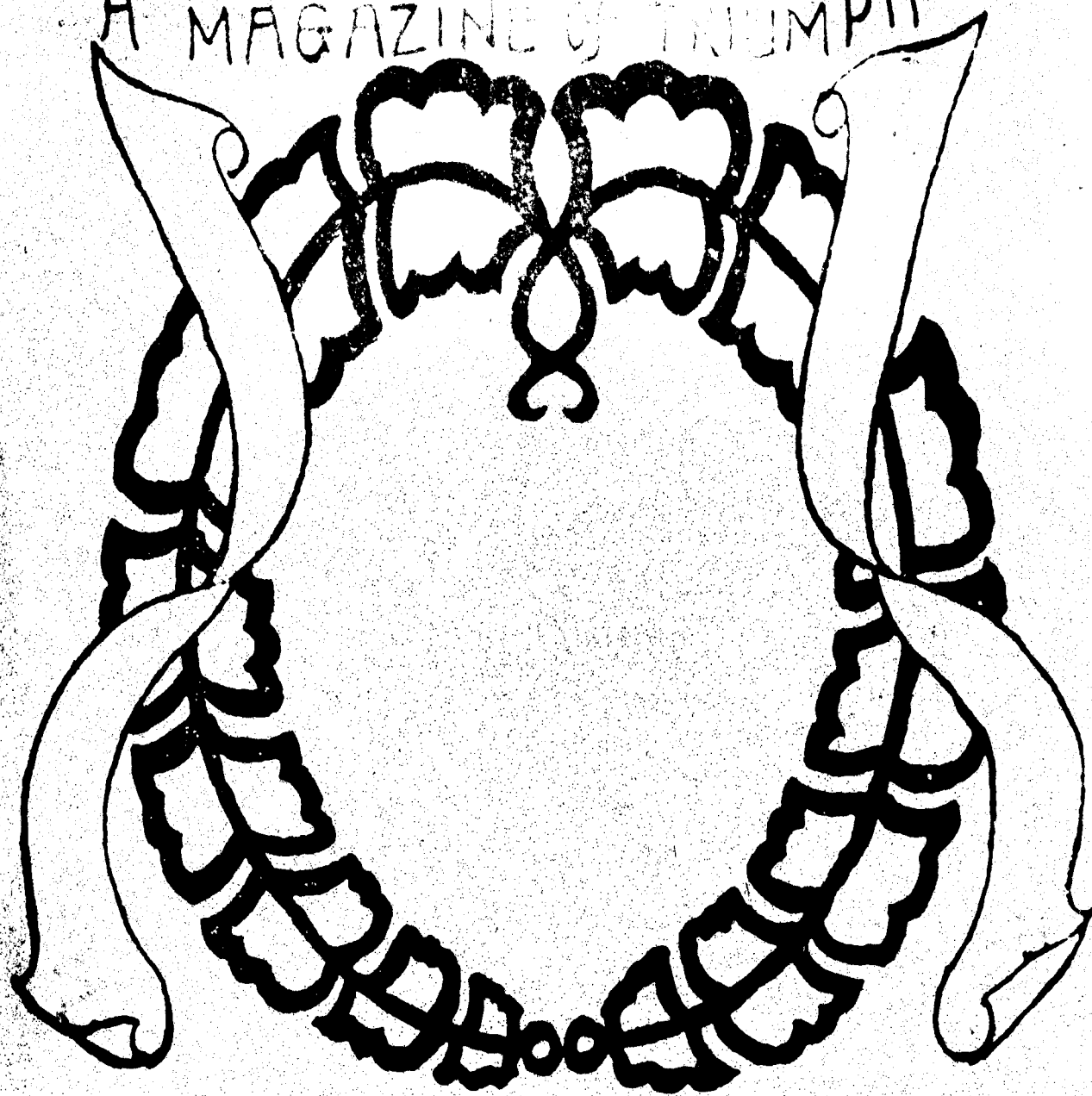


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THE

# Socialist

A MAGAZINE OF TRIUMPH



Te

## SWASTIKA CENTERS

Following is a list of Swastika centers, reading rooms, book stores, etc., where New Thought publications may be found, and where visitors are always welcome:

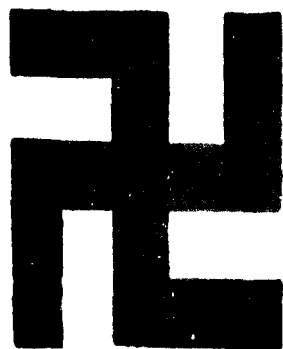
- BOSTON, MASS.—The Metaphysical Club, 211 Huntington Chambers, 30 Huntington Ave.  
BOSTON, MASS.—“The Optimist,” Caroline Norris, Editor, Huntington Chambers.  
BRUNSWICK, O.—Co-operative Book and Subscription Agency, R. 3.  
BUFFALO, N. Y.—James Russell, 129 College Street.  
CHICAGO, ILL.—Liberal Book Concern, 89 Washington, Street.  
CHICAGO, ILL.—The Progressive Thinker, 40 Loomis Street.  
CHICAGO, ILL.—Purdy Publishing Co., 80 Dearborn Street, Douglas Bldg.  
CHRIST CHURCH, NEW ZEALAND—Ida M. Bruges, Fendalton.  
DENVER, COLO.—J. Howard Cashmere, 1744-46 California Street.  
DENVER, COLO.—New Thought Reading Rooms, Albany Hotel.  
IOLA, KAN.—H. Spencer, 5 N. Jefferson Street.  
KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B. W. I.—Miss S. Hale, care S. Tavares, 7 St. Andrew Lane.  
KANSAS CITY, MO.—Unity Tract Society, 913 Tracy Avenue.  
LONDON, ENG.—Higher Thought Center, 10 Cheniston Gardens, W.  
LONDON, ENG.—L. N. Fowler & Co., 7 Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus, E. C.  
LONDON, ENG.—George Osbond, 14 Kenilworth Ave., Wimbledon, S. W.  
LONDON, ENG.—New Thought Pub. Co. Ltd., T. W. Henry, Mgr., Temple Chambers, Temple Ave., E. C.  
LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Metaphysical Library, 611 Grant Bldg., 355 So. Broadway.  
LOS ANGELES, CAL.—The Ramona Book Store, 516 South Broadway.  
LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Dawson's Book Store, 713 So. Broadway.  
LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Dawson's Book Store, 713 So. Broadway. Hermetic Brotherhood, 445 S. Olive Street.  
MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA—Miss E. R. Hinge, 115 Collins St., Austral Bldg.  
NEW YORK—Mrs. M. G. Bothwell, Circulation Library, 2528 Broadway.  
PORTLAND, ORE.—W. E. Jones, 291 Alder Street.  
PRAGUE, BOHEMIA—A Korec, 72-11-78.  
SPOKANE, WASH.—Lew N. Benson, 114 South Post Street.  
ST. LOUIS, MO.—H. H. Schroeder, 3537 Crittenden Street. German publications a specialty.  
ST. PAUL, MINN.—Progress Book Company, 460 Jackson St.  
SAN DIEGO, CAL.—Loring & Co., 762-766 Fifth St.  
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Olivia Kingsland, cor. Haight and Devisadero.  
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—That Man Pitts, 1123 Fillmore Street; 608 Van Ness Avenue, Near Golden Gate Avenue; 918 Market Street, opposite 5th Street.  
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# The Swastika Magazine For 1908

**Q** We intend to make the next year of our publication even better than the last one has been and from many letters of appreciation which we receive from our readers, we believe that we have cause for self-congratulation upon the results of the past year.

We know that it is customary to boldly declare that **WE HAVE THE BEST NEW THOUGHT MAGAZINE PUBLISHED**, but we prefer not to indulge in boastfulness. We **GIVE YOU THE BEST POSSIBLE MAGAZINE FOR THE PRICE, \$1.00 PER YEAR, FROM OUR POINT OF VIEW.** That is all anyone can do.

If a splendid corps of writers, each free to say whatever he has to say, can help make **THE SWASTIKA** what you want in the way of an Advance Thought Magazine, then you surely will like **THE SWASTIKA MAGAZINE** for the coming year.

**Q** Here are some of the good things for our Holiday number, which will be ready about December 20th. It will be the beginning of **THE 1908 ISSUE.**

Albert J. Atkins, M. D., will contribute an article on "The Cause of Disease." This will be something entirely different from either the usual medical viewpoint, or metaphysical reasoning. It will be based upon the facts discovered in "The Life Principle."

George Edwin Burnell has two more installments of his splendid contribution, "Elemental Adoption."

Grace M. Brown, with her delightfully intimate and helpful "Cozy Chats," will be with us during the new year.

George W. Carey has sent in the ablest article yet from his pen, "The Open Road."

## THE SWASTIKA ADVERTISING SECTION.

Kenneth MacNichols, whom a recent admirer characterized as "the embryonic Emerson," will begin a series of articles on "The Futility of Negation."

"Elizabeth" will have a department of Socialism, and has carte blanche to say whatever she likes.

William Morris Nichols, in his cheerful, breezy, humorous style will tell us about "The Affirmative Force."

Yanoske Isoda, the Buddhist, will furnish a translation of the Buddhist methods of "Invoking the Spirits."

Prof. Isaac Newton Vail, who claims to have discovered the "Origin of the Swastika Symbol," will tell of his researches and discoveries in the January and February issues.

Yono Simada will tell "How Women Rule Japan."

Saint Nihal Sing, the brilliant young Hindu journalist, will contribute an illustrated article on "Glimpses of East Indian Life."

Josephine Kaneko, the editor of "The Socialist Woman," will have an article on "Nature's Disposition of the Race Problem."

Dr. McIvor-Tyndall, the editor, will give his opinion on "Eastern vs. Western Occultism."

Margaret McIvor-Tyndall will discuss timely topics in the department devoted to "The Point of View."

¶ There will be other features by occasional contributors, in addition to these splendid articles by our regular staff. the fourth and fifth prize "ghost stories" will be published in this issue, and "Personal Problems," "Book Reviews," "Talks with Our Subscribers," "Open Court," discussions and poems will serve to make the Holiday Edition of THE SWASTIKA MAGAZINE a thing to be wholly desired.

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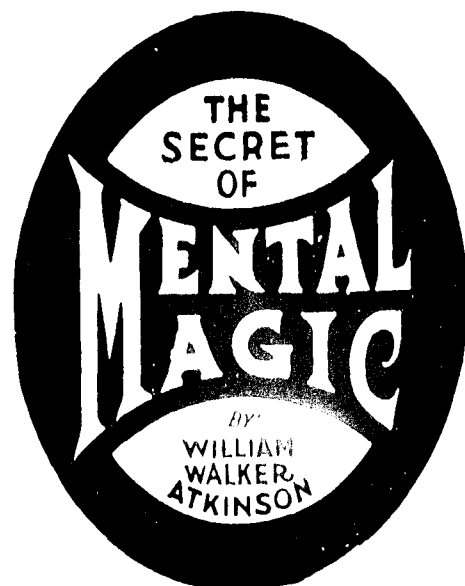
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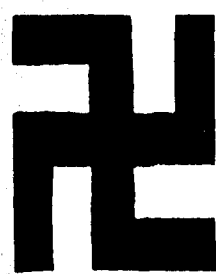
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# THE SWASTIKA

A Magazine of Triumph

Edited by Dr. Alexander J. McIvor-Tyndall

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

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The Solution of Personal Problems.

Published By

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Vol. III.

DECEMBER, 1907

No. 4

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**Clairvoyance and Auras, How To See Clairvoyantly, What Colors Mean, Divination, Crystal Gazing** are intensely interesting articles by J. C. F. Grumbine, Fellow of the Society of Science, Literature and Arts, London, England, which we shall publish in 1908.

**"Practical Telepathy"** is now appearing in *Nautilus*. This is a series of nine lessons which the author formerly sold privately to a few students for \$5.00. We give you the complete series. They are the most practical lessons on the subject I have ever seen. They tell **just how** to accomplish **Telepathy**, explain the action of the subconscious mind, and give directions for protecting yourself from negative influences and thoughts. **Don't miss them.** Back numbers supplied.

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# THE SWASTIKA

A Magazine of Triumph

Vol. III

DECEMBER, 1907

No. 4

## Editorials

The failure of the recent attempt to create a general financial panic, emphasizes the fact that "The People" are no longer living in the sheep-like attitude of mind which has for ages characterized the unthinking public.

Confidence refuses to be shaken, and the obvious fact that the entire country is in excellent condition, looms large in the horizon of panicky Wall street.

It is not only possible, but it is a certainty that the race consciousness has uncovered to the extent of knowing "what it is about." No longer can it be reckoned with as a known quantity by those who would frighten, coerce and force into acceptance their selfish desires. There was a time when the people sneezed whenever the autocrats of Wall street took snuff, but the recent abortive "panic" indicates that the people have lost their sneezing propensities.

After all, it is faith and not cash that forms the basis of prosperity. Faith or confidence in the integrity of our fellow beings and indeed of the Universe, is the one thing that makes it possible for men to live together in harmonious relationship.

There are times when "hard times" seem unavoidable, because of protracted failure of crops, constant strikes, and a general shortage in the money market. But in this instance, none of these conditions prevail. Here in Colorado, conditions have never been better. Salaries are good, crops have been bountiful, and there is no stringency in the matter of cash.

"Hard times" might result from the suggestions which those who wish to produce that condition, have given out, but if they do result, the people alone will have themselves to thank for it. Such a result could not be possible, if each and every one would preserve that confidence and faith in the country and each other which is the basis of all human intercourse.

If we will but learn our lesson quickly, there will be no

necessity for the continuation of the thought of "hard times," which some few are trying so eagerly to bring into existence. So far, it is nothing more tangible than a suggestion, and the result depends upon how susceptible the public mind is to the suggestion. But the lesson which we may learn from it all, is an important one. It is the truth that faith and confidence, which beget credit, are the foundation of any country's prosperity, and that wealth is powerless when in competition with character and principle. Whether or not the people of the United States are possessed of sufficient character and common sense to defeat the false power of wealth is something that the next few months will determine.

If the time should ever come when a name will no longer have the power to subdue, we may hope for a co-operative commonwealth here in America. Recently we were conversing with a friend, whose ideas upon many world subjects heartily coincide with our own. Among other sentiments, he expressed a belief in the government ownership of public utilities as an imperative and immediate necessity. I ventured the supposition that politically, he stood for Socialism, but was informed that he had been a life-long Republican, and would vote that way whatever happened.

No doubt there are Democrats who feel the same way, and the Socialists will not budge an inch from their own particular platform, even though they know that, by casting a vote for some individual, labeled another name, they may be electing one who will further their cause more in one year than can otherwise be accomplished in a century.

And so it goes. "That strange spell a name" holds them in check and defeats the very ends which the Republican, the Democrat and the Socialist are alike looking to.

\* \* \* \* \*

Our modern civilization has become a huge machine, without heart or conscience, without anything of tenderness and thoughtful care that should characterize human intercourse.

The trouble does not lie, fundamentally, with human hearts. It is with the methods of conducting affairs, which our boasted civilization makes necessary—or at least possible.

Recently we were given an instance of the importance of protest against this complicated machinery, in the form of an "up-to-date" department store.

A lady went into a department store to buy a spool of

thread. She was very much limited for time, but knowing exactly what she wanted, she imagined that ten or fifteen minutes at the most, would be time enough in which to make the necessary purchase. One saleswoman was busy with four customers. Seeing two women standing idle almost at the very busy one's elbow, the customer asked to be waited upon. But such a thing was not to be thought of. "It was not in their department," and they were not allowed, by rules of the "machine" to serve the customer. After waiting for twenty minutes, the purchase was made. The exact change being at hand, the customer asked to be allowed to take her spool of thread and go her way. But no, the rules of the "machine" were that each parcel must go the length of the red tape provided to insure the "machine" against loss, and another twenty minutes was consumed in waiting for the spool of thread to go through the wrapping process. Eagerly, impatiently and yet hopefully the customer watched a tired, sleepy-eyed, anaemic girl of twelve or fourteen, vainly try to make her inert energyless, inapt fingers hurry with the packages that lay upon the wrapping desk.

One after another the customers waited for their purchases, became impatient, and finally angry. Several of them went in search of the floor walker, which so confused the child that she moved even less slowly if possible. The floor-walker began reprimanding the saleswomen, and the saleswomen directed the blame where it apparently lay—upon the dull-eyed child whose duty it was to wrap the packages.

And all the while, the organizers and heads of the vast enterprise known as the department store sat in their offices evolving their plans and their systems. Their part of the business is to "make the thing pay," as Harriman said of the railroad when asked what was the business of a railroad manager. "To make the thing pay dividends."

That is what all of the vast business enterprises which make up our wonderful civilization, take for their motto: "To make the thing pay," no matter how many broken bones, no matter how many weary bodies, no matter how many tired, noise-deadened brains, no matter how many human beings it crushes, the motto must be lived up to and idolized and served as a God—"they must make the thing pay." If this ideal of making the thing pay stopped at anything like a reasonable amount of "paying," there might be even the shadow of an excuse, but it doesn't. It must "pay" in millions, not in cents or dollars.

## The Newness of New Thought

---



The term "New Thought" seems to be one of those inexplicable things that springs from nowhere in particular, and instantly becomes popular.

It is an outgrowth of a general demand for something less abstruse, less complicated and deep, than metaphysical science, and yet something that shall express in a few words the almost universal tendency toward a brighter, happier, and more optimistic scheme of "salvation."

Therefore, it is impossible for one to formulate a definition of New Thought that shall satisfy every one's idea of what the term stands for.

To the average person "New Thought" signifies a kind of "rich-quick" formula, by which to acquire magical and immediate success. It may also mean release from the consequences of past deeds that have hitherto been regarded as "sins."

To some it may represent an excuse for extravagance in dress and other expenditures, on the principle that New Thought teaches mastery over material things, and that, therefore, "New Thought says I should have everything I want."

Like the Bible, "New Thought" is "all things to all men," according to their understanding, and therein, perhaps, lies the proof of its verity.

Truth is many-sided, and may be perceived from whatever angle one regards it.

One of the fundamentals of the New Thought Movement, upon which all its various "schools" are agreed, is the value of Optimism.

The realization that we need not beg and cringe and whine at the feet of an All-wise and All-Loving Power, by whatever name we elect to call it, is a perception that is almost universally recognized.

And, it is one of the messages which the New Thought movement particularly emphasizes.

Another of the fundamentals of New Thought, to which all thinking people will cheerfully subscribe, is the fact that

honesty, sincerity and truthfulness in practical, everyday life, as well as in ethics, is a "paying proposition," in actual returns of actual, practical, material dollars and cents.

Emerson long ago said, "Men suffer all their life long under the foolish superstition that they can be cheated." And so, too, he might have said that men suffer under the foolish superstition that they can cheat anyone but themselves.

"Honesty is the best policy" because it is the best paying policy, and not because some autocratic ruler of creation told us so.

These then, are some of the fundamental principles of New Thought upon which all representatives of the movement agree. And these, are not, strictly speaking, "new." They are concepts that have been voiced in all ages of the world by those whose minds have been sufficiently illumined to perceive Truth.

The "newness" of the thought lies in its application. Hitherto the valuation of honesty has been entirely on the spiritual side. The practicability of the principle as an every day working formula, is just beginning to be perceived. In that respect it is "new" thought.

Another phase of the New Thought movement is the recognition of the possibilities of the new moment.

Many a career has been wrecked and many a life made miserable in the past by the pessimistic doctrine of "lost opportunities."

In sheer self-defense, poor, discouraged, disheartened humanity has been compelled to seek for some redress from the old doctrine of despair. And lo! the seeking resulted in finding. The right kind of a knock has resulted in opening the door to a brighter, newer time—a time fraught with a present happiness, a present reward, a present satisfaction. This is the newness of the New philosophy, whether we call it New Thought or not.

But, if the superficial New Thought advocate never gets anything more out of the philosophy than this one thing—the newness of Life—the **NOWNESS** of Life—and the realization that there are no "lost" days, no "lost" opportunities, no past sins to weep and wail and bend the knee over—he yet has gained even in this superficial realization of New Thought, an ever-present help in the daily tasks and pleasures of his existence.

Many are prone to emphasize the fact that "New Thought" isn't "new," but old, and in so doing, they lose

sight of this one important point—the newness of every thought, and every moment—the “plussing” of the past knowledge and the past happiness with the NOW.

There are those who belong to the New Thought movement in its various branches, who believe in the immortality of the individual consciousness, and there are others, who do not profess any knowledge of this part of the question, and frankly admit that they feel the need of a present happiness and a present good, and in so feeling they affirm the conviction that the future life—whatever it may be—will take care of itself.

Knowing that human nature has fed overlong upon the husks of the “to-be,” they are content to dwell in the NOW, confident in the realization that Life is All Good, and that no dreadful Hell, or damnation, or destruction awaits any of God's creatures.

This is good philosophy. It is great and high and wise Thought.

But there are others, who include in their definition and understanding of New Thought, a realization that ALL LIFE IS ONE—that there is no wide division between the visible and the invisible.

That those whom we call “dead” are as vital as we are, and that we are not separated from them in consciousness save by our failure to realize the unity between all phases of manifestation, and failure to know the experience of Death, merely as a change in Life.

It was reported to me that a certain New Thought teacher and editor disclaims any belief in the intercommunication between the visible and the invisible—that those who have passed through the change called Death can see or know anything of us here in this physical body.

This attitude is quite consistent with New Thought—because there are, as we have said, so many phases and degrees of understanding of New Thought. And one must have several degrees of New Thought before one may enter into the consciousness of the occult.

Such an attitude, however, would be impossible to any one who knows anything of occultism, because he could not travel very far in his studies and researches without having found this truth for himself.

And here again we come to a point in the philosophy of New Thought by which we may see the “rightness” of



the "other fellow." We can not be consistent advocates of New Thought truths, if we expect every one to think as we do.

The very essence of the whole metaphysical movement lies in the acknowledgement of the fact that each person is right from his viewpoint, and that we cannot limit or define Truth into a creed.

Coercion is Death. We have had too much of it already. It doesn't matter to you what some one else believes, and no matter how wise or great or good that other may appear to you, you are not to think as he does. You are to think as you think.

This doesn't mean that you must deliberately set about thinking up something DIFFERENT, merely to express your INDIVIDUALITY. But, should you find that your conclusions are in accord with those of some one else, be careful to know that these conclusions ARE yours, and not merely accepted by you.

A certain man came into the Swastika office the other day and he wanted us to subscribe to a certain thing which we did not want or need or care for.

His strongest argument was that "every one else did so."

Now, be sure that you are not taken in by that argument.

What if all the kings and rulers and sages of the Universe think thus and so—what is that to you?

The question is, do YOU think so?

That is New Thought.

What do YOU think, not what does the other person, the one who claims to know think—but what do YOU think?

Your particular "think" has its place and its purpose, and from your viewpoint you are right.

I have often illustrated this in my lectures by showing that when I hold up my hand, from where my audience sits, my hand is "up," but from where I stand, it is "down."

So it is with all the things in life. It is a matter of viewpoint.

Happily, there are many points upon which the majority agree, and among them are the fundamental concepts that brotherly love, and work, and tolerance, and aspiration, are GOOD for us, because they make for individual, and collective happiness.

New Thought, although old in many things, is teaching us some new concepts. For instance: We are learning that there are no "exalted" positions in the external world.

A king is no more important than a beggar. Fame is a bubble that breaks in our hands when we grasp it. The only thing worth while may be had without strife or struggle or competition. That is to KNOW ONE'S SELF. In that knowing we may know all there is to be known, because within each one is all there is—the consciousness of Being. All this the New Thought stands for—and as much more as we individually comprehend. There are no limits to the growth of the Individual.

If one labels one's self some specific thing, one presumably keeps within the prescribed tenets of that one thing. One is limited to the creed or the sect or society one stands for. But with the individual, there is no limitation, and what we know today is, we hope, but a forecast of what we may know tomorrow.

Jesus himself said, "And greater things shall follow." And why not?

Is the world to stand still? It certainly doesn't, in point of fact. Why should we not expect to "plus" the past?

What have we learned from the past—what has been its object, if we may not add all to its lesson?

Whatever you do—DON'T LIMIT YOURSELF.

DON'T think that you can not do what has been done, or what may be done. There is no past to opportunity.

There is only past to mistakes. The future holds untold possibilities, and they are all for YOU.

Not for the rich, or the talented, or the favored, only—they are for YOU, because YOU are the most important thing in this Universe.

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Genius believes its faintest presentment against the testimony of all history, for it knows that facts are not ultimates, but that a state of mind is the ancestor of everything.—Emerson.

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Our strength grows out of our weakness. Not until we are pricked and stung, and sorely shot at, awakens the indignation which arms itself with secret forces. A great man is always willing to be little.

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He who knows not, knows a great deal if he knows how to hold his tongue.—Italian Proverb.

## Saint Nihal Sing, India's Benjamin Franklin

We publish this month a characteristic portrait of the young Hindu journalist and lecturer, Saint Nihal Sing, of Punjab, India, who is creating a stir in this country by his vigorous and fearless contributions to the press of the United States and Canada, in behalf of the present conditions in India and the desire of all India to be allowed self-government.

Just why Mr. Sing regards this as his best photograph, might be something of a puzzle were it not for the fact that it plainly represents his emancipation from rigid rules of etiquette; of conventional attire and general dignity, which falls to the lot of the aristocratically-born Oriental. In leaving his country he also left his country's manners and customs and conventions. This photograph depicts the very essence of freedom. Freedom from the conventions of dress, of crowded city streets, and the press of human life. It is the freedom of nature, and was taken in Mr. Sing's hut in the woods, where much of his journalistic work has been done. Is it any wonder that it is the likeness to which he is most partial?

Sing is a unique figure among prominent personalities of today, inasmuch as he looks upon India and her problems with the eyes of an ex-patriot. He has become an American citizen, and he is as unsparing of the evident faults and foibles of the Orient as he is just and discriminating in setting forth the many misrepresentations which the Orient has suffered at the hands of those who could not know, as can the Oriental-born, the inner life and motives of her people.

Mr. Sing's recent article in Harper's Weekly on "The Spectre of Revolt in India" has centered public attention upon the youthful Hindu, and everywhere he is being pointed to as the able representative of his native country's cause in America. The World's Events magazine says: "Mr. Sing has been endeavoring to perform in this country the same service for his people at home that Benjamin Franklin did in France and England, prior to and during the Revolution. He is trying to educate the people generally to an appreciation of the peculiar situation in which the East Indies find themselves, and also to arouse such public sympathy that when the time comes for an East India uprising, the people there will not lack popular support in countries other than England."

Whether or not, this is Mr. Sing's secret mission, it is certain that he is succeeding in attracting the eyes of reading and thinking America to the situation in the "Sun of the British Empire."

Many admirers of Mr. Sing have expressed their appreciation of his articles in The Swastika magazine, and it is



with pleasure that we announce the fact that articles from his trenchant pen will continue to be published in our magazine. Mr. Sing regrets that he can not personally answer the many letters he has received from Swastika readers, but naturally, there is much that must be done in the life of a busy journalist, whose opinions are much in demand, and his time is, therefore, limited.—The Editor.

## The Life Principle

(Written for The Swastika.)

By DR. ALBERT J. ATKINS and DR. EMMA A. LEWIS

(Concluded.)



The rhythm of a field of magnetic force, represents the sum total of the power of attraction and cohesion in that field; this law holds good in all like fields.

If the bonds of attraction and cohesion



are broken by combustion or friction, then these forces become electrical, and tend to move in straight lines according to the law of electricity.

Friction is nature's most common means of producing electricity. It occurs in the movement of all gases, as seen in the gathering clouds of a thunder storm, and in the flash of the lightning. In climates of great extreme, where the solar energy is most intense, we find the greatest activity of gases, and consequently the most powerful thunder storms.

Gases permit of the greatest atomic freedom, hence their rhythmic motion is most easily disturbed, and their molecular arrangement most readily altered. When the force of cohesion in any substance is overcome by a more powerful attraction, its bonds of atomic relationship break, and the separate particles fly toward the more powerful affinities and form new compounds.

Next, in ease of molecular change, come the fluids, which are closely related to the gases, representing one step forward and upward in the condensing process of molecular cohesion. Many changes of physical character may take place in fluids, without a change of their atomic base.

This law of attraction and cohesion obtains in all the kingdoms of nature, diversified in expression, but having one underlying principle. The more condensed a force becomes, the shorter are its waves of vibration; hence the force condensed in a rock has vibrations so short that they are not perceptible to the senses, while those of the ocean so impress the eye, as at times to appear almost mountainous.

Nature ever presents to us a fitness and beauty of illustration; the fleecy and almost imperceptible cloud represents a portion of vital energy, which has been collected from invisible substance, through the law of molecular attraction and association of particles.

The elements which enter into this first step, in the collection and condensation of energy, into material form, have passed through all the circling spirals of changing force, until they have become ready to express the evolution of life in another form.

The sunlight as it shines upon the ocean, is Nature at work, preparing her forces for new forms of activity. The electrical action of the sun breaks up the previous relationship between the molecules of the saline waters of the sea, and because of their magnetic fineness of force, they rise in the form of mists, and are drawn inward by the air currents already explained, toward the heated centers of the land. Becoming more and more rarified by radiant heat of hill and mountain sides, they rise to colder heights, where, becoming condensed, they appear the great, snowy mountains of the sky, so closely resembling those of earth, that they seem to mingle in one vast dome, that towers into the heavens.

Beautiful prophecy of all Nature's wondrous laws; for truly the same power that condenses the atoms of force into fleecy clouds, forms also the hills and mountains of the solid earth below, and one is but the symbol of the other.

Turned by resistance, the clouds move backwards over the valleys; becoming cooler and cooler, they gradually descend, irresistibly drawn by the earth's magnetism, until the forces of each intermingle, whirling in circling lines of force, until the powers of cohesion are broken, and new lines of force are established between these two electromagnets, the earth and the cloud. Here Nature's first creation of cells begins, when she forms by rotary motion, against the powers of resistance, the globular drops of rain.

Thus, we have traced the circling lines of force from the sun, to the first feeble formation of condensed energy into globular volatile cells. Every drop of water condensed in this manner, by this law of rotary motion, resulting from the curvature of magnetic forces acting against a superior resistance, shows the law of cell formation. It is upon this plan that nature everywhere works. Before leaving this part of the subject, I wish to add, that in my opinion, the embryonic cell is no more the mother of all other cells in the human body



than one drop of rain is the mother of the storm. If nature can form a single cell, she can form a million upon the same plan.

In each kingdom of nature we shall find the same plan, the same mathematical precision and fulfilment of law and order. Everywhere she works upon the same principle, creating wondrous diversity of form.

Let us walk in the forest or the park and note some of the beautiful manifestations of life in the vegetable kingdom. Here we shall find many plants and trees growing side by side in the same soil; all receive the same sunlight, all feel the same rain, and all are moved by the same gentle breezes, yet they are different. Some have long, graceful trunks, while others are short and crooked. Some have large, broad, shining leaves, while on others the leaves are rough, small and angular.

If we examine the branches of the weeping willow, we shall see that they droop toward the earth in long, graceful curves, showing that they are more magnetic than electrical. Some plants grow rapidly, while in others the forces move slowly, all have the same general curvature and rotundity, the flowers on some being white, while on others they are red. The seed and fruit of some plants are above the ground, while those of others are buried beneath it. Some have great variety of color, while in others it is the same throughout the substance of the plant.

All this great diversity is pleasing to the senses and restful to the mind. But upon what law does nature weave into form these manifold expressions of life?

If we are able to grasp the great principle of condensing vital energy, through the laws of electricity and magnetism, we shall hold in our minds the power to solve the mystery.

All this great diversity in life simply represents the movement of vital energy, in circling spirals, at different rates of speed, vibrating to a certain magnetic rhythm.

In every step of nature we find the same law. Cut open the orange and we shall find its inner structure a perfect electro-chemic battery. The cells or chambers are arranged in consecutive rows, each cell forming a battery within itself, while the whole row is attached to a sheath or membrane, which, uniting all cells with the crude nervous system, forms a compound battery sufficient for the requisite condensation. Going further with this electro-chemic process, we notice that nature has formed a rind upon the surface of the

fruit, thus completely insulating the more delicate cells from extraneous atmospheric influences.

The larger percentage of man's food is prepared from grain, which represents a certain amount of condensed vital energy, or stored sunshine. In fact, wheat is full of electrical energy, and for that reason human instinct has made it a staple article of food all over the world.

Note the manner of its growth—its long, slender stalks, its full, rounded heads, filled with kernels of condensed energy. When ready for the harvest we find that Nature has securely enclosed and sealed each grain in one of her own simple but most effective insulators, in order to preserve it for the sustenance of mankind.

Grady, the eloquent and beloved southern orator, in his description of the old plantation, poetically expressed a strictly scientific truth when he said, "where the sunshine is locked in the bearded sheaf by day and the cotton whitens under the stars of night."

Thus, the grand eternal life forces press forward through divers paths of growth and evolution.

From the great universal life which draws from the barren rock the first tiny manifestation of organic life, step by step Nature unfolds her plans, and reveals her secrets to him who patiently and diligently searches for the knowledge she holds in her keeping.

One phase of life following another, all brought under the reign of one law, link the kingdoms of Nature into one harmonious whole. Through earth's forests, vines and grain-fields, she shadows forth her one simple, all-embracing plan of organic life. Progressively developing her gradually culminating forces through seed and cell, unswervingly following her methods, she ultimately brings forth her highest product, man. Formed on the same principle as the life beneath him, built from atoms and cells, gradually growing more complex, until united in one symmetrical system, the light of a higher beauty, a grander power shows itself in him, through emotions and thoughts, which may, in turn, scan the nether world to penetrate its secrets, or scale the clouds, to catch an inspiration of wisdom, which may lead to the understanding of the harmonies of nature, whose greatest symphony is the vibratory music of the universe.

In all the smiling valleys of our Golden West, truly Nature has found an ideal spot of earth, wherein to weave her subtle forces into beauteous forms of life. Where could

we find a more perfect condition, where so much sunshine, where such abundance of life?

Here we catch the vital aroma from the gardens of perpetual spring, here Nature invites us into her fairest fields, to a life in her open air, where health and strength abound.

O children of Nature! Come out from your illy-ventilated houses, come into the pure electrical sunshine. Fill your lungs with its certain life, lie upon the welcoming bosom of the great Mother Earth, listen to her teachings, each lesson will be one of joy and pleasure. Walk in your gardens, stroll through your parks, commune with Nature in spirit; she will sooth your tired nerves, rebuild your vital forces.

Study her vines and plants, each one of them can preach a sermon. Worship God "in His holy temple" not made by human hands. Lie beside the great, breathing, pulsating, ever living ocean; hug its sands close to your bosom; be once more a simple child, laugh and be glad with the superabundance of life.

Attune yourself to the infinite forces all around you; learn to realize that your life is a part of this greater life; you are a part of the eternal plan. Uplift your thoughts; let your mind vibrate in unison with Nature's great rhythmic life. Know that all is good to him who hears within his own soul the voice of peace.

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He who stands upon the highest height is the highest one in this universe.—Kobo Daisi.

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If honesty did not exist, we ought to invent it as the best means of getting rich.—Mirabeau.

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You have to look from the clouds to see the identity of form, but the eyes of soul perceive human equality on earth.—Luke North.

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Sometimes I think I would like to hate some fellow who has done me to the Queen's taste, but when I reflect that I would only be hurting myself, my self interest is strong enough to keep me from that folly.—The Golden Elk.

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We want the earth made a park, and all the dwellers therein comrades.—William Johnson.

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Be sober and temperate and you will be healthy.—Franklin.

## Cosy Chats

(Written for The Swastika.)

By GRACE M. BROWN.



There is nothing in the world which confuses the action of the mind and which blurs the mental atmosphere as does anxiety.

And the odd part about anxiety is, that it is unnecessary; we have no worry about known troubles, when they come we are always equal to mastering them; it is the fear of the unknown about which we fret.

This miserable dread of something one does not understand is a most mistaken form of mental expenditure and such a waste of power; yet many of us have allowed worry to become a habit with us, and a very easy habit it is to assume.

Worry is a confused sort of fear, which attracts the thing dreaded, by creating a negative condition on the exact line of its own quality; with the result that exactly the right atmosphere and place is waiting for it and consequently attracting it. So if you are afraid of the smallpox you will probably attract the disease, although it may not be in evidence within a thousand miles of you—and if you are afraid that somebody will injure you, you are inviting every person you meet to injure with your own weakness of negative expectations.

The trouble is that we do not quite understand the purpose of life. No man can fulfill his life's purpose if he is sick and sorrowful and poor, and it is the exhausting fear of those very conditions which brings them upon us.

But we are becoming more and more unafraid; the oncoming generation assumes an entirely different attitude toward life; they perceive as the passing generation could not, the utter absurdity of allowing themselves to weaken, physically and financially, just as they develop sufficient common sense to master themselves and to appreciate life upon this dear planet.

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After all, fear is as stupid as it is stupifying—when we understand a thing we are not afraid of it—when we cease to ignore a law and attach ourselves to it in the love spirit,

we are one with the law and our ignorance and misunderstanding of it is over.

There is positively nothing to fear except our own ignorance and stupidity, and they may always be overcome by cultivating our common sense and permitting our desire for truth to be expressed, and this can and will be accomplished when we think for ourselves and do not allow our minds to be controlled by other people.

To be sure, very few people do really think, although they are becoming stronger in that direction all the time. They cultivate the memory by assimilating other people's ideas until they lose their power to think for themselves; or they allow other people to control their thought and action until any ideas they might have entertained are driven away; and those are the people who are afraid. They do not realize that they are afraid, because they do NOT understand, and they do not understand because they do not think.

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When men learn to be true to themselves by solving their own problems and responding to their own desires, they will soon master their bodies and hold them in the place of youth and health.

When men learn to stop judging others and to think positively concerning themselves and others, they will soon master their financial condition and relate themselves to the life current in strength and power.

When men learn to recognize their own individuality in their divine Godness, they will understand all of life's problems and be one with life in spirit and in truth.

One man who assimilates the thought of God does more to uplift the race than a thousand negative thinkers do to weaken it.

And daily and hourly the way for human attainment is made more clear, and daily and hourly are we led into the purer atmosphere of the spiritual sunshine.

'Tis the outline of passing shadows,

Which blurs the beautiful light.

'Tis the unreal mystic doubting,

Which dims my failing sight.

For the known is as clear as the sunshine.

In truth is the light of day

And no doubtful, mystic fear-shadow

Can enter its shining way.

# The Germ of Old Age

(Written for The Swastika.)

By FREDERIC W. BURRY.



Possibly no name is more prominent before the scientific world today than Professor Elie Metchnikoff. And this great savant emphatically declares he has discovered the germ of Old Age—which he calls a “macrophag.”

This “macrophag,” he says, gnaws away at the brain and other organs, and thus produces physical decay.

Then how to conquer this germ—this micro-organism—this “macrophag.” For Professor Metchnikoff, with others, says that Old Age is a disease, and nothing else. Yes, in this twentieth century we no longer look upon old age as a desirable or venerable thing, but endeavor to cover it up if we cannot cure it, by means of various disguises, cosmetics, and what-not.

Another eminent scientist, Edward Carpenter, suggests that this macrophag is nothing more nor less than Worry—and that thoughts are “germs,” some beneficial, some baneful.

Here is a most practical idea, right away. It is well known that fear and worry do tend in the direction of all-round decrepitude. Then the thing is to learn how not to worry. Worry, like so many other conditions, is a habit. No less an authority than Thomas Edison says that even SLEEP is a habit and a useless one at that. Surely, we are creatures of habits. Some of which are doubtless well enough in their way—but others are decidedly baneful.

We are not merely creatures—we are creators. If we are not satisfied with things as they are—behold, right within us there is a force that can change and renew. Many great men in the past have intimated that we die because we have not the WILL to live.

The Will is another name for Desire. It is desire in action. We must trust the Will. We must express ourselves—living out our ideals. Life is a stream. The body is continually changing. The nerves and organs are tubes through which course the precious life-currents. Circulation is Life. Stagnation is Death. Let there be continual flow and ex-



pression—no congestion. Here is the secret, surely, of Perpetual Youth. Old Age must be, as the scientists assert, nothing else but a disease. And if thoughts are things,—why then, to renew the mind is truly to renew the body. Our thoughts dictate the course of our actions. As a man thinketh, so is he.

A joyous thought, a positive thought, is an anti-toxin that destroys the germs created by a thought of fear or some other negative emotion. The leaders of every scientific school are now telling us that thoughts are things and forces. We are creatures of habits, we are also told. And again, we are informed that we can change and renew our habits, and become positive creators where before we were merely negative creatures.

All this wisdom would come to us from our own intuition, if we were to listen in the silence. But we are so used to looking outside for "authority." And it is at least comforting to get endorsements for our native theories from the accepted leaders and professors of the scientific world.

Having thus discovered at least one of the germs of Old Age—namely, Worry—the next thing is to destroy it.

We all want to keep young. Youth is life. Elbert Hubbard says, "The good die young, no matter how long they live."

This is the age when we want to LIVE. There is so much to do—so much to live for. This is the age when we are trying to cheat the undertaker. We have our longevity clubs and our hundred year societies, and from all sides are cropping up germinal aspirations for life—more life.

If Worry is a germ of Old Age, still we cannot help worrying while our reason tells us there is anything to worry over. But when we commence to realize that everything works out for the best in this wonderful universe, and that our so-called troubles are often the best things that could happen, teaching as they do many valuable lessons,—why, then, we begin to perceive the folly of worrying—over anything, whatever. But we bravely proceed to transmute conditions, and make the erstwhile negations become positive factors towards the building up of larger successes. We see we have even needed the falls and mistakes, and that the darkness has only helped to bring out into larger relief and fuller recognition what is the substance and light.

A well-known physician refers to sleeping as a condition of "sickness," and we have heard a good deal lately about

a certain "sleeping sickness" in Africa, where the natives are infected with a condition that brings on astonishingly prolonged periods of sleep, as though they were under the influence of some powerful narcotic. Pathologists have also come to the conclusion that this "sleeping sickness," like other ailments, is caused by a germ.

And what is old age but a sleeping of certain cells of the body. We allow, or the body is allowed to sink into a condition of torpidity. Some of the brain cells lose their power, they go to sleep, they become numb, ossified, and the end is death.

The brain rules the body. Keep up the nervous system. Keep the nerve-plexi wide-awake.

How? By being alert. Perpetually renew the mind, the thoughts and emotions,—and you renew the body. Keep up-to-date. Keep young—in your thoughts and actions. Change your habits. Value custom only as long as it is seen to be worth while. Remember that all things serve their day—except your Character. This is an immortal thing. And it is for you to say whether your body is to become a true expression of your Character. It can become so, by the simple but faithful process of incarnating and incorporating day by day your Ideals—living them—believing in them utterly and for practical purpose—following them, as they are forever rising before your consciousness, continually being drawn up from the infinite resources of Mind within.

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When the soul breathes through a man's intellect. It is genius; when it breaks through his will. It is virtue; when it flows through his affection, it is love.—Emerson.

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Without the way there is no going; without the truth, no knowing; without life, no living.—Thomas a' Kempis.

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Freedom consists not in refusing to recognize anything above us, but in respecting something which is above us.  
—Goethe.

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The Materialists endeavor to show all, even mental phenomena, are physical: and rightly; only they do not see that on the other hand, everything physical is at the same time metaphysical.—Schopenhauer.

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Astronomy has revealed the great truth that the whole universe is bound together by one all-pervading influence.—Leitch.

# Happiness

(Written for The Swastika.)

By KENNETH MACNICHOL.



Of all American literature the crowning gem is that single sentence that is the corner-stone of our Republic. "We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." No philosophy can go deeper into the heart of truth than this.

"The pursuit of happiness," the woe and anguish, joy and hope of all the world expressed in four short words. Here is the sum-total of all your work, your faith, your religion, your every act, even your very life; here is the impulse that urges you onward in your strivings after wealth, fame, power, love, friendship; all the benefits that you fondly believe would increase the pleasure of life and compensate for pain.

A Will-o'-the-Wisp that all men pursue and none attain—that is this happiness of which you speak. Primarily, you will say, it is the gratification of desire. You deceive yourself into a belief that if you were possessed of this or that, happiness would descend upon you and abide with you, yet you know from past experience that it will not, since new and larger desires must ever follow swiftly on the heels of the guerdon just achieved. Can you place a limit on desire—measure the distance to the rainbow's foot where the pot of gold lies hidden?

This is the positive; the negative is one phase of the Buddhistic philosophy. When your desires are few they are easy of attainment. When they are nil there is nothing further to desire, hence all desire is gratified. Some happiness is to gratify all desire, when no desire remains, happiness is achieved: Behold Nirvana!

Emerson has said that the circle "is the highest emblem in the cipher of the world." Eternity itself is a circle, so that if indeed you are possessed of immortality your life had no beginning and can have no end, but must repeat itself forever from source to source again. Science teaches us that

sound and light are but varying forms of matter vibrating at such rates of velocity that they may be perceived by the physical senses. Beyond the spectrum are colors that the material vision cannot see, and there are sounds that are higher or lower than the ear can comprehend. But if this vibration could be increased in sufficient degree the colors that compose the spectrum, or the range of tones would be repeated on a higher plane, and again be seen or heard, and this phenomena could be repeated indefinitely with the increase in vibration. Pain may become so acute as to result in ecstasy and pleasure when prolonged, results in suffering. Have you not heard music so grandly beautiful that the pain it caused you was almost more than you could bear?

Misery is not the mean nor pleasure the extreme. Where, then, will you pause to achieve happiness? You are an individual whom it is impossible to resolve into any other entity than your own. From yourself you cannot substract yourself; to yourself you cannot add a single material thing that will make you other than you are. From within must come all that changes you for good or ill. In the subtle chemistry of Nature the living particles of your being can only be readjusted in new forms; nothing can be gained and nothing lost. No man can help you to find yourself—any religion or none, is all the same to him who has found the secret of his own Divinity.

Content and faith—these are humbler thoughts, but they at least are sure—not the blind, contented, bowing down to a mythical Fate or the fellah praying on his mat, crying aloud, "Kismet, Kismet, Allah Bismillah," beneath the oppressor's sword, but the sincere belief in the justice of the Law, and in yourself; a striving, not after a chimera or a mystic happiness to come from without yourself, but for the supreme development of your own possibilities from within. It is not the evil of the world, for this is not, but your own belief that you are not stronger than any circumstance that holds you bound.

"Have faith, believe; Believe, have faith," this is the sum of the Law. Naught transcends this: the universe holds nothing greater than the Self, you may—you must—become. The Spirit, The Over-soul, takes no account of sorrow or of mirth, of pleasure or of pain. Birth and Death are but brief pauses in its long, long journey through the Infinite, where time is not but only the Perfect Peace—the Peace that will be yours when You are You no more.

## Socialism

By "LIZABETH."

(Written for The Swastika.)

**"Out of the darkness of the night  
The world is rolling into light,  
For it is daybreak everywhere."**

To look back over the dreary waste of history, at the blind, hideous nightmare of blood and tears, and then to look forward and see nothing else, how terrible is such a thought!

To see never any rest for agonized humanity. To see this newest and noblest effort of man—the American Republic—turned into an engine of slaughter and oppression, is enough to make the heart sick.

The frenzy of greed has so taken possession of the American people that in their mad efforts to accumulate wealth, they have created a wage slavery among the toilers as relentless as in the old feudal days. The result is that general progress, instead of being a harmonious growth, becomes an inequitable scramble. To the spectator, the arena of life resembles the playground of a madhouse, and human activities appear the antics of lunatics. We shudder at the horror of it all. Hearts ache and eyes grow misty when we look out over this unhappy world, with its reign of selfishness, greed and avarice.

Every onlooker who believes well-balanced manhood to be the finest thing on the earth, will help with the socialist to uplift the toiler and as J. Altgeld said, "turn his face to the sun." We are told that socialism is a fine theory, an empty dream. That man must be blind indeed who does not see that it is a dream which has vividly impressed itself on the minds of a vast number of the human race. If it be but a dream, it is one that appeals to the highest sentiments of humanity, as well as to the natural instincts. It is a dream which is calculated to stimulate and inspire everyone who cares for the future of the human race.

Socialism has brought before the people of the whole world questions with which they must grapple; facts which they must learn to understand if we are ever to have peace on earth. Plainly, the great problem of the age is the equal distribution of wealth and the products of the world. We

have learned how to produce enough, but the producer does not know how to distribute his product.

The conditions of the great working class are so deplorable and the abuses which exist so firmly established, in most cases, that the average man of the world feels inclined to disbelieve that any remedy, except the old one of force, will suffice to remove them.

We socialists realize that now we are climbing the common and painful path of economic evolution, that leads to a resplendant future. The day is coming when civilization will assert that it always knew the Golden Rule was a scientific fact in nature. The impossibilities of yesterday become the common-place possession of today, and that for which humanity strives and toils for today will be its triumphant heritage tomorrow.

Progress is written upon everything. Broader views and loftier ideas, fill the human soul more than ever before. It will be the glory of socialism that it can weld into one common purpose all these beautiful ideas, for the entire human family.

The socialistic philosophy is founded on justice, for God Almighty is its creator. In Genesis 1-26 verse, we read that He gave man dominion over the whole earth and all therein. Strange, is it not, that any religious organization calling itself the mouth-piece of God should today be found fighting on the side of organized wealth against organized labor? We see the strange spectacle of the church of Rome marshaling its forces, to uphold organized greed and selfishness. As socialism is not a religion, it is somewhat strange that the church has turned its battalions against it. It being a political party, there seems no reason for this. Let the workers of the world remember the historic rebuke of the great Irish agitator, Daniel O'Connell, "I TAKE MY RELIGION FROM ROME; MY POLITICS I TAKE FROM THE PEOPLE." He, the great Irish Commoner, defied the impertinent interference of pope and priests in affairs of State. The church, as of old, was on the side of the ruling class, the King of England, who crushed the political and industrial life out of the Irish people. Unfortunate Ireland! Like every other country which has been dominated by church interference, she is withering and dying.

Socialism has a political and economic platform, but has absolutely nothing to say on religion, leaving this entirely a private matter for its members to determine for themselves.

The church in its opposition to socialism is grappling with



social forces stronger than itself. It is the only movement that can take from the church that which has fostered it for centuries. It will drain the church of its life-giving force and turn that force to regenerate the world, instead of using it to keep the world enslaved in ignorance, submission and superstition.

In the early days, Christianity came as a great social salvation. To the poor and oppressed it was a hope and inspiration for economic betterment, until it was emasculated by the priests of the Third Century, when it was perverted to the interests of the Ruling class. The churches have for centuries been fighting with one hand to get people into the kingdom of God, and with the other, to get the kingdom of gold and commercialism into the people.

"He who spake as man never spake" and prayed that prayer of prayers, "Our Father,"—said not a word about another place, but said, "Thy will be done on earth"—"Thy kingdom come on earth." There is nothing in that great prayer about a home in the skies. Christ's life and His teachings were to make this earth, and this life, a happy place to live in.

The prophets and God's message have been slain in the home of friends. It remains for pure socialism to establish the kingdom of God on earth. It alone has traced Government and economic evils to their source. THAT SOURCE IS THE WORSHIP AND IDOLATRY OF GOLD. The Commandment, "Thou shalt have no other Gods before me," was thundered from the mountains in the long ago days. The people have forgotten this great command, and apparently the churches have forgotten it. "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." Today, as of old, the money changers are in the temples; they have taken from the hand of liberty the scales of justice and have placed therein a club of gold. We socialists want to end the day when everything is weighed in the cash balance. We ardently desire to see the end of our present chaotic social conditions. Socialism is making gigantic efforts to overthrow these social monsters, combines, trusts, and rich parasites, who fatten on a helpless humanity.

We have to deal with grim brutal and merciless reality. The wealth of the world is rushing with cyclonic speed into one portion of the social body. Exactly as capital piles up on one side, so also piles up human misery on the other.

Workers of the world, unite! You have nothing to lose but your chains!

## Elemental Adoption

(Written for The Swastika.)

By GEORGE EDWIN BURNELL.

ARTICLE NO. 1—Concluded.

Now the two words which this instruction has adopted for the sake of clearness concerning the form of experience which results in the affair of thought as distinct from the affair of rationality—the two words I say are elemental experience and artificial experience. Of course man in his elemental life undertaking artificial enterprises would naturally meet with a vast series of experiences which would be somewhat both in their nature. He invents cathedrals which are not only elemental but vastly imbued with subjective idealities, also ethical policies, and great virtues and sanctions of a purely invisible type. Certainly these are elemental constructions of humans. Now these elements are not betrayed by the affair of human thought; they never forget that divining energy to which they are committed. The stones that are built into your vast edifices of religion never forget that they owe no allegiance whatever to the doctrine of faith you may subscribe to, but that their whole soul is in obedience to that divining sense which is the mother of their life.

You may build your ships, your railroads, your structures, your clothes, your artistic enterprises, and you may suppose them to be devoted to the vast schemes of subjective and invisible and artificial thought which have possibly betrayed your mind, but they have not betrayed the elements of your body, nor those elements which have loaned themselves to you in these vast invisible subjective enterprises which have run their infestations upon you and created in you unnatural conditions called diseases.

The elements do not forget, neither does the essentially elemental condition of your body forget that divining sense which is your mother, your father, their entire enmarshment and commandment forever.

This being so, if by some chance you, in the artificial luxuries and inordinancies of your mind, should be swept out into invisible speculations, vast enterprises of heaven, or great earthly enterprises of purely subjective type, it would be well for you to return to that silence which is addicted to the divining sense, in the embrace of which the elements of your body, although mere fascinations and creations of the

divining mind, are still overwhelmingly superior to those invisible imaginations which you may fancy to be life.

We will not now concern ourselves with those marvelous and humiliating affairs of the history of man which have testified to his tendency to forget this essential fact that the elemental world is in command of the divining rationality, while the prospects and enterprises of his mind toward which he has allowed his heart and his sentiments to stream are under the auspices of an affair of mere thinking.

Now this fear which the human entity experiences whenever the elements secede from his abstraction and begin to obey the invisible commandments which they forever love, a shock seizes them and an overwhelming uncertainty concerning experience, the value sense flies away, and they are willing to sell the whole enterprise of civilization for a moment of life and health, for an instant of happiness, for one consciousness of certainty and immortality. This fear is founded upon the fact that the elements have designs upon man, those designs being to deliver to him the same immortality which they experience. They cannot do more than this. This much they must do if the human entity puts himself in such attitude toward them that they can do so with respect to the commission they have received from the divining mind.

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### Night's Story

Nobody knows, dear, but you and I,

Nobody knows the sweet story;  
Which we alone, in all the wide world,  
Learned of the night in its glory.

The wild wind raged in its icy cold,  
The moon swept low in the sky,  
We had not yet learned from the grand old night  
Its lesson, dear, you and I.

But in the breath of its passing dark,  
In the dawn of the rising sun,  
We knew dear heart, in its shining light,  
That our work upon earth is done.

For the truth has come, dear, to you and me,  
The truth of the beautiful story.  
Which we learned from the mystic wailing night,  
Of the coming of death in its glory.—

—Grace M. Brown.

## Dorminant Desires

(Written for The Swastika.)

By WARREN EDWIN BROKAW.

It is a very common mistake for persons to substitute a part of a statement for the whole. The fact that motion tends to follow the line of least resistance is none the less apparent in the actions of human beings, than in any other modes of motion. But when that statement is applied to persons it must be remembered that its expression must fit its application. So stated, it is thus: Persons seek to satisfy their desires with the least exertion. That is, persons, in seeking to satisfy their desires, tend to follow the line of least resistance and greatest attraction. There is absolutely no exception to this rule. They always have, and always will, do so.

The point to note is this, that the line of least resistance depends upon the nature of their desires. If I row up stream instead of drifting with the current, it is because drifting will not take me to the satisfaction of my desires, no matter how easy drifting may be, while rowing will, regardless of the difficulty of rowing. Following the line of least resistance does not mean doing the thing that is easiest to do, regardless of results. It means following the easiest line to accomplishment of the results desired. That is, the line that appears to be the easiest—for appearances are sometimes deceitful.

Since life is motion, the more freedom there is for motion, the more fully may we live. Hence, whatever lives loves freedom. Every restriction of our motions is a restriction of our life: complete restriction is death. Every muscle, every nerve, every particle of us must be exercised or die; so that freedom to exercise our faculties is the first essential to life. To get and enjoy that freedom is, therefore, a universal aspiration.

People who have not formed the habit of self-analysis do not realize what a bundle of desires they are. People who are known for their habitual procrastination, or hesitation, are those who are unable to reach definite decisions between conflicting desires. Thoroughly self-reliant people usually decide quickly between their different desires. In them some one desire so clearly dominates them that their whole lives are shaped by it. In the former no one desire ever gets sufficient dominance to steer the ship of life, but several

desires are continually struggling for control. Such a person, once realizing this, might enthrone a selected desire, and thereby become a forceful person.

We are all born into this world with the one primary desire for those things which are necessary to sustain life and make it enjoyable. The first of these are food, shelter and clothing. This is necessarily the first dominant desire of all of us at birth. And until this is sufficiently satisfied to allow the attention to divert to other things, it remains dominant. Now it so happens that all these things are the result of human labor applied to the resources of nature—which resources the political economists call "land." This being so, if the resources are fenced out of the reach of most persons—whether by legal titles or any other means—so that they cannot get at them without paying someone else for the privilege, the getting of the things necessary to sustain their lives may be made so difficult as to take practically all their energies. And this is what has actually occurred. All over the civilized world the earth is claimed by persons who compel the masses to pay them tribute for access to it, and upon whose labor they are thereby enabled to live in idleness. This makes the dominant desire of producers that of getting wealth.

When these first desires are sufficiently satisfied, the next to come into prominence is the desire for esteem—that sentiment which makes for association and companionship. It makes us do those things which win friends and admirers. So long as most persons find it difficult to satisfy the first desire (for food, etc.), the possession of wealth—and the power which always seems to accompany it—seems sufficient to bring satisfaction of the desire for esteem to those who have attained leisure enough for that desire to become dominant. And that makes the dominant desire of the idlers—those who live upon the labor of others—that of wealth getting also. This is why the dollar has become "almighty."

But consider for a moment what would happen if we could suddenly make the getting of wealth so easy for all persons that the exercise necessary to maintain health would suffice to secure each one of us all the wealth necessary to satisfy our individual desires. Necessarily the desire for esteem would come uppermost in all. At the same time, we would find that the mere accumulation of wealth would no longer win esteem; but that, on the contrary, we would have to merit esteem in order to gain it. How else would it be

possible to do this except by casting off inharmonious and adopting harmonious habits?

Thus, by simply making wealth-getting easy for all, we could change human desires—making dominant the pleasing of others instead of the robbing of them. And there is no other way to stop "graft."

There is no way to make wealth-getting easy for all so long as the tenure of land (the terms or arrangements upon which land is used) is inequitable. So long as anyone is under the necessity of paying another for the privilege of getting at the earth, all the other ills known to humanity necessarily follow. Equal freedom in the use of the earth is, therefore, the first essential to the destruction of every evil from which persons suffer.

It so happens that, because the earth is held as the property of a comparatively few persons, the rest of us are kept so busy making a living that we do not have time to think; and hence we accept or absorb those ideas which our benevolent (?) earth owners have carefully insinuated into all the educational sources. There is hardly a line of thought through which they have not instilled into us respect for, or faith in, institutions which tend to strengthen their power over us. Thus they have made the line of least resistance to the satisfaction of our desires appear to be through activities which are sure to continue their privileges and our servitude. It, therefore, takes the dynamic power of a fundamental conception to jar us loose and set us to thinking in a different channel.

The corrupting power of our inequitable system is everywhere shown in the tendency of persons to be suspicious of the most sincere persons while trusting almost implicitly the most consummate hypocrites. Hence all kinds of fakirs and quacks flourish, while honest people go to the wall. Yet all is due to the wrong direction given human desires by a land tenure system which makes it difficult for the masses to satisfy their primary physical desires.

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Wisdom alone, is power. Money, Custom, fashion are mere "ghosts."—Dr. McIvor-Tyndall in "Ghosts."

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"I cannot discover any rules by which I should live. There seem to be no fundamental laws that are-tangible to the intellect. There is a moral scale, to be sure, but the upper end of it fades into spiritual obscurity and it is therefore not highly serviceable to a great soul."—The Individualist.

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## The Ghost of the Blizzard

(Second prize in the Ghost Story Contest awarded Oct 1.)

Submitted by A. P. Miller, 855 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, Cal., and also by Isaac Wright, 728 Greenwood Avenue, Toledo, Ohio.

**Editor's Note**—This story was written by Mr. Miller, but as the account submitted by Mr. Wright was equally well told and corroborated, the prize, \$15, was divided between Mr. Miller and Mr. Wright, by common consent.

**Mr. Miller's story:**

In the year 1871, I cast in my lot with a party of colonists in a prairie town in Southwestern Minnesota, and set out to help build a model colony.

It was the experience of a lifetime, this breaking up the virgin lands and thus building a community from the ground up. Letters went back East telling how the colonists planted corn with an ax and caught fish with a pitchfork, and how the piano was set up in a shanty and the library was stacked up under the bed.

The game lover found himself in a paradise. Birds abounded, duck, wild geese, brant, curlew, pelican and prairie chickens. The local poet wrote "fleets on fleets of duck floating 'round the lake."

The summers were rich. The farmers rode along the creek bottoms and near the lakes, through seas of wild, blue-joint grass up to the backs of their horses. The days and nights were frequently glorified by thunder storms of terrific and ineffable grandeur. At night the colonists often sat till midnight watching the frolic, sheet-lightning playing over miles of cloud banks, vividly suggesting the possible glories of another world.

In the autumn, from the middle of September to the middle of October, it was genuine Indian summer. At this season the prairies of the Northwest had the finest climate on the continent—crisp, frosty nights and soft, crystal-clear days, when the hum of the thresher could be heard for miles.

On some mornings the looming mirage cast a glare over the prairies and changed them into an enchanted land. Farmers, at first, doubted their senses and feared for their reason when they saw the country for fifty miles in all directions raised into view, lakes, groves, villages, not ordinarily visible, appearing like apparitions invoked by some enchanter's wand.

On the morning of November 13, 1872, I ascended the highest building in the town and stood for an hour surveying a fairy land. Thirty miles east the timber line of the Des Moines river could be traced for fifty miles up and down, and the timber on Lake Shetek, thirty or forty miles north, loomed up distinctly. The day was divine, but toward night those who knew the Northwest saw indications of a blizzard. Even the familiar flock of wild geese flew over, going south.

At dark, a gale from the northwest struck the houses in the town with a whack as distinct as if it had been a board in the hands of Old Boreas.

One of the famous northern blizzards was on, and it continued until the afternoon of the third day. Henceforth it was winter. Snow covered the prairies and blockaded the railroad most of the time until late in the spring.

The 7th of January, following, was another divine day. The sky was mild and clear and there was no wind. The settlers supposed that something like an Eastern thaw was at hand, and they came to town on business or set out with their teams on various errands.

Toward noon a change was apparent. The sky lost its crystal clearness and became a trifle misty. By 1 o'clock a white wall or sheet was seen on the northwestern horizon, bearing down upon the town. In a few minutes a gale, moving at a thirty or forty mile rate, was upon us, and the air was filled with snow as fine as flour. This was the great blizzard of 1873. It continued the usual three days and three nights. Seven persons perished in the colony and over seventy in the state.

On that fateful morning a farmer named John Weston, who lived near the northern line of the county, hitched his ox team to a sled and set out for Graham Lakes, not far distant, for a load of fire-wood. Night came and Weston had not returned. His wife quieted her fears by hoping that he had found shelter with some neighbor. During the night her son, a lad twelve years old, called to his mother, and said: "Uncle Linderman is at the door, and is calling. He says 'John is lost in the snow storm.'" The voice sounded like his uncle's. Mrs. Weston hastened to the door, but found no one there, and no tracks or marks in the snow. They could not communicate with their neighbors, and it was far into the afternoon of the third day before they could give the alarm.

The next day the settlers about Graham Lakes joined in a search for the missing man. On the banks of Jack Creek,

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not far from the lakes, they found the sled and near it the oxen frozen to death. Weston had unhitched them, no doubt supposing that the instinct of the animals would guide them home.

The search for Weston was fruitless, and toward evening the farmers returned to their homes and set about their chores. One of Weston's neighbors was a man named Casper, a practical, unimaginative, truthful man, a member of the Methodist church, an da disbeliever in ghosts and a stranger to spiritual phenomena. He came to my office to tell the story and I give it in nearly his own words:

"I went into my stable after the bucket, intending to water my horses. I came out and turned the corner to go down the slope to the well, when about half way down the path I was surprised to see John Weston coming up the path to meet me. He approached with his usual, familiar smile, and his hands were tucked under the cape of his blue soldier overcoat, just as I had seen him approach many times. I called to him, and said: 'Hello, Weston! why, I thought you were lost in the snow storm.' Weston replied, 'I was, and you will find my body a mile and a half northwest of Hersey!' He then began to melt or fade away, somewhat like smoke thinning out, and disappeared. I had not time to realize what was occurring till it was over and then I began to feel mighty queer!"

Casper at once told his story to all comers and it was published in the local paper and copied in Eastern journals. It was also discussed by the local literary society and talked of at the firesides of the colonists during the winter.

Late in the following April the snow disappeared from the prairies and another searching party was formed to search for Weston's body. They went a mile and a half northwest of Hersey, and there in the edge of a slough, they found the body lying face down as he had fallen and clutching the tall grass or reeds with his hands!

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"It is because man is so idle, so indisposed to assume or accept responsibility, that he falls back upon the temporary makeshift of a creator."—Through Gates of Gold.

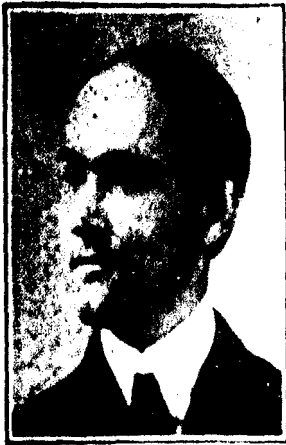
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"The Consciousness of Being, in its completeness, is all there is. When this shall have become to you a reality instead of a mere abstraction, you will know that you were never born and that you can never die."—From "Ghosts: A Message from the Illuminati."

## Familiar Phantoms

(Written for The Swastika.)

By WILLIAM MORRIS NICHOLS.



"The Ghost Show" was the name very appropriately applied to a peculiar theatrical performance, which ran for a long time in B——. By a cleverly contrived arrangement of mirrors, the eye of the spectator in the audience was made to see what was apparently the spectre of some well-known character, long gone to his reward. Hence the appellation, "Ghost Show."

This performance long ago passed into the Halls of Memory, and the writer has seen nothing like it since. But there are apparitions still "on the boards," that obviously have been overlooked by the Society of Psychical Research.

One may find these figures reflected in one's environment, and they seem to be the Genuine Article until followed right up to the headwaters, and then their spuriousness is clearly revealed.

One of these lay-figures is the very common apparition called Opposition.

"I can't accomplish anything at all because M—— acts so. I never propose a single plan but what she turns it down."

"She's always on the contrary side." "She opposes me in everything I want to do."

These and similar expressions daily accost our ears.

Only a day ago, a friend said to me, in heated tones: "I just wonder if G—— has been on the opposite side all her life!"

This friend meets with opposition from all members of her household. She carries opposition in her mind and thought, and this very element she so despises, I have seen her hand out very strenuously to others. This reflection in her environment haunts her faithfully, yet this friend is utterly unaware of the true cause of it.

**Who opposes you?**

The next time you are pulled up short by someone's saying to you, "Oh, I wouldn't do that!" stop a moment and analyze the feeling aroused in you by this simple statement.

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How does it make you feel? Is the sensation a pleasant or an agreeable one?

No, it makes me feel vexed. I feel HARD, and blurt out, "I shall do it!"

That's it, exactly! That's where your opposition comes in, right in your hard feelings! They close down on you until you are shut up tighter than a fresh clam. And yet, it is you, and only you, opposing yourself. A clearer view of the situation would have shown you there was nothing in the statement denoting opposition to you; the one who made it was simply expressing himself—all you had to do with it, rightfully, was to LET HIM! But instead of doing this you begin to fill your mind with thoughts of opposition, and to express HARD feelings. Now, what else can you do but meet your reflection in the glass of environment?

When any one next questions some act of yours, make no response for a moment; think of something entirely irrelevant to the whole matter, or even ask a direct question upon a subject you know the other is interested in. Watch the effect.

Has somebody sneered or laughed at you, or, perhaps, negatived your ability to do something you propose doing? Treat all this with silence, the non-contemptuous kind, and note the sense of power which comes to you after the wavelets are calmed, and then you will ask opposition, "Where is thy sting? and where thy victory?"

Keep opposition out of your mind and you will soon cease to meet its reflection in your environment.

Then there is the Phantom of Failure, and the Ghost of Chance. Both of which may be laid in a similar kind of way.

If you are running up against failure much of the time, you may rest assured you are toting around the original package in your mental locker. Burst the string and drop the contents of the bundle overboard. O, yes, you can do it! Then you'll heave a sigh of relief, stand up on deck with a straight spinal column, and with a mind free to enjoy the sunlight sparkling on the waves of life, for the gaunt spectre of Failure will no longer confront your gaze.

Often we hear the words, "O, I haven't the Ghost of a Chance!" It's a lie, for that is the very ghost you have got in your mind, everytime you speak these words. Chance is a "ghost," just that! What did Emerson say about this bit

of Phosphoresence? "In the Will work and acquire, and thou hast chained the wheel of Chance, and shalt always drag her after thee."

This Eminent Essayist doesn't mention any particular Individual's will—"the Will" are his words. Will is a Universal Principle, the same as Life, Love and Light. You have as much right to work in it as I or any one else. The Ghost of a Chance will disappear after you have begun operations in the Will. There is no chance here, for Will is Will, and never opposes itself. So you see, the chance part is a mental spectre, that disappears when you know The Will for you realize that in the Will there is only and always Certainty.

## From My View Point

Margaret McIvor-Tyndall

Mrs. Elbert Hubbard has been to Denver, and has lectured on "Work, and Woman's Share In It." Many of the things Mrs. Hubbard said were fine. All of the things were well said; but I think that Mrs. Hubbard made the mistake that is inevitably made when we group human beings together in an unleavened lump and call them this, that or the other.

There are women and women. There is no such thing as the "feminine temperament." I think it is Herbert Spencer who alludes to the "legal male mind" and the "emotional female mind." Now if it isn't Spencer, please don't some of you, feel obliged to write me three sheets of paper telling me I am wrong. It doesn't matter. I don't care whether it was Spencer or Carrie Nation. The point is, that there is no such thing as a "male mind" or a "female mind," whoever said it. Mind is the tool of the ego, and will be used according to the individuality, and not the sex, of the ego.

What I started to say is that I take a strenuous exception to Mrs. Hubbard's viewpoint that "women should share the responsibility" of a partnership of marriage. I quite agree with Mrs. Hubbard that marriage should be, and is, any way, a business partnership—a co-operative enterprise. But, even in business partnerships there is recognized the fact that one partner may be fitted, by predilection and natural ability, for one phase of the work, while the other partner may do his share in quite another direction.

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Women who want children should have them. Those who do not want them should not have them, and by all means and above all things, the women who do want and who have children, should not know one hour of responsibility or care, or thought, of the financial affairs of the household.

Half of the worry (the national disease, no doubt) that afflicts us today is the result of the maternal care and anxiety about the "wherewith shall they be clothed," with which mothers are so often oppressed, when bearing and rearing children.

It is mere platitude to say that "worry does no good," and "it is foolish to worry." The mother who sees herself surrounded with seventeen small children and more on the way, would be either less or infinitely more than human if she could sit calmly down and be resigned to her position, even though she be powerless to change it.

Women do not need more responsibility, but less, much less, if they are mothers.

There are other things in the world equally important with work. There is beauty and happiness and music and just having a good time.

The standard of usefulness, for women or men either, should not be the standard of "how much work accomplished" nor yet of "how much wealth amassed." It is not every man's business to make money, neither is it every woman's business to help in the responsibility of providing for her food and clothing. There are instances where the mere fact of her beauty and her cheerfulness and her lightheartedness are sufficient. They are a part of the household, and if she does her best in fulfilling her part, she is contributing all that is her due.

And although I trust, if this little preachment falls into the hands of Mrs. Fra Elbertus, she will not take it unkindly, I here suggest that she owes it to her audience to contribute a little herself to the beauty of her surroundings by appearing on the stage in something less somber, less suggestive of the office or dingy, unbeautiful business-world, than the costume she wore on the stage of the Women's Club.

I was reminded, by sheer force of contrast, of a certain lady who essays New Thought lecturing. One could never listen to the aforesaid lady because of the compelling suggestion of her gorgeous raiment.

Whatever pearls of wisdom fell from her lips were lost in the yards upon yards of costly silk and lace that enshrouded her form.

Mrs. Hubbard represents the other extreme. Nothing but dull, unaesthetic tones of brown and blacks and dust-tinged grays met the eye, as one sat and gazed stageward in the unsympathetic atmosphere of the Women's Club, and listened to Mrs. Hubbard.

Surely there is a happy medium between the woman who makes of herself merely a figure upon which to hang dry-goods and the one who regards beauty as an enemy.

After which I sincerely beg Mrs. Hubbard's patience, and return to the question of woman's place in the world's work. Briefly, she hasn't any "place." Her place is to work at whatever she likes to do. If she likes to rear children, she most assuredly ought not to have another blessed thing to do, or to think of, because it is through her mental attitude that the coming race must be improved, and if she has upon her delicate shoulders the responsibility and the thought of the family living, she cannot, by any sort of sophistry, do her best to make those children wise and happy and strong.

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Now that the Pope has placed his ban upon Advanced Thought, we may confidently expect to shortly cover the world with its influence.

Publicity is the god-father of popularity, and many Catholics who had perhaps not even heard of the Metaphysical Movement, will now assert that spirit of individualism that slumbers even in the breast of so unawakened a mortal as "the devout Catholic," and will rise up and see what it is all about. Thus the Church has ever aided Progress, while attempting to check it. The Council of the Wise, having in their hands the enlightenment of this "dark planet" must smile with satisfaction as they see the boomerang which the stupid old church is again throwing out, to check what her shortsighted eyes regards as another disguise of the Devil.

The Catholic Church is doomed. Nothing on this globe can stop its disintegration, because it insists upon signing its own death warrant.

"The church that was good enough for kings and princes to die by," as a dear blinded Catholic old lady once said to me, is not good enough for the world's workers to live by, and it must go, for we have done with a far-off time and a hymn-singing place of gold-paved streets, and harps, and we are entering the long-promised land.

God bless the Pope! He is doing a good work as Special Publicity Agent of the New Era.

## Let Down Your Buckets

(Written for The Swastika.)

By DR. GEORGE W. CAREY.



The ship was staunch, strong and a good sailer.

The crew was composed of well-trying seamen.

Adverse winds had driven the ship from its course and fogs and foul weather had delayed and retarded her way until the crew had consumed their rations of water and were suffering with thirst.

No land in sight, and the pilot had "lost his reckoning."

At this critical juncture another ship was sighted, and the crew of the lost ship put out the signal of distress. Soon there came from the captain of the ship—the ship that was not lost—the question, "What's the matter?"

The Captain of the lost ship replied, "We are in great need of water. Can you spare us any water?"

And then with a merry ha! ha! the Captain of the ship—the Captain who had not lost his reckoning—replied, "Let down your buckets; YOU ARE IN THE MOUTH OF THE AMAZON."

What a lesson for sleeping humanity, dreaming the dream of poverty and sickness.

Come, let us awaken to a realization of our birthright.

When the "appearance of evil" looms before us, we may let down our buckets of understanding into the great Amazon of Good.

When the belief in disease begins to hypnotize the brain, we should let down the bucket of supply into the waters of health and draw abundant Life.

When the fear of poverty seizes upon our consciousness, we can let down the bucket of faith into the ocean of universal Opulence, where "giving doth not impoverish" and draw all things needful.

Like a fish in the sea hunting for water; like a bird searching for air; like a mole longing to find earth, we wander and doubt, and fall in an imaginary battle with evil, poverty

and disease, while the Amazon of Energy, Force, Love, Life and Law surges and beats against the closed doors of thought.

May the poverty-stricken, the doubtful, the fearful, soon rend the veil of Maya and take what they need, asking no questions and begging no favors.

May every son of toll highly resolve that henceforth he will retain the full product of his labor; that he will "build houses, AND INHABIT THEM;" that he will "plant vineyards, and eat of the fruits thereof."

Then shall the prophecy be fulfilled: "He who will not work, neither shall he eat."

Pomona, Cal.

## Talks With Swastika Readers

With this issue we complete the year, and with our next number we want to enlarge, improve and in every way possible, increase the influence of The Swastika Magazine.

If what we have given you during the year meets with your approval, if you have found in its pages that which meets your needs, that which you agree will aid in lifting struggling humanity into a higher vibration, we earnestly beseech your assistance in keeping up the tone, the quality and general appearance of the magazine, by promptly sending in your subscription for the coming year.

If you don't like The Swastika, we do not urge you to take it. We will, however, be glad of any new ideas which are feasible. We prefer not to publish a magazine that is given over to trivialities, to personal opinions only, or to the discussion of domestic, or social inanities.

We do, however, want to reach the needs of all who read the magazine, and these needs are necessarily varied. We do not expect that every one will find each and every line of the magazine to his liking. If this were possible the public mind would be cast in but one mold. The most we hope for is that every one who reads The Swastika will find something in its pages to his liking. The symbol of The Swastika is the broadest, most inclusive, most potent message to all of humanity, that the world has ever known.

As Dr. Hubert Skinner expresses it in his sublime poem, "The Swastika" in our October issue:

"Happy that this, the farthest cry  
Of man to man speaks not of hate or woe,  
Of doubt or sorrow, but of courage high,  
Of blessing in his journey here below."

So The Swastika magazine seeks to speak of blessing, of courage, of brotherhood, of breadth and tolerance, and of universality of good.

We allow our writers unlimited scope. They may say what they like, because we have no particular "policy," no

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creed, no cut-and-dried, made to order, religion or philosophy or system of reform. We know that every system, whether ethical, political, or religious, has some message for the world, but no one of the many systems has it all.

If we have a hobby it is that of liberty to have and to express individual opinions upon every subject under the sun. We may or we may not agree editorially with that which our writers promulgate, but every one is free to say what he wishes to say.

Another hobby, perhaps, is the belief in absolute equality of the sexes; of races; and nations. Not identity, or similarity, but equality in the sense of equal importance in the scheme of life.

Anything that does not conflict with these ideals, is heartily welcome in The Swastika, if it offers even a remote possibility of helping human beings to live in peace and harmony and well-being.

Again quoting from Dr. Hubert's wonderful poem to the swastika symbol:

"A later world has writ in alphabets,  
Each suited to the needs of tribe or clan;  
Nor time nor place to thee a limit sets—  
Thou speakest universally to man."

That is what we wish to do. We wish to speak universally to man, and we wish our message to be one of well-being, of blessing and of helpfulness to each and every tribe and clan.

In October we offered \$1.00 for an idea that could be used in The Swastika either to improve its appearance, its scope, or its message. Since that time we have been gratified to receive many letters of appreciation—many of them saying that The Swastika was typographically, editorially, and artistically perfect. This is most gratifying, but we know that nothing in this manifestation can be really perfect and we are not sufficiently self-satisfied to believe that The Swastika cannot be improved. However, up to date, we have received but one suggestion which we can use. This was offered by our Saint Nihal Sing, who seems to be prolific in original ideas. Mr. Sing's suggestion will be used in the next issue, and we are confident that our readers will agree that it is worth one dollar. Perhaps, Mr. Sing's success in suggesting acceptable ideas may embolden others to send in something. The offer remains open.

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## A PRAYER

W. D. WATTLES

I ask for no hovering spirits  
To whisper their counsels of light,  
No guiding angels to hold my hand,  
And lead me in ways that are right;  
But when I must pass through the darkness  
In the shadows of fear and sin,  
Give me the Faith and the Grace, I pray,  
To be true to the Light Within!

## Personal Problem Department

Readers of THE SWASTIKA MAGAZINE who desire their questions answered free of charge in these columns may send in their questions to the EDITOR PERSONAL PROBLEM DEPARTMENT, if they will send their name and address with their letters of inquiry. Otherwise, they will not be answered. For purposes of identification, the writer may suggest initials. Those desiring a personal and private letter of advice from Dr. McIvor-Tyndall must enclose \$5.00 for same.

**TURNING THE OTHER CHEEK.**—Mrs. M. C., Macon, Ga., writes: "I would like your opinion on the question of how much or to what extent, we should 'turn the other cheek' when a person has injured us?"

Answer: Personally, I do not believe in "turning the other cheek," if a person deliberately and persistently injures us. There is a certain kind of spontaneous anger, where an otherwise kindly disposed individual may, in the heat of temper, injure us, and in such a case if we can preserve our equilibrium, and send back to him only kindness and love, we will succeed in turning the tide of his anger and bring out the naturally good impulses, but there is a different kind of person who will accept our every sacrifice, and will, with deliberate "malice aforethought" abuse our patience and trade upon our efforts to do right. These I would advise you to avoid as you would step aside on a path, were you to encounter a venomous serpent. You can do this without desiring them any harm, or holding any ill will against them, but were you to receive a sting on one cheek from a rattler, I would not consider it either wise or good, to turn the other one to receive the same treatment.

**THE VALUE OF BREATHING.**—"Puzzled Student," City, wants to know: "How is one to know who is right when teachers tell you so many opposing things in regard to New Thought? I had taken a course in breathing exercises and supposed that it was good, and now a teacher whose class lessons I took, insists that breathing exercises are not good, and advocates a method of brain-building by sound and color. What is one to do? What do you think is essential in the study of New Thought?"

Answer: I think the most essential thing in any study is a little of that uncommon quality called "common sense." Each teacher must have his little hobby or his little particularity, or where would he get his pupils? If you can get along without breathing you are a marvel, and ought surely to spread the system of living that excludes breathing, as some people dislike the effort of breathing. But personally, I have never discovered a way to keep life in the physical body without breathing, and I have found nothing better for the upbuilding of the body and stimulation of the mind than certain breathing exercises. Investigate all things, and hold to that which you find good, and don't swallow in undigestible gulps everything a "teacher" tells you. Does he or



she demonstrate in his own person the theories he gives you? Does he live without breathing?

**WHAT IS COSMIC CONSCIOUSNESS.**—"A Texas Subscriber," asks: "What is cosmic consciousness, and is it possible for the average person to realize its meaning by actual experience?"

**Answer:** You will hear a great diversity of opinion expressed upon this subject of consciousness, and I therefore take this occasion to say that I know "whereof I speak," in dealing with this subject. The experience of entering the condition or state of consciousness which embraces all-knowledge and all comprehension, and all love, is not uncommon, whatever may be said to the contrary. Many children go through this experience and I have known many persons who have frequently experienced the apparent phenomenon. Just as your consciousness may be extended to include the psychic plane, evidenced in clairaudience, psychometry, clairvoyance, so your consciousness may be extended beyond what is termed "the Silence," into the very heart of the All-Inclusive consciousness of the very cosmos. If you have ever felt yourself entering into the realization of a certain person's life and thoughts and feelings, until you felt that you knew him "even better than he knew himself," and then feel what it would be to have this same realization of every particle of Life in the Universe, you have experienced, momentarily at least, the extension of your consciousness into what is known as "cosmic."

**OBJECTS HAVE AN AURA.**—Dorcas S., 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 etherialized extension of the physical faculties, and are different only in degree.

**HOW TO CHECK FAILURE.**—M. C. writes: "Shall be glad to have the following questions answered: When we have met with failures in domestic affairs and in business, what remedy can be applied to check our disappointments and losses before we reach the base of entire failure?"

**Answer:** Search for the cause of your failures. Be sure that there is a cause. No human being is singled out as a target for an unkind fate to shoot at. Eliminate the cause, and start with the expectation and the mental attraction for success. There is no such thing, anyway, as the "base of entire failure." You must have reached the limit of eternity and infinity before you could write "failure" as a final. And to reach the end of eternity and infinity is manifestly an impossibility.

## IN OPEN COURT

In this department, we invite our readers to enter their suggestions, criticisms, ideas comments and discussions of any and all questions pertaining to the welfare of humanity. We may or we may not editorially agree with the sentiments expressed herein. The point is to let each one say what he has to say in his own way.

Dear Swastika Friends:

Have you any proofs to offer us of the immortality of the soul, other than that which lies in the fact of our unity with Infinite Substance, or God? Our reason tells us that substance is imperishable. As it is as utterly impossible to turn something into nothing as it is to make something out of nothing.

My understanding of the matter is this: That we, you and I, and all THAT IS are God. But, I, Agnes ———, or the little particle or quantity indicated by that name am not ALL God, else there would be no John or Mary or any other.

I am not losing sight of the fact that John and Mary and Agnes and ALL THAT IS, are one—God. But in the individual consciousness there is only Agnes or John, as the case may be.

The question, to my mind is not whether the great I AM possesses consciousness of being, but whether the little I, the cell in the Infinite body, retains its identity and individual consciousness after the dissolution of the manifest or material form.

This separate and individual existence is what we mean by Immortality of the soul. That which we all desire and look forward to, though I would rather have it linked with the larger consciousness. Whether or not we attain the desired goal, I for one feel that I must keep on hoping, desiring, and striving for it.

Fill your glasses, and drink with me this toast:

Here's to my Will o' the Wisp,  
My body of nebulous light,  
To whom I my love-phrases lisp,  
As I walk in the night.

Out o'er the marshes wild  
It beckons me from afar,  
I follow it love-beguiled—  
This flickering star.

I know not whither it leads  
Nor what be its mission or part,  
But my soul seeks the light that it needs,  
In its warm bright heart.

Be its portion sorrow or joy,  
This wandering phantom light?  
What witcheries does it employ  
Out there in the night?

—Agnes Von Waldberg, Denver.

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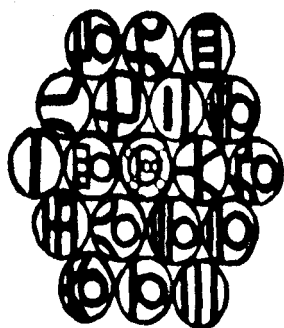
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