

THE YOGI

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*SYDNEY FLOWER, Editor and Publisher
Carson City, Nevada*

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DECEMBER

No. VI

[*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 are given in the July number of THE YOGI.*]

The Trial in the Federal Court

By Sydney Flower

Charged with using the mails to defraud, the writer, Sydney Flower, was arraigned and tried in the Federal Court at Carson City, Nev., on Tuesday, Nov. 22, 1910, before a jury of his peers, the trial covering a period of six days, with one day off for the celebration of Thanksgiving.

The defendant, being disappointed in the matter of obtaining counsel to represent him, at the eleventh hour, asked the permission of the court

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intellect he would have been more insistent that the defendant should be properly represented by counsel. The dilemma that confronted him will be apparent at once to the legal mind, and needs no explanation to our lawyer-subscribers: but to the lay-readers it may be said that the Hon. E. S. Farrington is noted beyond the confines of this State for his high sense of impartiality, his even-handed justice, and his acute sense of the dignity of the Federal Court, and he found himself in the position of either having to permit the admission of testimony by the prosecution which his knowledge of the points of the game told him was improper, and which the defendant was too ignorant of legal procedure to object to, or he was required to block this testimony himself, and rule it out without objection from the defendant, and thus put himself, he, the judge, in the position of counsel for the defendant.

The judge's sense of fairness triumphed over his sense of the proprieties, and, not once, but twenty times, in the course of this trial he did actually, upon his own motion, exclude matter that in his opinion should not have been introduced by the prosecution to the detriment of the defendant.

I do not say that the defendant was ignorant of the fact that his best interests lay in keeping quiet, and relying upon the judge, but it was putting his honor in a position that he was very reluctant to occupy, and there was a note of pathos in his

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honor's voice when he said to the defendant after the disagreement of the jury, "And I sincerely hope, Mr. Flower, that at the re-trial you will find yourself represented by counsel in the conduct of your case."

It is a curious fact that the trial of this case presented itself to me as a most dramatic and exciting spectacle, but not at all as an alarming one. And yet the job of picking a jury for the first time in your life, cross-examining a witness and defending yourself on a charge of felony, in an hour's address to a jury, taking the witness stand yourself and talking for an hour without a question from your counsel to keep you in the right path, followed by an hour or two of cross examination upon what you have admitted in your own tale is not exactly the kind of thing a man would expect to experience in an intellectual way.

The worst thing about it is the one thing that the lay mind balks at, namely, the talk to the jury. It is ten years since I made a speech, but I still have the knack, it never quite leaves you, and I get along all right.

But my direct testimony upon the stand I had to give, in my desire to tell them foolish things, that for breakfast I preferred Quaker Oats to Shredded Wheat, foolish, inconsequential, but crowded on the mind, and almost

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Really, I'm sorry I never read law. It looks like a most fascinating business.

Well, the case will be tried again in the middle of January, and I shall be acquitted this time without any doubt. I have Mr. Woodburn. And this will be a great relief to his honor, Judge Farrington, who does not care to look for humor in his courtroom.

RENEWALS—I wish you would send in your renewal subscriptions to this incomparable magazine without waiting for word from me. It is very distressing to me to have to ask you to do something which I can well believe you will enjoy doing. Therefore you are to understand that you will not be asked by letter to renew your subscriptions. I prefer to leave the matter to your own good feeling.

A HOLOCAUST—The full edition of the December number of the Yogi was printed and ready for mailing by the 20th of November, but I have suppressed it, and put it in the stove. It contained a bitter arraignment of the government and the name of an eminent judge was mentioned not in any spirit of rancor, but in such a way that he might have supposed that I was licking in respect.

PORTRAIT OF A LEADER

During the year that I was in close touch with the New Thought movement it was my privilege

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and pleasure to meet personally a vast number of the rank and file, and not a few of the leaders, in that movement.

Among the latter was one, a woman, who did not at that time hold the prominent position which is now hers, of accepted head of the cult, but whom, nevertheless, I remember writing of as "the only original thinker among us."

This woman is Elizabeth Towne, editor of *The Nautilus*, a monthly magazine, published at Holyoke, Mass.

From time to time I come across articles written about Elizabeth Towne by people who are certainly aware of the scope of her work, but who do not seem to have grasped the fact that the woman is herself much greater than her work.

Probably they are not to blame, because even the camera, which is usually exact enough in its reproduction, never catches the likeness of Elizabeth Towne. For example, I have at different times seen not less than a dozen different portraits of her, and there is not one that at all resembles her. The portraits show a woman of middle age, stout, rather severe, with a bulldog jaw and a well fed look, not an amiable face, but a rather stolid face.

None of these Elizabeths, not at all like that.

The real Elizabeth, the one whom you meet, is alive to her finger tips—quick, bright, eager, and

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so wholesome and sweet to look at that every man who meets her and talks to her, every normal man, greatly desires to pick her up in his arms and hug her to death. Of course there is William, her husband, to be thought of, but it's a fortunate thing for William that the march of evolution has taken us beyond the customs of the cave-men, because he would infallibly have been knocked on the head and left to die or recover, as he pleased, in the forest, while the rest fought it out to decide who among them should have Elizabeth.

There is something very alluring about those strange old customs, and I wonder—I wonder. Yes.

Moreover, to revert to the main argument, leaving these dreamy might-bes aside, Elizabeth cannot put herself, her real self, on paper. Readers of Nautilus are familiar with much of good counsel, much of strong uplifting talk, much of practical optimism, but nothing at all of that sympathetic charm of manner that makes the living Elizabeth such a delight. Nothing of that subtle magnetism which makes her so attractive appears in her written word.

On the contrary, she writes as she looks in her portraits.

There is only one way for Elizabeth to show herself as she really is, and that is for her to enter the business of lecturing, and so forsake the pen

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Picture to yourselves, a tall, finely-formed woman, with eyes that sparkle when she speaks, and a mouth that laughs when she speaks, showing pretty white teeth; give her a pair of cheeks as red as a ripe apple, and you have Elizabeth Towne as she is. Add to the picture the fact that there is in her speech that whole souled genuineness or sincerity which is the highest breeding, that she is never foolish in her argument, and never dogmatic, but very keen as well as very tolerant, and you have a composite portrait that cannot be anything but charming. Also, you will be convinced before you have talked with Elizabeth five minutes, that you are talking to a very happy woman. This alone is most unusual among New Thought women. Of the hundreds I have met Elizabeth alone really LIVES her philosophy. Sweet and sound as an apple Adieu, dear lady. Put some of that sweetness in your magazine. You write like a blacksmith.

THE SEAT OF RELIGION I have not found in the principles of psychology of the late William James any reference to the fact that the stomach is the seat of religion. Nor has any other author of my acquaintance called attention to this singular truth.

Many witty ladies have made jesting reference to the necessity of feeding a man well if he is to be

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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 today. 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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to defend himself, which permission was accorded by the Judge presiding, Hon. E. S. Farrington. The Judge called the defendant into his chambers for a word of counsel:

"Are you fully decided," said his honor, "that you wish to defend yourself?"
The defendant said that he was.

"Then I shall give you the same advice that I give to any young lawyer who tries his first case in my court," said the judge, "to this effect: If I rule against you once or twice or three times, or a dozen times, you are not to be discouraged. You are certain to make mistakes. But you are to go on and make mistakes. You are not to stop trying because you are over-ruled."

This kindly counsel, though it sounded rather like a jailer's assurance to a condemned man that the rope selected for his hanging was a soft pleasant kind of a rope, was none the less most grateful to the ear of the defendant, whose heart, hard and cold as ice to adversity, melts to water under the warmth of kindness.

"You understand," said his honor, "that the court will appoint counsel for you if you are financially unable to employ a lawyer?" It was on the tip of the defendant's tongue to say that the jails and penitentiaries were full of men once defended by counsel appointed by the Court, but it would have been an ungracious speech, and, he

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said, instead, "I thank your honor, but I would rather defend myself." "Very well," said the court, and looked as if he added under his breath, "On your head be it!"

So, upon Tuesday morning at 10 a. m., came this defendant into the Federal Court at Carson City, as a lamb might stray into a den of ravening wolves, and did there perform mighty works, in-somuch that the jury, going out on Saturday evening at 8:30, did return to the court for further instructions from the judge at 10:30, and, not having reached a verdict by midnight, were taken across to the hotel, and bedded down for the night.

At 9 a. m. they reported to the judge that they had not agreed upon a verdict, and at 2:30 p. m. they came into court and asked to be dismissed, saying that they stood six for conviction and six for acquittal, and that there was no chance of an agreement. So they were dismissed, and the case is to be retried on Jan. 18th, or thereabouts, when the defendant will be represented by Mr. William Woodburn, once the most famous criminal lawyer in the West.

Before this "remarkable case," as the U. S. District Attorney called it in his opening speech to the jury, passes into history, and is forgotten, I wish to comment mildly upon some of the features of it that seem to me to be unique.

I think if his honor had been aware of what a nightmare this case would become to his judicial

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intellect he would have been more insistent that the defendant should be properly represented by counsel. The dilemma that confronted him will be apparent at once to the legal mind, and needs no explanation to our lawyer-subscribers; but to the lay-readers it may be said that the Hon. E. S. Farrington is noted beyond the confines of this State for his high sense of impartiality, his even-handed justice, and his acute sense of the dignity of the Federal Court, and he found himself in the position of either having to permit the admission of testimony by the prosecution which his knowledge of the points of the game told him was improper, and which the defendant was too ignorant of legal procedure to object to, or he was required to block this testimony himself, and rule it out without objection from the defendant, and thus put himself, he, the judge, in the position of counsel for the defendant.

The judge's sense of fairness triumphed over his sense of the proprieties, and, not once, but twenty times, in the course of this trial, he did actually, upon his own motion, exclude matter that in his opinion should not have been introduced by the prosecution to the detriment of the defendant.

I do not say that the defendant was ignorant of the fact that his best interests lay in keeping quiet, and relying upon the judge, but it was putting his honor in a position that he was very reluctant to occupy, and there was a note of pathos in his

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The easiest thing about it is the one thing that the lay mind balks at, namely, the talk to the jury. It is ten years since I made a speech, but, if you have the knack, it never quite leaves you, and I got along all right.

But in my direct testimony upon the stand I had to repress an insane desire to tell them foolish things, such as that for breakfast I preferred Grape-Nuts to Shredded Wheat—foolish, inconsequent things that crowd on the mind, and almost

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rise to the lips. Mercifully I was given strength to leave them unsaid.

The U. S. District Attorney in his opening remarks to the jury referred in most flattering terms to the brilliant intellect of the defendant and almost consoled me for the fact that he used the encomiums merely to heighten the effect by contrast when he painted a lurid picture of that brilliance dimmed by years of depravity.

It reminded me a little of the Fall of Lucifer, the Morning Star, from heaven. There was a Miltonic suggestion about it.

The District Attorney made a good talk, but it is always the defense that wins the sympathy of the jury, and I had him there.

Unhappily, my speech to the jury was not taken in shorthand, and is therefore lost to the world, but I have been told that it was "all right." It was, of course, impromptu, as all pleas should be, and I have no notes of it, but two passages in it remain in my mind. They ran like this. The opening sentence:

"Gentlemen of the Jury, I do not come before you to plead my case in any spirit of bravado, nor because I think that I am more competent to present the facts than counsel trained in the law. I am only too well aware of my ignorance. But it sometimes happens, gentlemen, that a plain tale of facts, simply told, is of more value, and carries

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more weight, than the most elaborate rhetoric, or the most fanciful flights of eloquence."

And so forth. That was a good note to strike at the beginning.

The other passage was about as follows:

"Gentlemen, the District Attorney has made frequent mention during this trial that he feels himself at a grave disadvantage because of the fact that I am not represented by counsel, but I have noticed that the delicacy of his position has not prevented him from attempting to introduce improper evidence many times in the course of this trial, and only the sense of justice of his honor upon the bench, extended to an ignorant defendant, has prevented and blocked the introduction of this irrelevant testimony on the part of the government's representative."

Yes, it was a great lark, and I only realized the gravity of the affair after it was all over. But that is always the way.

In his concluding speech to the jury, which closed the case, the District Attorney remarked, looking directly at me, "And the defendant smiles, gentlemen, when I make this assertion. He is much amused." I replied, "Your argument amuses me," and he came back with, "And I have no doubt, gentlemen, that ALL these proceedings have been very much of a joke to this defendant. But he will find, and etc."

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Many witty ladies have made jesting reference to the necessity of feeding a man well if he is to be

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easily managed; but that is not quite what I mean. No one, I think, has come forward boldly with the statement that in the young the thought of food and in the old the thought of worship, are identical imaginings, arising from the same physical center, and having the same physical base, to blossom as the same identical emotion.

Do not fancy that I am saying that hunger and religion are the same thing. I am not speaking of hunger. I speak of the reverence which the thought, and especially the sight, of food arouses in the youthful mind.

I can remember in the days of my youth that the mere sight of a glass of milk, or a bilious-looking lemon pie, raised in me an emotion of adoration not unmixed with awe, akin to that sense of blessedness which the "saved soul" of mature years proclaims his own through the "washing away of his sin."

Even today, so strongly are we linked to our primitive emotions, our natural guides, I can scarcely pass a confectioner's window without an inward obeisance, irrespective of the fact that I have long ceased to take any practical interest in the wares of the pastry-cook.

But I will ask you, the next time it falls in your way to test this theory in the person of a healthy male of not more than ten years of age, to note the rapt expression of the eye when he is masti-

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cating, and the grave clasping of the fingers upon the proffered delicacy, whatever it may be. No greedy snatching and away, but a clinging, lingering touch as of one to whom it is permitted to handle things not of this world, but holy, and after handling, perchance to consume them between the teeth. Yes, this is without doubt the source of that instinct of religion, or desire to worship, which has much puzzled learned men.

Neither Spencer nor Darwin nor Huxley could account for the religious instinct in man as anything but an outgrowth of the emotion of fear.

But my discovery of its physical base, and particularly the localization of that base, will be a great relief to the scientists of today.

DIVINE HEALING—For the past fifty years, particularly in the United States, there has been a tendency on the part of the public to revolt against the assumption of the infallibility of Medical Science as encouraged, expounded and practiced, by Medical Boards, Medical Colleges, and a vast host, numbering something over 150,000 individual physicians.

When this tendency had reached the proportions of a definite movement, there were not wanting leaders to crystallize the restless imaginings into the tenets of a New Philosophy of Health, scarcely less empirical in its methods and contentions

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than the profession of medicine it sought to succeed.

So grew and flourished those various schools of healing which made use of the shibboleth "Mind Governs Body," and which were called, Mesmerism, Hypnotism, Mental Healing, Magnetic Healing, Suggestive Therapeutics, Divine Science, Christian Science, Vitaopathy, Dowieism, New Thought, etc.

Broadly speaking, these again may be divided into those systems of healing which included a religious idea, as Christian Science, Dowieism and New Thought, and those which attributed curative action to a purely mental process as distinct from the action of drugs.

It may be said that those systems of therapeutics which added to themselves a religion have endured and flourished, and this is true, notwithstanding the fact that Dowieism today mourns a leader. But it is fated that Dowieism shall rise again, being intrinsically sound just so long as men and women believe the Bible to be sound, and doomed to die away only when the Bible itself dies away.

I remember soon after the Rev. Alex. Dowie went to smash that a young man called on me in Chicago on some matter of business, and the talk veered, as talk will, towards metaphysics and Mental Science. The young man had a remark-

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ably imposing head of curling gray hair and a finely-cut sensitive face. He was at the time unemployed, and was in fact asking me for a job. I had nothing open just then, but, looking closely at him, a bright idea struck me of a sudden:

"I've got the very thing for you," I said.

"I'm mighty glad to hear it," he replied.

"I'll stand the cost until you're launched," I went on, "and if you're satisfied to have me do so I'll take a half interest right through."

"That sounds good to me," he said. "What is it?"

"We'll run you as Dowie's successor!"

"D'ye mean Elijah Dowie?"

"Sure; there's only one."

"But I can't do that," he urged.

"Why not? You look right. You can talk; and you know your Bible, or if you don't know it, you can learn it. It's as easy as rolling off a log. You start in right away as a Divine Healer; in fact, now I think of it, you're the reincarnation of Elisha, do you see? So Elijah's mantle falls right on your shoulders. It's as neat as a pin, and there's a barrel of money in it. You'll have to give up smoking, but all the rest is simple. What do you say?"

"I say no," said he, and left me abruptly.

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Even so have some of my finest plans come to naught.

Now that young man would have been an astonishing success as a Divine Healer **BECAUSE HE HAD THE RIGHT KIND OF HAIR FOR THE PART.** But somebody, some day, is going to see just what that young man was blind to, namely, that Dowieism rests on the Bible's declaration that **SIN** and **SICKNESS** are one and the same thing, or stand to each other in the relation of cause and effect. When a patient informed the Rev. Alex. that he was no better after paying a hundred dollars for a cure, did it stagger Alexander? Not at all. He referred the patient back to his Bible, told him to "repent truly" and he might expect "a blessing." But not till then. It's just so in the Bible, and Dowie was too wise a man to stray from the text. Now that Dowie business is what I call a beautiful game to play, because if you believe the Bible you must believe in Dowie's argument; and some day someone is going to play that game all over again; and he will make a lot of money at it.

Also he will probably make the same mistake that Alex. made, and turn away from his true and lawful wife to look longingly after other females of the herd. That did for Alexander. He was never very good after that.

BODY AND MIND—Observe that the heading to this paragraph is not, as usually, **MIND** and

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BODY, but in reverse order. This is because in my judgment the Body creates and governs the Mind, and the reason for this belief will be briefly submitted.

First let us admit and prove that Mind influences Body.

To take a stock illustration: A letter containing bad news, the death of a dearly-loved relative, for instance, is received. The effect of this bad news, of this bad Thought, upon the recipient, takes the form of lack of appetite, physical weariness, debility, inanition, insomnia, emaciation, and, if the grief is too prolonged, a lingering sickness ending in a decline and possibly death. This is the influence of Mind and Body.

And now to consider Body upon Mind.

There are many people today who are regarded by their fellows and even by the wives of their bosom as irritable by nature, peevish and ill-tempered, surly, bearish, churlish, and generally disagreeable. They are said to have "a perpetual grinch." They are unpopular at home and abroad; their society is unsought; and a degree of solitude is forced upon them which is in itself injurious to that companionable habit which marks the civilized man. These lives are soured, as we say; and the odd thing about it is that the voided ones themselves never know that there is nothing at all the matter with their dispositions, but blame

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their own evil tempers for their troubles. They do not know, nor do their friends and relatives know, that the physical, and not the mental, is at the bottom of the grouch. They do not know that their glands secrete an excess of acidity over alkalinity. They do not know that the acidity of the stomach, which is always present in these cases, is not the **EFFECT** of their bad temper, but the **CAUSE** of their bad temper. This matter is so easy of demonstration by any physician that you may settle it for yourselves whenever you are sufficiently curious to test the truth of what is here alleged. I will go so far as to say that the usual litmus-paper test, the commonest test known for acidity, will give the proper reaction if held for a moment in the mouth by any ill-tempered man. Again, if doubt still lurks within you regarding this matter, let me ask you to go a step further, and, having selected your disagreeable man, having plied him with litmus paper and discovered that he is in truth in an acid condition of blood, complete the cycle, as it were, and convert him into a "Sunny Jim," by feeding him an excess of ant-acids. Don't fall into the error of supposing that the moment this condition is changed the man will be, and remain, normal. You are to remember that the Body has its fixed habits, and a stomach that has a tendency to acidity in excess will not easily be led to change its ways. But it can be done by degrees, by employing patience, and persistence. And it is well worth the doing.

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The first thing for you to remember in this connection is that the healthy man is always sweet-tempered. There is no variation from this rule. Ill-temper is **NEVER** a sign of an evil mind or, as we glibly say, "a bad heart." It is always a sign of a bad stomach.

My New Thought friends will at once urge on the other hand in support of their claim that Mind governs Body, that a person thinking miserable, despondent, despairing thoughts will inevitably create an acid condition of the blood. Granted. I don't dispute it for a moment. And they will say further that if this person is led by New Thought teaching, or any hopeful philosophy, to change his thought, and become brightly optimistic, then the acid condition will right itself, and he will become a normally happy man again. Admitted. This is quite true. But my New Thought friends, with that impetuosity which is one of their charms, have overlooked a significant point. I say that if this man's body is brought into order his thought must instantly change its color-scheme. Now you can always attack a man's body, because it is natural for him to eat and drink; but you cannot always attack a man's mind; because it is not always natural for him to think; therefore mine is the easier way; and the quicker way; and therefore by my way the successes will be invariable; whereas by the New Thought way there will be occasional failures. And since that rule only can be held to be a **RULE**

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or a **LAW** to which there cannot be found a single exception I must believe, and you must believe, that in this case **BODY** governs **MIND**. In the example quoted I have made use of the very commonest type of departure from the normal, that of ill-temper. Now let us take something not quite so common.

In that strange and baffling disease which is called **Epilepsy**, the substance of the brain undergoes a degenerative change which, in most cases, not in all, is progressive, until imbecility, or dementia is succeeded by death. No one knows the actual physical process that results in epilepsy. But the point to bear in mind is that it is the **SUBSTANCE** of the body that is attacked; it is the **SUBSTANCE** of the brain that deteriorates. The **New Thought** and **Christian Science** and cults of that kind tell you that **Mind is All**; but I have yet to meet with an example of **Thought** produced without the help of substance. **Mrs. Eddy**, delightful woman, admits the claim of the body or substance to some sort of recognition, and accounts for any departure from health as "**A Claim**," or "**Mortal Error**," or "**An Error of Mortal Mind**." Unfortunately the explanation is utterly meaningless. To me **Mrs. Eddy** has always seemed to be a humorist of the first order, and I marvel that no one has arisen to do her honor in this regard.

An epileptic is likely without warning to execute acts of the most cold-blooded cruelty; and to per-

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form them cheerfully, without hurry and without remorse. For instance, I once knew a young man who was in a not very advanced stage of the disease, who took the family cat into the middle of the road in front of his house, tied her so that she could not escape, and with his pocketknife cut off her feet. Remembering that always it is the **BODY** that **GOVERNS** you can understand that in this case the degeneration of the brain substance not only made such an act possible, but removed all responsibility from the **MIND**, which is subject.

I don't wish to turn this argument into a medical dissertation, and will conclude with an example of emotion. We may take either **Fear** or **Love**. Let us take **Fear**.

Probably there is no one who has not felt it at some time or other. It is very common. But how many people know that **Fear** is always based on a physical change? How many of those unhappy ones who have perhaps reproached themselves with cowardice know that the feeling which is a shame to them is nothing but a habit of the body? What is the **CAUSE** of the feeling of fear? I don't mean what outside or inside object calls it into activity; I mean what is the reason that fear is **FELT**? Why, just this. There is a sudden paralysis of the sympathetic nervous system centering at the solar plexus and this paralysis causes that contraction of the heart which affects the

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circulation, which affects the muscles, and if the fear be intense there is seen a woeful shrinkage of the man from his normal stature and appearance. You will say that it is the Thought which first produces the Fear. I might easily dispute this, but let us concede it to be true that it is the Thought which produces the Fear. I propose to show that the Body governs the Mind even in this matter of Fear. I have said that there is a paralysis of the sympathetic at the instant of the Fear. Now if you know how to reach the solar plexus by any method which stimulates that nerve center to function again, you remove the fear instantly. You kill the Fear. There is such a method. It is by a certain form of breathing. You will find that it requires practice to accomplish, but it is ridiculously simple. If you will draw in a deep breath, not into the height of the lungs, but at the abdomen, at the stomach, you will stimulate that ganglion which lies at the back of the stomach. The fear departs because the paralysis departs. You will not find it as easy to do as it is to say. But a little practice will teach you the trick of it; and it is a good thing to know.

Above all, boys should know this thing. How many agonies have the kids endured for lack of this knowledge! Self-reproach, the contempt of their schoolmates; and what a hideous train of consequences may follow an exhibition of fear in a boy! How easily may he, believing himself to be beneath the standard, open his mind to habitual

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deceit, meanness, envy, slander, and all the seven devils of folly. Alas for the kid that fears! Never let him forget while life lasts that **BODY** governs **MIND**.

KANT'S PROBLEMS—There were three questions propounded by Kant, the philosopher, which would seem to be impossible of solution by human reason alone. The questions are:

1. Is man immortal?
2. Is there a Personal God?
3. Is man a free agent? i. e., Is the will free?

Kant's reply to the first and second questions, while admirably expressed, unfortunately is not an answer. He said, in effect, "If there is any man who answers 'No,' I must ask him how he knows that; and if he replies 'Yes,' I must ask him how he knows **THAT**." It is well at the outset to take a position on such questions as this. **THE YOGI** is not the organ of any sect, creed, or school of thought—neither of what is called **New Thought**, nor of any classification of labeled diversity of Thought. It is **Rationalistic**; it is not an advocate of the tenets of **determinism**. It is not bounded by any form of set belief, because limits and bounds of any kind must fetter inquiry and stifle discussion. **THE YOGI** rejects **Rationalism** as a fixed belief because human Reason, which is the God of Rationalism, is insufficient to explain many of the most common phenomena of life.

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such as the chemistry of the body, the function of hearing, or that series of mental impressions upon matter which we call *Memory*. Reason cannot explain *Mind*. The part cannot grasp the whole.

In the present stage of the evolution of the human brain so many things lie beyond its grasp that it seems the merest folly to accept even its highest faculty, Reason, as the supreme arbiter in matters which are confessedly incomprehensible to itself. When Reason itself admits that Reason cannot understand it is surely time for us to admit that there is something in or outside of man that transcends the powers of Reason. To offset this insufficiency of Reason man exalted that inner vision which he called the *Eye of Faith* which by exercise became to him a spiritual sense, whose property it was to bring within his partial comprehension the purpose of life and many of its phenomena. To the *Eye of Faith* there are no barriers. It asks no reasons. As might have been supposed, it has thrust man headlong into many astounding errors, from which he has with slow and painful effort extricated himself, only to plunge into others. This stumbling is the history of man's mental evolution. It is not a pitiful thing. It is a splendid movement onward.

It is upon his very errors that we confidently base our hopes of his ultimate approach to perfect development. Belief itself, of itself, is a glorious thing. Faith is sublime.

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Even in the brief day of this, our own generation, a fly-speck on the canvas of the ages, we have seen a marked modifying of our human tendency to impose our beliefs upon another. We have practically admitted that tolerance towards others' opinions is a mark of civilization. We still believe that we are right, but we are not so cocksure that the other man is wrong. **THE YOGI** holds that Faith and Reason are both right, measurably right; and that both are limited, measurably limited; that they are, in a word, both right and wrong, and that we cannot in our day know any one thing u'timately and absolutely because we are ourselves creatures in process of evolution, and our knowledge is itself in a transitional state. But we are advancing. We are pressing on; and it is the glorious heritage of our day to know that the struggle for knowledge, for more light, is keener today than ever before, and will be keener yet when we are gone. It is something to be human and to know this. **THE YOGI** objects that Belief applies terms of finality to the quest for truth, as, for example, in our conceptions of what God is and what God means, holding that our religions, which are our beliefs specified, must themselves be in process of evolution, and cannot be accepted as Ultimate Truth.

On the other hand **THE YOGI** denies that Reason is a sufficiently developed guide in human affairs,

The Heart of Aurelius

(Continued)

The ruling faculty does not disturb itself; I mean, does not frighten itself or cause itself pain. But if anyone else can frighten or pain it, let him do so. For the faculty itself will not by its own opinion turn itself into such ways. Let the body itself take care, if it can, that it suffer nothing, and let it speak if it suffers. But the soul itself, that which is subject to fear, to pain, which has completely the power of forming an opinion about these things, will suffer nothing, for it will never deviate into such a judgment. The leading principle in itself wants nothing, unless it makes a want for itself; and therefore it is both free from perturbation and unimpeded, if it does not disturb and impede itself.

A scowling look is altogether unnatural; when it is often assumed, the result is that all comeliness dies away, and at last is so completely extinguished that it cannot be again lighted up at all. Try to conclude from this very fact that it is contrary to reason.

Adorn thyself with simplicity and modesty, and with indifference towards the things which lie between virtue and vice. Love mankind. Follow God. The poet says that law rules all. And it is enough to remember that law rules all.

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The prime principle then in man's constitution is the social. And the second is not to yield to the persuasions of the body,—for it is the peculiar office of the rational and intelligent motion to circumscribe itself, and never to be overpowered either by the motion of the senses or of the appetites, for both are animal; but the intelligent motion claims superiority, and does not permit itself to be overpowered by the others. And with good reason, for it is formed by nature to use all of them. The third thing in the rational constitution is freedom from error and from deception. Let then the ruling principle holding fast to these things go straight on, and it has what is its own. In everything which happens keep before thy eyes those to whom the same things happened, and how they were vexed, and treated them as strange things, and found fault with them; and now where are they? Nowhere. Why then dost thou too choose to act in the same way? And why dost thou not leave these agitations which are foreign to nature to those who cause them and those who are moved by them; and why art thou not altogether intent upon the right way of making use of the things which happen to thee? For then thou wilt use them well, and they will be a material for thee to work on.

Wipe out imagination; check desire; extinguish appetite; keep the ruling faculty in its own power. But among the things readiest to thy hand to

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which thou shalt turn, let there be these, which are two. One is that things do not touch the soul, for they are external and remain immovable; but our perturbations come only from the opinion which is within. The other is that all these things, which thou seest, change immediately and will no longer be; and constantly bear in mind how many of these changes thou hast already witnessed. The universe is transformation; life is opinion.

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