

THE YOGI

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EDITORIAL NOTES

By SYDNEY FLOWER

[The editor of *THE YOGI* was arrested in Chicago, Jan. 15, 1910, on a charge of misuse of the mails in connection with mining stock. His experiences in a Chicago jail were given in the July number of *THE YOGI*.]

COMING EVENTS—The voters of Nevada will have an opportunity on November 8th to decide whether they have had enough of the Southern Pacific's interference in the State's politics, or whether they would prefer to let things continue "in the same old way" of graft.

Appearances indicate that the Democratic ticket will carry with scarcely an exception.

For the U. S. Senate, Nixon, the present office holder, is matched against Key Pittman, a young lawyer from Tonopah. Nixon's record as an Ald-

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rich man is so bad that he does not seem to have a chance against his opponent, which is exactly as it should be. Nixon's adherents urge, "Look what he has done for Nevada!" Why not change the cry to "Look what Nevada has done for Nixon!" As a fact, this state has made him a multi-millionaire, and in exchange for this kindness Nixon has done his best to rivet the S. P. fetters more firmly to ankles and wrists of his brother-citizens. He probably argues that since he himself finds the S. P. collar an agreeable article to wear, being in his opinion useful and not unsightly, the State of Nevada should not object to the yoke.

Anyone who is interested in noting how admirably a determined few can upset the best legal talent of a powerful corporation should secure a copy of the Minutes of the Meeting of the State Board of Assessors, held at Carson City, January 10th to 15th, 1910. It is a book of 128 pages, but far from dull reading.

Therein you will find the details of the fight which was waged by four out of the fifteen County Assessors to increase the taxes of the Central Pacific Railroad, which is the S. P., by increasing the assessed value of the road per mile from \$18,500 in 1909 to \$45,000 per mile in 1910. The gallant four made a good fight of it, and the book shows something like thirty amendments put forward by one or the other of the quartette in support of his belief that the C. P. was greatly undervalued,

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thereby avoiding its just measure of taxation. At the close of the day, the figure fixed upon by unanimous agreement was \$28,000 per mile; an improvement on the 1909 assessment, but far from satisfactory.

The closing remarks of Governor Dickerson, Chairman of the Board, who lent valued aid and indeed directed the fighting throughout, are so excellent that they are reproduced here verbatim: Governor Dickerson—"Taking the valuation of the Central Pacific from any standpoint from which you desire to view it, the property is worth \$100,000 a mile, and this valuation ought to have been \$35,000, instead of \$28 000. That is all I have to say."

The names of the four who stood by the Governor in this matter are Regan, Wyatt, Randall and Henrichs.

Sheriff Regan belongs to Ormsby County and is a candidate for the same office at the coming election. I think that any unprejudiced voter who reads a copy of these Minutes will concede that Sheriff Regan did his duty to his County and State. It has been an old trick of the Southern Pacific to control the Assessors of the different Counties, and get the Boards of Equalization in their grip. This book of Minutes shows that the railroad was only partially successful in the carrying out of this design this year, their non success being due to the determined opposition of an hon

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est and capable Chairman, Governor Dickerson, and the four Sheriffs whose names are mentioned above.

When a man comes to the voters for re-election who has done work as good as this he is very apt to get what he asks for, and the result at the polls in November should show an easy victory for Regan over Gray. No one has anything to say against Gray, but the point is that everyone has a great deal to say in favor of Regan, and that is what wins elections.

For Governor, Dickerson, the present office-holder, seems to have a walkover. His opponent, Oddie, is an agreeable man with many friends. But Dickerson's excellent record is positive, while Oddie's good-nature is somewhat negative, and is not likely to carry him to success.

Everything points to a sweeping victory for the Democrats, which is an excellent thing, since in this case it means the triumph of the best men for the office. With the exit of Nixon goes the domination of railroad interests in Nevada politics--a domination of graft and corruption.

THE PULPIT RAMPANT—From the pulpit of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Carson the Rev. Hornaday, a few Sundays ago, launched an attack upon a candidate for political office that luridly emphasizes the difficulty that the reverend

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gentleman must daily experience in following in the footsteps of the lowly Nazarene.

The candidate in question, Mr. Leslie Smail, has already served two terms in the Assembly, and is now a candidate for the Senate, with a chance of being elected that has been much strengthened by the anathemas from the pulpit. Even his opponents do not deny that his record while a member of the Legislature was an enviably good one; that he had always the courage of his convictions; that he voiced his opinions ably; that no stain of graft or corruption in office clings to him; that he was to be found regularly in his seat, attending to his duties; and that he gave full satisfaction to the voters who had elected him to office, and to whom he was responsible.

It seems to me that a record as good as this might have won praise even from a minister of the Gospel, a class of men notoriously more ready to point to the mote in their neighbor's eye than to remove the beam from their own.

But the Rev. Hornaday, with some of that inspiration of holy zeal which to an unbeliever looks perilously like mud-slinging, preferred to make use of the sanctity of the church to asperse the candidate's past character and past behavior.

The reverend gentleman's strictures dealt with things that either never happened at all or happened long ago, and have nothing to do with the excellence of the candidate's public record.

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before her death. The "In Memoriam" was written soon after the sad news was received, but has not hitherto been offered for publication.

AVE ATQUE VALE

By Nora May French

It gathers where the moody sky is bending,
It stirs the air along familiar ways—
A sigh for strange things dear forever ending,
For beauty shrinking in these alien days.

Now nothing is the same, old visions move me,
I wander silent through the waning land,
And find, for youth and little leaves to love me,
The old, old lichen crumbling in my hand.

What shifting films of distance fold you, blind you,
This windy eve of dreams, I cannot tell;
I know through some strange mist they grope to
find you—
These hands that give you Greeting and Fare-
well.

IN MEMORIAM

By Sydney Flower

Draw near and kneel ye; soon the earth shall
take her;
Here where her sore heart ceased its troubled
beat;
Ah, be ye pitiful—gentle as her Maker,
He looking softly from the Judgment Seat.

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But when Christian ministers degrade their exhortations to the level of electioneering abuse, they make a spectacle of themselves that fills the heart of the average citizen with inextinguishable laughter.

It is perhaps idle to suggest to the Rev. Mr. Hornaday that his Master's service calls rather for kindness, charity, and love than for bitterness and ill-nature, but he will perhaps bear in mind in future that the steadily increasing skepticism of the age with regard to matters theological is chiefly due to the intellectual and moral insufficiency of those who are supposed to be the mouth-pieces of divine truth—the clergy.

Moreover, it is a fair bet that Mr. Hornaday holds his present job just so long as he demonstrates his fitness to "win souls to Christ," as the saying goes, and it would seem to an outsider that his teaching is more likely to cause the Arch Enemy of mankind to chuckle than the hosts of heaven to rejoice.

If this is the case, Mr. Hornaday's bishop may interfere suddenly with Mr. Hornaday's bread-and-butter, and I accordingly entreat the reverend gentleman to be careful and walk, like Agag, "delicately."

To a very large number of people it is highly entertaining that a man who differs from other men only in the fact that he buttons his collar at the

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back should assume the post of interpreter between man and God, but we are always ready to admit that there is much of good in the mental attitude of worship as a moral uplift to the human race.

Nevertheless, the Hornadays and their kind will find it to their interest to remember that they are tolerated only because men and women have this desire for righteousness in their hearts, and if they do not find this uplift in the churches men will look elsewhere for it, and continue looking till they find it.

And when humanity has reached the point where it is apparent to the average man that morality is inherent in man and is not the prerogative of any theology, when, in a word, man is satisfied to improve himself without asking for a prize at the end of the race, then it will be a droll reflection that churches and sects might have endured for ages longer if it had not been for the ignorance and the follies of the Hornadays.

AVE atque VALE—The beautiful poem printed below was the last thing written by Nora May French, who ended her life at Carmel-by-the-Sea on November 13th, 1907. She was one of the most promising of the younger western poets, and her work invariably shows that combination of art with deep feeling which is beauty. These verses were sent by her to *Sunset Magazine* a few days

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Tender she was, but courage did not fail her;
Broken with grief, but all too firm to fear.
Doubt of the dark, and wonder, might assail her
That saddest moment of the dying year.

Most pitiful to see, and most heart-breaking,
This young day ended ere its course was run;
Most pitiful this sleep that knows no waking,
This scorn of life ere life was well begun.

Ah, be assured, in spite of creeds unsparing—
Toys that we fondle with an infant's trust—
God dare not turn his eyes from her, despairing.
Drooping her fair head lowly in the dust.

Somewhere, I know, her eyes have done with
weeping,
Somewhere, I know, her wearied heart is gay;
That it must seem to her she had been sleeping.
And she awoke at last, and it was day.

SOCIALISM—It is remarkable for how long a time a man will turn away from a question that persistently clamors for attention, and this, not because he has any doubt of what his conclusion with regard to the question will finally be, but because he simply does not wish to face the conclusion.

Socialism struck me many years ago in just that way, and has been hammering for attention ever since, but I find myself no more favorably inclined to lend an ear today.

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folly. It says to the capitalist, "You shall not take the work of our men and women to build your fortune. You shall not take our children into your mills and mines to make your dollars. We will own your mills and mines and work them, and we will pay ourselves what our work is worth."

It says to the railroad magnates, "We will own your railroads and use them for the benefit of the public, not for the benefit of your stockholders and yourselves."

Now, all of this is not only good, but it is common-sense.

Civilization is a mighty river, the water of which is much polluted. Socialism says, "We will take charge of the springs that feed this river, and having cleansed them the river itself will be clean."

Cast your eye upon what is being done today in Milwaukee, under its Socialist mayor, and you will discover that Socialism means clean government. Milwaukee will be the grain of mustard-seed which, having taken root and sprouted, became a goodly tree, and the fowls of the air dwelt in the shade of its branches.

The time is coming when to be a capitalist will be considered as disgraceful as now to be a pauper. Public opinion determines these things. There will be no revolution. Socialism will be a peaceful assimilation, and if we are alive to see its coming, we shall wonder in that day how we could have

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However, as life is usually a compromise, I am putting forward this article in the hope that, though to a certain extent it is a compromise, it may have sufficient conclusiveness about it to allay that subjective irritation which the mind experiences when we have left undone those things which we ought to have done.

I wish to say that Socialism does not suit me personally because if I had the power I would be a capitalist and a Trust tomorrow.

What's the use of lying? If the rest of the world is ready for Socialism, which I doubt, I know full well that I am not ready myself, and don't want it. That's one side of the story.

The other side is that my likes or dislikes cut precious little figure in advancing or retarding a world-movement, and that whether you or I want or do not want to see Socialism the natural order of government throughout the world, IT WILL

CERTAINLY ARRIVE.

We cannot stop its arrival, but we shall retard it for a great while. I say "we," meaning thereby "the capitalist class," to which my heart beats allegiance, though my pocket rings empty.

The basic principle of Socialism is the brotherhood of man following the breaking down of class distinctions. I am aware that many socialistic writers will dissent from this fundamental proposition

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that Socialism implies and accepts the brotherhood of man, but what other meaning has the following paragraph by Frank M. Eastwood: "The only equality sought by Socialists is an equality of opportunity to work, and for each to get the full value of what he would produce." Some objection might be taken to the grammatical construction of the sentence, but surely the meaning is plain enough. If a negro, or a Jap, or a Hindu laborer is to have an equal opportunity to work with an American and to enjoy the full value of that which he produces I want to know wherein this differs from brotherhood.

But, to pass on from the foundation to the upper stories of the structure, a close examination will find here nothing but the noblest and the highest and the most substantial excellence of human endeavor and aspiration. It is substantial, that is the point. It is thoroughly useful, and practical, and for the best interests of humanity. It is not in the clouds. It deals with the state of the man, the woman, the child, and with the earth that is their home. Most wisely it has nothing whatever to do with theologies or religions. It has everything to do with food, work, prices, and government. It does not do away with government—that is Anarchism, a very different thing. It does not encourage Communism, that was an Apostolic dream and a Ruskin vision, still-born because unsound. It abolishes war on the ground, the irrefragible argument, that war is waste, and waste is

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preferred the old order of capitalist and proletariat, with its attendant scramble, injustice and misery. Socialism is the triumph of Justice, which is the highest ideal of which practical humanity is capable.

It will come, and cannot be stopped, but, as I said above, I am not ready for it myself. I should prefer a year or two in the capitalist class. I can well understand that my friend Gaylord Wilshire, a millionaire, is happy to call himself a Socialist, because the human mind craves novelty in sensation, and having thoroughly drunk of the cup of luxury it is not unreasonable that he should discover a piquancy in the taste of assumed poverty. But I look upon my friend Gaylord, a most agreeable man, by the way, as a propagandist rather than a Comrade in Labor.

Many of you will be interested in knowing that the best books on the subject of Socialism can be procured from Mr. Charles Kerr, West Kinzie Street, Chicago, who will be glad to honor a request from you for a catalogue of what to read.

REINCARNATION - In spite of the confidence of our Theosophical brethren, who maintain without a peradventure that man is destined to be continually born and reborn upon this earth until such time as he shall have attained to Absolute Wisdom it is a little odd to me that there is not anything in the way of tangible evidence to show as a basis for the positive assertions of this belief.

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I mean that in proportion to the positiveness of assertion should be the positiveness of the proofs. On the other hand, there are two objections to an acceptance of this belief which have always seemed to me worthy of consideration. The first objection is that many Theosophists profess to remember distinctly, or more or less distinctly, one or more of their previous existences on this earth. More especially is this true of the feminine convert.

An acquaintance with many ladies of an esoteric turn of mind, extending over a period of some twenty years, has laid bare the remarkable fact that four out of every five lady-theosophists are not only convinced that they are each and all a reincarnation of Mary, Queen of Scots, but that each is the only true reincarnation of that unhappy woman, and that all other claimants are rank impostors. Now, I ask you, how are you going to decide upon a matter so involved as this? It is obvious that, were the shade of the departed Mary ever so willing to oblige, she has not the necessary material in herself to go round among so many.

Moreover, no lady would admit that she was only a part-reincarnation; that she came into possession, for instance, of the lady's beauty of form or feature, while to another was given the keen intellect. Not at all. Each declares herself to be actually the one and only Mary, whole and undi-

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vided. Obviously they cannot all be right. And it is equally obvious that because of this unhappy disagreement the claim of the lady-theosophist—of any lady-theosophist—that she remembers anything whatever about a previous incarnation, is open to the very gravest doubt.

The other objection to the philosophy of Theosophy is this. It is entirely too pat. It is entirely too well adapted to the understanding of humanity. Because of this reasonableness it is most evidently a man-made Creed, devised by human reason to account for Divine unreason; or what seems like unreason to us.

Now, I maintain that there is no single operation of the human body or brain which is entirely understandable by the human intellect. For instance, there is no man so wise today that he can tell me what Mind is; no man can tell me what Thought is; no man can tell me how a Thought, which is confessedly immaterial, can imprint itself upon the brain, which is confessedly material, and be returned to the consciousness again and again as Memory.

We are miraculous; we are not capable of understanding ourselves; even the simplest operations of our bodies. What man so wise who can tell me how the blood, a blind chemist, working in the dark, can extract from food and air that peculiar horny substance which appears on the body as finger nails. We know nothing whatever about

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the mystery of our own life here, and how any human being can believe that the affairs of the life beyond are to be interpreted according to the imperfect intelligence of the human brain puzzles and amazes me. Theosophy is a beautifully arranged philosophy of Cause and Effect according to the scale of human understanding. For example, if you are happy in this life it is because in a previous incarnation you were very unhappy, or did exceedingly well, and so earned your present happiness by making good "Karma." If you are unhappy now it is because in your last incarnation you did well, and you are today expiating that evil. And so forth. It is, as Nietzsche says, "Human, all too human!" I forgot to say that half of the men-theosophists of my acquaintance have a leaning to King Richard Coeur-de-Lion for their ghostly father. It beats all what a fancy the citizens of a democracy have for the shades of Royalty! Is there not something ominous in this desire to parade in the purple, or is it only the delight of the child who dresses up in grown people's clothes? It's nonsense, anyway.

BLIND LEADERS OF THE BLIND—There is an amusing idiot by the name of Shelton who publishes a paper which he has named **CHRISTIAN** somewhere in these United States. A friend recently sent me a clipping from the October number of his paper wherein I find that I am a brother of B. O. Flower, who founded the Arena, and that I am at present in the Nevada Penitentiary. One

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of the most modest of Shelton's claims is that he personally is a Son of God. I have always noticed that these divinely inspired lunatics never seem able to get their facts straight. However, that he has added for many years to the gaiety of the ungodly is perhaps reason enough for his existence. But Mr. B. O. Flower should sue him for defamation of character.

NEW THOUGHT—New Thought bears the same relation to Christian Science that the High Church of England bears to Roman Catholicism. that is to say, it is an imitation, and not a very good imitation. The High Church balks at allegiance to the Roman Pontiff, but it swallows a good many camels after straining at this gnat. The New Thought shies at the autocracy of Mrs. Eddy, but there is not a principle of New Thought belief which is not expressed and clearly expressed in the tenets of the Church founded by that remarkable woman. Colloquially speaking, New Thought is Optimism in action. Its fundamental proposition is, "All is Mind." But this is exactly what Mrs. Eddy contended fifty years ago. And Bishop Berkeley fifty before that. To the assistance, though she does not need it, of Mrs. Eddy and the New Thought comes the last word of science on the composition of Matter. Science has discovered that the infinitesimal atoms of matter have intelligence, are moved by attractions and repulsions, and these atoms are now named Elec-

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trons. Thus the base of Matter is held to be Mind. So far, well.

But, after many years' experience with the New Thought I am led to believe that its fundamental proposition, or one of the most important of its fundamental propositions, to the effect that "Mind governs Body" is wrong. I contend that it is entirely true that Body governs Mind, and it is only begging the question to retort that Body and Mind are essentially the same thing. They are the same and yet not the same. For example, a piece of soot from the chimney is carbon, and a diamond is carbon; therefore soot and diamonds are essentially the same. Certainly. But soot is not a diamond, as you may readily prove by visiting any jeweler. I propose to show that the Mind influences the Body, but that the Body more than influences the Mind, and is in fact in complete charge of it and makes or breaks it. Allow me to carry this argument over to the December number of this magazine.

THE STANDARD-BEARERS—It is well sometimes to cast up in the mind our personal feelings towards some of those who have been benefactors of the race; not those whom we call philanthropists, but those who stood for some principle, for some advance in liberty of thought and speech, and who would abate nothing of their honest convictions though the Cross had been the penalty of their stubbornness. It is an inspiring thing to re-

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member of humanity that men will die as readily for freedom of thought as for freedom of body. Perhaps more readily. And so let us pass in review before us a few of those beloved souls who helped us of today to the enjoyment of what we call freedom of thought. Let us look at them as they pass.

This little twisted man is Heinrich Heine, a Jew poet. His heart was a burning flame for truth and liberty; out of pain and out of a lingering bodily sickness that kept him to his bed for years and finally killed him, he wrung such notes of beauty that only the German tongue, which is the speech of the heart, can utter them aloud. Heine's songs cannot be translated into the English language. Their spirit escapes into the air. He said: "I have never placed much value upon poet-fame, and whether my verses are praised or decried troubles me but little. **BUT A SWORD SHALL YE LAY UPON MY COFFIN, FOR I WAS AN INTREPID SOLDIER IN THE WAR OF THE LIBERATION OF HUMANITY.**" This man fought his fight against priestly intolerance, and won it. He won it for us.

This man with the strong patient face is Benjamin Franklin. He was one of the thorough men. He maintained his right to pursue his thought to the end, though throne and altar might thunder anathema. He turned his back upon the clamor,

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man to the vital truths of life, the callousness of this our day and generation, that he scorched himself in his own heat, his health failed, his heart shriveled, and he abandoned himself to despair of his kind. He rained words down like fire and brimstone, as it might be from heaven. His vocabulary exceeded Shakespeare's. His style gives off sparks like the blows of a hammer on hot iron. A savage, earnest man. I sometimes liken him in thought and type of mind to his hero Cromwell, and John Knox. A rough, honest man, but not exactly a wise man. He fought his fight for sincerity. He left a furrow in the thought of mankind that ages will not obliterate. It must stand as if it were a dent in a suit of armor, bearing the sign beneath, "CARLYLE'S MARK." He smites with words.

This man with the lean, finely-drawn, sensitive face, is Emerson, the friend of Carlyle. Only America turns out faces of this type. It is the refinement of the Indian cast; aquiline, alive, eager. He was the most lovable of men. A man of the most wonderful spiritual insight, and yet a clear-headed, practical man. A true believer in the universality of the Moral Law as the guiding principle of this earth and of the Universe. He believed in the agency of a Moral Law so complete and embracing as to hold all things in its grasp from the movement of the suns and stars down to the numbering of the hairs of the head. He denied the agency of Luck or Chance in the life of a

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and flew his kite. He grasped the lightning, and won electricity to our use.

Here is a man of middle height whose features are not remarkable in any way; a plain countenance except for the exceeding brilliancy of the eyes. This is Huxley; Thomas Henry Huxley. A firm strong man. He stands like a rock in a storm. There is in his face something of the temper of steel. He fought for Darwin in the face of public execration of the Darwinian theory. Huxley fought his fight and won it, and then went on his way regardless of praise or blame. Huxley took the position that man had done so well in his fight with Nature that he might be trusted to do better yet if he could learn to get along without bickering; if he would leave Creeds and Philosophies alone altogether. He said that the world is growing better, and that man will work out for himself in time some plan whereby his full duty to his neighbor may be performed, without the help of any religion or Church or Creed. He said that man is sufficient for himself, and that the sooner the world awakes to the fact that only man himself can improve himself, the quicker the real work of improvement will begin, and the quicker it will be completed. He fought for the right of a man to question anything and everything that touched his thought. He denied the right of Authority, whether of Church or State, to say, "Hands off; these things are sacred." Nothing was to him sacred that was not proven

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sacred. Birth, Life, Grief and Death, these things were sacred to him, but he could see nothing divine and beyond criticism in man's idea of God. He had the true scientific spirit of him to whom Truth is everything and idea that is unsubstantiated, nothing. A great man, and dear to us to-day. He won his fight. He won it for us.

And this man, with the bushy eyebrows and the peering look, is Charles Darwin; the great Charles Darwin. It is hard to realize that behind this unprepossessing exterior lies a mind so just, so nicely balanced, so generous and so gentle, that, though he upset the fixed opinions of men of science the world over; though he shook men's faiths about their ears as an earthquake shatters a house; though he brought Creeds into contempt; though had he been born a few generations previous he would certainly have been burned at the stake; yet, in spite of all this, it was said of him that he never made an enemy. He was that rare thing, an impersonal man. With him the petty likes and dislikes of human beings were not a feather's weight in the scale against the sacredness of truth. He fought for the establishment of *Fact* for *Conjecture*; of *Proof* in place of *Theory*; of *Science* instead of *Fable*. He won his fight. He won it for us.

This man with the cadaverous jaws and unkempt hair is Carlyle, a whirlwind of a man. He so burned with indignation at the indifference of

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man, or in fact, in any of the phenomena of life. He moved among us like some glad spirit from another world, and yet his gifts were for us, and his sympathies always with us. Scarce any man, in the ranks of the Teachers, and Emerson was one of the greatest of the Teachers, has said so little of the hereafter. His lesson to us was that the hereafter could very well take care of itself, and that our business should be so to live now that we should get into harmony with the Divine Law operating here on earth, and manifesting here on earth to those who faithfully sought to find it, and to understand it. His fight was to lift men beyond the cramping of Creeds into the clear atmosphere of universal worship. The light of his high and gentle spirit shone from his face so that all men loved him and were drawn to him.

We shall not, in many thousands of years, get beyond the teaching of Emerson.

This sad face, with eyes that brood, belongs to John Ruskin. It is not easy for me, who approach Huxley with reverence, to do more than bare justice to Ruskin. He was a reformer indeed but he would have reformed by the liberal application of the teaching of the Scriptures to the effect that we should take the coat off our back to give to the naked, and nurse the vagrant in our bosom. Finding that the world he desired to influence to its good continued much as usual, his adjurations acquired a scolding tone and lost force. That is the

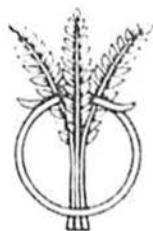
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weakness of Ruskin. A critical ear can detect the peevish shrilling of the feminine element in him in some of his finest passages—but there is no denying that he could write. The man has a flowing, liquid style. He ripples like a brook, and sparkles are in his words as the flash of sunlight on tumbling water. His one virtue, apart from this, his one contribution to the real work of the world, was his plea for a return to more simplicity in life, for enjoyment of the more simple and natural things, and for a new recognition of the dignity of labor, manual labor. But this, excellent in itself, he carried to absurd extremes. It was Ruskin who protested against the introduction of the steam-engine and the railroad into rural England on the ground that soon there would remain no beauty to preserve if these iron monsters went whither they would. "Iron Monsters," yes, Ruskin said that. Can you blame Huxley, a man usually so cautious of an opinion that he never permitted himself to criticize a contemporary, for saying of Ruskin and his theories. "The man is a dangerous lunatic."

There are many more in this procession, many who hewed to the line, such as Tom Paine and Robert Ingersoll and Voltaire and Montaigne, on the one hand, and gentle souls such as Thoreau and Phillips Brooks on the other, but enough has been said here for the present. You should have a mind so open to beauty of thought that you can enjoy the opinions of others no matter how far

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you may be from agreeing with them yourself. Tolerance and its flower, courtesy, are the evidence of a cultured mind. Today, to refuse to read an author because you have heard such and such things against him is the surest proof of the lack of judgment on your part; and where judgment is not there abound the rank weeds of prejudice, bigotry, suspicion and superstition.



The Heart of Aurelius

Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. Born, 121 A. D.
Died 180 A. D.

Begin the morning by saying to thyself, I shall meet with the busybody, the ungrateful, arrogant, deceitful, envious, unsocial. All these things happen to them by reason of their ignorance of what is good and evil. But I who have seen the nature of the good that it is beautiful, and of the bad that it is ugly, and the nature of him who does wrong, that it is akin to me; not only of the same blood or seed, but that it participates in the same intelligence and the same portion of the divinity. I can neither be injured by any of them, for no one can fix on me what is ugly, nor can I be angry with my kinsman, nor hate him. For we are made for co-operation, like feet, like hands, like eyelids, like the rows of the upper and lower teeth. To act against one another, then, is contrary to nature; and it is acting against one another to be vexed and to turn away.

Through not observing what is in the mind of another a man has seldom been seen to be unhappy, but those who do not observe the movements of their own minds must of necessity be unhappy. Of human life the time is a point, and the substance is in a flux, and the perception dull, and

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the composition of the whole body subject to putrefaction, and the soul a whirl, and fortune hard to divine, and fame a thing devoid of judgment. And, to say all in a word, everything which belongs to the body is a stream, and what belongs to the soul is a dream and vapor, and life is a warfare and a stranger's sojourn, and after-fame is oblivion. What, then, is that which is able to conduct a man? One thing, and only one, philosophy.

Do not waste the remainder of thy life in thoughts about others . . . For thou lovest the opportunity of doing something else when thou hast such thoughts as these,—what is such a person doing, and why, and what is he saying, and what is he thinking of, and what is he contriving—and whatever else of the kind makes us wander away from the observation of our own ruling power. We ought, then, to check in the series of our thoughts everything that is without a purpose and useless, but most of all the over-envious feeling and the malignant; and a man should use himself to think of those things only about which if one should suddenly ask, what hast thou now in thy thoughts? with perfect openness thou mightest immediately answer. This or That; so that from thy words it should be plain that everything in thee is simple and benevolent, and such as befits a social animal, and one that cares not for thoughts about pleasure or sensual enjoyments at all, nor has any rivalry or envy and suspicion.

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or anything else for which thou wouldst blush if thou shouldst say that thou hadst it in thy mind. Be cheerful also, and seek not external help nor the tranquillity which others give. A man, then, must stand erect, not be kept erect by others. Never value anything as profitable to thyself which shall compel thee to break thy promise, to lose thy self-respect, to hate any man, to suspect, to curse, to act the hypocrite, to desire anything which need walls and curtains.

Bear in mind that every man lives only this present time, which is an indivisible point, and that all the rest of his life is either past or it is uncertain.

If thou holdest to this, expecting nothing, fearing nothing, but satisfied with thy present activity according to nature, and with heroic truth in every word and sound which thou utterest, thou wilt live happy. And there is no man who is able to prevent this.

It is in thy power whenever thou shalt choose to retire into thyself. For nowhere either with more quiet or more freedom from trouble does a man retire than into his own soul, particularly when he has within him such thoughts that by looking into them he is immediately in perfect tranquillity; and I affirm that tranquillity is nothing else than the good ordering of the mind. Constantly then give to thyself this retreat, and renew thyself.