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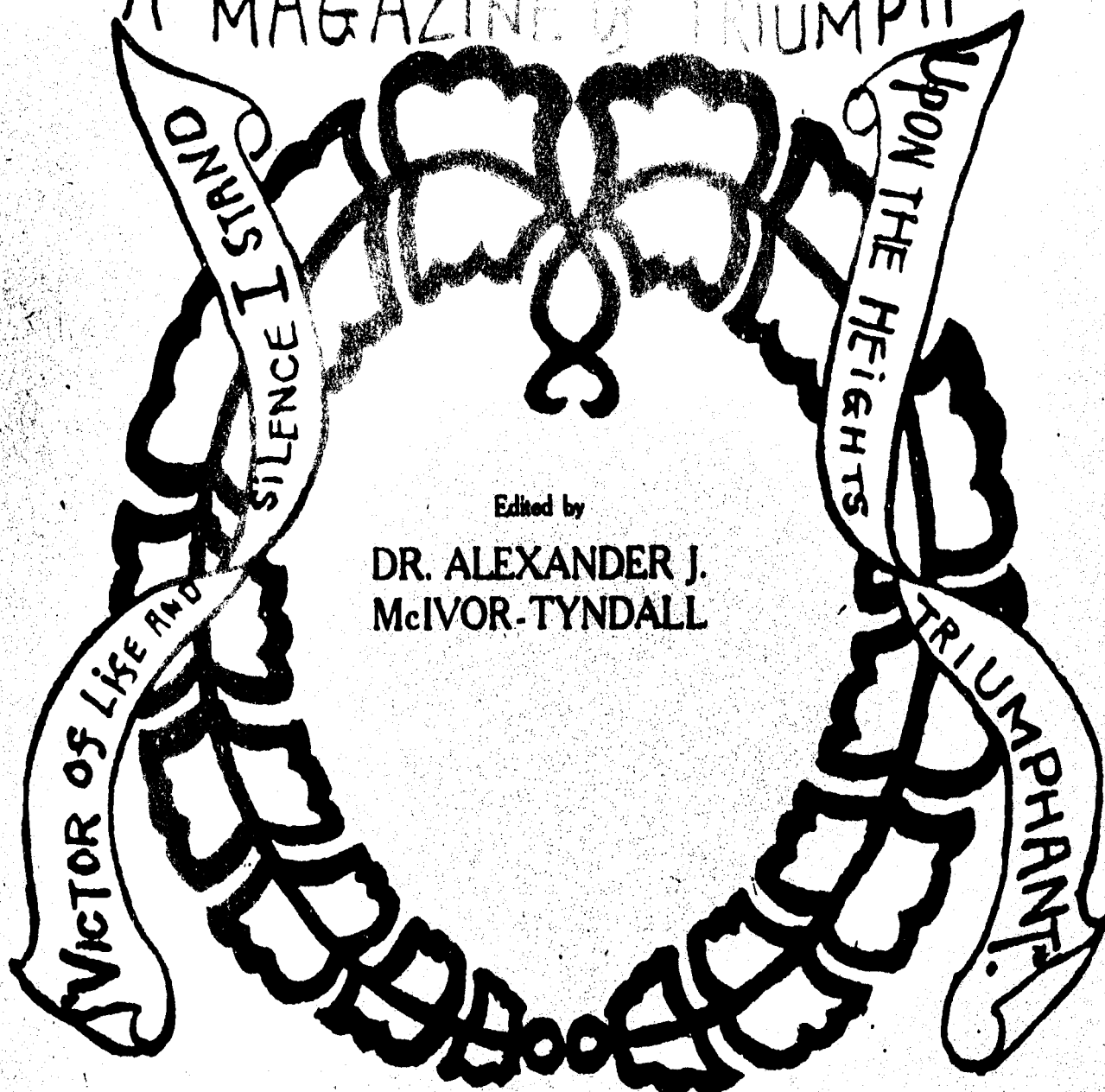
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THE

SWASTIKA

A MAGAZINE OF TRIUMPH



Edited by

DR. ALEXANDER J.
McIVOR-TYNDALL

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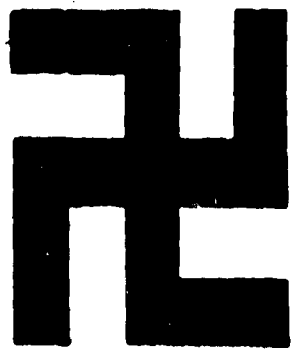
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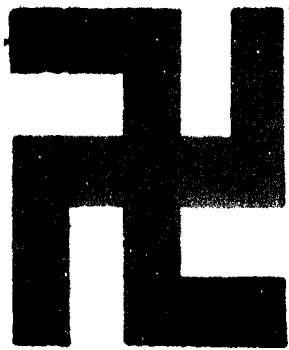
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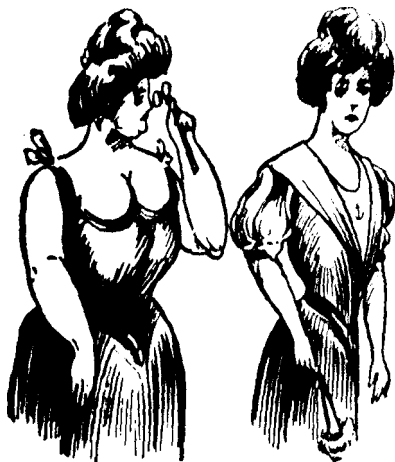
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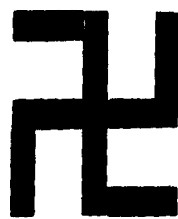
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A Magazine of Triumph

Edited by Dr. Alexander J. McIvor-Tyndall

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Devoted to Psychic Science, New Thought, Metaphysics, Socialism,
The Solution of Personal Problems.

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JULY-AUGUST, 1908

Nos. 3-4

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When this paragraph is marked, your subscription has expired, and we gently request you to renew by sending us your subscription for it.

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O Heart of the World!

O HEART of the World—sad heart of the world
I know the weight of your load of cares
I know the thorns that dumb Sorrow wears
I know the sting of the sharpest woe
I have known the depths of Life's undertow
And the search for rest that the weary know—
O Heart of the World—sad heart of the world.

O HEART of the World—sad heart of the world
I know the ache of your hopes and fears
I know the dread of the uncounted years
I know the anguish of broken vows
I have felt the cords that bind Labor's brows
And the shame and despair that the outcast knows—
O Heart of the World—sad heart of the world.

O HEART of the World—sad heart of the world
I am one with thee. I respond to thy beat.
Dear Brothers who toil in the dust and the heat
Dear Sisters who love and strive and grow old
Dear Children made slaves by the lust for gold
I know every grief that thy days may hold—
O Heart of the World—sad heart of the world.

O HEART of the World—sad heart of the world
As long as my brother shall know Life's pain
While yet one suffering soul shall remain
So I—of thy every throb a part—
I too, shall partake of thy aching heart
And feel the pangs of each piercing dart—
O Heart of the world—sad heart of the world.

Margaret M. Lord-Judell

THE SWASTIKA

A Magazine of Triumph

Vol. V

JULY-AUGUST, 1908

Nos. 3-4

Editorials

We are issuing our July and August numbers together, making a souvenir edition of the National Democratic Convention number, and we trust that our readers will appreciate the advantage, both to themselves and also to THE SWASTIKA staff.

We found that it would not be possible to give a report of the convention without delaying our July issue beyond the time of our usual coming out, and we felt that so important an event as that of the Democratic convention, with the possibilities which this great event entailed, should be reported to our readers, from our own viewpoint.

We have given all the space we could spare to the work of the convention, but we would like to have been able to print more photographs of the truly wonderful and inspiring sight.

This souvenir arrangement also gives our staff some time for rest and recuperation, before the work of the September issue comes on.

* * *

Just as at Christmas and at Easter, we find persons who revive their fast dying allegiance to ancient ideas of what constitutes "religion," so, during this month we find a strenuous attempt on the part of many to resuscitate their sleeping "patriotism," which they express in a great measure by fire and smoke, the heritage of our warring ancestors.

True allegiance to one's country is not rightly expressed by a readiness to fight every other nation, nor by boasting of success in wars which were fought before we were born.

It is not true loyalty that causes us to overlook glaring incompleteness in governmental matters.

Loyalty to that which is true, that which is conducive to the greatest good, transcends lesser ideals of patriotism.

With this ideal of Truth in our minds, we may look at the

conditions that prevail in other countries, and learn from them, even though we do not emulate them.

We believe that the United States of America is the most advanced country on the globe today, because the constitution voices the ideal of equality, of freedom and of opportunity for every human being. But, we do not consider that the constitution is lived up to in the degree that it might be, even allowing for the fact that no ideal ever is fully realized in the objective. The larger patriotism recognizes that which is good in a country's government and seeks to improve conditions without closing our eyes to that which does not make for a country's best interests.

* * *

If anything can defeat Bryan's election to the Presidency this year, it will be the Socialist vote which, it is freely admitted, takes many more votes from the Democratic party than it does from the Republican. While BRYAN AND THE SOCIALIST VOTE. there is no doubt that the Socialists will surprise the world in the coming election, by the increase over four years ago of their vote, still the possibility of electing a Socialist candidate is very remote, indeed. Therefore, we offer the suggestion that the Great Commoner be given the support of the Socialists, and let us see what he will do, if, indeed, he can do anything with a Republican Congress watching his every movement.

* * *

A few days ago we were listening to a band of religious fanatics, standing on the street corner. They were exhorting their auditors to "accept Jesus," and thus avoid the destruction which is inevitably coming upon the "present ungodly world." That the near future will see cataclysms, panics, revolutions and general upheaval, is something that they evidently were sincere in believing, and their zeal to save the souls of their hearers was indeed praiseworthy, considered in the light of their conviction that the present age of the world is ungodly, and depraved, if not wholly lost.

Truly this is a wonderful age of the world. Never has there been so religious an era in history, in the true sense of the word religious. There is a tremendous subjective force at work, lifting the entire human race up to a higher, broader, more altruistic plane of activity. Underneath the hurry and the strife and competition and seeming heartlessness of human nature, there is developing the higher consciousness that is almost ready to burst into objective reality, as the butterfly bursts the chrysalis.

This new life that is coming into recognition is sensed by nearly every one, but the interpretation of this half-sensed truth, varies according to the condition of the "mortal" mind.

The fanatical mind, religiously inclined, senses it, and being filled with fear and suggestions of calamity, it naturally voices a hint of prophecy, in discordant notes of warning.

Pleasantly opposed to this view is the interview, recently reported in the daily press, with the venerable Julia Ward Howe, who tells of a vision which has been vouchsafed to her of the coming era of Universal Brotherhood. She saw men and women with faces illumined with high resolve and noble purpose, working together side by side, in absolute equality, seeking to uplift their brothers and sisters to a plane of higher thought where happiness and peace reigned supreme.

That this tremendous revolution of thought and consequently of active life may be accompanied by great seismic disturbances, is more than likely, but this will not be because a wrathful God has decided to destroy a wicked world which he made perfect but had not the power to keep even halfway decent.

We have too long left to the care of a Supreme Control the work of dissolving the misery of human hearts. Now that we are beginning to realize the fact that we alone are responsible for the world's unhappiness, there is dawning a great hope and a great power in the human mind, by means of which our prayers for peace may be realized. We have so long shifted the burden upon the world's great teachers, backed by the Universal Ruler of the Universe, and then sat down to gaze at the Heavens for the expected miracle. Now at last, we are waking up to the fact that the world's unhappiness lies with the earth's inhabitants. When a sufficient number shall have grasped this truth, there will be "something doing."

HUMANITY LOVE FUND. Students of the Hindu teachings will realize how much we of the West owe to this ancient and occult country for their wonderful wisdom and esoteric Truths, which have come to us through India's teachers, philosophers and travelers, and these, at least, will be glad of the opportunity to show their appreciation of India's gift to us by contributing their mite to the Humanity Love Fund which has recently been started to help emancipate and restore India to her former high state of learning, usefulness and prosperity. In addition to this, humane people of all classes will gladly aid in this work, for surely it is a work for all humanity. Want of space will not permit us to give the full details of the plan, but we earnestly request all who feel moved to do so to send a self-addressed and stamped envelope for circulars pertaining to the work to the secretary of the organization. Address Secretary Humanity Love Fund, 9 and 10 Brown Palace Hotel, Denver, Colorado, U. S. A.

The Great American Fraud



America represents, above every country on the globe, the embodiment of Man's ideal—freedom.

When the weary emigrant from foreign shores enters the New York harbor, the first thing he sees is the statue of the Goddess of Liberty, holding aloft a torch representing the American ideal of spreading enlightenment to all who come to her shores. Think of what this statue has meant to hordes of human beings who have saved and pinched and starved perhaps, that they might have enough money to take them over the water to the great free country, where they fondly believe wealth waits for them to pick it up as freely as we pick fruit from trees. This idea they have received from the agents of the various corporation enterprises, who have been detailed to seek pauper labor in the old countries.

These poor victims of Man's inhumanity to Man, seek in the conditions of America, the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness—that ideal for which this great country stands.

And what do they receive?

It is true that these immigrants find in America a greater freedom, a more real conception of liberty than any which has hitherto been accorded them.

But the ideal of wealth and the freedom born of sufficient food and shelter is far from being realized.

Who among us is really free?

With a world teeming with enough of Life's material supply to satisfy all, there are millions upon millions of human beings in this world today without a crust of bread to satisfy their hunger—without the promise or the hope of one moment's rest from harrowing need.

For example, we well know that the most successful enterprises, run on the corporation plan, own the houses, the groceries, the clothing shops—and the saloons.

It makes no difference therefore, whether they pay the wage-earners 50 cents per day or \$5.00.

The money comes back into their pockets sooner or later, and simply changes hands long enough to make the wage earners think

that they have been paid. Thus it will be seen that the laborer in America is far from being free.

To him the Goddess of Liberty that overlooks the harbor as he sails into New York must represent a colossal fraud.

He is free to labor, but he is not free to reap the rewards of his labor.

I have been in the various mining camps of this country, and I have seen the workers in the cotton mills of the South and East, and I want to tell you that the negro slaves in the South in the old days were treated like kings in comparison with these white slaves of the cotton mills and the coal mines. Not that I mean to imply for one moment that the negroes were better off with slavery. That is not the question. Even though they may have been temporarily better cared for than they are at present, the fact remains that slavery in any form has no place in the world of Divine Man.

No! That is not the point.

The negro may have been better housed and fed as slaves, but we as human beings must be conscious of degradation, as long as any of our brothers and sisters are oppressed. This being true we may know that the poor are not for one moment free.

And yet this great country, this broad country—represents to the tired, worn, ignorant and enslaved of all lands—that boon of freedom which all the world is seeking. Let us see if the rich are free.

Of the many people whom you know to be rich, or comparatively so, how many of them are free from anxiety, from care, from the necessity of looking after material things?

I read an article the other day in a financial publication saying that the man who is worth one or two millions is reckoned today a poor man among financiers. It is my firm conviction that the rich are equally as poor as are the day laborers. This may sound peculiar and the poor man will shake his head and declare that he knows it isn't so. He feels that if he had half-a-million dollars or far less he would feel safe and free and happy.

But wait until he begins to get into the vibration of wealth where he reckons his earnings by thousands per month instead of by something much less than a hundred. Instantly the madness-provoking craze for the dollar takes possession of him—and he is bound and tied, hand and foot—a slave to the powerful tyrant—money-madness.

Let us pause for a moment and ask ourselves why it is that neither the rich nor the poor are free in this country that stands for freedom—for equality?

Is the Goddess of Liberty a gigantic fraud?

Is it not possible that in this vast country, ruled and governed and run by the people, there is no one really free?

Under existing conditions I claim that the ideal of Liberty is a farce, and that freedom is an empty word.

Up to this point I am in hearty accord with the Socialistic movement, because I am convinced that it is to politics and not to religion that we must look for improved conditions.

It seems to me that even the blind may see that freedom is not to be brought about through any religious movement, and that therefore there must be some other point of unity for those who would re-establish conditions.

Even among the New Thought advocates we find a constant difference of opinion as regards the essential points of the New Thought philosophy.

There is a very general movement to make the New Thought do service as the same old religious method—a something apart from business, from the practical things of life.

We know that today the orthodox religions of all denominations are supported by the very heads of these tremendous corporation enterprises and that they consider it "good business" to sacrifice their fellow men in the promotion of their business interests.

Therefore, is it not evident that religion as a creed, or a church, does not offer any assistance to those who would establish more humane conditions for the race?

Those of my readers who are in sympathy with the labor unions will say: "Yes! That is what I have said. The Trusts are killing the country and the trusts are church members." But I want to show you that the "Trusts" are nothing more nor less than labor unions on the other end of the teter-board.

Any union that excludes any one, whether it be church-union, labor union, political-union or trust union—is a detriment to the human race.

It is a movement to make of the Goddess of Liberty the great American fraud that she now represents.

The trusts—the corporations—are banded together to keep the ignorant—the poor emigrant population—enslaved in order that they may benefit by their labor.

The labor unions are banded together—not to combat the Trusts as they aver—but to keep those of other nations who come to free America, from finding the means of earning their daily bread.

I know that my readers who belong to labor unions will say that you are banded together to combat the *Trusts*—to keep from lowering the price of your labor.

But you don't live up to that purpose—not in the least.

You are busy fighting your fellow beings.

Your whole efforts are expended in stopping immigration.

You complain constantly and you hold meetings for the purpose of prohibiting Oriental and Mexican workmen from coming into this country.

You are fighting your own class and your own kind and your own flesh and blood.

And this state of things the Church is not interested in, because the Church is not concerned in your material welfare.

Not once has any orthodox denomination stood for the dignity of labor and *the aristocracy of human service*. Not once has any orthodox religious denomination sought the material welfare of her members. It is the church that has made you believe that only those who are of your religious belief are brothers, and so you expend your valuable time and strength and your effort in fighting against the Oriental laborer.

Meanwhile the *other unions* (the *Trusts*), laugh up their sleeves *knowing* that as long as they can keep you thus engaged—you *will not be able to make much headway* towards actual equality and freedom. I want to say here that you will find in the intelligent Japanese the greatest aid to Socialism, to *advanced thought* and to all progressive movements that you can hope to find in any race, and yet it is due to the labor unions that the Japanese are receiving such un-American treatment at the hands of this nation that stands for the right of every soul to seek upon its shores, liberty and life and happiness.

O! Ye of little sense, and less discrimination.

It is the disposition to fight among themselves that has weakened families, nations and classes.

The framers of the Declaration of Independence of the Constitution of these United States had before their mind's eye the ideal that is the basis of every one's efforts.

We all want to be free.

Free to express the *highest* and the *best* that is within us—the *Divinity of Man*. We want to be free from sickness and sorrow and poverty. But somehow or other we don't seem to want to let others be free with us.

And until we are ready to give to every man, woman and child this same *right*, we are making of the ideal of liberty—a *fraud* and a *farce*.

Wm. D. Webb.

Lessons in Constructive Thought

By Wallace D. Wattles.

II.—HEALTH.

The sub-conscious mind is not located in the brain, or in the spinal cord, or in the sympathetic nervous system; it permeates all the tissues of the body as water permeates a sponge. The sub-conscious mind does not occupy a central location, and send out impulses to the parts on which it acts; it is in the part on which it acts. Functional action in the liver, for instance, is not brought about by sub-conscious impulses, coming from outside the liver; it is by the action of the sub-conscious in the liver.

Liver work is done by the liver-mind; by that portion of the sub-conscious which inhabits the liver; and as that portion of the sub-conscious is impressed, so will the liver action be. If the mind in the liver is impressed for proper and normal action, then the action will be proper and normal; and if the mind in the liver is impressed with the thought of improper and abnormal action, then the action will be improper and abnormal. The same is true of the heart, digestive system, and of every part and organ. The sub-conscious mind in any part or organ will produce exactly the function or perversion of function with which it is impressed.

To build up any weak or defective organ, then, it is necessary to produce constructive or building thought in the sub-conscious mind in that organ; and the thought of building, impressed upon that mind, cannot fail to produce functional action in the direction of cure.

To do this, it will be plain to all that we must appeal to the mind in the defective organ, and not to the organ itself; and here is where most people make their mistake in seeking mental healing. In giving mental treatments to themselves or others they concentrate on the physical tissues, and try to change them by the direct application of conscious thought; and this is impossible. Constructive action is the result of constructive thought; constructive action in the sub-conscious is caused by impressing the sub-conscious with constructive thought; and the sub-conscious cannot be impressed, or can be impressed only in a very uncertain and imperfect fashion by fixing your attention on the physical tissues.

If you wish to give yourself a treatment for torpid liver, do not think of your physical liver at all; fix your mind on the sub-conscious which permeates your liver, and picture to that mind the most perfect action of which you can conceive; as you improve the impression of action in the sub-conscious, the action in the liver will improve in equal ratio. If you wish to cure indigestion, do not concentrate your thoughts on the digestive organs; address the mind in them, and picture on it the most perfect impression of good digestive action which you can form in your conscious mind.

If the difficulty is not functional, but an abnormal condition like hemorrhoids, do not think of the physical parts; address your attention to the mental part, and picture to it a perfect condition. As soon as you succeed in impressing on the mind in any part the picture of perfectly normal conditions, those conditions will be produced in the physical. The physical is an exact reproduction of the impression which is held in the sub-conscious of the particular part or organ. The functional action of any organ is an exact carrying out of the mental impression held in the sub-conscious within that organ.

If you think of abnormal action in any part, and think with sufficient feeling to impress the sub-conscious in that part, you will produce there the action you think of; therefore, never think of disease or abnormal action; never look at pictures of abnormal conditions, or listen to descriptions of them. When such sights or conditions are forced upon your attention, immediately impress upon the mind in the corresponding part of your own body the thought of perfection and normal action. Form the clearest mental pictures you can of natural, beautiful and normal action in every part, and think about them often; but remember that these thoughts do you no good until they reach and impress themselves upon the sub-conscious.

To reach the sub-conscious in any part, do not make strained efforts; do not use will-power; do not exert force; simply think about the sub-conscious in that part until you become conscious of it; you can do this with a little practice. When you think of the sub-conscious in any part with steady attention, you enter full consciousness as far as that part is concerned; and when you are in full consciousness of any part, the thought you hold in mind will produce an impression there.

Every thought which is accompanied with feeling produces an impression on the sub-conscious; so it will readily be seen how the fear of any disease will produce that disease; and how thinking about abnormal conditions already existing will prolong and

intensify those conditions. Constipation, for instance, would be easily cured if it were not that the afflicted ones are continually thinking about the difficulty and dreading the results; giving themselves treatments against recovery, instead of for recovery. As soon as the physical condition is disregarded, and the thought of perfect action impressed upon the sub-conscious which permeates the bowels, the trouble is gone.

In treating any part of the body, you do not need to send more force or power there; you need only to address, and impress the mind which is already there. If more power is needed in a part, impress the mind in that part with the idea of strong and perfect action, and the mind will send to the brain a demand for the necessary power. In all healing, address yourself directly to the mind in the affected part; not to the part itself, but to the mind within it. Conscious concentration of mind on physical tissues is not mental healing.

And to reach the sub-conscious, address yourself to it; enter full consciousness. This is the only difficult part, and becomes easy by practice. All diseases are curable by constructive action, and constructive action may be established in any part by the method herein given.

The next lesson will be on "The Perpetuation of Youth."

INFINITE LOVE

By Augustus Wittfeld.

I know I kissed your cheek before;
 Ages and ages ago,—
 In the dark, dim past, when the die was cast
 That you and I should know
 The pleasure of hope, and the passion of love,
 And the pain that was sure to ensue,—
 When I was a knight, and you were a maid;
 Yet I cannot remember the word that you said,
 I cannot remember; can you?
 I cannot remember, but this do I know
 When I look into eyes that are true
 That the words that you say, have no past, no today,
 But are part of the infinite you.

If a man were in possession of a knowledge of himself he would not need to be sick at all.—*Paracelsus.*

Behold All These Things

By Edgar Lucien Larkin.

*"There is only one Deity, the great soul.
He is the soul of all being."*

—Rig Veda, B. C. 1500.



"Darkness there was, and all at first was veiled in gloom profound—an ocean without light. And mighty powers arose—nature below, power and will above."—Rig. Veda, Bx. X, Hymn 129, Max Muller.

"Three things bestowed I on man: the earth body, which is dark, and none can see through it; the spirit which liveth after the earth body is dead, the third part I gave to man is the soul, which joineth him to me."—

Oahspe, 626, 4 Book of Saphah.

"Psychometry is a science capable of disclosing any pre-historic event, thus forever banishing 'dead history' from the human mind."—Emma F. Jay Bullene, *Psychic History of the Cliff Dwellers*.

"It is certain that one soul can influence another soul at a distance, and without the aid of the senses."—Camille Flammarion, *The Unknown*, p. 477.

"Those who know Him as dwelling within become immortal."—Svetasvatara Upanishad, IV, 17.

"Behold, I have set before thee an open door."—Rev. III, 8.

The astral bells are ringing; colossal doors are now opening, the everlasting gates are being lifted up. And simultaneously in many parts of the world. I have evidence in my possession proving that a most remarkable series of events are now occurring in Europe, America and especially in Australia, that cannot hope to meet explanation by means of any science at present known. I met a man a few days ago who believed in that ancient myth—the supernatural. No science could make a dent on his mind. There is no such thing as the supernatural; everything in existence is exceedingly natural. And there is no possible way of gaining facts about anything outside of rigid

scientific methods. Emotional research, tears, hopes and fears, sentiment, wishing things were this way and that, must and are rapidly giving way before merciless, obdurate, and changeless demands of science. Every method that cannot fall under the now well known laws of scientific study will have to be abandoned, and rules as strict as those adopted in chemical and physical laboratories substituted. This has been accomplished in a great number of psychic researches, and with increased vigilance during the last three years, indeed—within one year. The most critical studies have been made, under absolutely perfect test conditions, by able scientific men—close students—trained to the most accurate details. And their testimony cannot be longer ignored or brushed aside.

LATE RESULTS.

Unless many of the world's great men and women are deceived, and are in the thralls of a deception more nearly complete and perfect than any that has appeared in history, the following things are true: A mighty force entirely out of reach of any physical science, seems to be working or struggling to impress modern man. To influence the human mind, to teach great truths, and to lead the race along new paths. From rigid facts in print, and in MSS., now in this observatory as I write, but one opinion can be formed—this power is mental in its nature, and displays every property of mind so far as now known to mentalists. The mental things revealed are intensely human; and in many thousands of certified cases, the minds apparently acting on the minds of those engaged in research are not in the cells of living human brain tissues. The one universal claim made around the world now, in refined circles, critical and scientific, is that the mental forces in action, once actuated living cells in the brains of men and women, formerly living on earth, and often as relatives and friends of those delving into these deeps.

SWING LOW—GREAT MYSTERY.

It is now useless to imagine vain things, or be warped in ancient ironclad beliefs. A mystery is here. We can study, learn the new laws, and obey the forces, or not, as we please. But their existence cannot be denied. Mr. Charles Bailey in Melbourne, Australia, is perhaps the most remarkable man now living. He has been subjected to conditions more rigid than ever made use of by Pinkerton or any other detectives. Windows, doors, angles, ceiling, walls and floor, have been examined inch by inch, by committees. Mr. Bailey has been inclosed in steel nets, nailed to the floor, undressed, and dressed by attendants, in other

clothing. Every person allowed in Mr. Stanford's room has been searched rigidly by committees of experts time and again. If any person, anywhere can invent a new device to prevent fraud or collusion, send or take it to Mr. Stanford in Melbourne. But living birds from Japan, China, India, Borneo, and islands of the sea, appear in the air of the room, often in full electric light. They are caught and put in Mr. Stanford's aviary, and many are alive yet. Living plants from a thousand miles away, likewise come. They are planted in a botanical garden arranged on Mr. Stanford's place, and many are growing now. But the habitat of birds and plants is not Australia. Birds' nests containing eggs have been deposited on the table, and once, chicks hatched from these eggs, before the eyes of all. This species of birds live only in Central India, so said by ornithologists who came to see them. Burned clay tablets closely written in Cuneiform letters from deep under the sites of Nineveh and Babylon and of vast antiquity are brought by invisible Hindu discarnate souls, minds or spirits. These have been translated by experts and the writing fills gaps in Bible and Babylonian history, and agree with translations now being made of tablets brought out by excavators beneath these ruined cities. A tapestry wrought with the most exquisite skill, 5x11 feet, in delicate handiwork that would tax the most accomplished Oriental artist today, came into the room. The circumstances were these: Mr. Bailey was totally unconscious, bound hand and foot, with a man at each side, holding each hand. The tapestry appeared, moved across the room as though being carried, and handed to Mr. Stanford, who now has it in his well stored museum of apports from all parts of the world. Every apport has been photographed. I now have in my possession 89 of these. I can see 197 human figures, all Hindus, and 4 of gods, on this tapestry. The scene as explained by Abdullah—the Hindu control of Mr. Bailey, is that of a feast to Brahma held in ancient times in India, in a temple where he, Abdullah, was officiating priest. Years must have been consumed in the making of this exquisite and gorgeously colored tapestry, worthy to adorn the walls of any palace in Europe. Later, Abdullah explained that his discarnate body carried it across the room. And this "immaterial man" has been seen twice by clairvoyants. The apports now fill a long glass case made for them. The names only, of all these would make this note far too long. Assyrian tablets, lamps, coins, instruments, bronze figures and the like, bear marks of vast antiquity, and are discolored by age and damp, precisely like those in the British Museum. But these are trivial in comparison with the learned lectures, sermons and orations.

William Ellery Channing, the great preacher; Professor Denton, the scientist; Dr. Edward Robinson, Oriental traveler, author of three well known books; Signor Valetti, an Italian scientist; Dr. Whitcomb, Physician of Melbourne; Rev. W. H. Withrow, England; Mrs. Robinson, John B. Gough and others whose bodies are dead, have now, during five years, from week to week, delivered classic speeches, by seizing the vocal organs of Mr. Bailey—in deep, death-like slumber. Each speaker uses exactly the same voice they did while in the flesh. And the features of Mr. Bailey actually assume those of the different lecturers as far as the flesh can be drawn.

But all I have said is as nothing compared with what these speakers say. They fill up gaps in Bible history. The history of Nineveh and Babylon is clearing. Missing and broken historic tablets, with inscriptions appear. Mistakes in ancient history are corrected, and a store of ancient wisdom is rapidly accumulating, all taken in short hand by court stenographers, sitting close to Mr. Bailey. All these again are as chaff compared to vivid and astonishing revelations made by all these speakers of what happened to them when they left their tabernacles of flesh. Minute details are given of every event. Elaborate descriptions are made every Wednesday evening, of routine life in the spirit world. They describe their bodies, dwellings, and the "many mansions." The work they do, their educational work, and everything besides. They call the place they are in "Beulah Land," and relate their experiences before reaching there. And the graphic descriptions of the sufferings of a drunkard, before he could even see the white palaces, were given in John B. Gough's own language.

The teachings of these discarnate men contain enough wisdom to absolutely reverse human "civilization" as it is called now; wipe out every law on the statute books of Christendom and reverse the entire habit, customs, thoughts and actions of mankind. We now are in hideous depths of barbarism. Our treatment of women, children, the poor, the insane and the unfortunates called criminals, in the light of these stupendous revelations, is vile savagery. I wish I could publish a startling book on the Impending Crisis. Everything is going, everything you ever heard of will soon be upset. These colossal powers will wipe the slate clean. The cup of the iniquity of all Christendom is now almost full. These sermons and lectures are unlike anything you can imagine and the paper they are printed on is worth its weight in diamonds. Exact copies of the photographs, and exact shorthand speeches, all appear in the wonderful magazine, "Harbinger of Light," edited by Mrs. Charles Bright, Melbourne, Australia.

Evil, the Past Tense of Good

By Ed. B. Warren.

Whatever is is good. Much of whatever *was* would be evil at the present stage of human development. All of whatever is to come will be good in its time and place. All things are good until we outgrow them. Then we cast them aside, but the ideal goes marching on.

Let's put it thus: Past tense, evil; present tense, good; future tense, better.

Whatever is is good for today, because it shows us our weak points and suggests improvements which our necessities of tomorrow may force us to execute.

Ignorance causes mistakes. Mistakes cause misery. Misery causes desire for relief. Desire causes effort. Effort is progress.

All along the path of human evolution, from the ape to Emerson, we have been convoyed by the immutable law of compensation. Close at our heels, good in hand, has marched that spur of progress, our mistakes. When the good of today becomes the evil of tomorrow, it will take its place with the rear guard. Now this rear guard leaves us to figure out for ourselves why he gave us a prod. Some guess the reason the first time, and then step to the front of the procession, where desire ever beckons with a smile.

Before we can attain we must desire. Before we can desire we must experience the opposite of the thing desired. Starvation must precede honest hunger—physical or otherwise.

How can we desire that for which we have not yet felt a need? How can the need of a thing be more completely felt than by experiencing its opposite? The desire for freedom is born in bondage. The desire for health is born in disease. The desire for wealth is born in poverty. The desire for happiness is born in misery, and the desire for Socialism is born in the abuses of private ownership. Primitive warfare that killed all captives was good, because when our victors drove us to the ends of the earth it taught us geography. Later we learned to enslave our prisoners of war. Then the killing of captives became "evil," and chattel slavery became good. Slavery, in fact, was one of the most instructive factors in human progress. It taught us that many persons working in unison under the direction of one mind could accomplish more than could the same persons by individual

effort. This lesson was entirely unanticipated, because humanity at that time had established no precedent that even suggested such a result. The slaveholder, having a direct personal interest in the results of slavery, was the first to learn this lesson. Obviously, the slave, having no personal interest in the product of his toil, did not learn the economic advantage of united effort. However, the mission of chattel slavery was fulfilled when even a portion of us had learned the lesson. Another lesson having been learned, chattel slavery became "evil," and wage-working entered the ranks of that which is "good," there to remain until a majority of us graduate from that class.

Just as soon as wage slavery and individual ownership have fulfilled their mission of education, we will label them "evil" and cart them off to the junk pile to sleep with their ancestors—primitive warfare, feudalism and chattel slavery. Then we call Socialism "good." But Socialism will not be the ultimate, for out of it will grow new and unsuspected lessons that have not yet been conceived in the mind of man.

The same causes that will soon put the finishing touches on our methods of producing and distributing the results of physical labor are now at work on our mental and spiritual education. We may expect rapid advancement along these lines when, through Socialism, both science and religion have outgrown their garments of commercialism.

The more laws the more liars.

It isn't noble to die; just natural.

Statutes of restriction foster hypocrisy, but never morality.

If you don't get enuf, it's because you don't give enuf—in kind.

As destroyer, man can only go so far; as creator, his limit is the sky.

Don't be alarmed, there is a barbed wire fence around the world, and nobody can fall off.

There are no accidents & no mistakes in life—but you can't logically see it that way unless you perceive the fact of Reincarnation.

We have looked far by the telescope & deep by the microscope; we are now about to look inward, and there shall we find the magical treasures of truth.—*Luke North, in "Everyman."*

Cosmic Cycles

"The Sign of the Son of Man in the Heavens."—Matt. 24-30

By Dr. George W. Carey.

On gleaming waves of Ether,
O'er the rocking seas of space,
Our Sun and Solar System
Has carried the human race,
On through the deep waters of Pisces
Through ages of war and hate,
Where brother and brother battled,
And fulfilled the decree of fate.



"There is no new thing under the Sun."
That which is has been and will be again.
The universe operates in cycles, varying from
a second to a billion years. Every atom or
molecule whirls, gyrates, circles. All force
is motion. All motion is force. All sub-
stance or matter is motion or force. Differ-
ent degrees of force are different rates of
motion of substance, or matter.

Energy, Spirit, Mind, are Substantial,
i. e., substance or matter in motion. All motion is circular.
Nothing is at rest. All substance oscillates, vibrates, whirls in
its place or orbit. World is derived from whorl or whirl, sub-
stance in circular movement.

The Solar System moves in a mighty circle of such vast
dimensions that 26,400 years are required to complete it. Dur-
ing its voyage the Solar System passes the twelve zodiacal signs,
each a universe of suns and planets.

These systems are so immeasurably large that it requires
2,200 years for our fleet of planets, hovering about their flagship
Apollo, to pass in review before one of these worlds of worlds.
Multiply 2,200 by 12, and we have 26,400, the length of
time required for the solar hands to swing around the dial that
indicates the heart-beats of the universe.

The 22 letters of the Hebrew alphabet are based upon the
2,200 years of the great astronomical cycle; and the forms of the
Hebrew letters correspond with the contour of zodiacal signs and
constellations. Of the 12 zodiacal signs three are earth, three
fire, three water and three air signs. The influence of the 12

signs cannot be explained in one article. So I will commence at a point on the cycle or circle 6,600 years ago which marks the Taurus age, an Earth sign. During this age man reared the Pyramids, carved the Sphinxes, chiseled the Winged Bulls of Nineveh, reared the walls of Balbec and the splendid temples and cathedrals of Karnack that mock the cheap structures of our age of "watered commercialism." Two thousand two hundred years later, or 4,400 years ago, Sun entered Aries, a fire sign. During this age the Sun and fire were worshipped as the very Essence of all things, or God.

Two thousand two hundred years ago our Solar System entered the water sign Pisces, meaning fish. This event was predicted in prophecy as the effects of all changes from one zodiacal sign to another are foretold by the illumined ones on Earth.

We prophesy now in regard to tides, the moon's changes, the transit of Venus, eclipses, the return of comets, etc. So those of old, known as the prophets, predicted the events and changes on Earth due to the characteristics of the sign it is to next enter.

True prophecy is always based upon scientific facts, actual knowledge of the law of the Heavens, of which Earth is an integral part.

The Piscian Age was ushered in with the advent, figurative or literal, as the case may be, of Jesus of Nazareth. The root of the word Jesus is Ichthus, the Greek for fish. The root of the word Nazareth is cook or cooked and means materialization or transmutation.

In Earth signs we had material gods, pyramids, sphinxes, etc. In fire signs we had fire gods—Osirus—the Sun. In water signs we had water gods.

The word Mary is derived from water, or the "Pure Sea." Jesus means materialized substance. Out of Mary, this pure sea of substance, came Jesus, the body of Christ. There is no other name, i. e., method, under Heaven whereby we may be saved (materialized) except by and through the crossifixion (crucifixion) of elements, consisting of the pure sea of substance (Mary) in which we live and move and have our being.

The Story of Jesus declares that he chose 12 fishermen as his disciples, and every incident of note recorded in the allegories of the New Testament are in some manner connected with fish, fishermen, the Sea of Galilee or water in general.

Jesus walked on the water and stilled the tempest. Peter, from Petra, a stone, attempted to walk on the water, but sank and was rescued by the fish.

The history of the Pisces age is the history of water, navi-

gation, Columbus, the discovery of the power of steam, i. e., rapid expansion or motion of gases composing water, invention of the steamboat, locomotive, the submarine boat, etc. Water has ever been worshipped in a certain sense. The Protestant churches use it as a symbol of salvation in baptism and the Catholics use holy water. Water is holy, all substance is sacred—divine—being certain state of spirit, and God and spirit are one.

"Unstable as water" is a scriptural statement. Unstability has marked the highways of the water age. Nations arose like clouds of vapor, and like vapor disappeared.

The material structures of our so-called civilization disintegrate and dissolve "before their time," in spite of the laws regulating buildings or the watchful "Building Inspector."

The influence of water is so all pervading that we even hear of "Watered Stocks." "Troubled Waters," "There shall be a time of trouble," are passages in the Bible referring to the Pisces or water age. The passages in the Bible referring to the "Lost tribes," "Lost souls," etc., are also figures or symbols of the effects of water. Push a stick into water and it appears to bend or crook. All divers know that objects do not appear the same when seen in water. It is the law of reflection and parallax that all objects appear more or less distorted while immersed in water or at a distance when viewed parallel to and near the earth's surface, where the rapid evaporation of water causes refraction and illusions. For these and many other reasons the past 2,200 years marks a period of troubled times, lost souls, war, dark ages, competition, strife, envy, criticism and selfishness. The idea of separateness versus unity of Being has prevailed among men because of their inability to cognize the Oneness of Spirit and matter. This inability is caused by the density or rate of motion of the brain cells (dynamos) through which the real Ego or Spiritual man cognizes and operates on the physical plane of being.

The 30th verse of the 24th Chapter of Matthew reads as follows:

"And then shall appear the sign of the Son of Man in heaven: And then shall all tribes of earth mourn, and they shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great Glory."

This prophecy, or simple statement of an astrological fact, clearly refers to that which would take place—and is at the present time taking place—at the end of the Pisces or water age, or world or whorl—"The end of the world."

The sign of the Son of Man has appeared. The prophecy has been fulfilled. The sign in the zodiac—one of the "Beasts"

referred to in Revelation that worship before the throne—the Sun—day and night is known as Aquarius and is represented by the figure of a man with a watering pot—the bearer of water. A man is the Son of Man. Aquarius is the only zodiacal sign of a man. Two children represent Gemini. The Centaur, half man, half horse, is the Sagittarius Symbol. A son of man symbolizes Aquarius.

Astrologers figure that Earth entered the sign Aquarius during the year 1901, and it is believed by many that the industrial, commercial, financial, religious and scientific upheavals of the present day are the result of our emerging from the baptism of the water age into the age of air, or spiritual understanding; thus we see why it was believed by the churches that in baptism man may be regenerated and saved.

While man is never lost only in his consciousness, yet the emergence of Earth from the water age well represents the idea, for in the spiritual air age of Aquarius, man may realize his oneness with the Father or Universal Energy from which (as Herbert Spencer puts it), "All things proceed." So, then, when man emerges from his baptism in the water of the Pisces age he will be saved.

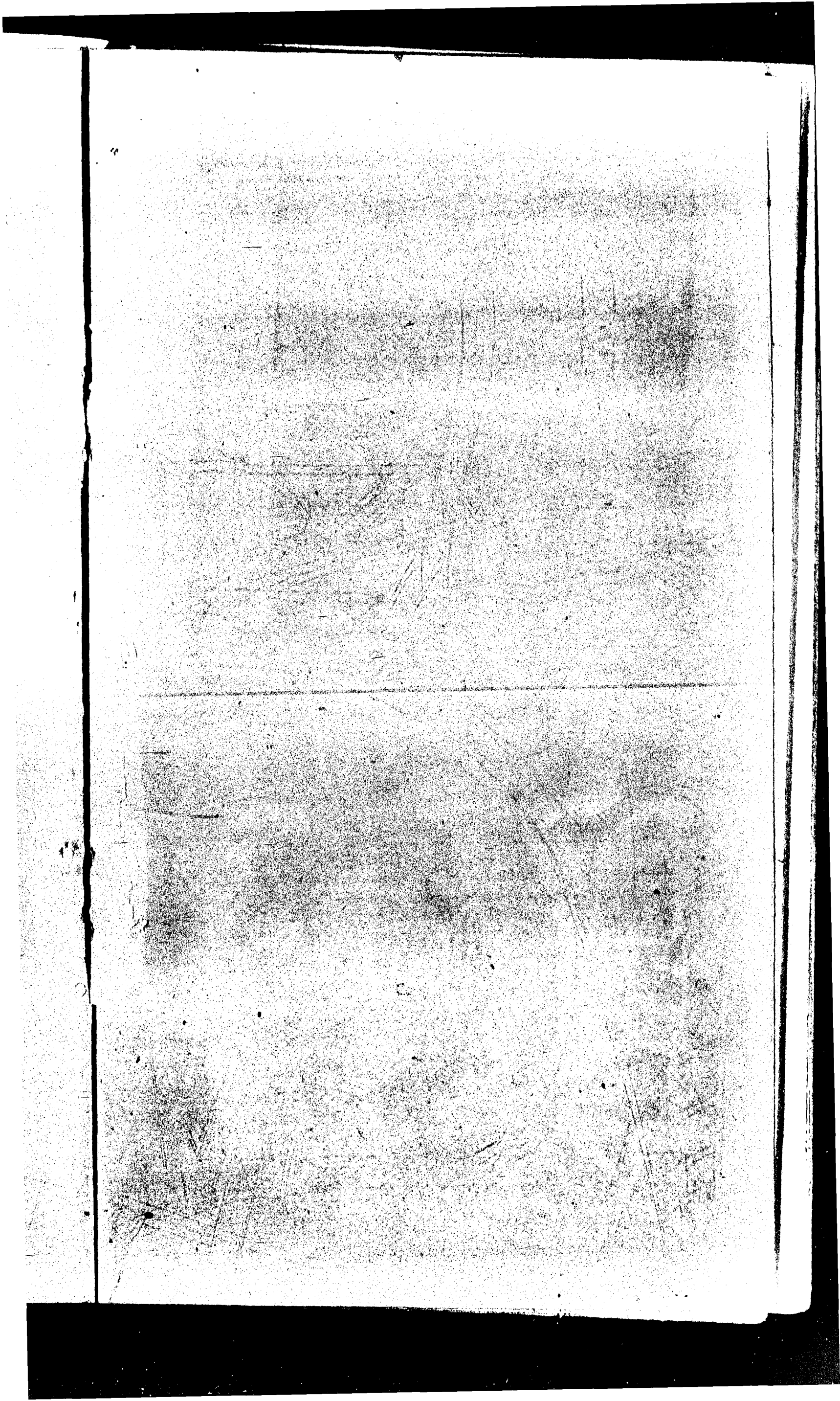
Man seems to be a creature of habit. During the Piscian age mankind acquired the habit of competition and declared that "competition was the life of trade."

The business man's motto was, "Come and trade with me, buy my goods, my goods are the best, purest or most durable and the cheapest on the market. Never mind Jones or Smith across the street, buy of ME."

It was no matter that the goods offered were shoddy or vilely adulterated, that coffee was half chicory, sugar half sand; that potted chicken was stale pork from carcasses of hogs that died of cholera, or that canned beef was made from old horses and mules, and that sausages were composed of refuse of slaughter hells doctored with chemicals and prepared in a stew that would have caused the witches of the Macbeth tragedy who chanted,

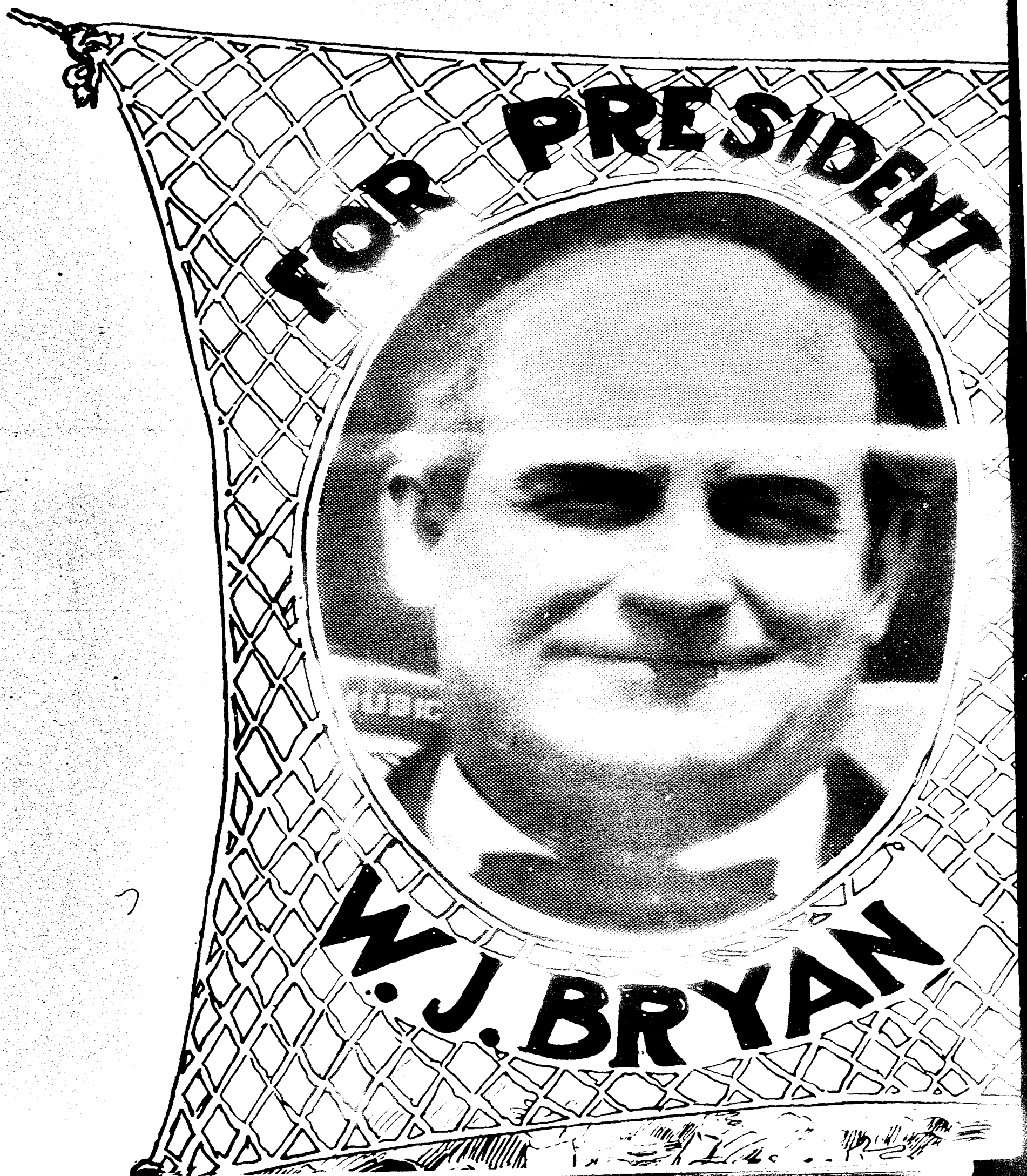
"Eye of new't and
Toe of frog,
Wool of bat and
Tongue of dog,
Lizzard's leg and
Blind worms' sting," etc.,

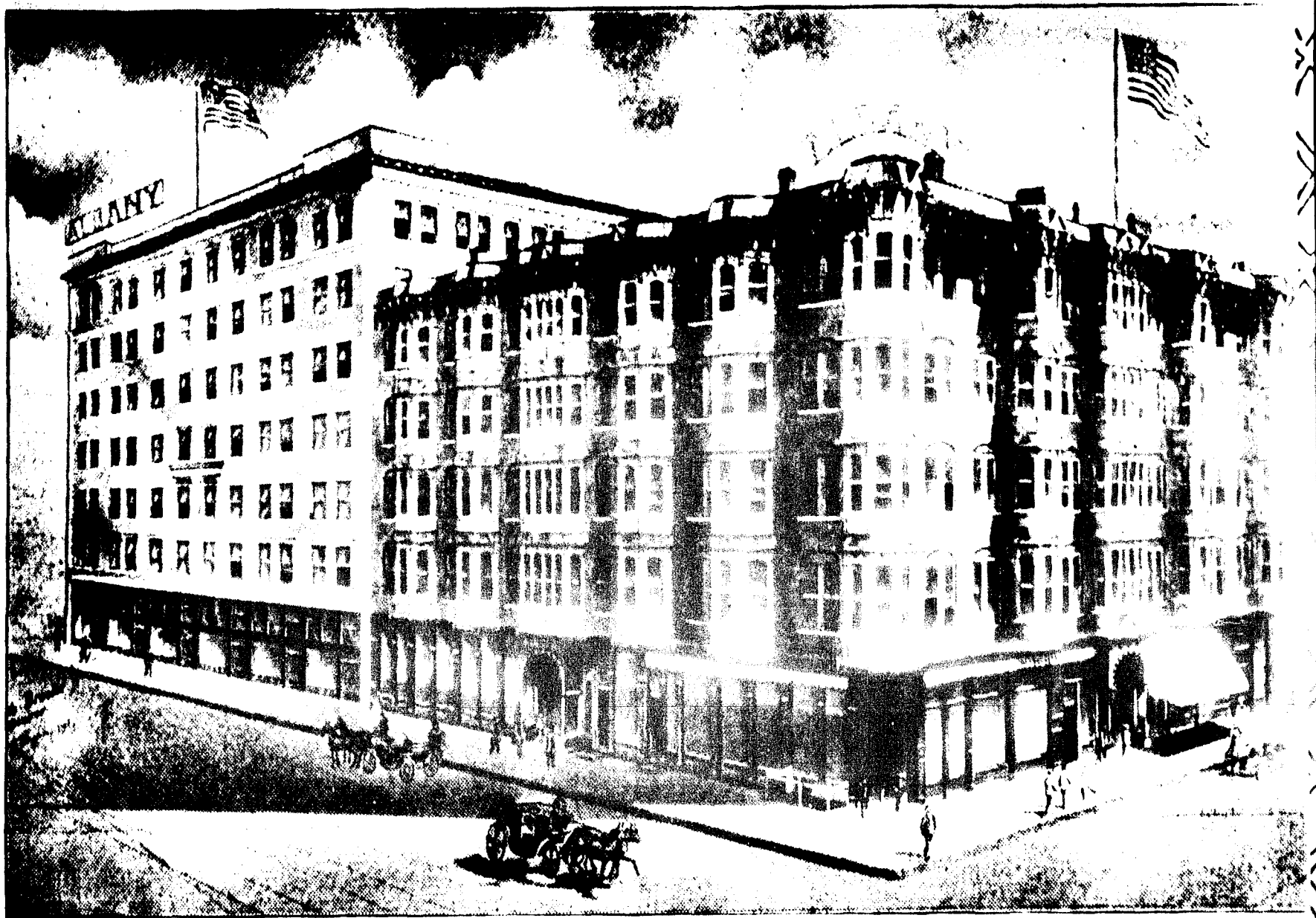
to flee from the nameless horror. It was business, and business interest must not be disturbed.



The Swastika Souvenir of the Denver, Colorado, J

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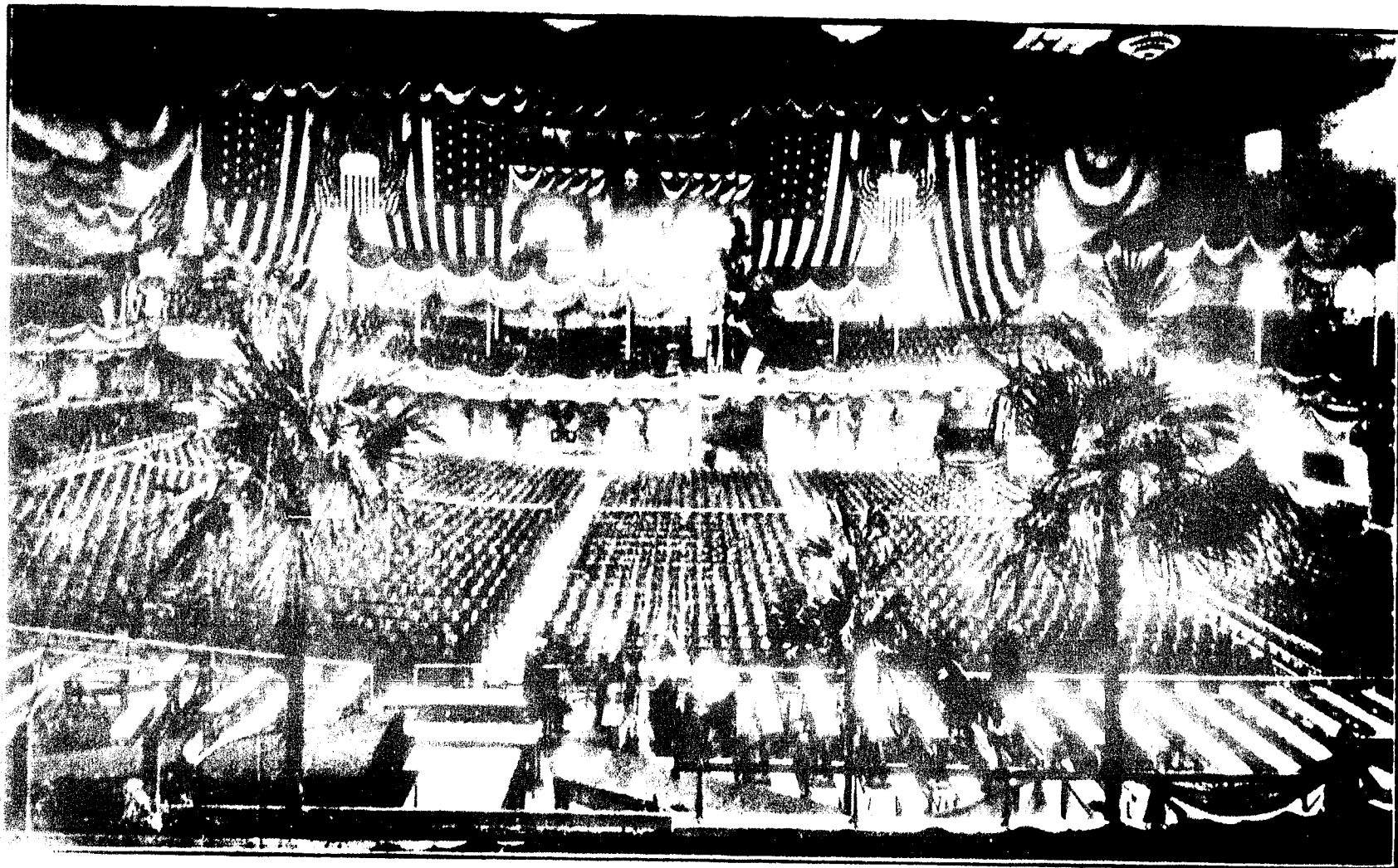
THE ALBANY HOTEL, WHERE THE DELEGATES WERE HOUSED AND FED.



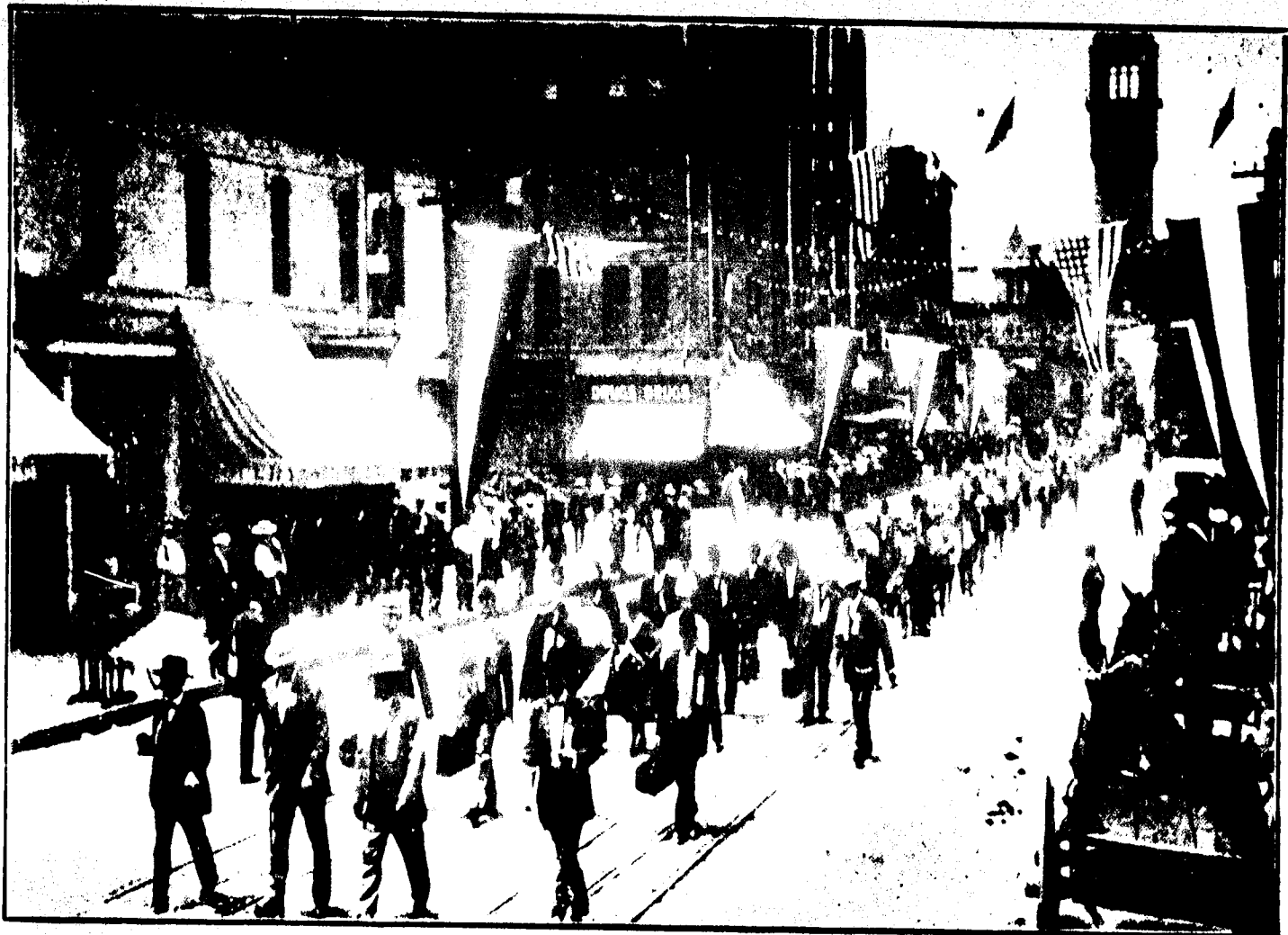
PARADE UP SIXTEENTH STREET.



BRYAN'S



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE AUDITORIUM.

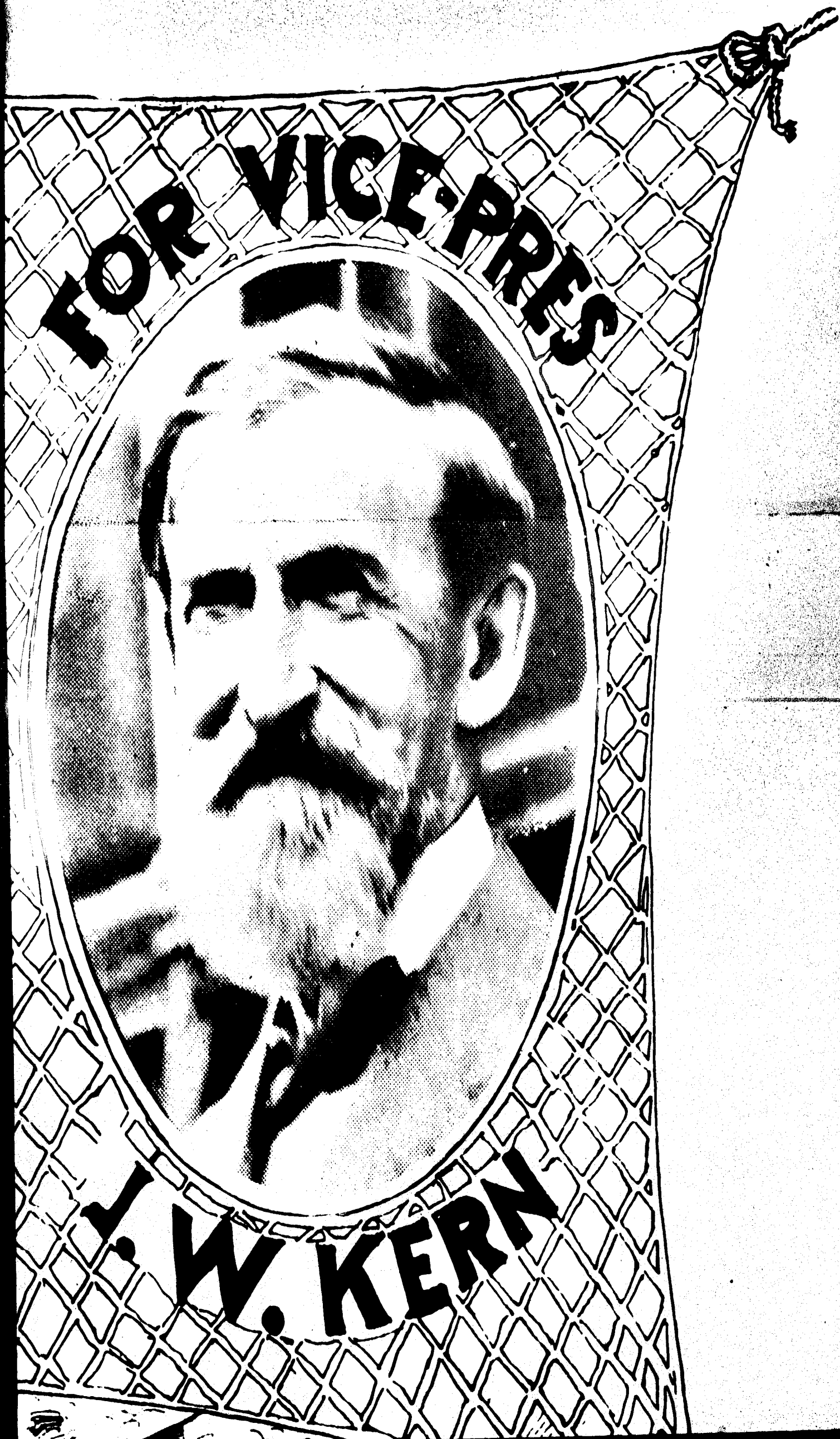


DELEGATES WALKING UP SEVENTEENTH STREET FROM UNION DEPOT.

OME.

Democratic National Convention

July 6th to 11th, 1908



thus form its wondrous web, so shall we soon learn the secret of fixing the volatile and weave material for garments from air that will rival the clothing of the Queen of Sheba.

Biochemists have demonstrated that those born in the Aquarius sign, that governs Earth from January 20th to February 19th, consume the mineral salt of the blood, sodium chloride, more rapidly than those born in other signs. Aquarius rules from January 20th to February 19th, and sodium chloride is the one cell-salt of the twelve that has an especial affinity for water, and is therefore literally the "water bearer."

If the prophets of old were as literally true in their predictions in regard to the state of man during the Aquarius millennium as they were in regard to other astronomical cycles, what good may we not expect as we swing further and further into the celestial sign Aquarius.

That wonderful Hebrew prophet and poet, Isaiah, wrote as follows: "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them: and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.

"Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped.

"No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be there; but the redeemed shall walk there: And the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting Joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

Let me also prophesy. In the coming years, as our eyes see clearer; when our spiritual eyes vibrate with the spiritual air, I see wonderful changes. A vision rises before me: I see a free and happy people. Instead of building great churches, temples and cathedrals with windows stained, as with the blood of the wage slaves who reared their walls and gilded their domes and fashioned the crossed spires, while millions suffered in hovels, I see a land where every man, woman and child live in beautiful homes and where with little effort every want is supplied.

I see no locks on doors; no prisons. In this Eden there are no soldiers for the workers to support; no battleships nor forts. In this land men and women do not hire out to another—do not sell their labor to the highest bidder, nor their souls for place, power or "distinction's worthless badge."

In this land of love and beauty there are no slaughter houses—no stock pens, where moans of frightened, tortured oxen, sheep and swine are heard; where men wade in blood, breathe

air thick with fumes a million times more vile and abominable than the imagination of Dante or Milton ever conceived; where festering corpses are mixed with chemicals and sold for food.

The fruits and grains and vegetables so bounteously yielded by Earth's breast supply the wants of the sons and daughters of the fair land of my vision, and men no longer grow wealthy by the murder of men under the guise of war, nor by the murder of animals under the plea of necessity or the demands of greed.

I see a race of people who work and serve for love, where co-operation has replaced competition, where love reigns instead of hate and envy.

In this land there are no rulers, no law makers; for the one eternal law of nature is recognized and obeyed. There are no courts and no judges—except that every soul is its own judge. There are no idle drones in this land. No tax gatherers to fatten on labor. No medical class legislation, no boards of health nor quarantine, no tariff, no exclusion acts, no discrimination.

In the land I see, machines do the world's work, and all the people own all the machines. They do not make machines out of flesh and blood and muscle, but from wood and iron and steel.

The men and women in this Beulah Land love children better than dogs and monkeys, and put human happiness before creeds, books, bibles, customs, laws, institutions, kings, queens, czars, kaisers, supreme courts or presidents.

The people in this Arcadia know that the "Heavens declare the Glory of God" and that "There is no language where their voice is not heard." These people know that law is eternal and cannot be made, repealed, nor violated. They know that they are led by the spirit of Truth, and therefore a law unto themselves, as declared by the adept Paul.

The products of labor, in this happy land, are distributed equally to all according to their needs, and there are no idle rich—no idle poor—no millionaires and no beggars.

The brotherhood of man is a reality soon to be recognized. The Co-Operative Commonwealth is not a dream of the visionary optimist. Even now, amid the clash of contending armies and opposing interests I see the Commonwealth loom. The darkness of the water age—the flood that covered the whole earth—shall pass away, and the Ark of humanity shall rest on the Ararat of Peace. The age of Realization has dawned.

The promise of a Regenerated Humanity has touched the mountain peaks of thought with Resplendent Light.

Out of the chemicalizing mass of God's creative compounds—out of the chemistry and transmutation of elements, principles, minerals and monads, atoms, molecules, or motions; out of oxygen, ozone, hydrogen, nitrogen, carbon, helium, aurum, radium, sodium, potassium, calcium, iron and magnesium—out from these dynamic organisms of vibrating energy that compose the substance of the body of Eternal Omnipresent Life a new man and a new woman will be born—real sons of God, who will bear away the sins of the world.

I see these forms—physical bodies—materializing in the Divine womb and the world groans in travail.

Now hasten vibrations from Uranus and vitalize the Etheric substance that flows through the rivers of Eden, the veins and arteries that carry the red blood of Christ.

Touch with thy fingers of fire, golden-haired Apollo, the keys of the wondrous brain of the child savior, until every atom and fiber of the Holy Temple sounds a note in the anthem of Aum.

And Neptune, thou Planet of Realization, at last the mighty hand on the dial of the Zodiac points to thy hour. Patient as the Divine Mother, thou hast waited for the man and the woman. Lift thy Trident, O Trinity of Life, Liberty and Love, and send to Earth thy vibrations of glory.

O, age of man: Aquarius:

Transmuter of all things base;
Alchemist, magician and Savior,
With Sun-illumined face.

Our journey was long and weary,
With pain and sorrow and tears,
But now we rest in thy harbor
And welcome the coming years.

All hail the Aquarius Age:

Hail the new Heaven and Earth:
Hail the Co-Operative Commonwealth,
Hail, thrice hail, the Fatherhood of God,
The Brotherhood of Man, the Sisterhood
And the Motherhood of Woman.

Say to the dollar: "I do not need you. You need me. You are of no use until my brain and hand use you. You wish to be used. You come to me, that you may be used. I do not need a dollar. Dollars need me."—*Henry Harrison Brown, in Dollars Want Me.*

The National Democratic Convention

Well, it has been. For weeks and weeks and days before the long-looked-for event Denver was in a state of excited expectancy. The honor of having a National Convention would be almost too much for any young thing like Denver, but when to this was added the honor of having a Democratic Convention, and then on top of that a unanimously "Bryanic" Convention besides, it is no wonder that the city nearly died of importance and excitement.

"Sunny Colorado" was in it all right. It was sunny enough to suit even the Boosters' Club, and it has to be "going some" to meet the expectations of that strenuous organization. But the sun certainly "done its durndest," and it shone and shone, and blazed and blazed, with a fierceness that seemed to be trying to make up for past delinquencies.

Right here I want to say a word or two about the Colorado sun. It isn't like any other sun in the country. It has a mind of its own, and we are bound to admit that it can, on occasion, act like a badly spoiled child.

For example, some years ago there was an interstate fair held in "Sunny Colorado," and we Coloradoans were bound to "show off" to the other poor, unfortunate states what a boon we have here in our much-talked-of sun. The time was late in May, when a sun ought to be over his winter whooping cough, and grippe, and measles, and things, and be ready to smile benignly upon all stray visitors from foreign shores.

But this Colorado sun is a broncho-kind of a sun. It kicked. It went under clouds of alternate rain, sleet, hail and snow, and there it stayed, while enthusiastic citizens got up in meetin' and reeled off yards of ready-made speeches about our "sunny clime" and the state "where the sun shines 369 days in the year (more or less), and all that sort of stuff. The more enthusiastic the "boomers" became, the more determined was that spoiled young sun to stay behind the clouds and "show off."

The day after the fair was called off, and the visitors departed with their ears ringing with "tales of Sunny Colorado" and their eyes filled with visions of hail and sleet and general dreariness, the recalcitrant sun peeped cautiously out from behind a screening cloud and grinned feebly, as if to say: "If they are all gone, I will come out and be good." Perhaps it was the memory of this past offense that made the sun determined to

live up to expectations, for in all the years that I have spent in Colorado, never, never, have I experienced such heat, in this delightfully cool and sunny clime.

It was hot. The Auditorium, Denver's latest pride, was filled to overflowing, and although the building is certainly well ventilated, everyone was forcibly reminded of the kind of a time the two parties mean to give each other during the campaign.

Chairman Bell was all that could be desired. Why should he not be? Isn't he a Californian? What more need be said?

There were a few attempts to make the affair exciting, just to satisfy those who came to see it, with the idea that it was a cross between a prize fight and a Mardi Gras, but the weather was too warm and the occasion too serious to waste much time on effects, and, after a little grand-stand play on the part of the Pennsylvania delegation, the entire assemblage got down to work. And the work was good. I looked upon it myself, and I straight-way decided that it was about the best work that any National Convention had done for some time.

One enthusiastic old-time Dem loudly asserted that this was the most epoch-making session this country had seen in many a long year. I suppose he based his conclusion upon the idea that the unanimous nomination of Bryan insures the defeat of the Republican party, and the "placing upon the throne" of the rightful heir. Or something to that effect. Personally, I believe myself, that this particular convention is of vast and vital and far-reaching importance. Not because it nominated Bryan. Bryan has been nominated before, if my memory serves me. And neither is it because I believe that Bryan is already elected to office. And neither is it because I think that it makes any great difference to "The People" whether he is elected or not. But, for the first time in history, concessions were made to the Socialists. Bryan has certainly made a strong bid for the Socialistic support, and the platform of which he is the "sole proprietor," as it were, embodies every blessed thing which Socialism in years past has contended a platform should be. Therefore, it is evident that either the principles of Socialism have at last commended themselves to the minds of the people, or else the movement has become strong enough to be feared by the old parties.

It was likewise a noticeable fact that during the Republican Convention the word "Socialism" seemed to be the ghost at the feast, but as the G. O. P. was altogether too "rich and respectable" to take any notice of ghosts, the Republican platform shows not one trace of its influence.

Here are some of the points of the Democratic platform

which may win for its wise and intrepid author some needed Socialist votes, and without which he has about as much chance of winning as a Sunday school teacher has of getting to Heaven; that is, according to my estimate of Sunday school teachers. You may think differently.

"We assert the right of Congress to exercise complete control over interstate commerce and the right of each state to exercise control over commerce within its borders.

"We demand such enlargement of the powers of the interstate commerce commission as may be necessary to compel railroads to perform their duties as common carriers and prevent discrimination and extortion.

"We favor the enactment of a law giving to the interstate commerce commission the power to inspect proposed railroad tariff rates or schedules before they shall take effect, and, if they be found unreasonable, to initiate an adjustment thereof."

And here is what the platform provides regarding the "bone of contention" in the labor unions, namely, "writs of injunction":

"Experience has proven the necessity of a modification of the present law relating to injunctions, and we reiterate the pledge of our national platforms of 1896 and 1904 in favor of the measure which passed the United States Senate in 1896, but which a Republican Congress has ever since refused to enact, relating to contempts in Federal courts and providing for trial by jury in case of indirect contempt.

"Questions of judicial practice have arisen, especially in connection with industrial disputes. We deem that the parties to all judicial proceedings should be treated with rigid impartiality, and that injunctions should not be issued in any cases in which injunctions would not issue if no industrial dispute were involved.

"The expanding organization of industry makes it essential that there should be no abridgment of the right of wage earners and producers to organize for the protection of wages and the improvement of labor conditions, to the end that such labor organizations and their members should not be regarded as illegal combinations in restraint of trade.

"We favor the eight-hour day on all government work.

"We pledge the Democratic party to the enactment of a law by Congress, as far as the Federal jurisdiction extends, for a general employers' liability act, covering injury to body or loss of life of employees.

"We pledge the Democratic party to the enactment of a law creating a Department of Labor, represented separately in the President's Cabinet, which department shall include the subject of mines and mining."

Let's vote for Bryan—just for fun.

THE SWASTIKA POLITICIAN.

Then nothing is a sin unless it in some way interferes with some higher cause or hinders the transmission of knowledge, of health, of strength, of perfectness of form, or any other condition or quality which may be essential to the higher evolution of future generations to a future generation.—*Cashmere, in Lost in the Bottomless Pit.*

Socialism

*He who cannot find the God of Love in the hearts of his
fellow-men
Will never find Him in Cathedral Walls.*

Throughout the entire world we see ruins of costly churches and magnificent cities lying scattered, tumbled and crumpled. Churches and temples the shelter of bats and jackals with steeples and crosses falling in the dust. Who can say why? Let us be put on record concerning this matter. The spark of Christianity that shone so bright in the early centuries is becoming extinguished. Why? The churches are clinging to outworn creeds and obsolete dogmas, while modern problems require logical, not theological, treatment. Christianity today is nominally the religion of the commercially rich and dominant, the apologist for social injustice. Yet the beloved founder was a poor, toiling carpenter, who had not "whereon to lay his head." He came preaching "glad tidings to the poor" with a following of poor working men, who were Revolutionists in their day as we Socialists are now. Their leader, Jesus Christ, was crucified on a combined charge of blasphemy to the existing religion and sedition to the reigning state (Caesar). Just as our leaders today have been imprisoned, scorned and buffeted by those in high places. The Fishermen (the toilers) have once more heard the call of the Nazarene and have started to announce the glad news of *love, justice* and freedom to all. What is the church of today doing to help the disinherited and the oppressed? It stands before the people, *deaf, dumb* and *blind*. It does not open its mouth in favor of toil. Controlled as it is by the monied power it is impossible to steer religion into popular channels of benediction. Amid the tumult and discord of life comes modern thought and modern socialization, a stronger invading force than an army. When Christianity became a state religion it grew more and more complicated until today men spend years in scientific and theologic studies in preparing to expound and preach the doctrine formulated by an unlettered carpenter, who was the associate of the illiterate, the despised, the outcast and the morally weak. There is no theology in Christ's sermon on the mount, but it is the best chapter on political economy that has ever been written. Socialism is in reality nothing else than the state reconstructed according to the principles of Christ. History tells us the first Christians had everything in common and "shared all in love with one another."

Today we see everywhere the weak bearing the burden of the strong. Ruskin says: "Government and co-operation are eternally the law of life, anarchy and competition are eternally the law of death." It is conceded that life is a dark and wretched failure for the mass of humanity. Before the clamor of the hungry stomach the soul is silent. Endless toil and hopeless misery will break down all fences. No church or priest can preach such a sermon as the muteness of a starved or murdered soul. The manifest unrest of the people is certainly portentous. The awakening of the social conscience of the world comes as a hope to the oppressed and unprivileged everywhere. No single fact impresses itself on the investigator more forcibly than the failure of the old churches to maintain their power over the people. All the essentials for a better world are at hand. At last visions of the prophets are to come true, and dreams of the soul made real. But where do the churches stand? The church members stand with folded hands, while the Socialist cries out—We intend that the righting of inequalities and injustice shall be rectified here and now, and not be postponed to any future state of existence. We lift up our voices against entrenched wrongs and fearlessly speak for the oppressed and the unprivileged. We proclaim that the entire system that passes current as Christian civilization is a sham, when women and babes are starving in a world of plenty and strong men are begging for the right to work. What is the church doing to help starving men and women who stand hours in the public streets to receive a crust of bread to keep soul and body together? The "Bread Line" is a great American institution, another is our sweatshops where little children are robbed of childhoods joy and sweetness, by the cruelty of capitalism, that system that roots for gold in the lives of the poor. It would seem as if the Christian churches would aid the social forces that are making for a new life among the needy. What are they doing? Actually opposing it. Blind indeed must be the church or social body that can look unmoved at the disturbed economic condition of the world today. The pure teaching of Christ has degenerated into wrangling creeds that have brought bloodshed and hatred instead of peace and brotherhood. The amalgamation of church and state made possible parasitism and made human beings the vassals of feudal lords and brought about religious wars, all in the name of the gentle Jewish teacher Jesus, whom they called the "Prince of Peace," and the "Wonderful Counselor." The church today as of old is the great bulwark of kings, nobles and money aristocrats. Millions of gold are stored in the vaults of church and state while the children of God are begging for bread and

work. Socialism comes with its message of peace and good will, but it is scorned by church and state because by it they will be shorn of their authority. As Frances Willard said "Socialism is God's way out of the wilderness into the promised land." It is the Gospel of a God of growth unfoldment and development. It is one of the great contradictions of history that the Christian religion that started as the promise of universal brotherhood should have come to be the chief bulwark of oppression and the foe of liberty. The transition was simple, they transferred the expectation of communal happiness from this world to the next. A greater travesty on the great Nazarene's teaching could not be imagined. Despite all the warnings of history the church today stands right in the path of human advancement. As Prof. Hyslop says "the church seems bound to fight a losing battle through all the ages." The marks of economic evolution are so rapid these days as to be almost bewildering. Church and man-made laws are as powerless before this force as dried leaves before a hurricane. The most transcendent moment in the human race will be when Socialism is triumphant. It is the very dream of Christ in which labor will be glorified and the cringing wage slave of today shall stand forth transfigured as a royal knight of humanity. "Thy will be done on earth" is speeding to its full and complete answer in Socialism.

Isabel

Socialism is all right; Communism is all right. But free individuality is still more right, and a prime necessity for the permanent success of any social movement.—C. L. Brewer, in *Sidereal Sidelights*.

Clean your mind first of all, and don't pay much attention to clean your face and hands, for clean face and clean hands may serve a dirty mind.—*Kitana Hoshi*.

The more you fly from nature the more she follows you, and if you do not care for her at all, she becomes your slave.—*Swami Vivekananda*.

Knowledge of the divine dissolves all bonds, and gives freedom from every kind of misery, including birth and death.—*Upanishad*.

This is all, and so that All comes out of the All. Taking away the All from the All, the All remains forever.—*Upanishad*.

Do as you like, though; don't mind what I say, unless you feel like it. Experience is the best teacher.—*William Walker Atkinson*.

A Letter from Japan

MY DEAR SWASTIKA FAMILY—The last letter I wrote in the city of Kanazawa, the famous center of the Habutai silk enterprises, right after I got among my folks there, and was unceremoniously short and hasty; and since then, till this very day—it is almost a month and a half—I haven't taken the trouble to write you even a word, despite all the time I might have spared for letter writing. Yanoske Isoda is the same old punctual fellow, isn't he?

The trip was unusually smooth and uneventful. There took place little en route interesting enough to write about particularly, except a very few things. Our ship, the Aki Maru, left Seattle at midnight of April 14th, and pulled in alongside the long pier of Yokohama harbor at 7 o'clock sharp on April 30th, thus ending the voyage one day ahead of schedule time. The course is the most northerly in the Pacific, and runs along the coast lines of British Columbia, Alaska, Aleutian Islands, and thence along down Siberia and Kamchatkan Peninsula, and it is always more or less attended with the snow, sleets, rain and gales of the frigid zone. Fortunately, however, we had none of these miseries, except some fogs we encountered when passing the Japan current. We had to run in this thick weather for two days, and when we emerged from this we found ourselves right upon the pleasant, sunny Sea of Japan, smooth as a billiard table. It was as if one would come upon an open, smiling, grass-covered plain, after struggling through damp, foul-smelling woods of impenetrable thickness. Everybody on board was on deck to bask in the warm April sun of the Orient; to breathe freely the balmy air, and to shake from the mind the gloom cast upon it during the shut-up days. To be sure, everybody on board was on the deck, whether he were a passenger or of the ship's crew, or whether he were a Frenchman or a Hindu, or a Chinese.

Tourists, who numbered most of the passengers, were glad that they were approaching the most charming spot in their globe-trotting, but I was glad that I was approaching the land of my birth. The land is, for me, the land where "milk and honey floweth abundantly," indeed.

The very first sight of Japan I saw in these ten years was the lighthouse at Cape Inuboe (entrance to Yokohama harbor), and the time was 9 o'clock in the morning, about ten hours before we made the city of Yokohama. The first time I cast my

eyes upon it, it was a little white speck, large as a grain of rice turned up lengthwise. It cocked itself just on the horizon, but so insignificant was it that it would be easily passed over by the careless eye. Little as it appeared, it was tremendously huge in my heart. I, half smiling, leaned over the railing of the promenade deck and gazed at, and just gazed at, that little white speck. There was no sea, no skies, no ship, nor myself for me then, but that white speck, and the world was centered in that white speck. I was awakened to reality by a telegram of welcome from my mother.

As we proceeded, the ship began to run closer to the shore, and the view became fuller and clearer. The coast is bound by a long range of high, steep and somewhat ragged hills, whose skirt is one continuous line of precipitous rocks, against which slow-hearing billows of the boundless Pacific dashed themselves, just to be broken into myriads of white foam.

These hills are closely covered with low grasses, whose natural color and that of the ground reflected in the sun's rays, present a most beautiful yellowish green, and all over them, like a handful of marbles thrown on a small table, are scattered groves of trees, which show in the distance, a dark green color. The skies are an emerald blue, and the sea is a Prussian blue, tempered occasionally by soft breezes. The yellowish green hills, the dark green woods, the blue sky and the smooth waters combined to make a perfect day.

What an ideal harmony of color, and what an exquisite landscape God only knows how to create! For a while I was thoroughly hypnotized, and my mind was just drawn out to the scenery before me. I know other people must have felt the same as I did, for they, smiling (some with field glasses), looked at the new world and chatted together happily. I never saw such a pleasant, yet decorous, throng of people in my life.

The ship was running fast, in order to make Yokohama in daylight, and we entered the Gulf of Tokio and came to the throat of it. This is the narrowest point of this bay, and every ship must pass through this strait to reach Yokohama. This is formed by two lands—Kwan Non and Futsu Capes, ten miles apart. From the strategist's viewpoint, this neck of sea is very vital to the existence of Japan. I say so, because I am now a Jap in Japan, for I can see Tokio, the capital, right under my eyes and I can smell the scent of Yokohama right under my nose, and this is a gate through which the lion's share of foreign trade is carried in and out daily, monthly and yearly. One sees a long chain of heavy guns as one enters here. The government spends millions of dollars to fortify the hills along this territory.

A little distance ahead are three little islands, set some miles apart. They are about as large as six city blocks, and are built of stone and concrete. They are man-made islands, like those one sees in New York harbor. On them are placed the heaviest fort guns which human ingenuity can devise, and these islets are connected by a tunnel and a trolley line. Once having passed these islets, we could see Yokohama in the distance, and soon we came to the offing. The ship slowed down, and, having passed the trial of the quarantine officers, I was once more in the land of the Cherry Blossom. I was home at last.

In my next I will tell you something of my studies and severe practice in this temple. I can assure you that it is very hard work, but I expect to learn much that your Western philosophy has not yet so much as dreamed of in regard to mystic secrets.

Yours in Truth,

YANOSKE ISODA.

Buddhist Temple, Kioto, Japan, June 17, 1908.

THE SEA OF LIFE

By Ariel.

A mighty ocean sends her ceaseless waves
To break upon the unrelenting shore,
Then calls the waters back to seek once more
The peace that dwells within her treasured graves.
So man, endowed with life perpetual, braves
The shores of time, to beat upon the store
Of earthly wisdom, searching 'mid its lore
For truth, which shall make men of errant slaves.
O Master, see how countless millions roll
Like troubled billows, surging o'er life's sea!
Lead Thou them gently from the rocky shoal,
And teach Thy truth, which maketh all men free.
O dwell within each newly wakened soul,
And let it find eternal peace in Thee.

We must travel alone and without aids, as the traveler has to climb alone when he nears the summit of the mountain.—*Light on Path.*

My View of Vegetarianism

By Agnes Von Waldeburg.

The enthusiasm of our vegetarian friends seems to have led them into a position regarding the food question that has not been fully considered from all sides.

In spite of the fact that a large percentage of our advanced people seem to think the question of food and clothing a very insignificant one, the truth seems to be that it is of vast importance. I have never known any one who lived without eating, or wearing clothes, either, as I have never visited a country where the natives go undressed, and I don't believe any one ever visited a country where people live without eating.

Then the next question is: What shall we eat? This is the thing that keeps us exercised. We have found out by experience that certain things are poisonous, others indigestible, and others "unclean."

Now, the vegetarian arises and tells us that flesh of animals is not only unclean, but that it is very sinful to take life that we may live.

In answer to the latter charge, I would like to ask: Do we not take life every time we swallow a bite of food of any kind, or take a drink of water, or breathe a breath? Without life in themselves, could these things add to our life? In my opinion, it is just as much murder to ruthlessly and unnecessarily destroy a flower or a weed or an insect, as it is to take the lives of animals unnecessarily! it is all only a question of degree and necessity.

When I chew up a tender young onion or a crispy radish I can actually hear it cry! Oh, what agonies it must suffer! But do I stop eating it for that? No, no! I must live; for that reason its life and many other lives must be added to mine.

How many of us, do you think, ever pondered seriously or understood these words of Jesus Christ: "Verily, verily, I say unto you: Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you." It is clear that he did not mean that it was necessary to eat the flesh and drink the blood of His individual person or any other person. The expression, "The Son of Man," here stands for the cosmos or universal life, of which we are a part and upon which we feed.

Jesus also said: "All things are clean unto you." In con-

nection with this question of cleanliness we hear our friends speak of the "butcher shops reeking with blood and filth." I wonder if they ever stopped to think that it is the decay of this "blood and filth" that produces our nice, clean vegetables? And the vegetables, when eaten, produce more "blood and filth," and so on to eternity.

All substance is One, and all forms of it are good when used in the right way and bad when used in the wrong way. All substance is life and intelligence; death and decay are only dissolution and change of form; the main difference in the various life forms is the difference in the degree of consciousness possessed by each; therefore, all that we eat and drink and breathe is life, if it were not so it could not give us life.

We are simply channels through which the universal life flows; but this life must exist in a form that finds its affinity in us before it can become food for us.

It wouldn't surprise me at all if we would find out before long how to live in perfect health and happiness on merely a handful of nice, clean earth, properly compounded with a few rays of sunshine; I am willing to do my part to hasten the day, but in the meantime let us use whatever food gives us the most strength to do our part and lead happy and useful lives.

For my part, I can't believe that that which is destructive to the body is really good for the soul; when we destroy or weaken the body we at least rob the soul of its right to a perfect garment in the material world, which is limiting its consciousness of Being; for the greater the number of aspects or activities a soul possesses the more nearly infinite it is. If you wish to grow more and more at one with Infinite Substance, or God, it is necessary to cultivate your consciousness of Being in as many ways as possible; and do not despise any aspect, either spiritual or material.

Why should the material life be despised or considered a bad thing? We are told, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son," etc.; "For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through Him might be saved." And the prayer of Jesus: "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done *on earth* as it is in heaven," proves that He did not come to the world to lead us out of it to the kingdom established off in some other place; we are to learn to live here and now, "The kingdom of heaven is within you." Therefore, it is right to use that food which gives us the greatest degree of life and health.

Since we are all different expressions of the One Life, it

stands to reason that our food must vary according to the individual. If you find that you get the most strength and health out of vegetables, by all means eat vegetables; if you get more out of flesh or fish, eat flesh or fish; and if you get more out of the dust of the earth, why eat that, and be sure that it is just as clean as any other food; it is all good, and it is all ours.

The person who sneers and shows contempt for another's food possesses very limited consciousness.

I am glad that people are waking up to a realization of the importance of right eating, for it can not help but result in vast good to the world. In the past we ate what we liked best, just so long as it did not poison us, and some of us did not, and do not, stop at poison. In the future, when we have learned wisdom, we will eat that which we know to be good for us. Then, indeed, we will never grow old, but keep the Infinite Life flowing through us eternally.

Behold the millennium!

MY SOUL ANSWERETH

By C. E. S.

Why, O, my Soul, do I postpone?

Why do I desire one thing and strive for another?

Why do I want to be, but do not *will* to be?

Why do I modestly trudge along the beaten highway undistinguished even amongst the veriest clods—those of the earth earthy—when I would exalt myself and breathe the air and imbibe the inspiration of a higher sphere of being and expression?

Why, instead of worrying, fearing and dissembling, do I not with loving faith and mental poise meet every event and situation in life?

"Why?" answereth my Soul, "not because thou hast been deaf to my voice, but because thou hast listened to other voices more clamorous. The higher prompting is always mine. The *will* is thine. Together we will wax strong.

"Disregard me and I become weak and ineffectual. Deny me habitually and I lose all power of expression.

"Recognize me and I grow in strength. Habitually listen to my promptings and my 'wee small voice' develops in power of intonation.

"I am the Force and you are the Instrument.

"Useless each without the other."

Super-Jurisprudence

PART II.—NOW IS THE POWER.

(Concluding Article.)

They say in this instruction, "My life, to be sure, is a dream, matter is nothing, and the heavens are but the invocations of the night, the stars and the sun and the moon are located at the construction of my thought." Very well, still let us live as is fit.

But then, besides the Epicureans there were insignificant people all around. Oh, as long as there are insignificant folks, it is a dangerous thing to forget the truth. As long as there is one fool left in humanity, there will be somebody to know the truth. The next time you get into a disposition to pray—I suppose it only overcomes you once in a while, after these great and high days—pray that some unusual instinct will lead you to your fool.

So this governor, by the grace of God, had a fool around him. It came about, when it was known how valuable it is to have a fool, that only kings could afford them. In America, everybody can afford one. I have been fortunate enough in the last twenty years to be a fool for a great many myself—some who were so wise they had none of their own.

The governor of Cecilia had a fool, and he said: "Your oracle tells the future very well. Here! Take this paper, upon which I have written a question; it is folded and sealed with my governor's seal; put that in your frock and go to sleep upon the porch as you are commanded, and see what you will get." The rule of that shrine was: (Oh, that this rule might attach itself to those places which are not yet shrines, for wherever insight is born there shall be an eternal shrine.) The rule of that shrine was: "Sleep so far out on the porch that the dew shall be able, without much search, to find you, and do not be too well covered up." Oh, that is such a splendid idea.

I knew a lady—no, let me say a gentleman; our imagination can cross that line quite easily, and dream just to that extent faster than sex—who always slept with the feet out. It would be a grand thing, but would seem funny, if everybody would sleep with their feet out of the window. I venture to say that if everybody slept with his head and his feet out of the window, we would have fewer doctors' bills, and I am sure that the robbers would not attack that house. They would be better protection than the night watchman.

The rule of that shrine was, "Sleep on the porch." So the fool of the governor, with the sealed question in his frock, next to his inferior soul, slept upon the porch, and he dreamed that there came to him a stately, glorious being, who said to him but one word, namely, "black."

A great tyrant ruled over Cecelia; he had no belief in divine exhalations. He believed in the strongest battalions, a soldier here and a hundred there, and "I will know my will is done; as for the gods, we will mind our own business." And they said: This is well. It is a pleasure for man to live; then let him live happily. And he was surrounded by Epicureans, who said, "Are you not the governor?" Is this a dream? Very well, then, call it what you please, but do it as it is fit to be done.

The fool remained a fool, that is, he did not allow any skill or contrivance of his mind to readjust or add to or subtract from this meaningless word, "black," but straight to the governor he went and handed him the sealed letter, saying, "A great and glorious being said to me 'black.'" It seems that the governor had asked, "Shall I sacrifice unto the deity of this shrine a white or a black bull?" and the deity said "black," as being appropriate to this governor.

What we wish to state is this: That all the way, all the gamut of artificial conception, from wickedness to insanity and folly, the summit of blasphemous ignorance, down to the very pith and marrow of incompetence, wherever along that expanse may be the reckoning and the estimate of your life, there has been provided a return, a path, a way back through the dew of heaven, as Nebuchadnezzar went through the open out-door affliction of the elements to face that power which you now secretly and unknown to yourself possess.

It is accredited a superstition if people pray for certain conditions of the weather or certain alterations in the administration of the seasons; but in the least individual, even in yourself, there permanently resides the path which reason opens, because reason is the only entity that will take you everywhere and leave you nowhere.

Reason will lead you and lead you, and at last leave you in the lurch. Grand instructor is reason. Many of those who seek assistance would like to be put in a cradle and kept in a cradle the full length, but reason will start you out upon an abstract pilgrimage, and carry you to the end where zero lives comfortably, and then throw you down.

Those whom the crocodile refuses to eat,
are worth saving!

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The path to the prototype is from the beginnings of speech to the eternal and ineffable dumbness. They used to say in the ancient times, "Get down upon your knees to the crocodile, because he is the only beast who has not a tongue, that you might learn that having said all, you have said nothing, having done all, you have done nothing." There was no need to do anything.

It is finished now. The elements are here. Now your dreams are vanished, now you are omnipotent, now you are free—not tomorrow, not yesterday, but now.

Your mind collects you together, and says, "After a little, now, I will think that over; just now I have not anything so big as that to do, so I do not need to be that big. I do not even expect to get about it next week; during this present week I have some very important things to do; besides there will be plenty of time to be omnipotent when I cannot be something less. Maybe you will have ears for a long time that will be sprouts to nowhere.

Maybe you are building mines on the back of those ears, and they will turn out to be only Maud's heels—grand institutions to kick with, but as for seizing the thunder and lightning, as Jupiter, your father, did, he hath wandered into the bogs of tradition.

I am building large foundations; I shall need to digest civilization into my stone-work, my foundations must be hewn thus and so to the plummet and to the line, for I would be a god worthily. But then, this is a grand message intended for me when I am illumined. Says the prophet:

Come back! Come back! Return ye, return ye!
For why will ye die! Forget agreements with time,
Annul your contracts with space,
Dislodge and uproot the senses
And throw them to the willing winds!
Thou shalt tear from thee thine heart,
Even as Hogni, the Saxon, and let it be a pledge!
But as for things, they are nothing;
As for bodies, who hath built them
But for a futile instant!
There is a spirit in man!
The Almighty hath given him understanding!
All power, all freedom, all wisdom,
All goodness, is yours now!

Henry Emerson Barnes

The Golden Light.

A TRUE PSYCHICAL EXPERIENCE

By E. L. Norris.

I am the descendant of a line of ancestors who have recognized no creed or religion for a century prior to my birth. None have been criminals, neither have they written their names in the halls of fame. All have tried to render each and every man his just due, and have asked no more.

I was taught to view life for what it was worth here on earth, and admonished to be diligent and gain all knowledge possible as to the best way to live. While I have kept the faith to the best of my ability, yet notwithstanding this adverse teaching to creed and sect, I have upon two different occasions during my life been visited by the spirit or ghost of one who had departed this life.

I was born and reared in the rural districts of a Mississippi Valley state, and grew to young manhood on my father's farm. On an adjoining farm lived a family by the name of Glenn, who viewed life much as did my own people, and as a consequence the two families were very intimate. During my boyhood days I was bereft of my mother, and to a daughter of the Glenn household I owe much for the few happy days I have seen since my early misfortune. We were schoolmates and to her I ever turned for counsel and sympathy. As the years passed by our childish devotion ripened into a pure and holy love and we were betrothed.

One Autumn evening in the year of 1893 I visited the Glenn home and found that pain and anxiety had usurped the abiding place of never failing happiness and hospitality. A few hours before Laura Glenn had fallen ill, and according to the physician summoned was nigh unto death. At midnight there was an apparent lull in her suffering which I considered a change for better, and took my way home, yet with strange misgivings grappling at my heart. I sat for some time after reaching my room picturing in my mind the dual extremes of human earthly existence, life and happiness—misery and death. An hour later I retired and fell into a calm and restful sleep, something unusual when in trouble for I was of a very nervous temperament. At 3 o'clock I awoke with a start sitting bolt upright in bed. Apparently through the door of my room which was closed and bolted came a light which glowed like living fire. In the midst of that light and completely enveloped by the bluish misty glow I saw the face and form of

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Laura Glenn as distinctly as I ever beheld her when sitting beneath the old elm tree that grew near the door of her home. My remembrance of how I felt or of the thoughts that passed through my mind at that time are gathered from the calm reflections of maturer years. The light came near to my bedside, lingered there for a moment, then began to draw away. I made no effort to speak or move, but I have a distinct recollection of trying to detain the form when it began to recede, though I am confident that this action was purely mental. I heard her voice plain and clear, and while I could have recognized it anywhere on earth, there was a difference in the tone that I am unable to describe.

The words, "We shall meet again," were spoken distinctly.

I was terribly frightened, and ere the light had disappeared I was so weak that I could not turn to the window to listen to the sound of voices which could be heard in front of the house.

My efforts to note what was being spoken without, brought back my strength and a realization that something strange and unusual had occurred in my presence. The front door of the old farm house closed heavily and my father approached my room, rapped on the door and called my name.

As the door swung open and the light from the lamp which he carried fell on my face, he could plainly see that I was greatly agitated.

My early teaching that ignorance, cowardice and superstition were the marks of a degenerated man came to my aid, and I would admit no such condition to my father. He asked if I had expected bad news, to which I replied that I had not. He intimated that it was the opinion of the neighbor with whom he had just spoken that the worst had happened and that Laura Glenn had passed to the Great Beyond. Reared by people who instilled into the minds of their children from infancy that tears came only from regret; that sorrow did not in reality exist; that expressions of sympathy were arch hypocrisy itself, my stoicism received a blow that night that shook the then unfinished structure to its very foundation.

But I must pass hurriedly on. A few days later with friends and relatives I followed to its resting place in Mother Earth all that was mortal of her who had been the idol of my boyish dreams. I lingered but a few days longer near the scenes of my childhood, then became a wanderer in strange lands.

Space will not permit me to give a detailed account of my wanderings, nor of the time and thought I have given in an effort to account for my strange experience. My first task was to prove that I had actually seen what I have here related, and had not been

the victim of illusion. This was no small task when my early training was taken into consideration. But having succeeded in this I accepted and applied the rule of my forefathers, "that there was a way to learn all there was to know," and toiled on in the hope of solving the mystery.

For years I followed the mines and found a home anywhere between the Alaskan boundary and the fever laden swamps of South America. My earnings were spent for books and travel. I read anything that gave the least promise of throwing some light on spiritual life, then threw it away, for they were all disappointments.

In the fall of 1905 I was visiting in Denver, and taking advantage of the opportunity offered for pursuing my studies, I purchased more books and spent a greater portion of my time reading.

I have come to my last experience of a spiritual nature. On this particular evening I was very much interested in a psychic writing, and becoming tired fell asleep in my chair. The light came again, but I will not say that I was awakened for I do not know. "You may come with me now." The voice sounded just as it did years ago and I heard and knew it.

I do not remember leaving the house. That is, my mind received no permanent impression of such movements—for no doubt my body remained in the chair where I had fallen asleep. Side by side we swept away into light—greater light than I had ever seen. There were no worlds, planets or sun, nothing but light, and as we moved on and on the light seemed to grow brighter. At last we came to where the light was so brilliant that I faltered and she passed on. Whither she went, or why I could not follow, I know not. I came back through the light, and while I felt as if awake, I seemed to hover over my own body for a moment then awoke to realize that the problem I started out to solve while yet a mere youth had, in a few fleeting moments, multiplied many times.

I will say in conclusion that I am no coward, neither am I superstitious. I have been startled, but cringing, clinging fear of anything that might manifest itself on this earth I have never known. Was this a ghost or was it not? And do you of the occult science possess the knowledge whereby it can be explained?

As for me my work is not yet ended, and I will ever go on in the hope that "there is a way to learn all there is to know."

Perfection is always infinite. We are this infinite already, and we are trying to manifest that infinity.—Swami Vivekananda.

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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.

WHAT IS THE SUB-CONSCIOUS MIND? Mrs. I. E., Lewiston, Me., asks: "What is the sub-conscious mind? I read much about it, and I have called upon the sub-conscious mind and received help. What is it?"

Answer: Perhaps there is nothing in the study of metaphysics so confusing as the problem of the sub-conscious. Writers and teachers differ greatly in their ideas upon the subject, and we recommend to you a study of the Yogi Philosophy, or the Vedanta, for a full explanation and understanding of the term. Briefly, it is that storehouse of knowledge which we have received from heredity, coupled with what we are now receiving, in our present life-experience. What you called upon and received help from I would define as a higher manifestation of mind than that which is usually understood as "sub-conscious." Whether the act of mind-functioning be classed as three or more distinct minds possessed by the individual, or whether we say that the individual mind functions on varying planes of consciousness, is a problem unsolved, and possibly unsolvable. To me it seems to simplify matters to regard the individual mind as capable of functioning upon different planes of consciousness, much as the will forces the voice up and down the musical scale.

ABOUT THOUGHT TRANSFERENCE. "Orchid," Marion, Miss., writes: "I notice in the Personal Problem Department an answer to 'Red Rose,' in which you say that the reason she does not attract love is that she sends it all out, thus depleting herself, and making herself unattractive. I cannot believe that a person who loves only himself is ever attractive. In my opinion, there is no one more repellant than a person wholly absorbed in himself. I wish you would tell me what you think of thought transference."

Answer: I will first repeat what I have said before about the person who depletes his vitality, by indiscrimination, in any way. In order to make of oneself a magnet for the attraction of a specific vibration, whether wealth, health or love, it is not necessary to be absorbed in oneself, as you seem to understand, but there must be a certain love and respect for oneself. Why should you not love yourself? Are you not "made in His image and likeness," even though you may not believe that you yourself are God? I don't know just what you want to know about thought transference, as you do not specify. Possibly you want to know how to transfer your thoughts to a given point. Suppose that you wished to transfer a word to a given point. That is, you want to shout to a person up the street. You naturally direct the sound of your voice to that person, focussing your whole attention upon him. That is what you must do, with your thought. Focus, or concentrate your mental force upon the person you wish to reach, and with power of will, direct your message to his mind, just as you would direct the words (a mental message brought on to the material plane), to him. I will follow your advice, and will soon publish an article in SWASTIKA on the difference between thought transference and telepathy.

WHY LOCAL SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE HIGHER THAN FOREIGN. "A Subscriber," City, writes: "If it is not outside the province of your Personal Problem Department, will you please tell me why you charge \$1.25 for subscriptions in this city and only \$1.00 to outside cities?"

Answer: We charge our local subscribers \$1.25, because we are compelled to pay 2 cents postage on all city deliveries, while we have second-class rates, mailing the magazine at so much the pound, to outside places.

TALKS WITH SWASTIKA READERS

Let us reason together. Every day we are in receipt of letters from subscribers, stating that "money is so scarce that they must do without the magazines, books," and so forth, until "times improve." No amount of self-deception will suffice to conceal from ourselves the indubitable fact that people are having "hard times." That there is no substantial reason for this state of affairs makes no difference. The fact remains. It is next to impossible to collect debts or to realize cash on holdings. Most people imagine that by cutting out some trifling expense, such as a paltry one dollar for a year's subscription to a magazine, or newspaper, that they are practicing economy, and thereby "saving" money.

Let us see.

When you withhold your subscription from a publication, this is what happens: The publisher has to either suspend his publication or continue to publish at a loss to himself, or on credit. This again involves the printer, who has to pay cash to his printers, because the printers have to pay cash to the grocers, the landlords and "the gas man," not to mention the laundries.

When this chain of circulation is broken, which it is by your thoughtless withholding of but one dollar, it is not difficult to realize the paralysis that follows. Neither the publisher nor the printer, nor the grocer nor the landlord, nor the gas man nor the numerous other recipients of your dollar, can exist, and if they can not exist, how can you? We live within a circle, and we are all influenced by that which occurs to any one member of the circle.

There is no subscriber to this, or any other magazine, who can not afford one dollar to cover one year's subscription, if he or she will earnestly take into consideration the far-reaching effects of that one dollar.

This little talk is for you. Don't say, "I can not afford your magazine this year," but just enclose your little dollar cheerfully and send it off, wishing us all prosperity, because in our success lies also your success.

And don't be always looking for bargains. The American mind has the bargain habit. Let us take a cure for it, and to begin the general cure, send your dollar promptly, and without strings to it.

Of course, if you don't like THE SWASTIKA, you are not enjoined to renew. Heaven forbid. We don't want anyone's subscription if he does not want our magazine, but for Truth's sake, don't write us anything more about wanting the magazine, but not being able to afford it. You can't afford NOT to pay for it, if you will but watch the effects that follow this tendency to curtail expenses. Keep your money moving, earning, active, and you CAN NOT FAIL.

BOOKS RECEIVED

THE SUFISM OF THE RUBAIYAT, or *The Secret of the Great Paradox*, is a recent publication from the inspired pen of Norton F. W. Hazeldine, principal of the Venice Health School, Venice, California. The Sufism is, we believe, the first attempt yet made to bring out the spiritual significance of this great poem, which stands first in all Persian literature. The interpretation given in *The Sufism* will appeal to the Advanced Thinker and the Metaphysician as the obvious meaning of the ancient Persian, Omar Khayyam. Professor Hazeldine has brought out with distinctness and in beautiful language, much of the lore of the Masonic order, and we especially recommend the work to members of that fraternity, as well as to all who are interested in a truly philosophical and esoteric interpretation of the Rubaiyat. Price, \$1.00. Address all orders to the author, Venice Health School, Venice, Cal.

THE NEW OLD HEALING. By Henry Wood. Published by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Price, cloth, \$1.30 net. Order of publishers. Mr. Wood is one of the best known as he is one of the most prolific writers upon New Thought and Metaphysical subjects. In this latest book from his pen, Dr. Wood has dealt with the spiritual and psychical health forces, as exemplified today in the many and varied methods of healing, and has shown their relation to the "miracles" of ancient times. The book covers over 300 pages, and is written in Dr. Wood's fine literary style. It will be found an invaluable addition to the library of the New Thinker.

HEALTH AND STRENGTH. By Samuel T. Erieg. Issued by Enterprise Book Company, Williamsport, Pa. Price, 25c. This little book is a splendid treatise in condensed form on "how to get well and keep well." Order of publisher.

THE RAVEN'S LEAF. By "Aeona." Published by Fowler Bros., Los Angeles. This is an attractively bound volume of verse, containing "a message of spiritual light, power, guidance, rapture, harmony and revelation." The author has evidently sounded the depths of spiritual communion. One of the finest numbers in the collection is "Invocation." Price, \$1.00. Order of publishers.

THE MAKING OF COLORADO. By Eugene Parsons. Issued by Flanagan Company, Chicago. Those who are interested in the early history of Colorado will do well to order a copy of this interestingly told story of Colorado history. Price, 60c; cloth, 325 pages. Order of publishers.

THE LAW OF COMPENSATION. By Eugene Del Mar. Issued by the Progressive Literature Company, Box 228, Madison Square, New York City. Mr. Del Mar is one of the most logical and forceful writers of the day. "The Law of Compensation" is worth many times the price asked, 25c.

EATING TO LIVE. By W. H. McCurdy. Published by the Whitaker & Ray Company, San Francisco. Price, 50c. This little book is worth many times the price for its practical, common-sense suggestions to the health hunter. Order of publishers, San Francisco.

DIVINE LOVE AND WISDOM. By Swedenborg. Issued by The American Swedenborg Printing & Publishing Company. This is a revised edition of the great work of the mystic, issued, so the publishers announce, "for the purpose of circulating uniform editions of the theological works of Swedenborg, for missionary and charitable purposes." The price is not given.

SOCIALISM AND RELIGION. A pamphlet by Omar Neredi. Issued by "Tomorrow Press." Price, 10c. An excellent presentation of certain ideas about the relation of "Religion" to the principles of Socialism.

MAGAZINES

THE ELK'S JOURNAL, HAND MADE, is a unique and artistic production from the hand of H. P. Layton, San Antonio, Texas. The work is all done by hand. This does not mean that the type is set by hand, and the cuts made from hand drawings. No, indeed, nothing so ordinary as that. Every word is printed by hand, and the drawings and embellishments are done by hand, in several colors, making a most beautiful production, indeed, and probably the only monthly publication in the world of its kind. Mr. Layton is an invalid seeking health in the climate of San Antonio, and makes his way by getting out hand-made books and the *Elk's Journal*. Send to him, and get his prices on hand-made books. Certainly nothing more beautiful can be imagined than the specimen copies seen. Address H. P. Layton, San Antonio, Texas.

THE OCCULT REVIEW, published in London, England, and edited by Ralph Shirley, is unquestionably the best of those publications devoted exclusively to the investigation of psychical science. The August issue contains a scholarly article on "The Tetrad, or The Structure of Mind," "More Dealings with the Dead," by Arthur Edward Waite; "Ghosts," by Franz Hartmann, and a truly wonderful article, splendidly illustrated, on "The Evil Eye," by Bernard O'Neill. There are many other good things in the August number.

THE GHOURKI, published at Morgantown, W. Va., and edited by The Chief of the Tribe, one Howard Llewellyn Swisher, is one of the most original and attractive little publications that comes to THE SWASTIKA reading rooms. Send 25 cents for a year's subscription, and you will not regret it. It is bracing, sane and optimistically original.

THE HITTITE, published at Dallas, Texas, has opened a New Thought Center, and will be glad to receive exchanges from all New Thought publications. *The Hittite*, which has recently absorbed *The Parish Journal*, is an old and tried publication, having been in existence some fifteen years. We are glad to see the New Thought trend of The Hittites. Address them: Room 205 Texas Building Dallas, Texas.

SWASTIKA NEWS ITEMS

The proposed meeting at Niagara, in October of this year, of the World's New Thought Federation has been indefinitely postponed. The report received at this office states that there had not been sufficient funds promised to warrant further effort, and the Federation was, therefore, dissolved.

Beginning with the September number, and continuing through twelve consecutive numbers of THE SWASTIKA, Dr. George W. Carey, the eminent scientist and biochemist, will contribute a series of articles on "The Influence of the Sun on the Vibrations of the Blood." Dr. Carey proposes to show the chemical effect of the Sun's position at birth. These articles will invade a new occult realm, and show the chemical effect of the Sun's rays at birth. These remarkable articles will give valuable data to every person, it matters not which sign he was born under, for the twelve signs will be included. It is not too much to say that Dr. Carey is the most profound and the most scientific student of occult astrology of this century, and we feel particularly pleased to have secured this series of articles. The first of the series will be published in the September SWASTIKA and will deal with Virgo people.

Why He Shrank.—"Did you ever try drowning your sorrow?"
 "Nope; she's stronger than I am, and besides, it would be murder."
 —*Houston Post*.

The Two Ages of Man.—There are two periods in a man's life when he is unable to understand women. One is before marriage and the other after.—*Harper's Weekly*.

Sure of Her Ground.—Mistress—Jane, I saw the milkman kiss you this morning. In the future I will take the milk in.
 Jane—"Wouldn't be no use, mum. He's promised never to kiss anybody but me.—*Illustrated Bits*.

One of the Best.—"Your dead husband wor a good mon," declared the sympathetic Mrs. Casey to the bereaved widow.
 "He wor!" exclaimed Mrs. Murphy, dashing the tears from her eyes. "No two polacemin cud handle him."—*Judge*.

It Depended.—Two Irishmen met in the dark, when one said: "Hello, 'Pat, is this you or is it your brother?"
 "What do you want?"
 "If it is you, I want to borrow a dollar now."
 "It ain't me, by pabers—it's me brother."

Well Enough Advanced.—"Is your home far away?" asked the kind friend of the inebriate individual.
 "No, no," stammered the boozy one, attempting to reach the porch, "it's, hic, only five minutes from the post office, but it's, hic, awfully inaccessible."

Time to Pause.—Little Arthur stood peering down into the countenance of his baby sister, whom the nurse was singing to sleep.
 "Say, nurse," he finally whispered, "It's nearly unconscious, isn't it?"
 The nurse nodded in the affirmative, a ndsang on.
 "Then don't sing any more or you'll kill it!"—*Lippincott's*.

The Absent-Minded Scholar.—The Professor's Wife—You haven't kissed me for a week.
 The Professor (absently)—Are you sure? Then who is it I have been kissing?—*Life*.

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Women and the Seasons.—"I wonder why the seasons are always pictured as women?" queried Mrs. Naggs, who was doing an art exhibit in company with her husband.

"I suppose," replied Naggs, "it's because men are never satisfied with them, no matter what kind they get."—*Chicago News.*

Half Her Trouble Gone.—Miss Surface: "I hope you are feeling better to-day, Mrs. Tubercle. What does the doctor say?"

Mrs. Tubercle (mournfully): "One of my lungs, he tells me, is entirely gone, and —"

Miss Surface (gleefully): "Oh! how nice! You won't have any more trouble from that, will you?"
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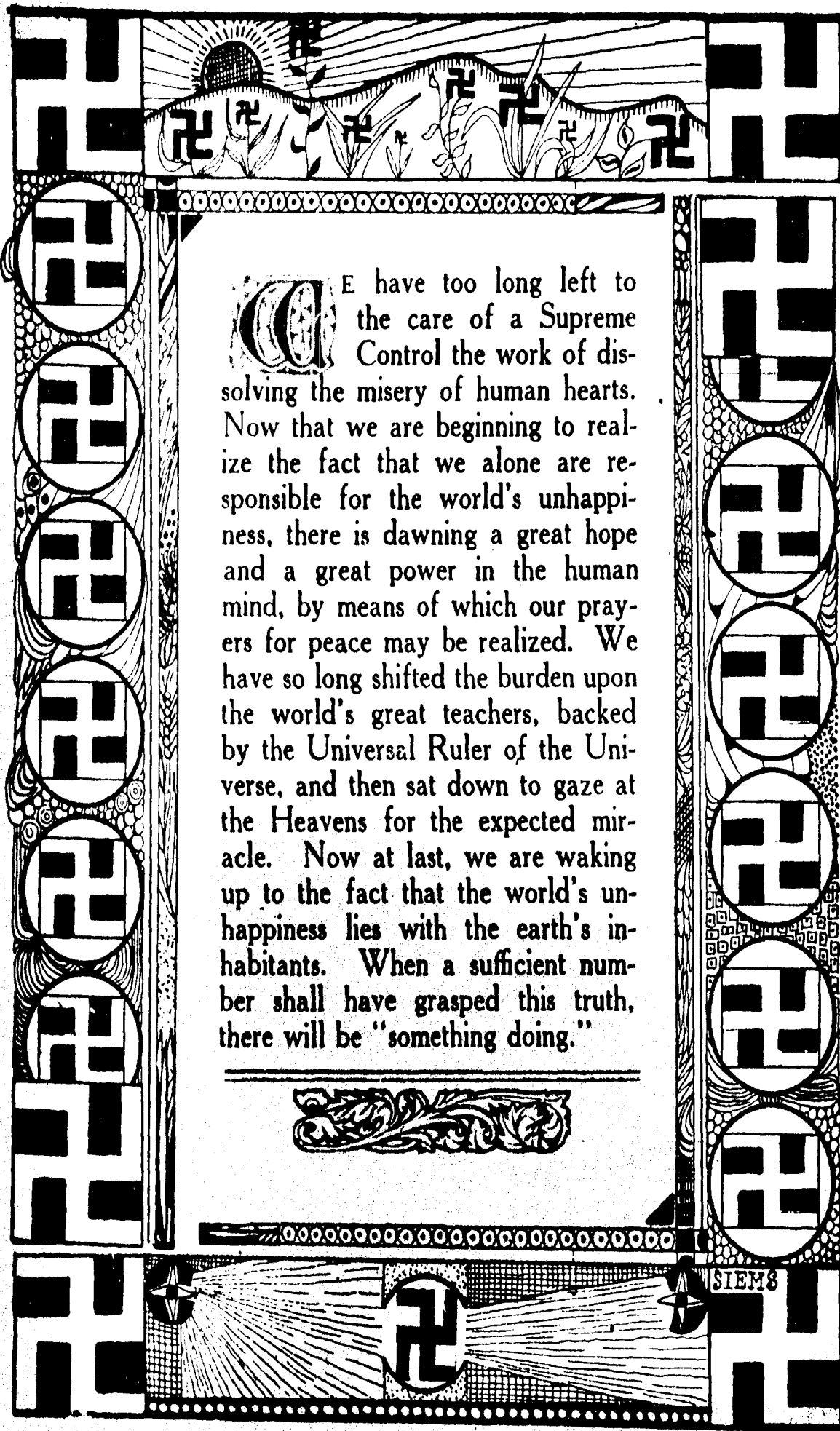
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WE have too long left to the care of a Supreme Control the work of dissolving the misery of human hearts. Now that we are beginning to realize the fact that we alone are responsible for the world's unhappiness, there is dawning a great hope and a great power in the human mind, by means of which our prayers for peace may be realized. We have so long shifted the burden upon the world's great teachers, backed by the Universal Ruler of the Universe, and then sat down to gaze at the Heavens for the expected miracle. Now at last, we are waking up to the fact that the world's unhappiness lies with the earth's inhabitants. When a sufficient number shall have grasped this truth, there will be "something doing."



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