception of intelligence,—but what is intelligence? What is that intelligence which stands behind our individuality, in the dim border-land of infinity, which analyzes our thought impressions and guides us along the broad pathway of experience?

A Prophecy from Helen Wilmans

Those who have been reading some of the newspaper reports regarding the alleged mental and physical breakdown of Helen Wilmans, one of the greatest pioneers of the Mental Science movement, will not find in the following expressions of this truly remarkable woman corroboration of these reports.

The letter here published shows the same vigorous mentality, sincerity of purpose, and unequivocal common sense that has always characterized the utterances of Helen Wilmans. Here is the letter, almost verbatim:

Dr. and Mrs. McIvor-Tyndall, Dear Friends: I have so enjoyed your editorials and answers to queries in the Denver Post, which I subscribed for as soon as I learned you were writing for it, and now I have the Swastika and your little book, "How Thought Can Kill." So you think that thought can sometimes kill!

But you say: "It is a chemical law that we attract that which we send out." This is very discouraging to the would-be

murderer. If I send out a thought to kill an enemy, I shall attract a similar thought that will kill me. In this case I had better leave him alone.

It is my fixed belief that there is no power in death; that death is simply the absence of all power. Therefore if I attempt to use it as a power, knowing that it is not a power, it cannot hurt my enemy, while at the same time my attempt, being prompted by malice, may react upon me like a boomerang.

In the first year of my trial here, it happened that quite a number of the postoffice officials, who were furious in their efforts against me, died.

I think as many as five or six died, among whom was Mr. Paine, the postmaster general. Not only this, but quite a number were tried for dishonest practices, and four or five are now serving sentences in the penitentiary.

Of course the newspapers, whose office it is to furnish as many sensational lies for the public as possible, took this matter up and boldly accused me of killing them.

But even if I had known how to kill my enemies I could not afford to do so. I recognized from the first that they were doing me a service. In spite of my hopes and desires, my aspirations after the ideal, I had reached a place where I seemed to be standing still.

My intense longing for the saving truth would not permit me to remain in this position. It was essential to my going on that I should acquire more strength. I needed more obstacles to surmount in order to stiffen my mental muscle.

It was then that the whole force of the government came upon me. I was indicted on sixteen accusations. In spite of the efforts of the prosecution I was cleared of fifteen of these charges. In doing this I proved to the world that all power is in the mind.

I established every claim of mental science but one. This one was the claim that I could cure one person through a third party; as, for instance, a child through its mother while the child was ignorant of the treatments.

I had cured hundreds of patients in this way and had bright, intelligent and highly cultured witnesses present to prove it. I established the fact that I did it constantly; and I believe to this day that I would have been fully acquitted but that the prosecution made the case turn against me by proving that I did not accept the belief in a personal God.

If this view is correct, and I firmly believe it, then what I was convicted of was heresy; and I would much rather be convicted of being a heretic to such Christianity as rules the world than to have it believed that I endorse it.

So even on this point I claim a victory, and I say with absolute confidence that in less than a decade my claim will be admitted by all whose opinions are worth considering.

The things I learned during the five years of my trial concerning the selfishness, the baseness, the utter unscrupulousness of men in office opened the gates of our present social, financial and governmental hell to me and showed me as never before the necessity of pushing forward the great mental movement of which we in this age are the forerunners and prophets.

Nothing ever happened in my experience which so completely contrasted the present conditions of the race with the ideal conditions to which we of the New Thought aspire.

It is over; the postoffice authorities think they won, but they did not; time will show.

It is not too much to say that the government in its mistaken zeal has established the doctrine of what we have called evolution, to the utter banishment of every theoretical dogma which underlies our foolish religious system, and which has produced the chaos and is the foundation root of our present social hell.

It has started people to thinking; and from the starting point of self-produced thought self-salvation is born.

It is true that except for the self-culture I am undergoing that I am out of the field of broader activities at present. The fraud order still stands against my name and against the names of my husband and daughter, so that I can receive no mail. It makes no difference, because I do not want to do professional work.

I am undergoing a change that demands silence and aloofness. I do not know where the present strain of thought is leading me, but I can see that I am making a closer approach to my highest ideal than ever before, and this satisfies.

There are some censorious people even among our New Thought publishers who have made the occasion of my supposed misfortune the opportunity by which they are exposing their own ignorance—most ignominiously.

There is no manifestation of ignorance so hopeless as that which takes the form of knowing it all. And this is the position

of those whose judgment of me is surely going to prove premature.

It seems strange, and almost irreconcilable with the fast coming new ideas, that these persons do not sense the mighty work ahead of us, and know that only the faintest intimation of its stupendous greatness has reached us yet.

Is there any one among us who really knows the road we are traveling?

We are out of the old road and the new way is an untried wilderness into which our dissatisfied present thought is prospecting for something better than the world has ever known.

The way ahead of us is an unbroken jungle through whose intricacies many a false path is cut by us that must be abandoned for a broader one.

For my part—not knowing the road, and, being free from that brainless egotism which would prompt me to believe it impossible that I could make a mistake, I go ahead, feeling my way, as it were, sometimes wandering from the right direction, but because of my fidelity to the highest and noblest desire of my soul, always getting back with the assurance of another lesson well learned.

At this time I see that the race is in the throes of a great change. I believe our whole iniquitous financial system is to be overthrown.

As surely as man is man it cannot be otherwise than that his splendid genius, now chained down by barriers too great for him to overthrow, is going to be released for his own benefit and the benefit of the world.

I don't believe in human labor.

It is not by the exhaustion of man's muscle and brain that the highest race development will come.

We are artists; we are creators; each of us has beautiful and lofty aspirations to work out.

The working out of these aspirations will not be work but pleasure, the combined result of which will be the building of heaven on earth.

The whole tendency of growth is toward individualism.

Individualism kills leadership; and with the struggle for leadership dead, there will be absolute peace; and with the establishment of peace there will come the bloom and fruitage of individual genius; the reign of Necessity will have passed, and the reign of Beauty will be established.

Biology of Intelligence

(Written for The Swastika.)

By GEORGE EDWIN BURNELL.

Healing is the identity of vitality and intelligence. That life is mental is supposed to be a step toward that perception.

The study into which the metaphysical movement has led so many in the past fifty years has become very animated, undertaking to secure insight into the identity between consciousness and life, to be conscious of living and the joy of the consciousness of living.

It was about fifty or sixty years ago that the materialistic condition of things was so hardened by material, ethical and ideal resistances, that faith in anything but a material world was being rapidly inhibited.

This became obvious to the leaders of the race who have illumination.

They therefore took counsel among themselves in these states, to provide against the tendency of a young nation like the American nation being extinguished in its opportunities in the way of mental vitality and consciousness of the largeness of life, and they felt that something very striking would have to be done in order to awaken them from their resistant conditions.

What is it that constitutes the material life, mentally speaking? The elements—elemental conditions. Mentally speaking, just the idea of resistance.

Is there any matter? No. What is this which is called matter, then? You can as well call it matter as anything else. There is only spirit. There is not any matter.

What do you mean by spirit, and what by matter? Are they different from each other? They are in one sense,—what seems to be, that is not.

Materiality is mind in a resistant state. Then matter is resistant mind. "But," you say, "I do not understand how it can be resistant—how mind can be resistant." It is resistant because it does actually resist your touches and senses, in general.

You cannot walk through chairs, because they will resist you. You cannot move up into the air, because your viewpoint resists your doing that. Adhesion, cohesion, chemical affinity, in material objects, resist you.

Herbert Spencer says there is nothing to matter but resistance. He says that matter, motion, force, are totally unreal. They are only symbols of states of mind.

And the name of the state of mind that is called matter is resistance. For that reason the illumined, in undertaking to soften the materialistic conditions, have introduced a state of nonresistance.

There is no matter. What we called matter is only mind with the idea of hardness, of coldness, of resistance, in it.

For instance, if there should be no wall going by here, and a human being were told, under hypnosis, that there was a stone wall there he could not pass through it because the idea of a stone wall would resist him just as successfully as the wall itself. In fact, those chairs do not resist you or any one except because of the idea of hardness and resistance in them.

That point was made plain by the leader of American science, Professor Simon Newcomb, when he said that trains could run in opposite directions on the same track without striking each other, according to the laws of biology.

I say, therefore, that the resistance in mind was brought about by an excessive devotion to the three forms of legality I have mentioned.

The United States started out in its mental career by a Puritanical idea, excessively Puritanical, and its subsequent history was strewn with ideas of resistance against everything. They fought with the elements in the North and with wild beasts in the South, and with Indians everywhere. They fought against everything.

Every man's hand was against them, every object in nature was against them, and their own minds were against them, because they were Puritans seeking a free country and fighting for it.

The idea, then, was that they accepted in toto the determination to abolish a program of life. They became so that after fifty years of freedom, they were as bound as ever, if not more so, not by anything in their situation, but by their own mind. They were more bound than they had ever been, experimentally.

"Then," you ask, "we are just subject to ideas, and nothing else?" And you want to know who made these laws that are made—the law and order of the universe and everything? Who has established those? Can a law be made any time, and called an idea? Or, rather, can a law be made any time with an idea?"

Simply with an idea a law can be made any time. I can take

a human being and stand him there and I tell him there is a stone wall there, and he cannot go by, though the situation remains just the same, but to him there is a law there, which he cannot go through, a law called a stone wall.

Now, there are three forms of those manufactured bondages. Of course, all bondage has to be manufactured. It could not be real. It has to be unreal, or else we could not get rid of it. The truth would not deliver from real bondage, hence it is a created bondage.

(To be continued.)

Originality

(Written for The Swastika.)

By WILLIAM MORRIS NICHOLS.



We all are imitators!

Doubtless this statement will cause a look of genuine surprise to sweep over a face or two, but there's no getting around the point.

The most original individual is he who is the truest imitator.

Another stunner!

Paradoxical, isn't it? Very.

But, then, Truth is always prone to paradoxical expressions of itself.

That work which bears the deepest indelible stamp of originality will always prove to be the production of a splendid imitator.

Among the towering painters, Michael Angelo, Titian, Millais, Corot, were supreme copyists.

Observation of the eminent sculptors shows us that they were the very cleverest of reproducers.

Glancing down the list of the makers of literature, we may place our fingers upon the names of celebrated writers of prose and poetry who were simply inimitable mimics.

Imitators par excellence these, but—imitators of what?

Imitators and copyists of that wonderful reality which shimmered and glowed, sang and vibrated within their hearts and

brains. Ever they sought by brush, chisel and pen to reveal "the glory that crowns the revealing."

There are two types of imitators. The great and the small.

The latter may be designated as the monkey and parrot genus.

A parrot catches on to some high sounding words, and these he repeats over and over again, until they really come to be associated with the bird himself.

The small imitator gets hold of a newspaper, absorbs the hot and hasty editorial opinions, and lastly gives them out to others as his own.

Or, he decides to become an artist. Studies some, and then goes to Italy for finishing touches. Makes a copy of a masterpiece, brings it home and places it in an art store window for his friends to see. The local press notices him something like this:

"Mr. J. B. Blank, well known to many admiring friends as an artist of no mean ability, has recently returned from Europe, where he has been pursuing his studies in painting. As a result of his sojourn abroad he has produced an excellent copy of Millet's "The Angelus," which he has kindly allowed the Art Emporium to display in their spacious windows. Mr. Blank shows marked skill and originality in his work."

Refined monkeyism.

The imitator in miniature is always striving to emulate the handiwork of the Imitator Magnificat.

But who are the great imitators?

These are they who "look upon their hearts" and, with the clumsy tools of sense, give to the world the very best imitation of what they find there. They strive with all their might and skill to reproduce the Original, the Flawless Model within.

The "well done" of his fellows may often ring in the ears of the minute copyist, and there he may find rest.

Not so the copyist of reality, he cannot stop at this period (and indeed, it sometimes never comes until he has glided on), for while his comrades may say, "Thou has reached perfection. The Flawless One within him whispers, "Thou canst, thou must do better. Behold me! Am I not more beautiful, far greater than that which thou hast wrought? Thou has not done me justice!"

And so the work of imitation goes on.

The small find joy in the work accomplished; the finished task.

But to the great belongs the larger joy, the joy of forever going on. Progression!

To him each achievement is but an incentive to a grander. "Still achieving, still pursuing," he follows the gleam.

Less than this to him means retrogression, death, oblivion! Originality, then, is only imitation in its purest and noblest form.

It is imitation's "first copy." All first copies are called "originals," but second copies are never honored with this term.

Though it is impossible to originate that which already is, and while we are unable to pass out to the public the living models of our interior galleries, we are privileged to faithfully reproduce these inner glories as best we can in the external; and to the degree that our work more nearly represents a true copy of the inner reality, will it be called original.

The Religions of Japan

(Written for The Swastika.)

By YONO SIMADA.



The religions of Japan! What a tremendous subject to talk about intelligently within the scope of three small pages!

Japan's history is bound up in religion, as is the history of all nations. Therefore to tell of the religions of Nippon, is like writing tomes of her annals.

Every breath of life is religious in letter if not in spirit, to the real devotee in the Orient. All ceremonious occasions are conducted according to traditions sprung from

religious observances.

Of course, the religion of Japan as a country, is Buddhist, just as the religion of America as a country is Protestant.

But in Buddhism, there are nine distinct sects, and each sect has its specific method—a slight variation from the original form of ceremonial sufficient to call it another denomination, much as I have heard in this country the terms "hard-shelled" and "soft-shelled" Baptists; those who baptise by immersion and those who don't; those of certain denominations who allow theatre-going and others of the same sect who do not.

Indeed, and indeed, but the religious history of all countries is the same—quibbling and dissenting over trivial details of ceremony, even while agreeing upon the so-called tenets of belief.

Among the nine distinct sects of Buddhism, varying only as slightly as do the various Protestant orthodox sects in this country—there are five sects which take only that part of the Buddha's teaching which relates to "doing good." That is, they emphasize the point that it is by the efforts of the individual self, rather than by belief in the "saving power of the Buddha," that they may gain Paradise.

These acts impress the importance of self-reliance, and the willingness of Buddha to help their creed may be compared to the phrase "The Lord helps those who help themselves."

The point is that the devotees of the sects known as those of "Self-Power Buddhists" feel that they must take the initiative in all good works and that by so doing, the Lord Buddha will lend His aid and in every way show His approval.

In all the religious sects of Japan, healing is one of the most important points of ceremony.

One would fancy sometimes to hear the fuss that is made in this country over "healing" as a "new" discovery, that healing as a part of religion had its birth here in America.

Every boy of from five to sixteen years who becomes a "student priest" in any of the Buddhist temples, is taught the art of healing, and can discount any instance of mind healing which has come to my notice here in America, and my opportunities for observation have not been limited.

Drugless healing in all its branches, and in all its variations is taught and practised among all the Buddhist sects.

It is only recently that I have learned what Osteopathy is. I find that it is one of the oldest methods of healing known in Japan. Every thoroughly competent master of Jiu-jitsu is a trained and qualified osteopath.

And yet they say that the Japanese are "imitators."

Is there any one of my readers who is brave enough to admit the unparalleled egotism of the white race? No? Then we will let it pass.

Another evidence of the "imitative" tendency of the Japanese is found in the religious sect of Buddhism known as the Zen.

Here we find the entire gamut of the possibilities of mind-power, in healing, in demonstration over material things, in all the phases of metaphysical thought which are now interesting all America.

"There is nothing in the Universe but Mind" is one of the axioms of the Zen sect. "Matter, or materiality is a creation of man's imperfect creative power" is another.

A conviction that is so deep-seated as to have become almost commonplace among them is the fact that "disease is an illusion of the senses."

Another one is that "there is no power in matter," and to this end, they will demonstrate it, by holding in the hand a red-hot tongs for example, leaving the skin as cool and undisturbed as though it were a flower.

Where else could these "imitative Japs" have got these ideas, save from Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy, because did she not, alone and unaided, "discover" the allness of Mind?

I believe that this distinguished lady advises her readers not to "tempt the Lord with such vain things as putting their hands in the fire" to prove the truth of the allness of mind, and in this respect the Zen sect do not follow her, but where else, where else, COULD they have got these "discoveries" of hers?

Dear! dear! These "adaptable," "imitative" Japs!

But to return to the sects of Buddhism less mental than those classed in a general sense as following the way of "Self-Power."

These are the prototypes of orthodox Christians who pin their faith to the saving power of belief in Jesus as the "only begotten son of God."

The burden of their prayers is: "Oh, Lord, be merciful to me, a wretched miserable sinner." "I am not fit to be trod upon, but tread upon me."

To these sects of Buddhism, the Lord Buddha is less an example than a savior.

Their zeal, therefore, is directed toward homage, supplication, and assurance of humble, cringing, body-prostrating homage.

"I believe! I believe!" is the sum and substance of their understanding of the message of the great Buddha.

And believe me, it is from such as these that the Christian missionaries obtain their converts.

How could it be otherwise?

Does not the fear-stricken serf love to change his master, not knowing that his serfdom lies not in the disposition of his master but of himself?

How little we even of this boasted "century of enlighten-

ment," really know of the identicalness of religious tyranny in every part of the globe and among all races.

We carelessly call each other "heathen" and close our eyes with self-congratulation and stuff our ears with the cotton-wool of prejudice, and where comparison and counsel might lead to a betterment of conditions on all sides, we fail of its accomplishment dazed and stupefied by the awful power of an empty word—"heathen."

Isn't it a shame?

But again I am wandering from the theme, and sitting in the quiet shade of the by-paths of philosophy, and my readers want to know in less than fifteen hundred words of the "Religions of Japan," when it would take almost that number of words to tell of one sect and all their "beliefs" and customs. What a time they take to be sure, these "religious customs!" What years of senseless sitting upon the floor, with arms folded across the breast, and legs growing into the shape of the boughs of a plum tree and the muscles generation by generation, becoming tense, wire-like, or on bended knees with hands and eyes strained upward, while the worshipful devotee assures the good God that he knows He is good, the which must greatly please the Omnipotent, Omniscient Creator of this vast solar system.

Don't you think so?

But, I cannot close even so short an article as this, without mentioning Shintoism.

As is well-known, Buddhism supplanted Shintoism as a national religion in Japan, until to-day Shintoism as a distinct sect is much less important than is generally supposed by other countries.

The fact that the Mikado, and the Imperial family are Shintoists, together with the supposed unquestioning devotion of the Japanese people to the Mikado, has led to the belief that Shintoism as a sect is far more important in Japan than it really is.

The effect of Shintoism is seen even in the religion of Buddhism, much as Spiritualism in this country has affected many orthodox denominations—or at least the followers.

I have known many people in America who were members of some orthodox Christian church, who were yet devoted to the belief in "spirit communication."

This condition is also found throughout Japan.

The effect of Shintoism is found in all sects of Buddhism, in so far as it relates to the respect for, and communication with the dead, which is the distinguishing feature of Shintoism.

When we say that Shintoism is the religion of the Imperial family, it is of course equivalent to saying that it is also the religion of the army and navy—at least to all outward appearances.

But, this is not true of the individual members of either army, navy or Imperial advisers.

It is easy to see why Japan embraced Buddhism, although to the observer Shintoism offers a far more optimistic, rational, and satisfying "way to Paradise."

Shintoism is literally "The Way of God," and the way of Deity would naturally seem to offer superior advantages to the way of a mere "son of God" but Shintoism also inculcates the not-to-be-questioned postulate that the Mikado is God's direct gift to His people, to be obeyed without question, and to be adored as Divine.

Several generations of Mikados who did not fulfill the ideal of Deity,—an ideal to which even savages attach the quality of mercy—left the masses ready and willing to grasp at a religion that gave them some other personified God than the Mikado—as a drowning man clutches at a straw.

Shorn of the hypnotism of the Divinity of the Mikado, no religious system that could be devised, offers a more cheerful, optimistic, and natural method of worship than does Shintoism.

In Shintoism funerals are made the occasion of rejoicing, due to the conviction that the future life is a happier one than this, and that to die is to be blessed.

"He is going to be re-born" they say when a member of their family dies, and a stranger seeing for the first time, a Shinto funeral would think he was witnessing the wedding celebration of specially happy and fortunate lovers.

To go to be "reborn;" to enter that blessed state where our forefathers have gone, and where they are waiting for us, is surely an occasion for rejoicing, and so they consider it.

A belief in the intercommunication between the visible and the invisible is a part of many of the Buddhist sects as well as of Shintoism. This intercommunication will vary with the understanding and intelligence of the individual, just as in all religious systems there are those who will see beyond the letter of the creed, into the spirit of Truth—which underlies all things, like the gold-thread embroidery hidden under the cheap cotton of the priest's "outer-robe."

Sometime I am going to write more of the Zen sect of Buddhism and show its similarity to the metaphysical teachings of to-day in America.

The Sleeper

WRITTEN FOR THE SWASTIKA BY
Margaret McIvor-Tyndall

HE dreams of all things free
Of an eagle on the wing;
Some grand old forest tree—
The first wild flowers of Spring;
While the bugles call in his ear
And the drum's rat-a-tat, beat; beat;
Proclaim him the servant of Fear
The bondsman of War's fierce heat.



HE dreams of all things free
Of deer on the green-clad hills
The breeze from the deep salt sea—
The songs of the brooks and rills;
While the bugles call in his ear
And the drum's rat-a-tat- beat; beat;
Proclaim him the servant of Fear
The bondsman of War's fierce heat.

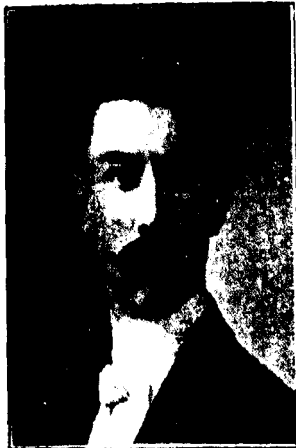


BUT soon shall the sleeper awake
Throw off the shackles of greed;
Stand forth, his place to take
'Mong the happy, the useful, the freed;
While the bugles call in his ear
And the drum's rat-a-tat-beat; beat;
The Truth shall proclaim far and near:
Love reigns in God's judgment seat.

Only the Wise Understand

(Written for The Swastika.)

By HOWARD CASHMERE.



The soul of man, by a process not as yet thoroughly understood, is able to reach out, or travel across endless space and receive from a subdivision of Infinite mind any knowledge which that subdivision may contain.

This process we call telepathy. The soul by its psychic power over the material form through which it is manifest, gives this knowledge which it has gained to the objective mind, clairvoyantly, clairaudiently

or by intuition.

I submit, that the actual perception of any impression is a psychic, not a physical process; it does not matter whether the impression comes from a real object, an impression upon a photographic plate, or the image formed within the eye, the ultimate process by which we perceive the form and features of any object is a psychic impression.

It is the same process we use in contemplating things in the abstract or in creating mental images of forms of which we have had no impression through physical senses.

There are some who would have us believe that this mental process is erroneous, yet who does not trust his very existence to this psychic principle?

We stand at the edge of some great precipice, we confidently take a step nearer, yet if our psychic interpretation of the exact location of the chasm had been incorrect, we would have fallen into the bottomless abyss.

We conclude, therefore, that our psychic interpretation is correct.

Able theorists, by a scientific analysis and study of that higher faculty within man which we term the subjective mind or soul, have clearly demonstrated that this manifestation through man has every essential attribute of Omniscience, every power of Omnipotence, with a difference only of degree, and that the telepathic power of the soul, when expanded to infinity, is Omnipresence.

What have we demonstrated?

That we are omnipresent in so far as we are conscious of any other part.

I submit, that Omniscience would not be conscious of some distant atom in the infinitude of space unless its consciousness was directed toward that atom, but that it or we may be conscious of anything toward which our attention may be directed, we have sufficient proof in telepathic phenomena.

Is it any wonder, that as the soul can only reveal itself through some manifestation of the organism through which it moves, that we are prone to think that we are that organism?

But self can never comprehend self, and as we can dissect the confederacy of cells which we call our body, it cannot be our real self; and still we see the action of our soul, are superconscious to it, then we are higher than the part.

What, then, are we?

Even Jesus, who first realized that the soul of man was God, that there was no higher power in all infinity than that manifesting through the soul of man, was slain because he said that it was God.

And this profound conclusion removes the last vestige of a doubt which we may have held about the immortality of the soul, for as long as one star remains to send out its silent beams of light into dark depths of space, as long as there is one form in all the infinitude of space pulsating with life, we, you, I, am immortal. For we, you, I, and they are God.

Let us trace the light of some distant sun as it pierces through and becomes dispersed in the infinite depths of space.

Are we not there also?

Let us pass beyond the limits of our universe, beyond a vast emptiness of space, through a myriad of systems and worlds similar to ours, through depths of space and worlds again, until finally the limit of permutations and combinations of material atoms have been reached, and we again behold a universe the exact duplicate of our own even to the tiniest atom.

Repeat this process to infinity, and we find that our universe is duplicated in its every manifestation an infinite number of times.

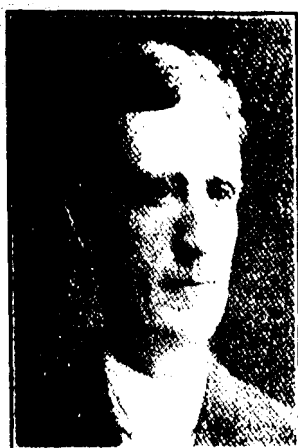
Do you now comprehend the first object of evolution?

Its object was to so perfect the evolving form that it might at last comprehend the Creator who is the source of all manifestations through it.

The "Sanctity" of Our Laws

(Written for The Swastika.)

By DR. GEORGE W. CAREY.



Those who make laws shall perish by the laws.

Rogues make laws for fools to obey.

Law is frequently the last resort of a scoundrel.

Real law is natural, eternal, uncreated. All laws made by man are counterfeits.

Every crime, every criminal, every wrong, injustice and oppression is intrenched behind the so-called laws of man.

A noted criminal lawyer said: "Ninety-tenths of all crimes are caused by our laws. War, the greatest of all crimes, is the creature of law."

"Our constitution," says Congress, "shall have the RIGHT to declare war."

Law never says: It shall be the duty of Congress to PREVENT war by dealing kindly and justly by all peoples and nations.

Men are put in prison and forever disgraced because they violated the letter of a certain statute.

Later the law that condemned the individual to imprisonment has been REPEALED by the courts or legislature as unconstitutional; but no redress is thus given the innocent victim of the law.

The pulpit, the press and the judiciary unite in declaring that our laws are sacred and call upon all good citizens to rally to the support of law and order, but the moment these laws in any manner interfere with the interest of the interests they go to work and get these sacred laws repealed.

The citizen, the voter, is constantly appealing to the law makers to make laws to prevent future law makers from making more bad laws.

Governor Gillett of California is reported by the daily press as saying that more than half the bills before the legislature of 1907 were utterly vicious and unjust.

Yet the governor was compelled to sign many of these bills because of the manner in which they were drafted, some having

appropriation bills for state expenses included—thus the admittedly BAD bills became “sacred” laws.

Apropos of this phase of our boasted system of law and order I clip the following from the Los Angeles Express:

“Governor Gillett, in an interview given to the Associated Press, deplors the reckless waste and extravagance of the present legislature—the enormous bills which it has piled upon the taxpayers for useless and unnecessary attaches, its ‘code’ scandal, and general disregard for the people’s interests.

“Governor Gillett expresses himself as desirous of doing all in his power to put a stop to these abuses, and suggests as the only practical remedy the introduction of a constitutional amendment limiting the expenses of each session to a certain specified amount. The suggestion is a worthy one, but it is doubtful, even with all the influence the governor can bring to bear, if he can induce a legislature that has shown such wanton disregard of the rights of taxpayers to approve the amendment.

“The evil ways into which the state legislature has fallen must be corrected. Force must be met with force. A chief executive who will stand with Spartan firmness against the waste, extravagance, recklessness, incompetency and insolence of an unworthy legislature, and set the official seal of his disapproval upon each and every act that is inimical to the public interest or welfare, not only can create a glorious name for himself, but can prove of real service to the state.”

And yet when those “worthless bills” have passed both branches of the legislature and received the signature of the governor they become “sacred” and one who violates them is an anarchist and an “enemy to society.”

The conditions on the Pacific coast are identical with conditions in every state of the American Union and in every country on the globe governed by statutory law.

Lawson publicly charged the Massachusetts legislators with selling out to the highest bidders and the citizens of Philadelphia go to city council meetings and legislative halls with ropes and threaten to hang the makers of “sacred” laws unless they cease to legally rob the people.

The rich, the grafter, the capitalist, the great corporations are the AUTHORS of every law upon our statutes and when one of their money-man-made laws fails to secure to themselves the immunity they desire they see to it that the law is repealed and one better for them substituted.

The storm is gathering and those who make the laws are perishing by the laws.

In the language of Ernest Crosby: "Is there anything on earth more forbidding than a court house?

"Why is it that men's laws make everything hideous?. There is no more thought of brotherhood in the court than there is in the wheels and cogs of a factory.

"It is a dead relentless mill.

"The judges and lawyers and deputies and policemen are nothing but bolts and rivets and bars—of iron and flint.

"THE GREATEST CRIME A MAN CAN COMMIT IS TO MAKE A MACHINE OF HIMSELF.

"Let us leave the accursed place."

The Problem of the Criminal

(Written for The Swastika.)

By GRANT WALLACE.



It is not so many years since punishment for law-breaking was merely another way of spelling cruelty and torture.

The ordeal of walking barefooted over red-hot ploughshares; of being crushed within the spiked sides of the steel maiden; and of the pillory and whipping-post, are only a few generations behind us.

The idea that the offender might be educated, morally, mentally and physically into good citizenship, had not occurred to our forefathers.

We had not discovered that the sight of cruelty often suggests and begets cruelty and crime.

All crime is contagious. This is due in part to the fact that all thought is contagious, and in part to the suggestion which the news of crimes brings to the weak and criminally inclined.

In the old idea of the vindictive punishment of criminals, these causes have been ignored.

In the hideous, cellular, physical punishment these great psychological truths have been lost sight of.

We have been trying to reform offenders with a club.

Our penal system is a survival of the barbarous and unscientific system of the Dark Ages.

For centuries we have gone on blindly trying repression, only to fail most dismally. Whatever represses the natural higher expression of any man's powers—physical, mental and moral—be he criminal or saint—will inevitably dwarf him and make a kind of monster of him.

Only by leading the man out into better forms of expression, can the offender ever be made a more useful and safe member of society.

To shut a man in a living tomb, either in solitary confinement or limiting him to a treadmill existence where his powers of mind, soul and muscles, are not called into play, is to make either a maniac or a torpid, dispirited, or rebellious criminal of him.

No cure for the criminal tendency ever can be intelligently applied until the causes are located.

For the most part, crime is due to evil hereditary and prenatal influences; to bad environments, wherein the offender endeavors, in his blind way, to readjust unjust social and industrial conditions; to insanity, sudden anger, and the like, as well as to the powerful influence of suggestion and criminal contagion, sent from mind to mind, in thought-currents.

No offender was ever yet made better nor has society ever yet been benefited in the long run, by applying the "animal" system of retaliatory punishment—"an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth."

That system begets more crime, through the law of suggestion, than it eradicates.

Enrico Ferri, the famous author of "Criminal Sociology," points out the fact that long sentences of imprisonment in cells—even doubling the severity of the sentences—does not diminish the number of offenders, and Mr. Ferri adds: "Penal justice at the present moment is a vast machine, devouring and casting up again an enormous number of individuals, who lose amongst its wheels their life, their honor, their moral sense, and their health, bearing the ineffaceable scars, and falling into the ever-growing ranks, of professional crime.

"The volume of crime cannot be diminished by enlarged codes of criminal law, however skillfully they may be constructed. The world has reached a period of reaction against the exaggerations and the destructive effects of cellular confine-

ment, which I regard as one of the monstrous aberrations of the nineteenth century."

When a person breaks the laws, why do we punish him? The old idea—still a popular one—was to wreak vengeance upon the offender, and to make a terrible "example" of him, for the purpose of deterring others, and thus protecting society.

That is also the spirit of the mob, which pours kerosene over negro offenders and burns them at the stake.

The newer idea, based on the psychological study of the individual, and on a more humane conception of justice to him, and to that society which created the crime for which he suffers, is to treat the criminal as we would treat any other person who is malformed, sick and ignorant; that is, send him to a detention hospital where he may be morally, mentally and physically educated and cured—not only for the benefit of society, but for his own benefit as well. We are but now beginning to realize that even the criminal has rights which we are bound in honor and justice and self-preservation to consider.

Herbert Gladstone, in his report of the Prison Commission some years ago, swelled the general chorus of damnation of our savage prison methods, and pointed out that our penal servitude system not only utterly fails to reform the offenders, but in case of less hardened criminals and first offenders, it makes chronic law-breakers of them.

When punishment reaches the point where it makes men worse, it surely becomes useless as an instrument of social defense.

Men are imprisoned largely because they lack a high appreciation of the rights of others. We send them to the penitentiary or jail, presumably to make better citizens of them; and yet we retain our inhuman "silent system," solitary confinement system, and cell system, all of which have a tendency to blot out from the convict this necessary social sense. We strip these convicts of every opportunity to acquire self-control and the respect for self and the rights of others, and turn them out like wolves, again to prey upon society.

The present penal system works disaster in a number of other ways: It kills hope and aspiration, without which no man can improve.

It is a moral pest-house and a school of crime.

It is a huge, arbitrary, automatic machine, where individuals receive about the same consideration that the cogs in a wheel receive.

Even the judge, in passing sentence, generally applies his punishment to the crime, without consideration for the peculiarities and needs of the individual.

Our system of sentencing criminals to a definite number of years is based altogether on his past actions, whereas the length of his incarceration ought to depend upon his future conduct.

In other words, punishment of criminals, like punishment of children, ought never to be vindictive and retaliatory, but educational.

We do not need wardens so much as we need teachers. The idea of punishment may well be eliminated altogether, and in its place the idea of a system of corrective teaching may be substituted.

To sentence an offender to ten years, and then to liberate him, even though he may be a worse criminal than when he entered the prison, will some day be looked upon as a piece of brainless absurdity, equal to that of a physician who would prescribe the day of cure along with his medicine.

It is on a par with forcing a hospital patient to remain in bed long after he is cured, or telling him to go, whether he is cured or not.

The "indeterminate sentence" system adopted in some of the Eastern states has worked such wonders in the reformation of convicts, especially with first offenders, that it is a wonder every state in the Union has not long since adopted it.

By this method, including the "credit mark" system, the prisoner is sentenced for no definite time, but is sent home on parole as soon as he gives satisfactory evidence of reformation.

Set off against the hope inspired by the prospect of conditional liberation, on proof of amendment, is the certainty of the prolongation of the convict's punishment if he continues to be dangerous to society at large.

This is a just system.

It arouses at once the spirit of hope and aspiration and self-respect and self-reliance.

It tends to make good citizens, instead of hopeless, chronic criminals.

It does not put the high-minded and ambitious offender on a par with the peak-headed, heavy-jawed degenerate, who looks upon a prison sentence as his natural birthright.

It is a system which leads the convict to advance and improve, through giving him the opportunity of expressing his powers, instead of, as at present, degenerating, through either repressing his desires, or expressing them through low channels.

Joy

(Written for The Swastika.)

By GRACE M. BROWN.

There is no joy
Which is not loving consciousness
Of God.

There is no joy
Which does not render service
Unto men.



The joy of the world is the stimulus of the world; not the froth and flutter of ecstatic externals, but the undercurrent of positive vitality which buoys the spirit and lightens the burdens which men have assumed.

Who would not rather feel the strong, pulsing vibration of the joy current in his veins than be endowed with the sluggish riches of metallic ages? The riches dissolve with our passing individual lives, but the joy spirit endures forever and always; it responds to our desire and so vitalizes under our cultivation that it becomes a part of us for all time.

And the joy people! Don't you love them, as they stir up the atmosphere around them until you feel the sparkle every time you come near them? It is impossible to estimate the great good they do just by their cheery radiation, and it is not always those whose external conditions seem fairest who are filled with the soul shine—indeed, it is more frequently those who have much to do in overcoming outside inharmony who are filled with the joy spirit.

Have you ever heard of the beautiful duchess who wept and wailed in her beautiful chateau in southern France because the rose leaves littered her garden lawn and the nightingales presumed to sing at the wrong time in her trees? Poor, pitiful, poverty-stricken little duchess—better be a tramp singing by the wayside than so joyless a soul as she.

No, the real jewels of life are not those which glitter on the outside. The valuable things have the soul shine sparkle,

and it is so deep and so enduring that once you have seen its glinting light and once you have truly contacted its inner warmth, you will always feel its power and always partake of its strength.

The soul shine radiation comes from within; it emanates from pure, constructive energy, which is nothing more nor less than LOVE, most mighty and most abused word.

The world is such a beautiful place when we have beauty enough in ourselves to perceive its beauty. The very air is full of joy expressing itself in vibrant tones of active being and in the aliveness of all nature, and is it not strange that human nature seems so unalive to the universal current of construction which expresses its fullness of bright, fresh life in the vivid color and sweet odor and heavenly sound which is in all the air and which even penetrates the damp, sweet earth.

It sometimes appears that men miss the wonderful joy of being by their lack of appreciation. They fail to sense the real of things and but dimly perceive even the outside husks as they permit to slip by the more glorious part of the subtler and finer essences.

And then, again, do we appreciate each other and ourselves? Are we aware of our great power of love and fine expression? Possibly if we would perceive the God of ourselves, we might more readily realize the God in the inner loveliness of the all life, in the essence of flower and field and brook and valley as well as in the real expression of human life and human nature.

Nothing is of the slightest value apart from realization, and realization opens the door for joy. If a man wants to be happy, all he need do is to permit himself to realize his relation to life and to his fellow men. A little gleam of that sort of realization will soon inspire him to generate the universal life current for himself and stop absorbing the effort of other people.

When a man is willing to utilize opportunity, it always comes his way and abides with him; opportunity is the great active demander of expression and creeps away from leaners and weaklings.

And when a man cultivates opportunity and gives himself to the service of life according to his highest understanding, he develops a wonderful force of concentrated constructive energy. It does not matter whether his methods are in line with our approval or not—possibly our methods are not to his liking—the principle and the fact remain that the man who does the

best he knows, is serving the truth as he sees it, and in the process he radiates an energy which proclaims—JOY.

The fact is that the radiant folks do the world's work. The life current is magnetized with joy and all inspiration emanates and radiates with joy.

I wonder why men hesitate to reveal the truth of themselves.

I wonder why they veil every expression of joy as unworthy.

I wonder why they do not smile on each other and be true to themselves by recognizing the soul-shine in themselves and in each other.

For it is there. Men could not live upon the earth planet but for the inspiration of the Infinite Intelligence, and it is manifest in every God-unfoldure in natural and human life.

We know the gracious glory of God and why not admit that we know it. Why not tell people how beautiful they are, and every one is beautiful when you see him truly, and see them smile and radiate the true soul-shine of themselves and so prove how beautiful they are.

Let us love the earth expression and show that we love it by radiating the soul-shine.

The love smile uplifts the world.

And oh, my brother, let us be kind.

Present yourself then to the Great Premise of Sacred Science; Nothing but God. Throw law out of doors. Face the doctrine of mercy and miracles. Quail not, before the Conscience—the giant mother of cowards. Stay Alive. Be too meek to let pride hoax you into the humbug of sin.—George Edwin Burnell.

In the very simplest expression of life lies the greatest mystery. In the common, every-day activity are mighty miracles.—Grace M. Brown.

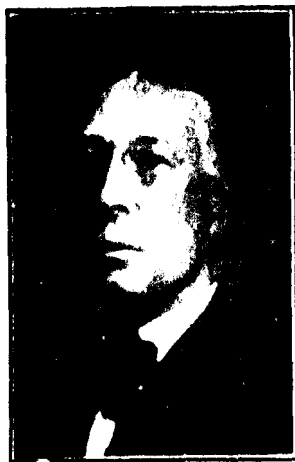
All true knowledge is but the expression of Divine Wisdom. All the powers that make one great, spiritual, righteous and wise, are only the divine powers manifesting through human forms.—Swami Abhedananda.

Men suffer all their life long under the foolish superstition that they can be cheated. But it is as impossible for a man to be cheated by anyone but himself as for a thing to be and not to be at the same time.—Emerson.

Silent Pieter: A True Ghost Story

(Written for The Swastika.)

By BENJAMIN HORNING.



Pieter and Heintje were fast friends, friends by intuition and sympathy, rather than by compact. Heintje was seven and Pieter seventeen. Pieter was gloomy and silent, seldom saying more than "Yes" and "No" to his elders or superiors, chief among whom he counted Johan, Heintje's father, because he had worked for him more than for any other of the stolid Pennsylvania Dutch farmers among whom he had been brought up.

Pieter was a very strange lad—so much so that when some one spoke of him as "Silent Pieter," the name clung to him and there were many who thought that while he was quiet and well behaved, yet he was not quite right mentally.

His childhood had been clouded. His parents came from "outland," as the saying was, meaning from the old country. From what little they made known of themselves, they were political refugees.

Pieter's father died, some months before the boy was born, poor and in want. There were no relatives to take care of the body so the "Poor Authorities" took charge of the remains.

After Pieter came, his mother still clung to the little hut on the edge of the woods which kind-hearted Johan had given them free of rent, until finally she, too, succumbed and was laid away in a tangled corner of the little acre of unnamed graves in the poor-house burying ground. Little Pieter was the sole mourner at the burial of his mother, as he shiveringly walked side by side with the minister, behind the cart carrying the unpainted box in which remained all that was left of the only human being who had ever belonged to him.

Nothing had been found relating to his family history, and his only remembrances, aside from his infantile knowledge of his mother's misery, was the wedding ring, and a little daguerreotype of his father and mother which she had wrapped in an oil-silk pocket and pinned inside his little torn jacket.

As he grew older, funerals held a strange fascination for the

boy. No matter who died in the community—whether known to him or not—Pieter would leave his work, and making such change to neatness of attire as his simple means afforded, he would follow on foot, at the end of every funeral procession. He was always the last to leave the churchyard, always lingering until the sexton had completed his task, never returning with the others, as was the custom, to the home of the diseased to partake of the bountiful feast that was always prepared.

Pieter had a yearning in his silent heart, to be able some day to have a burial plot and have his parents' remains placed there, and to be able to look forward to a final resting place for himself.

So he grew to be "Silent Pieter," hoarding his scant earnings, and one day after receiving his wages (paid him once or twice a year) he went into the village, bought a burial plot and deposited with the treasurer of the cemetery a sum sufficiently large to pay for a real coffin, the rent of a hearse, and other incidental expenses of a funeral for himself.

After that, Pieter seemed to become of more importance to himself and the two words of all that he remembered his mother saying, the words "Christian burial—words that seemed burned into his brain, as if engraven upon a tablet of bronze—meant more to him than mere sounds.

He would often say that "his future was now provided for," and although he talked but little, he begged of his sole confidant, Heintje, to see that his one wish "Christian burial" was fulfilled, in case he should pass out first.

Pieter grew to manhood. It was in the days of the civil war, and the nation's cry for volunteers reached even to this peaceful little valley where no one was ever known to get farther from his home than the county town, where only funerals and "fairs" formed the public gatherings.

Pieter could not even imagine what war meant, or why it was, or the cause of it, but the bounties offered seemed to him an enormous fortune.

His only thought was, that if he could go to this war, he would have ample means to place the bodies of his parents in a beautiful plot of ground all his own.

So he gave in his name at the office of the Township secretary, took the oath, and received his bounty money.

He had little in the way of possessions save what he carried on his back, so only returned to say good-bye, started off on foot for the city, and to the few who thought of him at all, was

lost in the great mass of uncouth, undrilled volunteers and conscripts who were rushed to the front.

Johan and Heintje often wondered who would bury Pieter if he were killed in the war.

After a few weeks there came a vague report of Pieter "shot as a deserter."

At length the crisis was approaching and even in the little pastoral Pennsylvania community, with its peaceful Biblical names of Nazareth, Bethlehem, Jordan, Emaus, and so forth, almost nightly meetings were held by the farmers to devise means by which substitutes might be bought for those drafted, or for those who could least be spared.

Returning one night from one of these meetings, Johan, accompanied by Heintje, and his dog, by the light of a low-hanging, sickly moon, cut across fields several miles to his own farm—passing an old unused stone quarry and limekiln.

The kiln was backed against a rocky hillside that formed a rear wall to the quarry, which, from being so many years unworked, had become a little lake from the rains and springs.

After nightfall it was always a weird spot. No one ever went near it and more than one claimed that it was "spooked," declaring that they had heard strange cries coming from there, even as far as the highway, sounds which all agreed were incomprehensible for they sounded like "bury me," "bury me." And little Heintje claimed that while returning in the twilight from driving the cows out to night pasture, he had seen some one near the old kiln and heard strange sounds as of some one speaking and crying "lift it off." Filled with thoughts of what he should do, if he were to be drafted, Johan with Heintje's hand tightly clasped in his own, and followed by his dog, climbed the fence that would bring them to the highway, and found that he was directly at the edge of the quarry.

At that moment Heintje's hand tightened its clasp of his father's, and he shook convulsively, gasping "There!"

The dog bounded to the other side of the road and whined.

There, on the other side of the quarry, Johan saw, or seemed to see, the figure of a man, then another, then fade from view, to again reappear, struggling with each other. Again the figures faded from view and a weird wailing tone which framed the words, "Bury me, bury me! I can't rest until I am buried."

With fear-quicken'd steps, and backward glances, Johan and Heintje hurried from the place, scarcely stopping to take breath until they reached their own farm gate.

Johan, in common with his neighbors, shared in all the superstitions and belief in "witches," "spooks," "dopplegaengers," signs and omens which their forebears had brought with them from the old country generations ago, so the next morning he decided that there was cause for the strange things he had seen.

Calling one of the working men, they made their way to the quarry.

Diligent search revealed nothing at first save an old city newspaper with reports of enlistments and an old weather-beaten hat trampled and hardened in the mire. Convinced that they had found a clue, they clambered up the bramble grown rocks to the top of the kiln.

The stones around the opening had in places been broken away, and an old sheet iron cover that had been left on, to keep any incautious person or animal from falling in, lay in the bottom of the kiln under the water which came in from the pond at the bottom.

With an improvised grappling iron at the end of a sapling, they lifted the iron cover and dragged the pool. Soon it caught something that was heavy but moveable, and slowly came to the surface. It was an arm and hand with crooked, stiffened fingers, greenish white in the dim light.

Neighbors were summoned and when the body was brought out of the kiln, in spite of the battered features and water-soaked clothing, it was recognized as that of Silent Pieter.

He had been brutally killed and robbed for his bounty money.

The country was filled with human sharks like that, the scum of the cities who lay in wait especially in the isolated sections of country, for the bounty men. Often the thieves would take the name of the robbed and murdered man so that the records might show that the volunteer had been in some regiment—then wait a convenient time to escape.

Pieter's right hand was thrust inside his shirt over his heart tightly clutching a little packet wrapped in oiled silk.

It contained his deed to the little burial plot, the daguerreotype and his mother's wedding ring.

The ignominy surrounding Pieter's name was blotted out. He was laid away according to his life-long wish, and Johan placed what was left of Pieter's parents beside him, and surely his soul must rest in peace since he had given his life to provide for them and himself, the cherished hope of "Christian burial."

Books Received

Conducted by
Kenneth D. Lyle

CHILD-CULTURE, by Newton N. Riddell, and published by Child of Light Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill., is a book that ought to be in the hands of every parent who can read. It is more than excellent, it is indispensable, for surely it is through the training and development of the child that we must look for the expression of our ideals. The author's remark, "The teacher or parent who develops even one child into a noble man or woman lives not in vain," will find an echo in the mind of every intelligent person, whatever his creed or beliefs. I wish I had space to give a page review of this excellent book, and heartily commend it to the attention of every reader of the Swastika. The book may be ordered of the publishers, or of the New Thought Center, Albany hotel, Denver, Colo. Price 75c.

PRACTICAL METHODS FOR SELF-DEVELOPMENT, by Elizabeth Towne, is just what its title implies. It is a practical, condensed and comprehensible treatise on self-development, along physical, mental and spiritual lines. For sale by the author, Holyoke, Mass., or by the New Thought Center, Albany Hotel, Denver. Price \$1.

SELF-SYNTHESIS, by Cornwell Round, physician and surgeon, Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co., London, publishers, is an attractively and originally presented plea for Perpetual life. The author opens his logical discourse with the query, "Why die? Why? What did you know of death until told of it by your elders?" The book may be ordered of the publishers, or through the New Thought Center, Albany hotel, Denver. Price 25c.

A STUDY OF VIBRATION, by Minnie S. Davis, published by Progressive Literature Co., P. O. Box 228 M. S., New York city, deals with "Living Counterparts," and is written in a smooth, literary style. Chapters are: The Unity of Things; The Living Harp; The Method of Nature; Unity of Vibration; The Key-note; The Fountain in the Sky; To Be or Not To Be. For sale by the publishers. Price 75c.

THE DIVINITY OF DESIRE, by Eugene Del Mar, published by the Progressive Literature Co. Mr. Del Mar is one of the best known as he is one of the ablest writers on New Thought and metaphysical subjects. In "The Divinity of Desire" he is at his best. The theme is one not often touched upon, and it is also one that needs just such handling as Mr. Del Mar has given it. The book is priced at \$1, and may be had of the publishers.

RETURN TO NATURE, by Adolph Just, translated by Benedict Lust, editor of *The Naturopath*, deals with "the natural method of healing and living and the true salvation of the soul." The author gives a great variety of instruction on bathing, diet, the proper use of water, light, heat, and the life essentials. Simple and effective methods of dealing with acute diseases are given. The book has three hundred pages, and may be ordered of the publishers, 124 E. 59th street, New York city.

FREEDOM TALKS, by Julia Seton Sears, M. D., Sears Investment Co., Boston, Mass., publishers, is a book that may be heartily recommended to "beginners" in the study of New Thought philosophy, as well as to more advanced thinkers. Dr. Sears has the needed faculty of lucid expression, even when dealing with abstruse subjects, and in *Freedom Talks* the seeker will find what he or she is looking for. The following extract will give an idea of Dr. Sears' aim in this interesting book: "Every one is engaged in just one work in this world, no matter how varied their expressions may be, and that is in subliming matter into spirit, and it behooves us to have a divine interest in our own self and our environment, for only as we lift up the "I," and hold it a positive point of attraction, do we come into that line of direct development which makes for the "Life Beautiful." *Freedom Talks* is priced at \$1, and may be had of the publishers.

BYWAYS OF BLESSEDNESS, by James Lane Allen, published by The Savoy Pub. Co., Savoy Steps, Strand, London. It is not too much to say that it is very rarely that we find a writer who touches the heart, inspires the soul and satisfies the intellect as does James Lane Allen. In the "Foreword" to the present volume he says: "Along the great highways of life there are resting places. Away from the heat of passion and the dust of disappointment, under the cool and refreshing shade of lowly Wisdom, are the humble, unimposing "rest-houses" of peace, and the little, almost unnoticed byways of blessedness, where alone the weary and footsore can find strength and healing." And the "Foreword" is but a hint of the 207 pages that follow. Every word carries with it a vibration of peace and restfulness, of satisfaction, of spiritual realization that is truly "blessed." James Lane Allen is editor of *Light of Reason*, published at Ilfracombe, England, and his books may be ordered of him at that address, or through the New Thought Center, Albany hotel, Denver. The price is \$1.25. Other books by James Lane Allen are: "Through the Gate of Good," price 40c.; "All These Things Added," cloth bound, purple and gold binding, 150 pages, price \$1. To be had of the author or of the New Thought Center, Albany Hotel.

OWL HOOTS, by Lucia Griffin, is a "Quaint Gift Book," and is published by the author at Albia, Iowa. The title page says: "Ways to be wise and otherwise." Also, "Seventy-eight hoots for half a dollar." "Owl-Hoots" is indeed quaint, original in conception, cheerful, happy and helpful. Hoot twenty-three is a recipe for "saying skidoo to the blues." "Laugh all you can,

and the small imps in blue, who love to pre-empt their quarters in a human heart, will scatter away like owls before the music of flutes. Note: Should rule fail, try this plan: Get busy."

THE NEW GOSPEL, or the Abundant Life, by Thomas J. Allen, M. A., LL. D., published by the Aurora Pub. Co., Aurora, Ill., will be a welcome addition to the list of New Thought books. Among the twenty-one practical, logical chapters is one which Mr. Allen calls "The New Gospel of Work," and one which will appeal to every thinker. Here is the opening paragraph: The blessing of work became a curse when man began to think it a curse because of that alleged penalty of "man's first disobedience"—"in the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread all the days of thy life." Thus has wrong thinking degraded much of the world's work to the level of brutish labor, making sad and sullen toil where noble and joyous work should be."

LADDER LESSONS: For Beginners in New Thought, by Olive Verne Rich, published by the author, Seattle, Wash., are a series of five lessons, in the control of the body and the mind. They are "How to sit still"; How to Relax; A Study of Fear; Suggestion and Affirmation; Concentration. Each lesson is excellent. Price of Ladder Lessons, 50c. Order of author.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FASTING, by Edward Earle Purington, published by Benedict Lust, editor Naturopath, 124 E. 59th street, New York, is a book that I would like to see circulated broadcast among health seekers. I believe that if this could be accomplished, there would soon cease to be any "health seekers." The book was published last year and has been reviewed often and extensively in New Thought publications, but I would like to add my mite to the sum of interest in extending the circle of its readers. Mr. Purington says on his title page, "A message to sufferers and sinners," and as we may all be classed under that head, there is no one for whom the book is not intended. Order of the publisher. Price \$1.

THE STOCKHAM PUBLISHING COMPANY have just brought out a new edition of "BROTHER OF THE THIRD DEGREE," to sell at \$1.25.

There is an increasing demand for this interesting romance and dealers will be glad to know of its reappearance.

Ambition is responsible for much suffering and for perverted ideals.

Many a good blacksmith has been spoiled to make a poor lawyer, because of the false standard of ideals held by the blind world.

There is not a man living who would not rather be an inconspicuous rancher than to be a ruler, if he could disabuse his mind of the fancied honor in the position of "authority."

Mind in Nature

(Written for The Swastika.)

By PROFESSOR EDGAR L. LARKIN.

Since Badarayna and Kapila in their huts in the forests of India were elaborating the wonderful Vedanta and Samkhya philosophies; since the esoteric teachers of Bactria, Iran, Persia, Babylon, Jerusalem, Meroe, Arsinoe, Thebes, Eleusis, Dodona, and Rome there has not been such a revival of mental research as that now on.

Letters pour into this observatory from everywhere, their burden being: "Tell us of the soul, the mind, immortality, spirit, astral planes, eternity," and kindred subjects. An intense psychic age is already opened. It is here, and humanity—more particularly that part of it within the area called Christendom—is in an active state of mental upheaval.

The vast spirit world filled with those who have passed out, or rather on, is now seeking to open up a million new avenues and methods of communicating with incarnate man.

Spiritual pressure is now being sensed by more people than at any other period in the career of man on earth.

SPIRITUALIZED OR MENTAL MATTER!

This idea is the most astounding that ever entered the mind enmeshed in flesh. It is now agitating the minds of rigid materialists and obdurate mathematicians.

"Cold" physicists, atheists, infidels, electricians, astronomers, agnostics, chronic doubters, alike the world over, now stand in awe and amazement when experimenting and trying to even begin to think about

CORPUSCLES! !

An atom of hydrogen, the lightest body known to former physicists and chemists, so small that no mind can commence to think about it, weighs more than 700 times as much as a corpuscle.

The atom of mercury weighs 200,000 times as much.

The most rigid scrutiny, so far has been unable to find any difference between these simply marvelous bodies and electricity.

So I feel like writing this—they are pure electricity. And this—nothing exists but corpuscles.

Atoms are made by combinations of different numbers of

these mysterious things; and molecules of all matter whatever are made by unlike combinations of atoms.

These corpuscles are negative and positive.

Incredible beyond all human imagination to relate, the positive are the passive and the negative active.

A nascent negative corpuscle moves with terrific speed until it attaches itself to a positive.

And the motion of these negatives constitute the MIND, LIFE AND CONSCIOUSNESS of the Universe.

This is physical and psychic combined in one stupendous generalization, occult and arcane.

THE MIGHTY MENTAL ASPECT OF ELECTRICAL CORPUSCLES!

A conception beyond all of man's incarnate experience is this: These corpuscles KNOW what to do, WHERE to go, and WHEN to act. That is, MIND is absolutely everywhere and in all existing matter.

Cosmic mind may be changed to "Corpuscular Mind" or, for short, "ELECTRICAL CORPUSCLES," or shorter still, to "CORPUSCLES."

For 40 years I have wondered at unspeakably strange hints and expressions in ancient occult literature about the excessively small dimensions of the human spirit.

The vulgar form of this deep-seated idea is: "Five hundred souls like his could dance on the point of a needle"—an epithet of derision.

The mass of one corpuscle as determined by a number of physicists is such that the number required to weigh one grain is 100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000. And a row of them side by side one inch long would contain 12,500,000,000,000. See this:

The deepest occult doctrine on earth is that these negative corpuscles are FEMININE. By admitting this, a number of obscure points in very ancient occultism are cleared at once. Here: The equinoctial colure, the first standard meridian in the celestial vault, used by every astronomer now crosses the lips of the zodiacal constellation Virgo, the lips of Andromeda and passes through the uplifted regal hand of Queen Cassiopeia.

It also cuts the constellation Berenice's Hair.

These four are the only feminine constellations in the entire sky.

The astonishing fact appears that

WOMEN ARE TO RULE THIS PLANET PSYCHICALLY.

This explains the colossal movement of Woman, now in her

battle for freedom from a hundred centuries of sex-slavery, for EUGENIC societies of women are now being established here and in Europe.

Within eight months, a flood of letters from women has deluged this beautiful mountain observatory, half anonymous, and many dotted with tears, imploring me to write and thunder against this appalling servitude.

I have accepted the task and will lash the earth and sea with the oppressors of women who must pass under the rod of maternity.

Stupendous works are now beginning.

Society will be torn up by the roots, and our very habits and customs changed.

LISTEN! The vast upheaval is now being caused by the spirit world, in self-protection.

This immense world does not want its "many mansions" filled with the pitiful UNHARMONIC spirits of UNHARMONIC human beings brought into this world, the earth, by UNHARMONICALLY joined men and women.

For women will rule the earth psychically within 50 years, aided in every possible way by the vast spirit world.

Let me help.

Zen Method of Cultivating the Will

(Written for The Swastika.)

By YANOSKE ISODA.

Many years ago, there was in Japan a Buddhist priest named Do-Zau, who was a very skilled and learned teacher of the Art of Meditation, so much so that he had conferred upon him the title Zenzhi ("Master-of-Meditation").

One day another priest of less competency in every respect came to see him and asked him, "How shall I avoid being tortured by beastly extremes of weather?"

"Why, sir, it is easy," was the answer; "the best way is to flee to the clime where there are none."

Thereupon the questioner enquired wonderingly, "Where under the sun will one find that kind of region?"

"Ha, ha, ha," roared the Zenzhi, breaking into a laugh, "that

lies in your mind, and there you can at ease freeze out the hottest summer day or warm up the coldest winter day, if you just will."

Doubtless, this cultivation of the power of the will is a marvelous way of preserving good health and of living a long life, and easy is the method to perform.

Here is a hint of ten methods of establishing the art of Self-Mastery.

At night when you retire, lie flat on your back and stretch out the lower limbs together, retaining the strength of the body evenly from the abdomen and the solar plexus down to the soles of the feet. Then breathe slowly and naturally until you have performed a hundred inhalations.

While doing this, close your hand finger by finger with every round of inhalation and exhalation, counting them at the same time, then relax the muscles and rest a while.

If you are an ordinarily healthy person and give yourself faithfully to the exercising, it is sufficient to practice this exercise about five times each night and five to seven nights a month, then you will surely feel every atom of the body fill with energy and a remarkable difference will soon be noticed.

It is of course unnecessary to impress upon you the point to keep the mind free from destructing thoughts, taking care to concentrate just upon the directions, during this practice.

Man is the soul of the universe, and all other creations are the body.

Nothing is made that is not necessary for the working of this Harmonious Whole, and every one of the created has a distinct purpose and functions different from all others.

There are no such things as the Inner, or the Outer, or the beginning, or the end, for everything is equally important and is interdependent for existence. Such a dividing is illusion itself.

Thence, I ask, When were not Things, fellow-feeling (love) itself? What place or what thing—which though it may appear to us, as insignificant or outermost—was not in the heart of The Cosmos?

EDITOR'S NOTE:—We have arranged with Mr. Yanoske Isoda to publish in The Swastika a series of valuable and hitherto unpublished instructions in Zen methods of Self-Mastery. These lessons beginning with this issue, will include the Zen system of physical welfare, concentration for success, power of mind, uncovering of consciousness, super-consciousness, control of the breath, functioning of the will, and other phases in the attainment of Self-Mastery practised by these Japanese adepts.

Personal Problem Department

Subscribers to THE SWASTIKA who desire their questions answered free of charge in these columns may send in their questions to Editor Personal Problem Department. Those desiring a personal and private letter of advice from Dr. McIvor-Tyudall must enclose \$1 for same.

PREDICTION NOT RELIABLE.—Rosa Jones asks: Since, as you say, clairvoyance is a soul sense, soul vision, why should it not be reliable?

I have had the same prediction made to me by at least six different clairvoyants, during a period of ten years. Four years ago it came true in part and I am now "staking my life" upon the fulfillment of the whole. Am I chasing an "ignus fatuus?"

Answer: Clairvoyance does not necessarily include the power of prediction. No one can predict with absolute certainty, because all predictions must be subject to the conscious will of the person for whom the prediction is made. It is possible to predict tendencies, probabilities and "natural" results from certain past and present causes, but when the conscious will takes control of one's life forces, all these probabilities may be changed. Don't stake your life, or less, on predictions of any kind. Take the ordering of your life into your own hands. Don't wait for things to happen.

SENSATIONAL NEWS.—C. M. Becker, Montrose, writes: Do you not think that the tendency of the daily newspapers throughout the country toward publishing sensational news, etc., of a baneful tendency and liable to produce additional crimes, etc., in accordance with the law of suggestion? If so, what would be your plan of getting newspapers to stop such publications, or, at least, of limiting them to a small notice?

Answer: I am convinced that "whatever is best," therefore we must see the good in the seeming evil of widespread and exaggerated accounts of crimes, etc. This good lies in this: The world, as a whole, will become aware of the necessity for self-protection and will therefore seek immunity from disaster by getting on to a higher plane of thought. The self-acting, soul-conscious, polarized person is not suggestible. It is only those who are negative and but half awake that are affected by outside influences. When they have been sufficiently overfed on the dry husks of human experience, they will turn of themselves to the perception of truth. Of course, when we look at individual cases it would seem that the world is "going to the dogs," but it isn't. Everything will work out for a higher race consciousness and a more unified, altruistic mode of living. The only way to stop the supply of sensational newspaper stories is to stop the demand for them. We are already not far away from the point of satiation, along this line.

WHAT IS THE ABSOLUTE?—Mrs. T., Albany hotel, asks: What do you mean by "The Absolute?" 2. What is our relation to the absolute?

Answer: The term "Absolute" practically means God—or Omniscience. The Absolute is the all of reality, and must be unlimited; that is, knowing neither time or space, cause or effect. It must comprise all that ever was or ever will be, not as past or future, but as now. It is the one and only life or being. To thoroughly define or comprehend the Absolute would be a manifest impossibility, since all there is must be indefinable and impossible of definition in terms of comprehension. What ever is All cannot be compared, as there is nothing to compare it with. All attempts at defining God have been very limited, necessarily, because consciousness unfolds through comparison, and each advance in race consciousness calls for an enlarged comprehension of God. 2: As to our relation to the Absolute, since the absolute is all of reality, we must be the Absolute, because there is nothing else to be.

OBJECTS HAVE AN AURA.—Dorcas S., Green River, Wyo., sends in the following: Do you believe that objects, such as letters or articles of wear, have an "aura" like a person? I can sometimes feel the very presence of a person, know their temperament and their mental state, by taking in my hands a letter or other article which they have touched. How is this?

Answer: There can be no doubt that we impinge upon objects the radiations from our bodies. Thought being a something, it is only less tangible in degree than the letter itself. Our soul senses are merely an intensified or etherealized extension of the physical faculties, and are different only in degree, not in character.

THE LIMITATIONS OF HEREDITY.—A student writes: I am a believer in the law of heredity. I know that I am like a certain ancestor of mine, in disposition, tastes and inclinations. With these certified, specific tendencies, how is it possible that we "can be what we will to be" as New Thought teaches?

Answer: The facts you state are proof that we not only "can be but are "what we, or our ancestors, have willed to be." Without the aid of consciously directed thought, selection, discrimination or choice, voluntary decision, one may say, Nature will simply go on repeating the pattern. The obvious remedy for this repetition is to change the pattern. If you are made after a certain mental pattern (and you are), you can only modify it perhaps for yourself, but you can form a new one for your progeny.

CONDITION OF SUICIDES.—I. C. asks: Should a person commit suicide while insane and irresponsible for the act, what would be the condition of the soul in the after life? 2. Do you think it wrong to kill birds and animals for food or otherwise?

Answer: There can be no specific knowledge to cover a case of that kind. The insanity may be simply the result of an imperfect system through which the soul cannot manifest. Therefore, on escaping from the body, the soul may be free. This would depend entirely upon other things. If you mean to ask if there is punishment for self-destruction I answer unhesitatingly that there is not. 2: I think it unnecessary.

The Pesticator

(Written for The Swastika.)

By RUSSELL D. CHASE.

The measure of my usefulness in life is not determined alone by the deeds I do, by the works that will serve as my monument, but by the help that I can give and the encouragement I can express through the appreciation of another's work.

My usefulness is not centered in myself and when I permit the idea that it is to take root and grow I am becoming an egotist. The greatest work is the cultivation of cheerfulness for that work generates vibrations of Joy, and those vibrations pass out and may perhaps smile like a summer sun on a shadowed soul. The cultivation of the habit of cheerfulness discourages the misery idea, and with the misery idea uppermost I can't do good work because I am not useful to others.

The pesticator is a man who hasn't any work of his own to do, and keeps you from doing yours. He is suffering from a chronic condition of ingrowing ambition. He casts a gloom on the earth because he doesn't fit in with the accepted order of things, he isn't cheerful because he hasn't anything to do—he doesn't create, he doesn't help others to create—he is simply a pesticator.

You all know the pesticator. He is everywhere. He comes to you in the rush of the busy day and loafs around your office—he keeps you from doing your work, he wastes your time, he imposes upon your cheerfulness and wears it out, he discourages the habit—you can't help him because he hasn't any work to do.

The dishonest man isn't your friend because he steals your property, the incompetent man is worse because you can't tell where his competency is going to break out and injure your work, but the pesticator is the worst of all because he steals your time through his own incompetency or his "cussed laziness" and poses as your friend at the same time.

Let me give you this—a friend is the individual who lets you do your work, does his own work, is cheerful enough to encourage you when your work is good, and who doesn't WASTE THE DAY.

Cheerfulness makes a light, sunshiny life—the life beautiful, the kind of life that you and I and the rest of the workers need so that our work can be best done. So then the "pifflicated pes-

ticator," the destroyer of the cheerful habit—the loafer, the useless man, should be consigned to limbo.

Probably the only way to squelch the pesticator is to work a little harder, radiate a little more cheerfulness and paste a big SKIDOO sign on the clock—but make some kind of an effort and see how much more the day will mean without the pifflicated pesticator to help use it up.

Ambition has become a God upon whose altar parents sacrifice their children, men their self-respect and women their happiness.

It is the hopeless, objectless work that kills. Work in itself never hurt any one, and all work is honorable. It is only idleness that is degrading.

To Make You Laugh

An old Dutchman having a horse, needed feed for it, so he called up the feed store on the "phone," and the following dialogue took place:

"Hello! Is dis de middle? Vell den, give me de feed store. Hello! Is dis de feed store? Vell den, send me down a bale of hay und a peck of oats."

"Well, sir, who is this for?"

"For de horse now; don't get gay," replied the angry old Dutchman.—Short Stories.

A bride's mother presented her with a check on Christmas day. With a feeling of the utmost importance, she took it down to the bank in which her husband had opened an account for her. The cashier took the check, then handed it back politely, saying:

"Will you please indorse it, Madam?"

"Indorse it?" replied the bride, puzzled.

"Yes, across the back, you know," replied the man, too busy to notice her bewilderment.

The bride carried the check to a desk, laid it face downward, and nibbled the end of a pen thoughtfully. Then inspiration came, and she wrote triumphantly across the back:

"For Fany, from mother. Christmas, 1906.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Nautilus

*The Leading Magazine
of New Thought*



THE NAUTILUS aims to help its readers in the PERSONAL PROBLEMS OF LIFE. It is unlike any other magazine printed—unique in its field.

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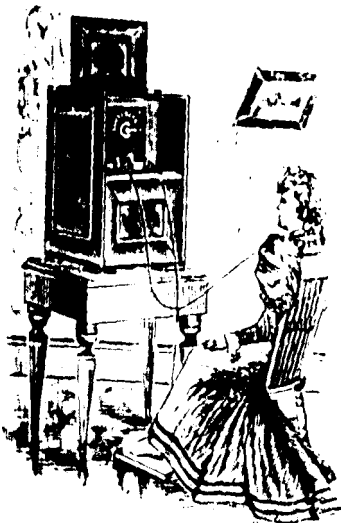
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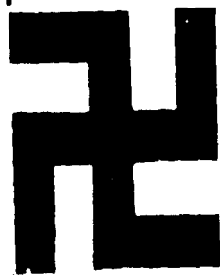
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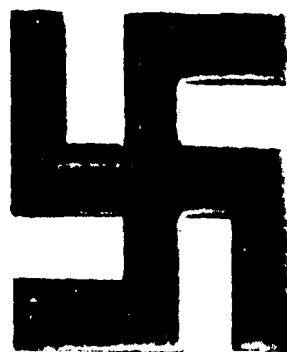
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