

THE YOOH



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THE EDITOR'S PREFACE

"Blessed is the man," says Elbert Hubbard, the good Fra of East Aurora,—
"Blessed is the man who has found his work!" My work is to pay my debts.

I feel it in my bones that this magazine, THE YOGI, will be a tremendous success. It will pay my debts. Whether I win my case against the Post Office, or not, is of no consequence to my work. That will continue whatever happens.

If you who read these words are one of those who have at any time invested any money on my advice and lost it, then this message is addressed to you.

I have made two fortunes and thrown them away.

This will be the third, and this will be devoted to paying back cent for cent the money others have lost through me.

You have been patient a long while; I ask you to be so a little longer.

The fact that the law of man may acquit me of indebtedness does not actually acquit me. The Moral Law remains, and this cannot be evaded. A debt must always be paid.

You will like this magazine, I think, and value it. You can help me by introducing it to your friends. It is worth the price asked. Letters containing subscriptions should not be registered, the mails being perfectly safe, but should be addressed simply, The Yogi, Carson City, Nevada. Letters for me should be addressed Sydney Flower, Carson City, Nevada.

☞ And I shall be glad to hear from you.

THE YOGI

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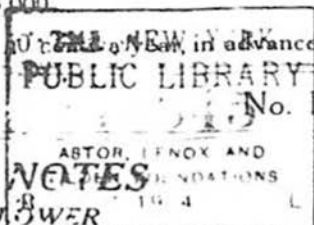
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Vol. I

JULY

EDITORIAL NOTES

By SYDNEY FLOWER



SALUTE—This first number of *THE YOGI* is written in jail;—in the County Jail at Carson City, Nevada; and as this is probably the first time in the history of the earth that a monthly magazine was ever so begun, *THE YOGI* starts its career with a sufficient uniqueness to satisfy the most jaded appetite for novelty.

A PERSONAL MATTER—I was arrested on Jan. 15, 1910, in Chicago on a warrant following an indictment for misuse of the mails found in Nevada in connection with the alleged non-issuance of mining stock and, in default of bail, was

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lodged in the Chicago jail for the space of two weeks. At the end of that time, having waived the preliminary trial in Chicago, I was brought to Carson City, Nevada, in the custody of two U. S. Marshals, and am now here awaiting trial.

LOOKING BACK—Life in the Chicago jail was not without its humors and compensations. One meets in jail with rare and interesting types of men, of whom we shall have more to say later. You would like to know, perhaps, how a man feels who is locked up in a prison for the first time in his life, and how soon he accustoms himself to his surroundings, and just what those surroundings are?

Briefly then,—if he is a man of education, having some knowledge of philosophy, it takes him about five days to compel his brain to cease hammering. It takes him about five days to apply the beautifully sane philosophy of the Stoics, which refuses to allow any bodily discomfort to shake the serenity of the mind. It takes him about five days to understand that to feel sorry for himself is worse than folly, is, in fact, simply the wrong point of view, and to know that he must take a keen interest in the life around him if he would keep his mental balance. So it happens that,

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after about five days in jail, the prisoner finds that his brain is wonderfully circumscribing its action, reining in unprofitable thoughts, busying itself with matters which bring no painful reflections in their train, limiting itself, adapting itself, making something out of nothing, and much out of little, and all for the present comfort and future well-being of its master, the Individual.

THE DARK DAYS—The third day in jail is the worst. That first effort which a man of spirit makes to meet his fate, whatever it may be, calmly, has spent itself, and the hideous reaction sets in, when Reason is powerless to help, and that feminine part of man, the Sympathetic Nervous System, lashes his thoughts into successive storms of emotion that ravage and wreck mind and body. Then does his heart sink like lead, and the bitterness of his soul gives birth to Hate and Scorn and many monsters of an evil brood which prey upon him during the long hours of the night. This is the Ego rampant. And yet, during the lulls between the storms, that blessed small voice of Reason strives constantly to make itself heard, whispering, "There is no sense in this. Brace up. You brought this on yourself. The blame is yours.

Don't worry. There's nothing the matter. This experience is good for you. You have not the sense to know it, but this experience is good for you. Cheer up; you'll get over it all right. Forget yourself, and remember that your emotions are not really of the smallest consequence. Your heart's all right; it is your vanity that is sick to death."

To which the Emotions make answer: "It is unjust. It is undeserved. I have never sought to defraud anyone: it is a monstrous injustice."

And then again the Reason: "You're an idiot. You have always been an idiot. Nobody knows better than you that this is a world of Order, of Cause and Effect, and that whatever happens to you is exactly what ought to happen, always and forever. Your head is full of philosophy; here's your chance to apply it. Brace up, and apply it. Get some good out of it. Stop your sniveling and use your brains." So the conflict rages, with Reason ever growing stronger as Emotion droops before its attack, and the Man at last finds himself.

CALM DAYS—About the fifth day he is ready to "listen to reason," as we phrase it, and his most persistent memory will center about the sayings

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of Socrates, wisest of the Greeks. In my own case this memory materialized itself into a visit from the shade of Socrates, and the following dialogue, after the Socratic manner, took place in my cell—No. 511, at the Chicago County Jail; Time, evening; Month, January; Year, 1910. A most remarkable thing. (Enter the spirit of Socrates.)

Soc.—So then, I find you in jail, and unhappy. Tell me if you are unhappy because you are in jail.

Myself—I am unhappy because I am in jail. Socrates.

Soc.—First of all, are you a reasonable man? That is, is reason your guide?

Myself—A guide I do not always follow, Socrates.

Soc.—Is that because you do not *SEE* reason or because you do not *WISH TO FOLLOW* reason?

Myself—Because there is no comfort in it for me, therefore I do not follow it.

Soc.—Then it appears that you are unwilling to follow reason?

Myself—Yes, that is, I suppose, correct.

Soc. But from this I must conclude that you are not a reasonable man. However, I shall address myself to you as if you were indeed guided by reason. First, is it your object to be happy?

Myself—Yes, I wish for happiness.

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Soc.—And that is a praiseworthy wish. We all have the wish to be happy. How then do you go about it to secure this happiness for yourself? And, first of all, are you suffering from hunger? Myself—The prison fare is poor, Socrates, but I get my meals sent in, and they cost me only 25 cents each. Yes, I get enough to eat.

Soc.—And I perceive that this building is steam-heated, so that you do not suffer from the cold?

Myself—No.

Soc.—And you have candles to burn in your cell at night?

Myself—Yes.

Soc.—And you have books to read, and time to read them?

Myself—Oh, yes, plenty of time.

Soc.—And they neither beat you with rods, nor chain you, nor deprive you of food? And do they allow you human companionship, with the privilege of speech?

Myself—Yes. We are turned out into the "bull-pen" to walk about and talk, and play cards, if we wish to do so, from 9:30 a. m. to 11:30 a. m. Then we are locked in our cells for two hours, and turned out again from 1:30 p. m. to 3:30 p. m.; locked up from 3:30 p. m. to 7 p. m., and turned

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out again for an hour at night, from 7 p. m. to 8 p. m.

Soc.—But it seems to me that you have here all the essentials that make happiness. Your couch, I perceive, is of steel, covered with a mattress, blankets, and sheets. Are you aware that we of Athens knew nothing of the luxury of sheets? And you have also a pillow.

Myself—I'm not kicking about the food or the bed, or anything of that kind, Socrates. The place is clean enough, and there is no actual discomfort, but the idea of my being in jail is monstrous.

Soc.—I myself spent some time in a prison, and, as you may remember, ended my days in one, but I do not recall that the idea of my being in jail was monstrous to me! Are you unhappy because you are deprived of your liberty?

Myself—Certainly.

Soc.—And because you are deprived of the society of your friends?

Myself—Of course.

Soc.—Then I understand that you were invariably happy before you were arrested?

Myself—Not always, of course.

Soc.—So then when you had liberty you were not happy, and when your friends were about you,

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you were not happy; and now that your liberty is taken away, and you do not see your friends, you are not happy. Do you not perceive that the loss of your liberty is not at all the cause of your unhappiness?

Myself—Tell me then why I am unhappy, Socrates?

Soc.—You are unhappy because you are thinking about yourself.

Myself—And the remedy for that, of course, is to think about others?

Soc.—Do you not know it to be true?

Myself—Certainly, but I do not wish to do it.

Soc.—It was my habit in Athens to go to the root of a matter in conversation. After the first few words I could tell whether the person I was speaking to would benefit from the exchange of ideas. In your case I see that you have the stubbornness of the mule in combination with the arrogance of the peacock. But you have also the seeing eye, and that shall save you in spite of your weakness, your ignorance, and your pride. I shall tell you first where you are most at fault. You have failed in the only two things that are the test of human character. Is it not a strange thing that there are only two rules of conduct necessary to a man, and that you have neglected or broken both of these rules?

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Myself—What are these two rules, Socrates?

Soc.—Self-discipline and service to others. This is all the Law and the Prophets. Happiness is contained in the observance of both these rules. It is never found outside of them. You have not been without teachers of this truth. Your Emerson knew it, and proclaimed it. And he applied it, and lived happily. You know it, but you do not apply it, and therefore you are unhappy.

Myself—I will begin tomorrow, Socrates, to apply the rules. You are right.

Soc.—You are a poor creature, but you have the seeing eye, and that is precious. Also, I perceive in you a talent which we shall make use of from time to time in the service of men, that of interpreter. It is not the highest talent, which is that of the creator. But it is second to the creative, and ranks above the critical, which is the lowest of the Trinity. It shall be your work to explain to the sons of men what you see and know to be true of life and its meaning. And you are to understand that you can do your work as well in jail as out of it, and can be as happy, though this is of little consequence, in prison, as in the free air. Let me hear no more repinings.

Myself You have done me much good, Socrates.

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I will not forget your words. Before you go I'd like to ask about your wife, Xantippe. How did it happen that your wisdom did not improve her? History says she was a vixen, and that her tongue drove you forth into the streets. Wait a minute. Don't go. Hold on—just a second more—about Xantippe—they say—! (Exit the shade of Socrates.)

JAIL LIFE—The County Jail at Chicago is a huge square structure of concrete and steel, capable of housing about twelve hundred prisoners within its seven stories or tiers of cells. It is facetiously spoken of by the prisoners as "The Hotel," and they carry out the metaphor by alluding to themselves as "guests." The sanitary arrangements are admirable, and the air is pure. The fifth floor is usually occupied by government prisoners, and we of the fifth floor took some credit to ourselves, I remember, on account of our good reputation for orderliness and cleanliness. I noticed that it was the fashion among us to wear our hair long, and it was explained to me that this was because most of the guests on our floor were expecting to receive a penitentiary sentence when their hair would be shortened without cost to them. Under these circumstances a man

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would naturally prefer to keep his hair as long as possible. At the time of my residence there the government had been very active in the prosecution of the makers of butterine, and we had half-a-dozen "oleos" with us, awaiting sentence. We had also a couple of counterfeiters, two postoffice robbers, a respectable-looking man who had refused to pay his wife alimony, and a "bad man" lately from the Joliet Penitentiary who loudly maintained that there was "nothing agin him but spite." He was a man full of interesting reminiscences, and was said to have been hung up by the wrists for twenty-one days in the Black Hole at Joliet for conspiring to blow up the Penitentiary. The dynamite was actually found in his cell, but he refused to tell how it had been smuggled to him. Any man who could stand the Black Hole for twenty-one days must have good stuff in him. "Johnny," as he was called, was also an adept at cheating at cards, frankly turning from the bottom of the deck, and it was his habit to skin the other guests regularly out of their small change when they sat down on the floor of the "bull-pen" to play poker with him. The "bull-pen," where we walked about, had no seats or benches in it. You either spread a newspaper

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on the concrete floor and sat on that, or you kept moving. Once upon a time, tradition said, chairs were introduced into the "bull-pen," but the guests found them so handy as weapons of offense against each other, that the chairs were taken out by the guards, and several of the guests went, at the same time, to the hospital.

There is a subtle reason why it is a good thing that the guests should be locked up for two hours and let out to walk in the bull-pen for two hours alternately during the day. And this is the reason. After you have walked about for two hours, you are glad to get back into your cell and lie down on your cot, and after you have rested on your cot for two hours you are glad to get out and walk in the bull-pen, the general effect being to keep the guest alive to the realization of the simple pleasures of life. Thus satiety is avoided. Breakfast at the prison consists of two thick slices of dry bread, and a mug of coffee. The bread is called "duffers," by the guests, and if you don't want your "duffers" the etiquette is to pass them along through the grating, by hand, from cell to cell, till they find a welcome and a resting place. When you are shown to your cell you are given a spoon and a mug, and instructed

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to keep them clean. There is running water in every cell, so this is easy.

It is astonishing how effective a spoon is as an implement at meals. It might not be sufficient for a thick sirloin steak, but, as you don't see any steaks, the objection is of little import. Dinner is served about 4 p. m., and consists of a dish of stew, generally kidney-stew, bread and coffee. Having enough spare change to order a modest meal sent in from the restaurant I tried the stew only once, and found it difficult. However, it is possible that a man ought by right to feel so keen an appetite that prison fare should be a delight to his palate. My predecessor had left me a candlestick in the form of a spoon, with the handle bent double to form a clasp. You slipped this clasp on to the slanting steel brace of the bed, and the bowl of the spoon stood flat to stand the candle upon. You lit the candle, dropped a little of the hot wax into the bowl of the spoon, pressed the base of the candle firmly upon it, and it stuck fast, solid and upright. Thus does the brain of man triumph over the limitations of circumstance. Every Saturday we mopped out our cells; a gallery-man relieving me of this job for the ridiculously inadequate compensation of ten cents.

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Knives and scissors are not allowed, and I have been curious to know how a long-term prisoner attends to his nails. I am still wondering. Possibly they break off even all round like the hoofs of a wild mustang. I don't know; but from the look of my fingers I am in a fair way of finding out in the course of time. The guards struck me as being a very decent lot of men. There was no bullying or tyrannizing, or anything of that kind. In fact, the one most amazing thing about jail life is the spirit of the prisoners. They are neither sullen, nor cowed, and their experience in prison does not seem in any way to foster a revengeful feeling. The grievance of the old-timers, and it is one that is being constantly aired, is always against the police for picking them up as soon as they get out of jail, and running them in again without cause. As a measure of general safety, perhaps. There are even those who say of prison life as Browning said of Spring: "It comes with sunshine back again, like an old smile." A curiously instructive point of view. I bought my candles from a Jew who was serving a six-months' sentence for a confidence game. He said, "I give you three candles for five cents. The store will only give you two for five." Naturally I dealt

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with him. Even in jail the commercial instinct of the Hebrew asserts itself. His name in the jail was Murphy, conferred upon him by general consent because his own was unpronounceable, which is not a bad reason when you come to think it over.

FELLOW-PRISONERS—I want to say of the men I met in jail that they were in no sense of the word inferior to any I had known outside. And I speak from a pretty wide acquaintance with men of all ranks. I never met with anything but courtesy from them, and formed some friendships which will endure. Of these friends, Otto —, who left the Chicago Jail during my stay there, to serve a five year sentence in the Leavenworth Penitentiary, was notable in the contrast between the man himself and his record. He was not over thirty years of age, a Swede, of a philosophical cast of mind. After a long record of "rustling," or petty burglary, he and his partner planned the raiding of a country postoffice at night. They drove to the scene in a buggy, broke open the door of the postoffice, blasted the safe with dynamite, and secured a few dollars worth of stamps and coin before the watchman on the premises was roused. The alarm was given, and

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Otto's partner bolted for the buggy, shooting as he ran. Otto emptied his gun twice in answer to the watchman's fire, and found that the cartridges had stuck in the chambers, and that he could not reload. He told me that he fired wide purposely and argued with me that because he had not taken human life when his own was threatened, therefore he should have received a light sentence instead of the maximum. The argument does not look to me to be perfectly sound. They arrested Otto, and two days later the police trapped his partner at Otto's house. He had opened the door to take a look round, and was shot at once in the head, dying in a few minutes. His reputation as a killer was against him, and the police had orders to shoot him on sight.

Otto used to talk to me in jail of Schopenhauer and Karl Marx, but curiously enough, he laid his downfall to his fondness for Socialism. It appeared that he had once been a street-orator, advocating socialistic doctrines, but found he could not make a living at it, and took up burglary in default of anything better. He is looking forward to making a new start after serving his time in Leavenworth, and seems to me to be a man in every way worthy of a helping hand. His wife used to visit him at the jail frequently, and encouraged him to think only of the future. If this magazine should fall into the hands of any member of a Society organized for the purpose of assisting men who have come out of the Peniten-

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tiary I should be glad to furnish his full name to such an inquirer.

STRICKEN VANITY—During those early dark days of my sojourn in the Chicago Jail I wrote a couple of verses that sang their lines to the tune of our march round the bull-pen. There is a certain swing to them which adapts itself to music, and some of you might like to try your hand at making a setting for them. The song is called "Forget-me-Not."

If in your heart love is dying,
Dying or turning away,
Coldly distressed, and denying
Things you were once glad to say;
Still let me think you would miss me,
Still put your hand on my brow,
Still let me fancy you'd kiss me,
I have such need of you now.
Though in my life is no morrow,
Just a dark vista of pain,
This is the crown of my sorrow,
Never to see you again.
Still let me think you regret me,
Still you remember your vow;
Dearest—Ah, do not forget me!
I have such need of you now.

Looking at this piece of work critically I perceive that the fourth line of the first verse needs mending, but the surprising thing about it is that the song should ever have had the power to take my

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heart up and squeeze tears of blood from it, as you wring water out of a sponge. It hurt so. I pass it on to you because it expresses very forcibly the wrong mental attitude, the egotistic idea of repining against adversity, which idea may be pull of pathos and suffering, which may appeal to your pity, your tenderness, and all the sweet sympathy of your nature, but which is, nevertheless, weak, unmanly, and hopelessly, unalterably wrong. It is always the wrong attitude. In the light of the sane present, which is full of a cheerfulness and confidence that cannot be shaken, I am inclined to believe with Seneca that adversity does not exist for man, and with Emerson that every happening is a blessing, and is so intended for man's education.

WESTWARD, HO!—After spending two weeks in jail at Chicago I was taken to Nevada in charge of Deputy Marshals Marsales and Wilmot. The Government of the United States certainly does things decently. We had our private compartment in a Pullman for the journey, and took our meals in the dining-car. I have made this trip from east to west, and from west to east, half a dozen times and have been always greatly bored by the journey. This trip is memorable as being the first of the kind that was enjoyed. Marshal Marsales is a prince. When the first night on the train drew on and bed-time arrived, the Marshal produced from his valise a bright steel apparatus consisting of two large bracelets joined

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together by a chain. It was my first introduction to a hand-cuff, or anklet. Naturally I shied like a broncho. "You're not going to put those things on me, Marshal?" I said. "I hate to do it," he said, "but that's our orders from Washington, and if anything should happen, and the Department found out that you didn't have these on, I'd lose a month's pay."

"But suppose there should be an accident, and we were thrown out. I'd be a fine sight lying outside with those things on my ankles!" I urged. The Marshal pondered. "I'll tell you what I'll do," he said. "I don't mind 'em myself a bit. I'll sleep in the same berth with you, and fasten one to my leg and one to yours."

"That will spoil two sleeps and won't help any," I said. "I shan't sleep a wink if you put those things on me, Marshal."

"Yes, but I won't sleep if I don't," said the Marshal, as he snapped them into place. An unanswerable argument.

However, my training in the Chicago jail had developed a composure that was proof against the tyranny of a mere idea, and after the first night I paid no attention to the bracelets. We were three nights on the train, and so curiously does a governed mind work to comfort the individual, that by the third night I had persuaded myself that they imparted an agreeable feeling of coolness to the skin, and possessed soporific qualities of their own

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CARSON CITY—On the fourth morning we arrived at Reno, and in the afternoon took the train for Carson, where I was duly handed over, receipted for, and lodged in the County Jail, Monday, Feb. 7th, to await trial. And, here I have stayed up to the date of the present writing, May 1st, with no prospect of an immediate trial, or any information regarding the course of future events. However, I find much here of interest, and which should prove interesting to you, which will be duly set forth in subsequent numbers of *THE YOGI*. You have probably had all you want of this record of jail life for the present.

FRIENDSHIPS—I think that no man ever lived who had such devoted friends as I have today. There is an old copy-book heading which says, "Poverty is the test of friendship." Mine have stood harder tests than that.

THE YOGI—A magazine should be, like the pockets of a school boy, full of variety. Those pockets contain bits of string, some pieces of pencil, marbles, foreign postage-stamps, some candy partially masticated and imperfectly enfolded in sticky paper, the skin of a snake, and, possibly, a small turtle, alive. Even so we shall offer to you in the pages of this magazine. *THE YOGI*, such a varied assortment of ideas that your souls will be refreshed within you at the flash and motion of it, and you will find in its perusal the same refreshment and rejuvenation that tired minds seek in change of scenery and surround-

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ings. It will be a monthly pick-me-up; a mental cocktail.

PENNY CLASSICS—We shall give you each month in *THE YOGI* little compilations of the best things that have been said or written by the world's greatest thinkers. These are taken from *PENNY CLASSICS* without change, but whereas we sold them at 10 cents apiece as Penny Classics, you get them in *THE YOGI* for only 5 cents each, with a lot of other good stuff thrown in. So *THE YOGI* is a bargain at the price. This month we give you *THE HEART OF EMERSON*. Next month, probably, *THE HEART OF SENECA*. You will find this method of an introduction to great souls agreeably easy, since it does away with long poring over big volumes to get the marrow of them. In many cases you will not rest till you have read more than we give you, as will happen in the case of Maeterlinck, when we come to him. He has the tenderness of love without its weakness; he has the clear eye of wisdom without its coldness; he has the self devotion of the ecclesiast without his bigotry. He is life-giving, having warmth and light in him. You will love Maeterlinck.

INTRODUCING RAM DASS—A Yogi is a wise man, or Adept of India, who, by meditation and study and certain practices, has attained to a mastery over the laws of Nature. He establishes in himself the supremacy of Mind over Matter, and demonstrates in himself his unity with the

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Creative Principle of the Universe. Mr. Ram Dass, a Hindu Adept, embroiled himself with the British Government because of his political partisanship. He will retain his incognito in America, but will have much to tell us in *THE YOGI* of the secrets of Nature that have unfolded themselves to him. We recognize the value of his coming to the extent of naming this magazine after his philosophy, and believe that he will meet with sympathy and understanding. Our ideal of life is not the ideal of the Yogis of India, but there is much that the East knows of which we are ignorant, and which we may learn from the pen of just such a teacher.

THE LAW OF HAPPINESS—The requirement of Happiness depends on this, and this alone, that man shall learn to desire only those things that are best for him. An example will make this proposition more clear. Man is born selfish. Unselfishness is acquired by practice. Happiness is associated with unselfishness. It is not natural, not instinctive, in man to desire to be unselfish. But by practicing unselfishness in the face of his desire to be selfish, by thwarting his natural desire, he creates in himself a new desire, the right desire, the desire that is best for him, namely, the desire to be unselfish, and to do unselfish acts. The expression of this new desire brings him happiness. He has learned to enjoy doing what is best for him.

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THE ETERNAL PARADOX—Sooner or later all of us who like to delve into the mysteries, seeking to trace out First Causes, are brought face to face with the operation of that amazing contradiction which we classify as the Eternal Paradox. Hardly a subject offers itself for contemplation without it. It is forever bobbing up and saluting us with the familiar Punch and Judy cry, "Hello, here we are again!" Here are just a few examples of what is meant:

1. He only is free who serves.
2. He only keeps who gives away.
3. To confer happiness is to be happy.
4. No man knows a thing till he shares it with another.
5. To lose all is to gain all.
6. To deceive is to be deceived.

LENGTH OF DAYS—Our lives are too short for us to acquire the knowledge we must have in order to live out our days satisfactorily. And, basing the prophecy on the record of how man's needs have always achieved their fulfillment, as proven by the evidence that Evolution furnishes, we say confidently that the man of the future will live to enjoy his life for periods of not less than two hundred years at a stretch. A man of the present generation at twenty years of age has learned nothing of the inflexible Moral Law under which he lives. He follows his desires, which are scarcely at all the desires he should have if he is to live in harmony with himself, with his fel-

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low-man and with Nature or God. At forty he has perhaps been taught by pain, or disease, that it is necessary for his comfort that he observe the Law of Health, and that he prefer to eat those things only which are best for him. It gives point to our observation in a previous paragraph to the effect that man can implant new desires in himself, to remember that he can and does at forty teach himself to enjoy eating those things which agree with his digestion. So that you have a positive example before you in the man of forty that practicing the right in eating is followed by a desire for the right. Unfortunately it does not follow that because the man of forty has learned to prefer to *EAT* the right thing he has also learned to prefer to *DO* the right thing. Far otherwise. At forty his habits have forged strong fetters, hard to burst asunder. And at fifty, when he has learned his lesson, when he has grasped the fact that he can only enjoy freedom, happiness, contentment, by obeying the Law, by following the right desires, then, at that point, when he sees the justice of the Law and would amend his ways to conform to it, then, unhappily, his powers begin to wane, his arteries begin to clog, the machinery begins to run down, and the rest of his life is lived in the fulfilling of the consequences of his previous ignorance or wilfulness. Our present scale of life is too short for the employment of the wisdom we attain. Our days should be longer in the land. It is a human need.

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And when a general need is once grasped, it is always met. We must reach out for longer life, and by this means we shall acquire longer life. We meet with resistance; we overcome this resistance. That is man's history. First a need, then a struggle, then the fulfilment of the need. It is a great truth that **GOD NEVER GIVES**. All that man is today he has made of himself, for himself. He evolved his reasoning brain from one that was mostly cerebellum, the animal's instrument. He can evolve 'right' desires from those wrong desires which are his inheritance from his animal ancestry, and just as gradually, perhaps, but just as surely, he can lengthen his span of life from seventy years to two hundred years. There is a way, and he will find it. Life will be worth living for man only when man knows how to live it.

THE LAW OF BALANCE—If you have paid any attention to the Gyroscope, the principle on which the mono-rail car maintains its upright position while in motion, you will recall that the gyroscope is a machine consisting, roughly speaking, of two discs which, facing each other, are revolved rapidly in opposite directions. The effect of this operation is to produce a wonderful stability and equilibrium. The principle is new in mechanics, though it is but an offshoot of the universally known Law of Gravitation. It is not often we come across so pat a comparison as this affords between mechanics and human life. Man

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is, in fact, a gyroscope, maintaining his just balance by the revolving of his two discs, the one marked *PASSION*, and the other *REASON*, in opposite directions. The effect of the strife between these contending forces is to keep man in the safe mean, preserving his balance by avoiding extremes. We are speaking of man as he is to-day. Too much food kills him as surely as too little; too much heat or too much cold are fatal. He is the eternal compromise. He is always the half-way man. The absolutely logical is as impossible to perfect sanity as the absolutely ideal. He is a composite of opposites. Nietzsche, who denied the necessity for this perpetual warfare in man's mind, who maintained the principle of passivity as possible to growth, a man of most brilliant intellect, died insane.

But, to continue the simile to its conclusion, should the time arrive in man's evolution when the wheels both turn the same way, when his passions and his reason, his desires and his judgment, his heart and his brain, are united in their motion and cease to pull against each other, then it will follow that man has broken the Law of Gravitation that holds him to earth, and holds him safe, and he will mount into the domain of the Superman, the Yogi and the Messiah. But that day is far off yet for the human race.

THE SEMINAL MIND—It was said of Coleridge that he was responsible for rousing more thought in the men of his age than any other man, and

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the phrase "the seminal mind" was applied to him to define his power. There are two men in America today who have this "common" or "seminal" mind, in marked degree. They are of different types in other respects, but unite in their ability to implant the germs of thought in the minds of others. Their names are William Randolph Hearst and Elbert Hubbard. By their works we know them. They reach the understanding of the millions. They are practical men, and hopeful philosophers. They both teach and prove the dignity of labor. They stand for Progress. The following extract from an editorial in Hearst's Chicago American embodies the spirit of the Hearst message to humanity:

"All honor to the Great Wisdom that directs us, moves us and develops us in spite of ourselves, and which has lifted us out of the ignorant savagery where each thought only of his own wretched carcass, or his own miserable little soul, to a civilization in which we are at least *BEGINNING* to think of others and not of ourselves."

PORTRAITS To each number of *THE YOGI* we expect to give you a frontispiece portrait of the great man whose best sayings appear in that number, as taken from Penny Classics. In very occasional instances it may happen that we cannot secure for our artist, Miss Dorothy Deene, the original from which she will make her drawing, but these exceptions will be rare. This series of great thoughts of great minds with portraits

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will alone make *THE YOGI* a very valuable magazine. You are urged to keep your sets complete for binding.

YOUR PART—After reading this number you will have a pretty accurate idea of *THE YOGI'S* aims and philosophy. We need your co-operation in order to grow to where we should grow. We look to you for your understanding, sympathy and support, without which we are but a reed shaken by the wind.

THAT SPECIAL OFFER—Will you please read carefully the Spécial Offer on the back cover page of this number of *THE YOGI*. It is meant for *YOU*. If we strike the right note in you with this number you will feel impelled to subscribe at once for yourself, and possibly for some of your friends. Do so. If you are only partially in sympathy with us you will put off subscribing until later. Don't do that. What we want you to do is to act at once. It will not please us much to grow gradually into an enormous circulation. It will please us to do it at a bound, now, at once. That is the kind of success that is worth having. And *YOU* can bring it to us.

OUR COVER DESIGN—The cover page of *THE YOGI* is a wash-drawing, designed and executed by a clever young Chicago artist, Miss Dorothy Deene, who was one of the first in America to teach water-color and pen-and-ink drawing by mail. Her school was established over ten years ago. She has had very many successful students.

How to Kill Fear and Worry Instantly

By RAM DASS

It is not easy for me to write out my thoughts in the English tongue, but my friend, the editor of *THE YOGI*, has said to me that I am just to write as if I were only speaking to my pupils in India, making everything as plain and simple as I can, and he will correct my grammar or my spelling if needed. So I am going to tell you what I know about the way of getting rid of Fear and Worry by a method of using the breathing—what you call a trick of the breathing, or a knack.

First you must think of what is the condition of the body when there is Fear. There is terrible disturbance of the *PRANA*, which means the vital energies of the body; the *SAMANA* or nerve-current which governs the process of digestion cannot act, and there is a curling up of the *SVADHISTHANA*, or what you call the Solar Plexus. With us this is called the second lotus of the Yogis, opposite the navel, and is the most important nerve center in the system except the *SAHASRARA*, or thousand petalled lotus in the brain. Of course these are not really lotus flowers, these nerve plexuses, but in the East we talk in pictures sometimes or figures of speech, and do not mean the word we use literally.

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So you see that the effect of fear is very disturbing to the system. I shall use the English word Solar Plexus in speaking of the second lotus. The Solar Plexus is so varied in its functions as distributing center of the sympathetic nervous system that it is called the Abdominal Brain. And it possesses one special faculty of the true brain, that is, it has a memory. So that Fear and Worry are really helped on to their bad effects by the wonderful sensitiveness and retentive memory of this Solar Plexus. Because of this memory of the Solar Plexus any impression that has once produced the sensation of Fear, with its paralysis of the nerve-centers can reproduce it again and again. But fortunately the cure for Fear lies also in the Solar Plexus, and so when the cure has been accomplished and the Fear driven away by the process of breathing I am to tell you about, the memory of the cure acts just as positively, and will more and more easily triumph over the Fear when it recurs until it ceases to return at all.

Whatever is said about Fear applies also to Worry because they are two weeds that fork from the same root.

What you have to do is to so breathe that the volume of air is pressed with force against the nerve-mass, causing a sort of stimulation of the ganglia. The air actually massages the Plexus into activity, and so removes the paralysis caused by the Fear. At the instant the paralysis of the nerve-force ends, the Fear departs, and the blood,

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which has receded from the extremities of the body to center about the heart, resumes its ordinary circulation, and all is normal again. Now this is what you must do when you are in Fear or Worry.

Sit or stand straight. Draw in a deep breath through the nostrils into the upper chest, expanding the ribs. In fact, draw in as much air as you possibly can. Now in order to force this air as high up into the upper lungs as you can, draw in the stomach and intestines and you will find at once that the ribs expand with the air you have displaced below. Practice once or twice this drawing in of the stomach and forcing the air up into the chest. Now here follows that part of the process which cures the Fear and Worry and restores the circulation. Mark it well, and practice it many times a day until you can do it perfectly. It will never harm you, but on the contrary, it will often ward off colds and chills from you when nothing else will. This is what you must do. After you have forced all the air possible into the upper chest you must forcibly, with effort and suddenness, holding the breath, not exhaling at all, reverse the process and force the air down by expanding the abdomen and intestines. It is this sudden expansion of the abdomen which restores the Solar Plexus to its activity. You are not as well practiced in this country in methods of breathing as we in the East, but you will learn to do this method easily after a few trials. An-

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other thing. You have a great many fat men in this country. That would not be so if they knew how to hold themselves, drawing in the intestines and breathing only from the abdomen, ribs and upper chest. That would make fat around the stomach, which comes from a relaxed condition of the bowels, impossible. You should be able to puff out your abdomen till it is as tight as a drum, holding the chest still and unexpanded and keeping the intestines drawn in. But I shall go into those methods later in the pages of this magazine, using outline drawings of the body to illustrate what I mean. I hope I have made it quite plain how you can kill Fear and Worry now. Next month I am to write on The Training of a Yogi.



The Heart of Emerson

Ralph Waldo Emerson, Born 1803, Died 1882.

Life brings to each his task, and whatever art you select, algebra, planting, architecture, poems, commerce, politics—all are attainable, even to the miraculous triumphs, on the same terms, of selecting that for which you are apt—begin at the beginning, proceed in order, step by step. 'Tis as easy to twist iron anchors and braid cannons as to braid straw; to boil granite as to boil water, if you take all the steps in order. Whenever there is failure there is some giddiness, some superstition about luck, some step omitted, which nature never pardons.

There is always a best way of doing everything, if it be to boil an egg. Manners are the happy ways of doing things; each once a stroke of genius or of love,—now repeated and hardened into usage. They form at last a rich varnish, with which the routine of life is washed, and its details adorned. If they are superficial, so are the dew drops which give such a depth to the morning meadows.

The first and last lesson of the useful arts is, that Nature tyrannizes over our works. They must be conformed to her law, or they will be ground



Ralph Waldo Emerson
(Drawn from portrait by D. D. Deane)

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to powder by her omnipresent activity. Nothing droll, nothing whimsical will endure. Nature is ever interfering with art. You cannot build your house or your pagoda as you will, but as you must. There is a quick bound set to your caprice. The leaning tower can only lean so far. The veranda or pagoda roof can curl upward only to a certain point.

His heart was as great as the world, but there was no room in it to hold the memory of a wrong.

Our life is March weather, savage and serene in one hour. We go forth austere, dedicated, believing in the iron links of Destiny, and will not turn on our heel to save our life, but a book or a bust, or only the sound of a name, shoots a spark through the nerves, and we suddenly believe in will.

High thanks I owe you, excellent lovers, who carry out the world for me to new and noble depths, and enlarge the meaning of all my thoughts.

I know not whether there be, as is alleged, in the upper region of our atmosphere, a permanent westerly current, which carries with it all atoms which rise to that height, but I see that when souls reach a certain clearness of perception, they accept a knowledge and motive above selfishness.

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A breath of will blows eternally through the universe of souls in the direction of the Right and Necessary. It is the air which all intellects inhale and exhale, and it is the wind which blows the world into order and orbit.

There is one topic peremptorily forbidden to all well-bred, to all rational mortals, namely, their distempers. If you have not slept, or if you have slept, or if you have headache, or sciatica, or leprosy, or thunderstroke, I beseech you, by all angels, to hold your peace, and not pollute the morning, to which all the house-mates bring serene and pleasant thoughts, by corruption and groans.

No man has a prosperity so high or firm but two or three words can dishearten it. There is no calamity which right words will not begin to redress.

You believe yourself rooted and grounded on adamant; when really you are spinning like bubbles in a river, you know not whither or whence, and you are bottomed and capped and wrapped in delusions.

The perception of the comic is a tie of sympathy with other men, a pledge of sanity, and a protection from those perverse tendencies and gloomy insanities in which fine intellects sometimes lose themselves. A rogue alive to the ridi-

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culous is still convertible. If that sense is lost, his fellow-men can do little for him.

Nature is upheld by antagonism.^a Passions, resistance, danger, are educators. We acquire the strength we have overcome.

I have heard that, whenever the name of man is spoken, the doctrine of immortality is announced: it cleaves to his constitution. The mode of it baffles our wit, and no whisper comes to us from the other side. But the inference from the working of intellect, hiving knowledge, hiving skill—at the end of life just ready to be born—affirms the inspirations of affection and of the moral sentiment.

For every grain of wit there is a grain of folly. For everything you have missed, you have gained something else: and for everything you gain you lose something. If the gatherer gathers too much, Nature takes out of the man what she puts into his chest: swells the estate, but kills the owner. Nature hates monopolies and exceptions.

I count him a great man who inhabits a higher sphere of thought, into which other men rise with labor and difficulty: he has but to open his eyes to see things in a true light, and in large relations, whilst they must make painful corrections, and keep a vigilant eye on many sources of

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finish—a kind of indignity to so noble a soul that it should depart out of Nature before yet he has been really shown to his peers for what he is.

Every moment instructs, and every object, for wisdom is infused into every form. It has been poured into us as blood; it convulsed us as pain; it slid into us as pleasure; it enveloped us in dull, melancholy days, or in days of cheerful labor; we did not guess its essence, until after a long time.

A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines. With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. Speak what you think now in hard words, and tomorrow speak what tomorrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said today.

Is it so bad then to be misunderstood? Pythagoras was misunderstood, and Socrates, and Luther, and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Newton, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood.

'Tis a Dutch proverb, that "paint costs nothing"; such are its preserving qualities in damp climates. Well, sunshine costs less, yet is finer pigment. And so of cheerfulness, or a good temper. The more it is spent, the more of it remains. The

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error.....He is great who is what he is from nature, and who never reminds us of others.

A rush of thoughts is the only conceivable prosperity that can come to us. Fine clothes, equipages, villa, park, social consideration, can not cover up real poverty and insignificance.

The world globes itself in a drop of dew.....So do we put our life into every act.

The dice of God are always loaded.

What will you have? quoth God. Pay for it and take it.

These roses under my window make no reference to former roses or to better ones: they are for what they are: they exist with God today. There is no time to them. There is simply the rose: it is perfect in every movement of its existence. Before a leaf bud has burst, its whole life acts: in the full-blown flower there is no more; in the leafless root there is no less.

Nature is sanative, refining, elevating. How cunningly she hides every wrinkle or her inconceivable antiquity under roses and violets and morning dew! Every inch of the mountains is scarred by unimaginable convulsions, yet the new day is purple with the bloom of youth and love.

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Look out into the July night, and see the broad belt of silver flame which flashes up the half of heaven, fresh and delicate as the bonfires of the meadow-flies. Yet the powers of numbers cannot compute its enormous age—lasting as space and time—embosomed in time and space.

A true man belongs to no other time or place, but is the center of things. Ordinarily, everybody in society reminds us of somewhat else, or of some other person. Character, reality, reminds you of nothing else; it takes place of the whole creation.

The man must be so much that he must make all circumstances indifferent. Every true man is a cause, a country, and an age; and posterity seems to follow in his steps as a train of clients. A man Caesar is born, and for ages after we have a Roman Empire.

Thoreau's power of observation seemed to indicate additional senses. He saw as with microscope, heard as with ear trumpet; and his memory was a photographic register of all he saw and heard. There is a flower called Edelweiss, which signifies Noble Purity. Thoreau seemed to me living in the hope to gather this plant, which belonged to him of right. The country knows not yet, or in the least part, how great a son it has lost. It seems an injury that he should leave in the midst his broken task, which none else can

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...ent heat of an ounce of wood or stone is inexhaustible. You may rub the same chop of pine to the point of kindling, a hundred times: and the power of happiness of any soul is not to be computed or drained. It is observed that a depression of spirits develops the germs of a plague in individuals and nations.

To the poet, to the philosopher, to the saint, all things are friendly and sacred, all events profitable, all days holy, all men divine.

Music and rhyme are among the earliest pleasures of the child, and, in the history of literature, poetry precedes prose. Every one may see as he rides on the highway through an interesting landscape, how a little water instantly relieves the monotony: no matter what objects are near it—a gray rock, a grass-patch, an alder-bush, or a stake—they become beautiful by being reflected. It is rhyme to the eye, and explains the charm of rhyme to the ear. Shadows please us as still finer rhymes.

The charm of the best courages is that they are inventions, inspirations, flashes of genius. The hero could not have done the feat at another hour, in a lower mood.

Life is a series of surprises, and would not be worth taking or keeping, if it were not. God

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delights to isolate us every day, and hide from us the past and the future. We would look about us, but with grand politeness he draws down before us an impenetrable screen of purest sky, and another behind us of purest sky.

It is the part of prudence to face every claimant, and pay every just demand on your time, your talents or your heart. Always pay; for, first or last, you must pay your entire debt. Persons and events may stand for a time between you and justice, but it is only a postponement. You must pay at last your own debt.

✓ If we live truly we shall see truly. It is as easy for the strong man to be strong, as it is for the weak man to be weak. When we have new perception, we shall gladly disburden the memory of its hoarded treasures as old rubbish. When a man lives with God, his voice shall be as sweet as the murmurs of the brook and the rustle of the corn.

Go with mean people and you think life is mean.

In all the superior people I have met, I notice directness, truth spoken more truly, as if everything of obstruction, of malformation, had been trained away.

All healthy things are sweet tempered.

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All I have seen teaches me to trust the Creator
for all I have not seen.

The intellect is cheerful.

The one thing which we seek with insatiable desire is to forget ourselves, to be surprised out of our propriety, and to do something without knowing how or why.

The poet gives us the eminent experiences only—a god stepping from peak to peak, nor planting his foot but on a mountain.

Nature and books belong to the eyes that see them. It depends on the mood of the man whether he shall see the sunset or the fine poem. There are always sunsets, and there is always genius; but only a few hours so serene that we can relish nature or criticism.

The true bards have been noted for their firm and cheerful temper. Homer lies in sunshine; Chaucer is glad and erect. Not less sovereign and cheerful—much more sovereign and cheerful, is the tone of Shakespeare. His name suggests joy and emancipation to the hearts of men.

How wearisome the grammarian, the phrenologist, the political or religious fanatic, or indeed any possessed mortal whose balance is lost by the

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exaggeration of a single topic. It is incipient insanity.

Sensible men are very rare.

Whilst the great man sits on the cushion of advantages, he goes to sleep. When he is pushed, tormented, defeated, he has a chance to learn something.

Poetry must be affirmative. It is the piety of the intellect.

Such and so potent is the high method by which the Divine Providence sends the chiefest benefits under the mask of calamities, that I do not think we shall by any perverse ingenuity prevent the blessing.

I have heard that whoever loves is in no condition old.

Let a man learn to look for the permanent in the mutable and fleeting: let him learn to bear the disappearance of things he was wont to reverence, without losing his reverence; let him learn that he is here, not to work, but to be worked upon: and that, though abyss open under abyss, and opinion displace opinion, all are at last contained in the Eternal Cause. "If my bark sink, 'tis to another sea."