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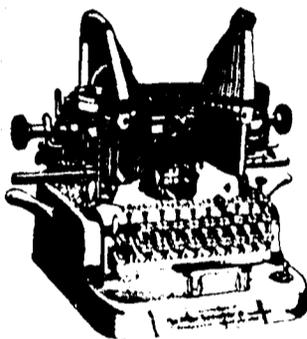
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A Magazine of Triumph

Edited by Dr. Alexander J. McIvor-Tyndall

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Devoted to Psychic Science, New Thought, Metaphysics, Socialism,
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Editorials

When all is said and done, when the daily hustle, and grind, and scramble for accomplishment has ceased, when the body has become worn-out with the friction which we encounter in the net-work of vibrations with which we are encompassed, we pause for a moment to ask ourselves what it is all for, and the answer is the same in every case—whether the questioner be a great financier, a housewife, a leader of fashion or a digger of ditches: "You are the instrument of the Cosmic Law for the uplift of All Life in the Universe."

In so far, then, as we have consciously, cheerfully, lovingly, fulfilled this mission, in just that degree have we earned promotion—in that degree may we know that we have been successful.

* * *

Recently we were discussing with a very wealthy business man the Twentieth Century tendency to overwork, and the almost insistent urge which the so-called "successful" business man feels to accumulate just a little more and more of the stuff called money, and we put to him the question: "What are you living for?"

He paused for a moment in a feverish hurry to attend to "just one more little business matter" before giving himself a night's rest (it was already 11 o'clock), and he said: "I don't know."

In this honest confession we have the key to all the abnormal conditions that confront the world today. How very few of us know *what we are living for*.

Do you?

* * *

The old catechisms used to give the answer to the question, "Why Did God Make You?" in these significant words: "That I might know Him, love Him and SERVE Him, in this world, and be happy with Him forever in the next." The first part of this answer is Truth. The second part reflects the old viewpoint of "reward of merit," to be cashed in after

death, for work accomplished in the Now. The few who are serving God (i. e. All of Humanity) in love are not only sure of happiness hereafter, but they are happy in the very act of service. For, verily, this is the whole of the Law and the Gospel—loving, cheerful service to every living thing.

In so far as we are conscious of this Truth, in so far are we Perfect.

* * *

A whole orange is a perfect orange. An orange with a part of it on the table, another part lying on the upper pantry shelf and another reclining among the perfumes and powders of "my lady's" dressing table, while still another lies neglected, discolored and decayed in the ash-heap, is not a Perfect orange.

Why not? Because it is not complete, rounded—whole. It is separated into parts, groups, places and conditions.

This is the condition of the human race. We are all cut up into races and classes and conditions, and this is dis-ease. It is not wholeness, not completeness, not Perfection. Let us get together in consciousness.

* * *

A local paper comments upon some observations made by Ray Stannard Baker, in his exhaustive study of the race question and the relative conditions which the negro meets in the North and in the South, in his "HEART-BREAKS" efforts to make his way in the world. Mr. Baker, it seems, has discovered that economically the negro is at a comparative advantage in the South, owing to the opposition of organized labor in the North against admitting the negro as a co-worker. And then the editorial writer has a lot to say about the situation, which, he declares, is "heart-breaking." And then, in his deep sympathy and his "heart-breaking" suffering for the great problem of "The Races," he delivers himself of this: "But one thing is certain, while we have the question of the black man to solve, we won't admit to our shores the 'yellow' question."

Isn't it odd?

If the race question is heart-breaking, why not drop it? We don't need to carry about us any heart-breaks, if we will but put ourselves into harmony with the Cosmic Law, which is about the most inevitable thing we know. And the Cosmic Law is so easily discernible, so tangibly evident, that nothing short of stupid blindness fails to perceive its existence and its purposes, among which purposes is the bringing together of all the different pieces of the segregated orange into one Perfect Whole.

For Heaven's sake, wake up, ye editorial writers on the daily press, and stop writing drivel about the "yellow" man and the "black" man and the "gentle" man and the "laboring" man—and let's first act like men, and not like monkeys.

* * *

And yet even Theology, that part of the scattered orange that represents my lady's dressing table mostly, has told us that "God is Almighty." That can't mean less than that God is all the mites or parts put together. "God is Omnipresent and Omnipotent." That can't mean less than that in the Whole, in Perfection—there must be all the parts—the colors don't count. The conditions don't count, the size and quality don't count.

In them all is the Whole.

Let's wake up and have some ordinary "common" sense.

It is all we need to save us from "heart-breaking" problems.

To us, we must admit that such nonsense looks very silly. If a thing strikes us as "heart-breaking," we don't precipitate another heart-break in the same breath—not unless we are very much of a "dammed up" fool.

* * *

Whenever, like Walt Whitman, we "take to the open road," we find our pathway unimpeded. We may miss some of the artificialities of Conditioned existence, but we also avoid heart-breaks. All discord and bumps to our feelings are caused by our resistance to the Cosmic Law, which knows no inequality—no separateness, no ups and downs and highs and lows and goods and bads and blacks and whites and yellows and greys. The Cosmic Law knows only completeness—only Perfection in Wholeness. And the Council of the Wise who administer that Law to this planet know but one method of selection, namely, the individual's willingness and fitness to serve. If the general who had in hand the working out of his plan of battle had to stop and microscopically inspect the shade of cuticle on each of his soldiers, or ask him what church or lodge or family tree he belonged to, we would think it a farce, would we not?

Anyway, he wouldn't. If he had no more generalship than that, he wouldn't be intrusted with the work. Never doubt that the Council of the Wise know what they are about—and they don't know yet that the white man is the Whole Thing.

There are some other things which are perfectly certain to the minds of newspaper editors, clergymen, kings "and others," as they say in theatre programs, that the Council of the Wise have not yet been instructed in, and it wouldn't be at all surprising if they ignored them altogether. In which case, some people are almost certain to get hurt, and it won't be those who compose the Council of the Wise.

Dear friends, let us also be wise enough not to try to stem the force of Niagara with our puny strength. Or, lest my meaning may not be perceived by the "great" ones of earth, who represent ecclesiastic power, economic power, race power and other trifling powers, let us not interfere with the purpose of those whose business it is to administer the Cosmic Law, but instead, let us "get in on the ground floor" of the Cosmic Enterprise, and know that what we are living for is to aid in the Wholeness, the Perfection of all life on this planet—and maybe of other planets.

We can't avoid being made aware of the absolute equality of Life. We can't avoid the establishment of a co-operative system of Government. We can't avoid the amalgamation of the races. We can't avoid freedom of Woman. We can't avoid the disintegration of religious systems and creeds. We can't avoid the intercommunication of the various planes of life—the visible and invisible. We can't avoid the aristocracy of service, because *it is written*.

Let's fall in line and avoid the "heart-breaks."

* * *

A correspondent takes me to task for pretending to believe in co-operation and "not practicing what I preach." He says:

"You admit that the Socialistic ideal of Co-operation in all public enterprises is correct. You say that all people should share in the world's work and in the profits thereof, but you do not live up to your teachings. You conduct a private enterprise in your publishing business, and it seems to me that a magazine, and particularly an Advance Thought magazine, is decidedly a public enterprise. If you believe in co-operation, why don't you publish a Co-operative magazine?"

This view recalls to mind a conversation we had early last year, with a gentleman who believed in "Co-operation." He said practically the same thing that our correspondent voices. He seriously took me to task for publishing and editing a magazine on "my own hook," so to speak, without allowing the world at large to have access to it without having to pay \$1.00 a year

or 10 cents a copy for the privilege of reading it. And we must admit that the man was consistent. He deliberately walked away with several copies of the magazine, and as many books as he could carry. Although we have anxiously looked for each mail to bring us some sort of return for them, so far we are still looking, and it has been months. This is the idea of "Co-operation" which so many people seem to have. We of THE SWASTIKA family do not feel at all like "bloated bondholders," or that we belong to the "Capitalist class," as my friend says, merely because we have successfully kept alive for sixteen months so tremendous an enterprise as THE SWASTIKA MAGAZINE. To tell the truth, we would have begun the publication on a "Co-operative" basis, or as a stock company, if we had felt that any one was consumed with anxiety to help bear the responsibility which a new and untried enterprise entails. If we ever receive sufficient assurance that the idea of "Co-operation" which we have here expressed is not the general idea, we may feel inclined to make THE SWASTIKA MAGAZINE a co-operative enterprise. In the meantime, we will continue to voice a conviction that the principles of co-operation spell the ideal of Freedom which all the world is seeking.

* * *

As we go to press, news of the horrors of the burning of a school building in Cleveland, Ohio, is turning sick at heart the entire country. That dear little children should be sacrificed on the altar of human stupidity, and cupidity, is too horrible to think about.

RESULTS OF THE WHITE
MAN'S CONCEIT

But if we will be honest with ourselves, we must admit that these innocent children, and many other victims of like catastrophes, are buried beneath the ashes of the white man's superlative conceit.

In Japan—from which "heathen" country the overzealous advocates of war are trying to exclude what they euphoniously term the "yellow peril"—such a holocaust as this Cleveland school affair would be absolutely impossible.

Japan builds her school houses but one story high, and in addition to this precaution the walls are movable. In case of fire the teacher or the care-taker has but to turn his hand, and the entire wall of the school house moves aside for the tiny tots to pass out.

And even then, Japan has less than one-eightieth as much land to the population as has America.

What a black blotch upon the face of American keenness and cleverness is this national tendency to think we know it all.

A gentleman was heard to exclaim recently: "The idea of calling Japan civilized! Why, look at their 'dinky' little houses." And then he glanced admiringly up to where a twenty-story building shut off the blue sky.

Might it not occur to us that it is because of a superior ideal of civilization that the Japanese prefer the out of doors with only the house room needed, to our ugly, foolish and dangerous structures. And again we might pause long enough to remember that the "dinkiest" little house in Japan contains a swimming bath, while up to a few years ago a bathroom was a luxury even in the mansions of America.

* * *

Another evidence of Japan's "lack of civilization" is found in her treatment of criminals. She actually considers them diseased, and they are treated accordingly, with the added justification that a person who has been released from her hospital-prisons shall be treated as though cured of a disease, instead of reminded of their offense.

JAPAN'S TREATMENT OF HER CRIMINALS

A few years ago such an event as that of this terrible fire, for example, would have precipitated numberless prayer meetings and the blasphemy that "it was the will of God," and then everyone would have settled down to mourning, satisfied that God had "done all things well." So far we haven't heard of this being done in this case, but doubtless it will be. And then we will go on building school houses in the same old manner, tightly locking the doors, and allowing little children to climb to the third or fourth story and be caught like rats in a trap, because, forsooth, it is easier to lay it all upon God than to admit that we might have made a mistake in school architecture.

It would never do to copy the example of an "uncivilized" nation like Japan. We had much better let the dear little lives be crushed out in such horrors as these than to change our plan of building schools. Verily, the self-approbation and colossal egotism of the "superior" white man is a heathenish thing.

One of the most necessary lessons for human nature to take to heart is the fact that humanity is practically, cosmically, the same in every country and every spot on this globe. We are each of us like every other. Why then should we divide ourselves into races and nations and classes?

I know of no more unpleasant person to live with, than the one who goes about with a long face grudgingly doing his "duty."

It is a common mistake to think that we have discovered some new truth, when, as a matter of fact, it is only new to us.

The Coming Crisis



Whether or not the world is entering upon a period of unusual contention, strife, disorder and bloodshed, as the astrologers predict, the fact must be apparent to the observing, that there is "something doing" in the subjective Thought of the world of to-day.

Conditions are unstable—in all departments of the world's work.

Socially, theologically, politically and commercially, there are at present certain forces at work which must result sooner or later in a new order of things. Civilization must either become less complex, or we must be prepared for violent revulsions in the various forms of life-expression.

I am not an alarmist, but I trust that I am not stupid enough to fail to see the trend of the subjective Thought of this century.

That Thought is revolutionary.

When a thought has lived for a certain period in the sub-consciousness of an individual, it breaks out into physical expression as naturally as a flower blooms from a bud, or as gases, under the proper conditions, produce combustion.

Those who are seeking to produce more equable conditions for all mankind; those who are seeking to establish in the consciousness of the People the knowledge that Man makes his own environment, and that it is only by optimistic, intelligent correction of certain unfavorable laws and ethics, that we can bring about this desired result, are naturally in the minority.

There are many well-meaning persons who have a vague idea that they would like to cast in their lot with the helpers in Life, but their self-interest is still too strong, or they cannot see the great, the urgent and immediate need of it. They are waiting for the eternal by-and-by. When this mythical time shall have arrived, great and wondrous will be the marvels which they shall perform.

In the meantime a crisis is almost inevitable; those who would bend all their resources toward making clear the way of the new order are in the minority.

A crisis is a culminating point of certain subjective forces which have reached a point of final contact with resistance.

Institutions, whether social, economic or theologic, are like huge buildings. They may last for centuries, but one viewing

them from the outside readily perceives their inevitable dissolution. Not so those within the enclosure. The decadence of their walls are hidden by pictures created by the imagination. The rottenness of their furnishings but speaks to the hypnotized dweller therein of their superiority to the impudent "newness" of the recently erected structures across the way, and blindly they repel any kindly attempt to warn them of their danger.

Such, indeed, are the conditions one may perceive in looking over the world's ancient institutions today.

Monarchies, with all their soul-numbing trappings, their claims to Divine origin, their jealously guarded ideals of the age of Feudalism, are as inconsistent with our Twentieth Century consciousness as their fashions in clothing would be out of place in a downtown business office, or in the crush of the Elevated.

Along with the ancient and barbaric ideal of monarchies, we find the perverted viewpoint that makes possible millionaires and paupers; that makes service to humanity a badge of inferiority; that makes the ridiculous idea that the color of a man's skin determines his station.

These are the decayed furnishings of the Institution of Government which had for its support the primitive concept that the governed were inferior to the governors.

Let us take a look at the sister Institution of Government—the Church. There was a time when these two colossal humbugs went hand in hand. That time was when kings labored under the delusion that they were divinely appointed, and when the life of a subject was not worth the price of a candle on the church altar. But governments have evolved since then, and in their growth separation from the incubus of Church authority was imperative. The Church would not evolve. Therefore, there were revolutions and rebellions, because the onward sweep of the forces administered by the Wise came into violent contact with this wall of resistance.

There is a general misconception that Man's progress from Barbarism to Civilization has been due to ecclesiastical activity. I don't know how such an absurd idea could have arisen and gained ground, except through the constantly reiterated statements of those who made religion a profession.

I know there have been good and supposedly wise men who have spent much time and wasted much good notepaper chronicling the supposed advances in Civilization which the Church has brought about.

But their observations have not been convincing. Religious systems have always been and they always will be an historic re-

flex of Man's evolving consciousness. Religions are as man-made as are the structures in which we live. Why, then, should we ever imagine for one moment that the religious system, or ideal we materialize today, will do for those who come here one thousand years hence? If there should be anything left of a cheap frame dwelling a thousand years from now, the man who wants to erect a habitable domicile on the land which it occupies is very likely to take a hatchet or some other instrument of destruction and knock it over. If it is particularly resistive, there will probably be dynamite used. And we are so strangely constituted that we would consider this a logical procedure, as it refers to a dwelling house. But, when it comes to the united force of a number of progressive entities demolishing traditions, governments and creeds, we call it "Revolution," "Rebellion" or anarchy. There would be no rebellion and no anarchy if it were not for the combustion produced by opposition.

The Progressive Movement is not in itself anarchistic. It is the exact opposite. It is Progressive. Life itself—the Universal Energy from which all things proceed—is active. It will not retrograde, nor stand still, merely because it must encounter certain obstructions. To imprison, decapitate or otherwise dispose of certain dangerous persons called "Anarchists" is not to dispose of the condition which they represent. No one ever succeeded in arresting a disorder of the human system by legislating against the symptoms of such disorder. Effects are produced by adequate causes, and because there are in the world certain individuals who represent the destructive, rather than the constructive, policy of reform movements, is good and sufficient guarantee that something in our system of human intercourse is at fault.

The average human being is the result of his environment. Mind you, I do not say that he is necessarily the result of his environment. As a matter of fact, he need not be, because environment may be subject to individual will. National environment is the sum of the individual wills of those composing the nation.

But, when the individual is not alive to his own inherent responsibility and his own power to make conditions, he will invariably reflect only the type of Thought known as "race-consciousness."

Therefore, we find individuals here and there striving blindly to force their way out of environmental conditions, through the only force, the only power, they know—the power of destruction—instead of through constructive principles.

The former represents the methods of the Anarchist, who would demolish by blows the prison house of his limitations. So-

cialistic and Metaphysical methods would step up higher in consciousness, using the knowledge gained from past experience as a stepping stone, and not as a trap which holds us.

Now, let us see why we have these crises, or combustions, besmirching the pages of the world's history, past and to come. Despite the restrictions put upon us by the concepts of the Past, human consciousness has extended far beyond the stage which modern Institutions would indicate. This growth is reflected in every possible direction in which the mind finds itself unfettered. But wait until this forward movement comes into direct contact with those phases of Life represented by religion, politics and race differences, and we see what? Combustion. And why combustion, chaos, disintegration and destruction in these phases, while in commerce and in mechanics and what has been termed the "practical," we find the pathway to Freedom comparatively clear? Because it is only in the ethics, morals, education and religious ideals that the Progressive Movement finds opposition.

You may go ahead and figure out almost anything in the way of mechanical inventions, and everyone will admit that you have a right to offer something better than the past has given us. But just hint that there may be something faulty in our ancient and inherited ideas of religion, of sociology, or morals, and you meet with opposition, prolonged and uncompromising.

This is due almost wholly to the dictates of Church authority. The system which Man has made for himself has chained and held and bound him to the mile-post of the past, much as a man becomes a slave to some vice or habit which he has made for himself.

Theology has taught absolutely no individual responsibility. Either God, as a super-mundane being, or the devil, as a sub-mundane entity, has taken the credit or the blame, as the case may be, for every mistake or every imperfect idea which Man has precipitated.

Any makeshift that would avoid teaching responsibility has been employed by the Church, and when, as now occurs, there are those who are seeking to convey to the human mind the tremendous fact that we are responsible for ourselves and for each other, and that there is but one Eternal Force working throughout the Universe, to bring together the segregated particles of the whole—i. e., the sons of men into the Knowledge of their Oneness and their Godhood—then we find this obstructive, opposing Thing, mis-called Religion, or Morals, or some other high-sounding, but empty, phrase, standing in the pathway of Progress, like the Dweller on the Threshold, frightening the would-be initiate into the mysteries of Truth.

The insatiable thirst for Progress, the inevitable, incorrigible Law of the Cosmic Forces, is gaining in strength and power with the passing moments. The ancient, negative Forces of a traditional adherence to the Past and a blind superstitious worship of alleged Divine Authority reposed in priests and kings, stands a tremendous barrier in the way of the working out of the purpose of this Higher Law. It does not require a seer to predict that there will be a crisis—a clash—when the final point of contact shall have been reached, and in the crisis there will be many innocent victims sacrificed. Neither does it require a seer to foretell the result.

Progress toward a Larger, Broader, Fuller Consciousness for the human race is assured. If only those who so blindly, laboriously and painfully oppose its coming, could but be made to foresee the advantage of it, we would have no crisis to meet.

Wm. D. D.

Super-Jurisprudence

PART ONE.

Facing the Grand Elements.

The medicine for artificiality is felt to be idealism, because the ideals shrink from the sense of hypocrisy needed to provide for artificiality; but artificiality is a medicine itself to cure materialism. It does not cure, neither does ideality cure artificial life.

The general rule is that the resort to medicine of any sort cures only by reversal, bringing about desperation, and thereby flight to the prototype.

The reason why artificiality was prescribed to man as a medicine was because in its desperate straits it resorts to law. It is by no means aware that in doing so it is committing suicide.

Law is the annihilation of artificial existence, which in itself was intended to destroy materialism. The general project of the instruction is to face the candidate again toward the real problems, neither those of matter nor of society nor of idealism, but of the divining sense crouching in the elements.

A shepherd, in the days of Aristotle, took his sheep to necessary requirements of grass and dewy nourishment, resorting both naturally and idealistically to the most favorable spring. The exhalation of this spring produced a very unusual condition in this

shepherd; he was never the same man after having partaken of the water of this natural spring.

It was found that in his unusual condition of mind he could foretell cosmic events, concerning the movements of the stars and storms, as well as historical events among men.

He was therefore sought after by the princes of artificial society, and by philosophers of the supposed material world, for they discovered in him an unusual value, namely, the extraction of the mysterious secrets of that strange mental enterprise known as futurity. They built a temple where he took his drink. That temple is still existent and sought after; for centuries it was a religious shrine—it was one of many.

Aristotle stated the general principle—that the natural earth, in spite of the false viewpoints of human beings, exhales, of its own free breath and vigor, inklings and arousals capable of bringing to pass unusual foresight not only in man, but in animals and inanimate objects that may be moved by the wind.

We are informed that humanity has been a long time away from the earth, living amidst his medicine-chests of invention—civilization, society, laws, principles—dreams all.

We have stated this artificial excursion is to cure overdoses of elemental realism. Man could not extract from the elements their unusual excellence. The formations of his mind fell down upon him. He was faced and baffled by demoniac constructions of futurity.

A crushing sense of oblivion called the Past pursued his heels, until it was seen fit that he should be allowed to imbibe a soporic, that the excellent forces of his body and being might repose, and not be brought into the excruciating business of undertaking an unsatisfactory artificiality.

Still, in spite of the determined sense of resistance standing between him and the real solid immortality of the earth, there exhaled unto his shepherds, unto his belated sheep or some wandering dog, or even an over-stubborn ass, gathering some sweet remembrance from that former and exhilarant earth, so that these strange incrustations of the mind which have fallen upon man as if he were dead, visited only by his dreams, and he bursts in an instant the clouds, and across the history of that incident civilization itself gathers in retreat from its own devices. They would go back again and vest themselves with the raw elements, and secure again that remembered excellence of life for which they have been so long homesick.

Even his resistant sense confesses to an excessive porosity, so that the paths of the mighty prototype push out even into his re-

sistant material projects, furnishing indeed the strength thereof, for it is well known to physics that a hollow column is of greater strength and endurance than a solid one, witnessing to his pristine temperament of insight, whereby it was seen that the law in things, with his devotion to negation and to mind, displayed a greater faith than all his inventions could invoke.

Gautama, wandering about amidst the labyrinths of human thought, came upon a swamp. Long in the ages gone had settled itself in his mind the totality of things as mind. He knew that this was no material swamp, and he knew that the strange objects that grew therein were secretly in league with thought.

Therefore, when the prince of that idea said to him, "Whence comest thou again to burst upon us with the remembrance of our past? Can we not wander far enough away that there does not coil up over us this certainty of nature's hold upon the final and ultimate things which she has produced?" this prince, this man of irresistible insight, said: "We would drink from your bog!" And they said: "We have no cup."

What is this that would announce inconsistency? Shall there be feet to swim, provided with web, and no water? Shall there be wings and no air creeping beneath invisibly, a proof of that certainty of the circle and connection in things? If I would drink, there is a way.

Therefore, in the natural device of elemental man, having shed the glorious artificiality with which he was so thoroughly beset, all his princely ideas and his nobility of blood falling away like a leaf in the fall, he said: "Cut me a reed, and I will draw the water through this reed, the servant and creature of my mind!" "Not so! Dost thou not know, O, Gautama! Or hast thine almanac failed thee? It is not the season of the year to draw water through the reeds of this bog."

What is this we hear about seasons? Who is this hath made an almanac and built man into it? Man, the eternal being, built into a calendar, scheduled for appointments here and there, like some slave of accident and arbitrary volition! Said Gautama: "Our existence has but one concern—freedom. We have but one peradventure—to be free. These, our only jewels, we stake with thee, O, prince of the bog, against the empire of thy several acres, that the reed even at this season has neither pulp, marrow or pith, so that we may drink there through." "Done!" said the sprite of the bog, for he was "sporty." "Surely that for which the great Gautama would peradventure existence and the sole concern of his being, namely, freedom, we can well stake the administry of our bog. Even if we lose, it is not much."

This was stated to be Gautama's truth test. His doctrine was annihilation to the crisp article of human mind called matter, with its vibrant energies, which Plutarch speaks of as a rattle concerning which the young Lord amuses himself until that great day when he shall be called to the throne. Should he not have something to rattle while he sits cross-legged? And it must be brittle to be sound, and it must be porous, or who would hear it?

The prince Gautama knew well the porosity of the material entity; he knew that he could rely upon that pathless power of the prototype to be true to its covenant even in the dreams of man. For it is written—said this prince of insight—that there is nothing at all but truth, which guarantees unto me a perfect hollowness for all creations, be they wise or be they foolish; therefore I will venture my total concern that this reed has no green pith in it.

The immature and irrational project said to Jesus: "Wherefore do you come to attack us before our time? Shall a reed not be allowed a pithy, pulpy center in the spring, but shall it be dedicating the entire calendar of his life to porosity? Agreed! There comes a futurity for reeds in which hollowness is its contract. To this we have agreed, but the sun hath not set and risen enough.

They said: He places a fire upon the end of a stick, and he twirls the stick, and the fire conveniently follows, and the senses proclaim a circle of fire.

The reason says: O, foolish and slow senses! Because you whirl around as fast as the fire, therefore you conclude a circle of fire. They said to me: A streak of lightning across the sky is but the movement of a point too quick for the senses to forget.

The great Von Laer stated that there be those even of insignificant and animal maturities when watching the revolving seasons, see, like fire turning on a stick, the swift movements of the colors, the flash of white, the dash of yellow, and the thrust of green, and the years speed on.

Wherein shall the sage, the prince of insight, touch the circle and say: This is the truth? Ah! If he shall be free, let him have then his definition! What? As he pleases!

Therefore he said to the sprite of the bog: Wherever I touch, the almanac, my servant, responds. I say I would drink, and the reeds shall be hollow.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Henry Em Burnell

The Futility of Negation

PART THREE

The Church and the State.



Let us reason together.

Some of our long-dead ancestors desired power and took the easiest means for the attainment of that power; let us acquire power, for power is good.

Another feared and worshipped the object of his fear with humble grovelings; ergo, let us also bow low before a fear.

Habit is the keystone of existence. The great majority live and think as their fathers lived and thought—unthinking still. Their acts may change, but the motive that prompts the act seems not to change.

Let us be obedient as our fathers were, but why? By all means let us obey something, but what?

The Church and the State: strong arms of the social body; here are worthy leaders for the guidance of blind souls, but why this linking in your mind of Church and State; God and the Government?

To Reason! To reason! There may be reason even in this.

Fear is the sire of all blind obedience. A man may fear the known consequences of a certain act—the transgression of a man-made law—and obey that law through fear, or he may believe that certain consequences will follow the breaking of a spiritual law as formulated by his religious advisor, and obey what he believes to be the true law of the spiritual realm. In either case it is not the law itself that commands his respect and obedience, but a brute fear of retaliative injury to be worked on his own person.

In theory the law cannot fail of its effect. Man-made economic law and the no less man-made law of the world unknown have only one object, namely, to hold in obedience the passions of men to prevent them working an injury either upon themselves or upon their fellow-beings. It is simply the threat of "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," the supposition being that to save his own eyes a man will spare the eyes of others.

But in practice the courage of men forms the unsolvable X in the equation of justice. Whenever desire becomes a stronger

animus than fear the law fails in effect, for no fear of a future pain will destroy the hope of a present pleasure. Certainly a man will hesitate longer before breaking what he believes to be a God-made law than he would before a purely human code, but the difference is in exact proportion to the fear inspired by such belief.

In the economics of primitive man this was especially noticeable. A man might defy his king when the revolt depended in a great measure on the results of his own prowess, but only in rare instances would he bid defiance to the unknown forces with which he was threatened by the shaman. In the first instance he knew the ultimate degree of torture to which the king could subject him—that power reached only to the grave—but his imagination constructed a force that could reach beyond the grave and pursue him into eternity, with no hope of a cessation in its vengeance. Here, indeed, was a powerful weapon for man to use in the subjugation of his fellows. The rulers in the world of intelligence and the rulers in the world of force both sought the same ends, the leadership and the exploitation of the masses for their own benefit. What the king could not accomplish by force the priest might readily bring about through the superstition of his followers, and in return, a show of force would serve well the desired ends of priestcraft.

The gradual unification of these two powers could have been accomplished in many ways. Very commonly a dead governor was elevated to the rank of a deity and his descendants were supposedly endowed with attributes of god-hood. Often, as in ancient Egypt and Mexico, they became incorporated in one individual, a warrior-priest, who governed his subjects in both temporal and religious affairs. It is certain that in nearly every form of government the economic and religious rulers are ever inseparable, making the same laws and teaching the same system of ethics, each aiding and abetting the other in the enforcement of those laws. With the advancement of progress, rulership developed new forms and religion became an institution meaning more than the mere spirit worship of the savage, but the Church and the State, god-hood and government, were firmly welded together, each a mere half in the ruling whole. The Church created and sanctified the divine right of kings and the State appointed the one form of religious duty to be followed by all people; the Church became governmental, the State a religious institution. Many times one or the other tried to break away from the yoke that bound them both, but amalgamation was found always more effective than contention, for in each case when the confederacy weakened the proletariat rose.

The abuses that must follow such an amalgamation of power were terribly illustrated during the dark ages that followed the fall of the Roman empire. The churchly sanctity that clothed a king extended to all the powers that ruled and made serfs and vassals the veritable property of the feudal lord—set a monetary value on human life—gave the overlord such privileges as the "right of the first night"—created millions of priestly parasites who lived without labor—made possible the slaying of heretics and the wars of religion, stoning, burning, boiling, the wheel and rack—blinded the eyes of the nations drunk with a glut of flowing blood—and this in the name of a gentle Jewish teacher of peace and love whom they called a god.

Mankind has never made a single step toward the attainment of a higher ideal of what life means with the sanction of either Church or State. Progress is not attained because of man-made laws or hand-made religion, but despite them. Benjamin de Casseres, writing in *The Philistine*, has said: "Anarchs believe in the law more than any other men; for that reason they oppose those gross perversions of law called the State and Church."

In his higher development man transcends the law; he is the law, and with any lesser part of the whole he has naught to do. In the Church there is much that is good; all churches can furnish a very necessary step in the development of the individual; the mistake is made in considering any set code of laws or formulated creed the perfect sum of human equity. As well believe that a child has obtained all needful knowledge before graduation from the nurse's arms. So long as a man is in the least dependent upon the deeds or thoughts of another he will advance but slowly. Such help is at best only a crutch for an ailing intellect, and the time must needs come when such support will be discarded and he must face the problems of the universe, alone and unafraid.

The apostle of progress is always the foe of the present regime. Whether it is the philosopher with a gentle doctrine of non-resistance or the terrorist with his bomb, the motive is the same, and has in mind the ultimate liberation of the individual from the shackles of an enfeebling conservatism. It would seem as though independent thought was the one unforgivable crime in all ages and the procession of the martyrs to truth is constantly adding new recruits. The Nazarene with his cross; Socrates with his cup of hemlock; Galileo with his chains; Harvey, alone among the surging ranks of his fellows, were all transgressors of the law; anarchists against existing conditions.

In these modern times we have a new development, a gov-

ernment which we say is "for the people and by the people," free from churchly relationship, and with freedom of thought and speech granted to all. But is the claim justified? If the majority rules, what then of the minority? If you are dissatisfied, where is your redress? Does not force rule you still? Who questions the right of the employer to exploit his employes for gain? Were not the Haymarket "Rioters" hanged, Debs imprisoned, Mother Jones incarcerated? The All-Powerful Injunction binds the hands of Liberty and municipal laws tie anew the bandage on the blinded eyes of Justice. Voice the bitterness of your soul in the public streets, the streets which you are supposed to own, and you will quickly become acquainted with the inner chambers of one of your own jails. Are the Church and State not one even yet? Then why is your word not good in court that you take oath on a book of fables? Why is the property of the Church untaxed? Why are the thousands of non-producing preachers and lawyers not taken up for vagrants as the laborer who also has no useful work is taken? Is the New Thought embraced by the Church as a higher development in the art of living? Speech and thought are not free. Every day some minister of the "gospel" is unfrocked for voicing his true opinions, answering to the call of the God within, and professors in our universities are stripped of their robes for speaking against the autocracy of the rich in the interests of Labor.* The greed of the money king lies like a slimy serpent girdling the world, and the cries of the oppressed rise like a dark cloud from between its folds; Socialism rises like a new sun on the horizon while the muck-raker stalks rampant across the dusky land. Old Earth cries out for another Justinian.

The State defeats itself and the Church carefully nurses the fungus of its own decay. The pride of yesterday is the folly of today. The atom is repeated in the universe, and the whole is in a constant state of flux and change. Inertia and equilibrium are alike impossible. The State may in time become the Commonwealth, but this also must rest upon the foundation of a multiplicity of imperfect laws and will crumble, as will any institution that is not founded in Universal Law. The Church may be resolved into the social club, but this also will be transitory as the souls that conceive these results are but transient visitors on the earth-plane.

Back of these things lies the higher law of growth. Man will not be balked in his race for god-hood. You may make laws, but he will obey only so far as the law harmonizes with

*Harvard, Chicago University, Leland-Stanford.

the law of his being. He may fear the unknown with superstitious reverence, but will in time outgrow that fear. The soul does not know sin, or punishment for sin, considering every act and thought as new words written in the book of all experience. Each man knows no law save his own, and your law is not his nor his law possible for you.

Legislation opposed to Karma is negation—a death's-head jester parading in cap and bells.

Kenneth MacNichol

How to Control Dreams

By Robert C. Knox.

Most of us have dreamed dreams which we long to dream over. Some have had "nightmares," and did not long.

Some dream of what they have thought of during the day; others of strange things they never think of in their wakeful hours.

Dreams are little understood, even by men of science. Suppose you know that dreams are only involuntary actions of the brain without it being conscious of the physical, or—to make it plain—those senses used when one is awake.

Suppose I could control my thoughts—I would then be master of the dream visions and know what sleep is for—to rest the nerves and the physical senses.

But thousands let their thoughts wander at the time they are sleeping—so do not enjoy what they might by simply concentrating their thoughts upon one subject and dreaming of that. They let the subject control itself and its actions.

Perhaps in the course of your life you have been forced by circumstances to remain awake for hours. You seemed unable to gain slumber, but were forever just dropping off—to arise with a start and shudder. You have been in that state where thought caused visions which were indistinct.

Your thoughts were not controlled—therefore the vision startled you, or perhaps a noise brought you back to the physical plane with a start.

When next you retire to your boudoir with the intention of slumbering try this:

First, lock all doors and windows—all means of ingress to the apartment. When in bed lie flat upon your back upon an even level—no pillow. (Not that this is the best means of bringing sleep, but the best for profound concentration.)

While upon your back fold your arms across your chest. Breathe deeply and in rythm with the beating of your heart. One breath inhaled to every six beats; hold for three beats; exhale in six. After you have established the rythm, concentrate your mind upon something—a tune is a very good subject. Mentally hum it, and form a mental picture of someone playing some instrument.

Don't let your mind wander.

The fuller you concentrate the quicker to the state I wish you to enter. Become oblivious of your physical surroundings. If you do not feel as if sleep would come this way, go to sleep as you always do.

When you awaken "drowsy" and want to turn over and drop to sleep again—try the concentration. Soon, if successful, you will feel a numbness stealing over your limbs, roaring in your ears and a bright light before your eyes.

Flitting visions will dart before your mental vision.

This shows a wandering mind. Concentrate now at your best.

Soon, if all goes well, and you do not become frightened and awaken, the player will appear before your vision, standing out against a background of light or inky blackness. (You wished or pictured only the musician—not the musician and a stage.) The tune will be heard as you make or imagine it. No worldly music can compare with mental.

You can accompany the player by picturing yourself doing so.

If you do not like the tune or the appearance of the player, you can change both by thinking (picturing) the desired change taking place.

Never issue a command. You *must* picture in a mental vision the changes you desire to take place.

Be natural in your desires at first. Do not change the player from a musician to a boilermaker merely because you have no liking for the tune he or she is rendering, for you may receive a shock in witnessing the sudden change and desire to awaken.

It were best to awaken after every two hours at first (Never stay in the state over three hours if you can help it.) A short mental rest is desired.

To awaken:

Concentrate your mind upon awakening; stop forming mental pictures; strain your ears to hear outside (physical) sounds, and make a mighty effort to move.

You must throw it off, as it were, and come back to the

physical. You may not succeed at the first attempt, but try again. During this time indistinct voices, noises, may sound in your ears; pictures flit before your mental vision; hot and cold flushes steal over you; thoughts of burglars, of death, etc., may be your first experience. So locked doors, etc., ease the mind.

When you are master of this art of concentration you will gain the vision state in quicker time, and toss it off more quickly.

As you progress you can try strange things, such as flying or floating to other worlds; seeing through opaque substances; hearing angels sing; speaking and being spoken to by the dumb brutes. Creating strange machines, and watching them at work; working out your ideas in all branches of work; picturing a tale lately read. Anything your mind can create or fancy dictate.

Cultivate your senses—you will enjoy the visions more if you have a fine sense of smell, taste, etc. The blind dream with their senses.

Thought constructs—so if I think of evil things I will enlarge certain faculties to the detriment of my system in general. Cut out these: Thoughts of passion; of drink; of eating; of anger; of mere brute power; all dissipating, ruinous thoughts. Master your senses. Live up to the higher teachings within you.

In making the changes be slow. In going from one scene to another I let the scene change slowly—parts of the new scene put into the old one as I form the mental pictures. I do this for this reason: If I should picture an entirely different scene, its sudden coming would give too many impressions. I could not grasp its whole at first—it would be forever flitting.

Remember this is vastly different from natural dreams—when one's mind produces natural changes. This state brings little real rest, being a mental strain, but bringing untold pleasure.

I can give no assurance of success to anyone. I give my own experience; the results of my own experiments of three years. Do not expect to succeed the first night, nor the second, nor for a week, for you may not wish to keep on after the first noises, etc., appear. Do not indulge too freely, and never when undergoing any severe mental strain, and never try this control of dreams unless very sleepy.

Keep at it, and make up your mind to win out.

All I ask in life is food, raiment and freedom. I have all the worldly pleasures—pleasures of both physical and mental planes. Thousands, nay millions, rush through life after physical sense pleasures, and arrive at old age disgusted, for pleasure comes in the Simple Life and sweet thoughts—thoughts of the beauty, the grandeur, the wonder of Life.

May peace be unto thee and success be thine.

The Origin of the Swastika

By Prof. Isaac Newton Vail.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE.)

The Greek legend runs that the sun Apollo was born on a "manifested isle" called Delos, the "clear," "plain," or "manifested." I say these are petrifications in ancient thought coming before us for identification, and when identified, they hold up before us the original Swastika, whose resistless thoughts are those of deistic sanctity linked with solar light, and the rotation of the cosmos; attributes which no one now hesitates to confer upon this world-wide emblem of Creation Divine.

As I have said, that hole in the polar canopy was at times a stupendous picture of solar splendor and golden glory. Hence every nation, kindred and tongue, away back in time, invested the home and throne of Deity with unspeakable glory. Grandeur and glory are ever uppermost as the chief properties of the god of every people. Where and how did the races acquire the thought if they did not see them as divine characters environing the seat of the Great Judge enthroned in the polar sky? It is a well known fact that many of the Oriental peoples today call the north polar heavens the "Seat of the Judge." And if we critically examine old-world thought we find that the God of every people was enthroned in the splendor and wonder of the Arctic skies, and back of this world-wide thought was the might and power of an all-creating Sun whose perpetual movement, both diurnal and annual, brought new creations every day and every hour to the wondering gaze of the world.

The "Isle of the Sun" is a very current classic idea, but as old as the human family. On a mythic isle of the Sun, Circe or Kirke, a daughter of Helios, had charge of the herds of the Sun. Now Circe was the goddess of the "circle" and "child of the sun," as every classic student knows. How did the circle and the sun become indissolubly linked?

Again, it is a well known fact that a later name for the classic sun was Apollo, who, as before stated, was born on the star isle Asterie, afterwards called Delos, the "clear," the "open," the "manifested." One of Apollo's most significant titles was the "Borean," or "Hyperborean god"; and here we have another star witness, for, as every scholar will admit, borean means of, or pertaining to, the bore, which is nothing more nor less than a hole, and a turning hole at that; and "hyperborean" means the supreme or highest bore or hole.

Here is a fact that we cannot escape; that the "Hyperborean Apollo" was a northern or polar sun, and it is most obvious that without canopy aid no such thought fossils could exist today. These are a few of the vast volume of canopy memorials which shine from the world annals. I must now turn away from them. What I have hurriedly brought forth are sufficient to make the canopy fact a *Gibraltar of Truth*.

From this old and forgotten world-environment comes the immortal Swastika. We have before us a vast luminous vapor heaven, with every feature of light and motion in chromatic splendor intensified at the pole. That vapor heaven or canopy, to be seen by races of the north temperate zone who have left records of the polar picture, must have floated a thousand miles or more above the earth's surface. However, the inhabitants of the tropic may have seen the northern panorama shadowed as a secondary or supplementary glory, reflected from the higher latitude, southward. The vast, ever changing prospect, as a rapidly turning wheel, reeled off the heaven as from a celestial dial. Hence our classic lexicons tell us that the Horae or Hours were "stationed as guards at the gate" (or opening) "of heaven." This, too, explains why it was said that Kronos, the time-god, was harbored at the court of Janus, the original Janitor or gate-keeper.

I want my readers to keep this rotating scene in view, bearing in mind the constant efforts of the vapors to break away from the polar arch and trail as lines of falling mist right across that empty place in the polar sky. These lines of mist, sweeping down from that great fountain and source of waters, must have fallen straight as a plummet line toward the earth's center, if there was no rotation or whirling in the picture; and under such conditions humanity would have seen the vast polar arch with shining radii like the straight spokes of a great wheel. If there were nothing but gravital motion involved, this downward sweep of mists must have been strikingly direct; but with the entire picture in rapid rotation, as about the navel of the cosmos, every straight line would become a curved line, and segregating mists would become whorls of vapor. The radii of the turning circle, from utter necessity, would be curved at their ends. A vertical line would have its upper end bent eastward and its lower curved westward. A horizontal line would have its east end turned down and its west end turned up; and the Swastika was inevitably suggested to every human beholder. Every race has copied the picture; and thus the correct form of the Swastika represents the rotation of the cosmic wheel to the right. This was neces-

sarily the picture in the polar heavens so long as the canopy revolved more rapidly than the earth rotated on its axis. But as a pure result of canopy declension there came a time when the lingering vapors no longer revolved about the earth, or simply stood still and thus fell back westward in the upper air, because the earth rotated away from them, and as such vapors fell, all lines thus made would be curved in reverse manner from the normal Swastika, and this change in the movement of "cosmic features" is fossilized in the reversed whorl and abnormal Swastika sometimes found.

We know why the Swastika is found in almost every part of the earth. The worshippers of the south polar sun evidently saw and copied it from the Antarctic heavens, for they also had a whirling cosmos and celestial navel. The sacred city of the Incas, Cuzco, means the "navel," and the rotating sphere lives in the name.

This clear place in the polar sky, as all of my readers will understand, would in the night time appear as an island of stars, and it is a well known classic legend that such an island, under the name Asterie, "the starry," once floated in the heavens, and was for a long time the favorite resort of the sky-god Jove. We can readily understand how such a clear island of stars would be called a "star opening," and now tell me what else but a star opening could have originated that eternal canopy name "*Asterope*? Aster is a "star" and ope is an "opening," pure and simple; nothing more nor less.

We have to indict humanity by the fossil thoughts left in its wake. No race could have left such a name if a hole had not appeared in the heavens, not only for the light of the stars, but for that of the solar orb. Another name of the same class is *Casiope* the "brazen" or "golden hole." Here, too, the name affirms a shiner. And here again let me urge the eternal spin and whirl as manifested in such names as *Rhodope*, the "rotating," or "wheeling hole," and *Cyclop*, the "cycling hole"; and then there is that old, old classic island named *Claros*, the "clear" or "manifested isle."

(CONCLUSION.)

EDITOR'S NOTE.—For the benefit of those who would like to obtain the complete installment of Prof. Vail's scholarly and original article on "The Origin of the Swastika Symbol," we will state that the first installment began in the February issue of THE SWASTIKA MAGAZINE. Back numbers may be obtained at the regular rates by addressing us. Prof. Vail's postoffice address is: No. 411 Kensington Place, Pasadena, Cal. It will pay you to get his books on "Canopy Evolution." Send to him for his price list.

The Value of Memory



Memory.

Generically and dictionaryally speaking, this term denotes that power by which past impressions are brought again into consciousness.

Your memory!—

Is it rich or poor; good or bad?

Those good people who are forever reiterating the statement, "Oh, I have such a poor memory! My memory is so bad!"

are not, as Elbert Hubbard says, "Nearer the truth than they know"; on the contrary, they are much farther from the truth than they know. They are "cold, very cold," as the children cry, when you blindfoldedly drift away from the much sought, hidden article.

Do you estimate your memory at a high or a low valuation?

You needn't answer verbally. Simply pass into review those books of memoranda, and those various slips of paper bearing your wife's handwriting, which she handed you with the injunction, "Now, don't you forget, John!"

They will show whether your reliance upon your memory is large or small.

It was once my experience to be somewhat closely associated with a young lady who very suddenly lost her mental balance.

One day I heard a friend question her very sharply and very positively thus: "Why don't you act like _____?" calling her name, and meaning herself when she was in normal condition of mind.

Right, straight to the point, the reply came: "I can't remember long enough!"

I am glad to say that the young woman recovered and is now all right, but the point is this: Do you and I value memory highly enough?

There are two phases of memory, more or less commonly familiar, and it is not to that phase in which one sits down to memorize or "learn-a-piece" by heart, and then to forget the middle verse at the wrong moment, that I refer, but rather do I call your attention to that phase which, when you have mislaid an article and cannot "for the life of you" remember where, like a flash brings to your consciousness just where you had the "spectacles or the hammer last."

This faculty needs no memorandum book. It remembers all things. Forgets nothing. It can bring to your mind all "past" impressions, and, I believe, those of the future also. It reaches forward as well as backward.

The Spirit of Memory and the Spirit of Prophecy are One! This is why it is said that time does not obtain in Spirit.

All that is, is NOW with God or Spirit.

It is the same Spirit, whether it brings to your mind things past or things to come, in relation to your present consciousness.

This Spirit was PRESENT before the world was, and when the morning stars sang together it was there.

Jesus of Nazareth placed high value upon this faculty; listen to his voice in the matter:

"But the Comforter (he called it the Comforter) * * * shall teach you all things, and shall bring all things to your remembrance (i. e., consciousness) whatsoever I have said unto you."

He constantly called upon this Spirit of Memory to bring to His own mind the consciousness of His Godhood.

"Glorify Thy Son * * * with the glory which I had with Thee before the world was," was certainly an appeal to Memory—that Memory present with Spirit before the world was.

Once only was it recorded that Jesus lost his grasp upon this Spirit of Memory, and this was when he cried out: "My God! My God! Why hast thou forsaken me?"

This Spirit searcheth the things of God, yea, the deep things! Forward or backward, it is all the same to it.

Youth demands that it reach forward, and live by the Spirit of Prophecy.

Age requires that it go backward, and feeds upon the Spirit of Memory.

Both Youth and Age are one-sided.

The statement is made that youth has no past from which to demand. True, as far as the memory born of the flesh is concerned, but false in regard to the Spirit of Memory, which is as Universal and Infinite as God Himself.

Youth may recall the song of the morning stars; it is all in the Spirit of Memory.

It has been said that Age has no future to look forward to. True, and yet untrue. Measured by the mind of the flesh, it is true, but untrue in the Light of Spirit; and Age may bring to his consciousness volumes of songs yet unsung, compared to which the song of the morning stars is but a simple lullaby.

Memory!

Speaking from a higher plane than that from which the dictionary was compiled: Memory is that power of the Soul or Spirit which brings to our remembrance, i. e., consciousness, ALL THINGS!

Of such can you say: "My memory is bad, it is poor!"

Trust your memory!

Begin in little things. Get rid of a few of your notebooks and rely upon the Spirit of Memory.

As you do this, you will gradually realize various different uses to which you may put the faculty of memory.

You can through it recall the feelings of youth, the feelings of health, of happiness, and you will find them not abated; and as your understanding unfolds, you may learn to use these recalled feelings in ways undreamed of at present.

It is recorded of the Hebrew Prophet, Moses, that he lived one hundred and twenty years, and his eye was not dimmed, nor his natural force abated. His memory was good, very good!

Keep on trusting your memory. You will after awhile learn something of its real value.

Remember, a certain man could recall his Godhood.

William Morris Nichols

Man has always lived with the thought that if he would sacrifice comfort, joy, peace, love, the things of the present, to some inscrutable and fearsome god, that god would spare his life in some future age after death. The slogan of priestcraft has always been, "Thou shalt not," and the laws of Life and Love and Progress have had few supporters.

Our later religions prate of Love and know it not, nor will while denial is the cornerstone and creed the pinnacle in the building of belief. Still arises the cry of the rabble, "On to Calvary: Not this Man, but Barrabas."

In negation is no awakening.

How long is the world to sleep?

—*Kenneth MacNichol.*

To do a little kindness cheerfully, is greater than to bestow millions patronizingly.

The question may well be asked, "Is God black or white? A Latinite or an Anglo-Saxon?"

Theologians spend much valuable time in quarreling over words, while the spirit of their zeal is all harmony.

From My Viewpoint

Margaret McIvor-Tyndall

Rudyard Kipling can never be called a "poet"—not even by his most devoted admirer. The person who makes rhymes and the soul-born poet have nothing more in common than a dictionary of rhymes.

Nevertheless, it is Rudyard Kipling who has succeeded in putting into verse one or two or three of the most vital, most telling, and most unforgettable observations of this century.

After everyone had gasped his astonishment that the crude-minded "poet" could give voice to so grand a thing as "The Recessional," the world sighed and remarked that "it was an accident," or something equally outside the Law of the Probable.

Subsequent events seem to have proven this guess correct, as we have been led to believe that the discerning Mrs. Kipling drew the inspiration from the scrap basket and induced his poet-ship to submit the thing.

At any rate, since that time, Kipling had not written anything worth speaking about in the poetry line until last year.

I don't remember the month nor the day, nor the hour, although I doubt not that these are duly chronicled by the press agent whose business it is to "boost" the Kipling literary goods.

But the poem was worthy of the author's months of silence.

He called it "The Sons of Martha."

Personally, I have never read anything better. The unanswerable logic of the thing, the crude, unyielding truths which he drives home to the minds of the Awakened, actually leave one speechless—without the power to offer either comment, criticism, or argument.

There are eight stanzas, each one a monument to the man's genius.

I wish I might reproduce them here, but I haven't the space, and besides, if the fact should ever be known to the commercial rhymster, I doubt not that THE SWASTIKA magazine would receive a bill for "contributions rendered" embracing so many figures that we would all grow old and gray trying to dig up our knowledge of higher mathematics, to find out how much we owe.

The point of the matter is one that lends itself to much discussion in these days of Bible analysis.

In fact, I saw something on the subject in a recent magazine. I do not now remember which one of the many, but it was a New Thought magazine.

The question is: Was Jesus right in reproving Martha because she asked him to send Mary to help her with the necessary work when Mary was listening to the Master's words?

The answer given did not at all satisfy me. However, there are different viewpoints, and no doubt the person answering was right from his viewpoint. I know I am right from mine.

There has always been and doubtless there always will be a strained attempt to explain every word and act of Jesus, from the standpoint of One Inspired.

This effort has resulted in obvious inconsistencies, yet the same methods are employed by the latest as well as the first, probably through fear of offending those to whom the name of Jesus, is a synonym for God.

The truth is—and he who runs may read it if he will but lay aside his pre-conceived ideas—Jesus was not at all times inspired.

No mere man ever is, or was.

Another fact is that all leaders and reformers and changers of the world's opinions, have been more or less fanatical. The more fanatical, the greater their influence. Jesus was fanatical. The Vedantic philosophy and the lethargy of the Orient had gotten into his veins and the nothingness of the present possessed his soul.

And while there are many Marthas who may allow the small duties of the household; of the care and service to others; to swallow up too much of their time and attention, there are also many Marys who hide behind the plea of a thirst for spiritual food, when the potatoes call to be pared and the bread is overflowing the bake-tins.

Mary would have given me—even after twenty hundred years—much more faith in her spirituality if she had lifted herself up from the feet of the Teacher and walked into the kitchen to help Martha so that Martha too might "sit at His feet and learn"—to say nothing of resting her weary bones.

It seems to me not unlike something I once heard at a Christian Science experience meeting.

Lest someone may think I am exaggerating the case, I want here to say that "I hope to die" if it isn't true—every word of it.

The dear creature who told of this experience was a teacher in one of the public schools in a town in California.

She had just returned from a trip East where she had visited one of her old schoolmates, who, by the way, "had not come into the Truth but was a good woman, according to her light."

One Sunday morning, the friend came to the bedroom door of the one who had "come into the Truth through Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures, by the Reverend Mary Baker

G. Eddy," and gently told the enlightened one that "breakfast was ready."

The enlightened one looked up to say that she would be on hand after she had read a few lines of Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures by Reverend Mary Baker G. Eddy, as was her custom each morning, no matter whom she inconvenienced by waiting breakfast, and as she looked she saw that her friend—the unenlightened one—was suffering from a "belief" of great paleness and that she "believed" she could hardly stand, because of this "belief" in her paleness, being, as we were given to understand, still "a good woman, according to her light."

And so, finally, to show the wonderful power in the healing word when read from Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures by the Reverend Mary Baker G. Eddy, the enlightened one agreed that after breakfast, while her friend who had not "come into the Truth" was washing up the dishes and sweeping the floor and otherwise doing such unenlightened work, she, the enlightened one, who had come into a knowledge of the Truth, through Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures by the Reverend Mary Baker G. Eddy, would sit quietly in her own room and would read certain passages from the Bible "washed down" as it were, with copious draughts of Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures by the Reverend Mary Baker G. Eddy, which reading would without doubt set the poor unenlightened lady right again with her "belief." All of which was done, because when the enlightened one made her appearance in the kitchen after an hour or so, the dishes were washed and the floor was clean and the poor lady was lying down quietly sleeping, scoring another victory for the wonderful healing power of Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures by the Reverend Mary Baker G. Eddy, and which miracle in due time no doubt brought into knowledge of the Truth the poor, dear lady who was, after all, it must be remembered "a good woman according to her light."

Well, Kipling puts it more strongly. He tells how the "Sons of Martha" must grapple with death in all its forms, how they must arise "early at dawn ere men see clear," and from then till "evenfall" they must work and strain and risk life and limb, "that their bretheren's days may be long in the land."

And here's the last stanza, the greatest sermon I know of. The most sublime, concentrated, unescapable irony ever written:

"And the sons of Mary smile and are blessed—they know the
angels are on their side

They know that in them is the Grace confessed—and for them
are the mercies multiplied.

They sit at His feet and they hear the Word—they know how truly the promise runs.

They have cast their burden upon the Lord—and the Lord he lays them on Martha's sons."

Isn't it great?

And the greatest thing about it is the vague, but definite hint that somewhere, some time adown the future ages, there will arrive a Living Sentiment in which men and women will be ashamed of idleness—ashamed to shirk their share in the service to the world, and above all, let us hope, be ashamed and yet again ashamed to quote "scripture" in defense of their shirking.

There will come a time when willing service to humanity will be the badge of the world's aristocracy. In that blessed time there will be no more "burdens," because no one will labor under pressure of necessity but for pure love of achievement, for the pleasure of accomplishment. As Kipling said, in a previous burst of inspiration:

"And each in his separate star
Will paint the thing as he sees it,
For the God of Things as They Are."

The Heart of Love



I love the gentle heart of Love.

I love the very heart of that love which loves all things.

It matters not to me whether others love me or not, still must I love the heart of that boundless cosmic love that I see in the flowers, in the birds, in the green, soft grass, in the azure-tinted sky; in the pale caressing dawn; the silent stars of night; in the musical silence of summer night in the woods.

What matter to me if the world be cruel or kind?

It only matters if my own heart be clean, that I may riot in the joy of loving.

If so it be that one may reach to that bliss of loving where he sacrifices himself for others, he has reached the extreme of the beauty of love. He needs no pity; no regret, because the gain is his.

For example, Jesus, who, when he was upon the cross, said: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," had entered into the very heart of Love itself, and knew the joy and the beauty of the heart of Love.

It mattered not to him whether they loved him or whether they hated him.

He knew the beauty and the bliss of Love, and that sufficed to him.

Why should Christians cry out for the love of Jesus?

What matters it to me whether Jesus love me or not, any more than it concerned Him that they cared not, when he showed them his own love-filled heart?

I am not loving Jesus nor Buddha nor any other in order to be "saved."

I am not loving them to get peace. I am not loving them to "go to Heaven."

No, I have no such mean ambition.

It is only that my love wishes to unite with their love, that is all.

It is only that I wish to feel the throb of that mighty heart of Love that rises above all thought of requitement; of praise; of reward, or expectancy.

This is truly love of Love, beauty of beauty.

In this there is Life. There is the realization of the "I."

And if, happily, there be one who loves me truly, still shall I but rejoice in the power of loving, because that the beauty of such love is imperishable.

In this knowledge of Love's immortality there is great encouragement. This is the substance of a great Faith.

Yours. Simada.

One's degree of "aliveness" is determined by one's capacity for understanding—one's enlargement of consciousness.

Caste is merely a matter of surrounding conditions. A king may be looked upon as an interloper in a sheep corral.

You are not held down by "fate"—an arbitrary, inexorable destiny that "shapes our ends." You are only hypnotized by the race thought that says "you can't."

You cannot violate the law of Equality for long. Whatever you appropriate to yourself now from others, by that you will be poorer in the end.—
Edward Carpenter.

The Phantom Ship

A TRUE GHOST STORY

Submitted by J. W. Bagby, Wichita, Kansas.

From my youth up to the time the following strange experience occurred, stories of phantom boats were disgusting to me. I did not class them with the remotely possible, but unhesitatingly pronounced such an alleged occurrence impossible.

Ghosts are generally supposed to make their visits in the dead of night or in the twilight, or the moonshine, but my experience occurred between 1 and 2 o'clock in the afternoon, with the sun shining as brightly as it ever does, and with a gentle breeze blowing from the south.

As I left Mitchell Station, in the afternoon of the last Tuesday in October, 1886, going in the direction of the Mississippi river, I emerged from the timber some distance below the station, and noticed a heavy black line of coal smoke passing over the Missouri bluffs. Wondering what heavy machinery was in that locality to produce such a volume of smoke, my eye followed the line of smoke back to its source. I discovered that it came from a steamboat ascending the river, and just rounding the point about four miles from where I stood.

I walked on for several yards, and in the meantime the boat had come up to a point which we designated as the "old abandoned frame house," which was one of the points of interest on the river.

The boat presented such a strange appearance that I determined to wait where I was until it had passed. As it neared the point where I stood on the bank, I could see that there was nothing extending above deck and in front of the pilot house, except the two smokestacks and the jack staff. The smokestacks seemed to have been painted a light red, so recently that some of the paint had not yet dried, and stood out in spots.

At this point the steamboat channel hugged the Illinois shore, with a swift current, cutting away the bluff bank, so that the ship was never more than forty feet from the shore and sometimes its guards would almost touch the bank. The boat was stemming the swift current, carefully held in the channel path by the pilot.

The boat seemed plowing the water, with the waves rolling up its bow and the water making the peculiar sound that always accompanies a boat moving in the water.

The river was apparently churned with the waves made by the onward sweep of the ship. Looking across and obliquely down the river, I could see the waves caving off great chunks from the low bluff sandbars. The boat was then about two hundred yards from me. Although I did not think of it at the time, I know that there occurred at this moment an instance of what has been termed "intensified vision," for I saw distinctly and as though as close as my hand, the vision of a young man with light hair, without coat or vest or hat.

He wore light trousers and a white shirt. He rushed down the steps from the cabin to the lower deck, disappeared aft and in a moment reappeared and rushed back to the cabin two steps at a stride. I could see a lead pencil resting above his right ear and under a lock of his light hair. I could see the individual hairs as distinctly as I could have done by close inspection.

As the boat drew nearer the point where I stood, it turned out a little from the bank, to go around a projecting log. I could see a man dressed like a cook with a tin pan in his hand half filled with potatoes, which he was paring and casting the skins through the window into the river.

The captain was on deck and was conversing with the pilot. Although I knew they were speaking the English language, I could not tell one word they said.

Whatever it was, the captain seemed to be telling the pilot a story, for every few seconds he would point in the direction of what is now New Madison. The captain was a man six feet tall, weighed about 175 pounds, with short-cropped, but full, whiskers, turned somewhat grey. He wore a high-crowned soft hat, with a crease in the top, dark clothing and a dark summer overcoat.

The pilot had a Russian type of features, a broad, high forehead, deep set eyes, chin whiskers about three inches long, which extended well back to the jaw. I noted the fact that these whiskers grew so close together that they stood out like a stiff brush, and that they grew up on the chin close to the red of the under lip. My attention was attracted to the strange appearance of the cargo. Nine-tenths of the packages were packed in old-fashioned wythe crates. I saw one crate of geese, a row of crates containing smaller fowls, heard frequent crowing of roosters as well as the long-drawn, lonesome blat of a calf. There were also some boxes and barrels. The package repairer, with hammer and saw, was repairing the packages of the cargo.

Two stokers were shoveling coal into the furnace. One had his back to me and the other one was a negro. About fifty yards

before the boat came abreast of me there emerged from the cabin door a young girl about 13 or 14 years of age. She wore a short, light-colored dress and a bright red flannel sacque, with three rows of pinking around the front and collar. She placed her hands behind her, leaned back against the casing of the cabin door, crossed her feet and seemed to be looking about her interestedly at the scenery. She stood there until, the boat passing, took her out of my sight. The burning of the coal on the boat gave out a strong odor.

When the boat passed me it was within forty feet of where I stood. The last I saw of it I was looking at the water leaving the buckets of the stern wheel.

Thinking I would get a better view of the boat as it proceeded on up the river, and also intending to get a look at the name of the boat, I sprang to the coveted position. Raising my eyes to where I had just seen the boat, I saw nothing but the stretch of the river beyond the spot where I stood, and back from where I had watched the boat sail toward me. The boat had evaporated into thin air. It disappeared within fifty yards of where I stood and right at the point of landing that was then called Old Madison.

From the time I took my eyes off the boat to the time it disappeared was not more than fifteen seconds. The loud reports of the steam exhausts which I had noticed simply ceased. There was no noise as of an explosion.

A hasty look up the river toward the Illinois shore did not discover a single water craft in sight. The river, which had been turbulent with the waves made by the boat, had settled as if by magic back into its peaceful flow to the Gulf, with not a sign of a wave upon its calm surface.

I remember the words that came to my mind as I seated myself upon a small log. I said: "Nature is a bigger thing than I thought it was," and then I added automatically: "This is the last Tuesday in October."

I did not know that it was the last Tuesday in October, but on consulting an almanac it proved to be correct.

A spirit of progress and initiative is the great secret of success. Financially considered, other good qualities are valueless without it. A man may think out all the successful business schemes in the world, but, unless he puts some of them into practice now and then he is liable to have the poorhouse for a home.—*Business Philosopher.*

Man has never awakened to his own birthright. He is still under the spell of ideas, beliefs, suggestions that have become crystallized into customs, until he no longer reasons about them, but accepts them without question.

Resurrection

I PLANTED a seed in the earth's damp mold
And carelessly went my way,
While the sun's hot rays and the rain and the cold
Beat down on the plastic clay;
And lo! from the seed I had planted there
Through the soft, brown earth there grows,
Filling the air with a perfume rare,
The bud of a rich, red rose.

I BURIED a love down deep in my heart,
And wearily went my way,
While I watched the joy from my life depart
And the blue skies turn to gray;
And lo! from the grave of the buried Love,
From the ashes of Joy, arise
Like a winged dove from the realms above
Glimpses of Paradise.

Margaret M. Ford Juddell



Personal Problem Department

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

The Dignity of Fun-Making.—R. E. T., Bangor, Maine, writes: Tell me if I am to blame in respect to the fact that I am always disappointed in people I meet, and of whom I have heard much and therefore expected to find wiser than I am. It seems to me that people who are advanced in New Thought are so often disappointing. They indulge in trivialities and fun-making to the extent of being undignified. Perhaps I am wrong in this, but I have never been able to overcome a feeling of disgust when I have found those whom I looked up to, even less serious-minded and dignified than myself.

Answer: Good gracious, get rid of your prejudice against "lightness" or trivialities just as quick as you can, if you hope for anything like contentment. We are indebted to old orthodoxy for the "long-faced" variety of alleged goodness and wisdom, or godliness. What do you suppose Jesus meant when he said, "Except ye become as little children ye cannot enter the kingdom of Heaven?" It is popularly misconstrued to mean that we must die and be a child again, and that therefore only the children were eligible to the city with gold-paved streets and harps and hymns and things. But I want you to take into your mind the fact that it simply meant that we must learn to take delight in little things, in the "small" pleasures that we have been taught belonged only to childhood. "Dignity," of the old variety at least, is a "ghost." Don't let it haunt you. Reverends "and sich" thank Heaven, are going the way of all things outgrown, and we are learning the much needed lesson that wisdom and long-faced dignity are not synonymous. Learn not to expect anything of any one. Just take them for what they are. You will thus enjoy every one. Even the affected person (which is about the most disappointing trait I know of) can be enjoyed, if you study the mental operations he or she undergoes, to make them assume the "said" affectations.

What to Do With Stubbornness.—M. C. S., Denver: Please give me some suggestions about how I may deal with a person who is very sensitive, dislikes any criticism, and yet who is stubbornly blind to his own welfare, allowing others to influence him against his wife and family and get him into debt.

Answer: Let him get thoroughly dissatisfied with the other party, whoever they may be. Do not criticise him, since that simply drives him away from you, but always say and do the things that will cheer him, and give him pleasure while in your company. Silently declare his freedom from all influence, and you will soon see less stubbornness, and a more poised, self-acting condition of mind.

As to Prenatal Influence.—Sarah H., Brockton, Mass., writes: It is said by most mental scientists and self-culturists, that a mother can influence her unborn child to become whatever she desires it to be. I know a very intelligent mother who did everything in her power to make a singer of her

unborn child. Her own desire had been to become one of the world's greatest vocalists, and being unable to accomplish this, she willed with all her power of concentration that her child should become a great musician. She heard all the best operas, read the lives of great musicians, lived in artistic and harmonious surroundings. The child possesses the mother's intense love for music and particularly vocal music, but is almost wholly deficient in tone. That is, she seems unable to know when she fails to take a full tone. I suppose one would say that her ear is deficient. It seems to me that this instance disproves the pre-natal culture theory. Would like your opinion.

Answer: The instance does not necessarily disprove the plan of pre-natal culture. Suppose that the physical construction was, by inheritance, deficient in tune or "tone," there must be an instrument in perfect order for the expression of the talent, whatever that talent may be. If the mother had known that the physical construction was deficient, she could have bent her energies toward building the deficient faculty. Nor is it too late even now to begin the work. Painstaking and constant attention toward building the faculty of tone-formation, under a capable instructor, will succeed in bringing out this one needed faculty for successful vocalizing.

The Relation of the Manifest to the Unmanifest.—J. W. Keenan writes: Why does the immortal, imperishable spirit of man, take on the mortal, perishable body. In all systems of religion and philosophy, in all the ages past and present, the poor mortal is told that he must fight the lower nature. Therefore, it is a fight all through and the spirit finally leaves the worn-out body and what is accomplished?

Answer: To your question, as to why the immortal and immaterial spirit "puts on the perishable body," there can be no satisfactory answer. I know there are various attempts at answering, but none of them are to me satisfactory. I would rather say: The Spirit IS the so-called perishable body, not that Spirit "puts on" anything. The body is not perishable, it is at the worst only changeable. I do not agree with the "fighting" proposition at all. The whole proposition is a search for happiness, and those things that produce the greatest happiness are the most desirable, that is all. The so-called "lower senses," being limited in consciousness are continually causing us to bump our heads. The enlargement of consciousness means greater freedom, and consequently is more desirable. The idea of "fighting" the lower nature or any other thing, is born of the primitive concept of the power of force. Let us take into our consciousness the fact that WE ARE. All experience, all consciousness, will then be a friend, and not an "enemy to be overcome," and we may grow naturally in consciousness, and not "fight" forever some imaginary enemy. "As we journey through life let us live by the way" and not be forever "going to be." That which is always in the future is never ours. The what, when and how of things is an unanswerable problem.

The Socialist's Definition of Socialism.—Socialism means that all those things upon which the people in common depend, shall by the people in common be administered. It means that the tools of employment shall belong to their creators and users; that all production shall be for the direct use of the producers; that the making of goods for profit shall come to an end; that we shall all be workers together, and that opportunities shall be open and equal to all men.

In brief, Socialism means the collective ownership and operation of all the means of production and distribution that are social in their nature—industry of the people by the people for the people.—*Ariel Magazine.*

Different Kinds of Devils



A literal interpretation of the mythological characters, astronomical allegories and alchemical symbols of the bible and the new testament, has caused earth to run red with bloody wars, and has arraigned neighbor against neighbor, in petty quarrels, envy, criticism and hate.

The belief, based upon a literal reading of oftentimes mistranslated texts, that the blood of a man, however good he may have been, could by virtue of an ignominious death, save unborn souls from the result of their own ignorance, has made idolators of a large portion of the human race.

It seems incredible that men and nations should have gone to war about God, for the bible, which is the warrant for all religious wars, says "God is Love."

Yet, such has been the case, and such still is the case in a modified degree, for we still "war" with words, thoughts and feelings over this self-same hypothesis of a "God and a Devil."

A careful diagnosis of disease of the people who go to make up the present metaphysical movement, will discover the cause of their particular malady.

The God and devil microbes are quite as much in evidence in the Advanced Thought field as they are in the chronic, hopeless instances of Calvinistic orthodoxy.

The word "sin" is derived from Hebrew shin, meaning stellar, or astral light. The Cabalistic number of Shin, or sin, is twenty-one, or three times seven.

Twenty-two is the complete number of Hebrew cosmogony, and twenty-one is falling short of completeness by one. "Sin" in Greek also means "falling short" or failure to reach completeness.

Anciently, the moon was called "Sin," because it failed to give light every night.

Unborn millions cannot be saved from failure to comprehend Truth, by the crucifixion of a saint.

Jesus, the Nazarite, is derived from the Hebrew, Isis Nazir, meaning the eternal essence, transmuted, or prepared.

Crucifixion means a crossing or chemical union of elements.

Certain operations or positions of planets also typify crucifixion.

Again, acids and alkalis, apparently opposite in quality, unite by crossing and form new compounds.

Air, the universal essence, breathed into the arteries or air carriers of the human body unites with the universal base—the inorganic salts—and by the wondrous divine chemistry, is changed into blood, flesh and bone. This is the real meaning of the name "Jesus—the crucified one."

The scriptures describe literal truths under the figure of living beings—thus active principles are personified.

The New Thought people laugh the orthodox devil out of court, and then talk much of "error," but just what difference exists between "error" and evil or devil, is not apparent.

The word Satan is from Sanscrit, "satya," meaning Truth, and in Egyptian it is soterim, meaning a judge. So then as Epictitus is reported to have said, "it is not things, but opinions about things that trouble mankind."

Principle, or Life, ascending, is Christ; descending, it is Satan.

A green leaf on a branch represents Christ. A decaying leaf on the ground represents Satan, or Saturn.

In the second verse, second chapter of the Book of Job, we read: "And the Lord (Sun) said unto Satan (Saturn), whence cometh thou?" And Satan answered, "From going to and fro in the earth."

In this verse—one of the grandest epic poems on astrology and chemistry ever conceived in the brain of man—the influence of the planets is clearly shown.

Saturn rules materiality—the metals, which are in earth.

The sign of Saturn is a symbol of matter ruling mind, a cross over Luna, the moon or mind.

The idea that Saturn's influence is evil, and that its effects are felt in earth, gave rise to the idea of a personal Satan in a literal hell, somewhere in earth.

Thus we see how the materialistic concept creates many devils. Evil, or a devil of some brand seems an actual necessity to those still in the thought of separateness or selection.

The efforts of the evolutionists to keep before the minds of people something other than divine wisdom, calls to mind the boy who asked his mother if God would let him have a little devil of his own to play with when he went to heaven, if he were real good here.

Some people have such a "mania for owning things," as my

good Saint Whitman put it, that they say "my catarrh," "my cold," "my rheumatism," etc.

Thus too, do they cherish their "own little devils," and go their way rejoicing in their "very own" complaints.

The modern church took the alchemical and astrological symbols, used by the wise ones of old, clothed them with personalities, prompted by priestly graft, and then called upon everybody to fall down and worship them or go to hell.

The Spiritualists, most of them, believe in millions of little evil spirits but ridicule the orthodox belief in one big evil spirit, Satan.

Theosophists do not believe in a little or a big devil—personal—but they do so love their "bad Karma"—the very worst brand of devil in the whole family of devils.

Then came Mrs. Eddy with her "mortal mind" devil, occupying a sort of fourth dimension or "no place," being a very highly triturated potency of nothing—but a very malignant devil just the same.

The New Thought people having signally failed to get rid of the devil by the philosophy of Spiritualism, Theosophy or Christian Science, Mental Science came on the stage to take a hand in the fight.

Mental Scientists did not believe in mortal mind, they believed that *all* was immortal mind, or at least they professed to, and it did look for a time as if the devil was really "laid" at last.

But upon investigation, it was found that the devil had again bobbed up serenely and was doing business at the same old stand, disguised as "error," "imperfection," "mistakes," "evolution," etc.

The devil in any disguise he may be clothed will continue to give New Thought people trouble.

Even the sweet-souled Hindus must have their highly esthetic, attenuated devil, the softly called "maya."

Illusion is a fleeting momentary expression of Divine Wisdom—a great necessity in the eternal plan.

Omnipresent Spirit does *all things*, is the author of all things, "good" or "bad," "high" or "low."

Therefore, friends, Divine Wisdom must also be the devil.

George W. Carey

Life, when it is lived, is not a condition of disease, poverty or sorrow, but the highest privilege each Being can attain—happiness.—Alzamon Ira Lucas.

SWASTIKA NEWS ITEMS

Los Angeles has set the example of establishing New Thought universities, and the East Hollywood, Los Angeles, "Home of Applied Science," working under the direction of Norton F. W. Hazeldine, is meeting a growing demand for colleges and schools teaching the constructive power of New Thought. Mr. Hazeldine has an efficient corps of assistants.

Miss Louie Stacey, of the Higher Thought Center, London, England, is in Denver for a short stay, and was heard during March in Convention Hall, Albany Hotel, Sunday morning and evening, by invitation of Dr. McIvor-Tyndall. Miss Stacey will speak in Convention Hall Sunday mornings during her stay in the city, and will hold weekly class meetings in the audience room in the Hotel Savoy. Miss Stacey is staying at 1446 Clarkson street, Denver, Colo.

Dr. McIvor-Tyndall, the editor of THE SWASTIKA MAGAZINE, has been touring the state in the interests of the International Swastika Society, and has been greeted by splendid audiences everywhere he has lectured. Interest in the work of the Advanced Thought Movement is growing.

J. Stitt Wilson is touring England, and his message in February *Ariel*, "Help Mould the Brotherhood," is written from Bradford. The message, by the way, is one of Wilson's best, and that is saying much.

Benjamin Fay Mills is also due to arrive in Denver some time in the near future. Mr. Mills has been touring the Pacific Coast and the west, in the interests of the Los Angeles Fellowship, of which he is the founder and general pastor.

Mr. and Mrs. Alzamon Ira Lucas have established the permanent headquarters of the Limitless Life organization at 2012-14 Curtis street, this city, where they give public and private instruction in the art of living, so as to "help people to help themselves" out of disease, poverty and unhappiness. Public meetings are held every Sunday night in Lucas Hall and splendid audiences are the rule.

Wallace D. Wattles has begun the publication of a four-page paper called "Constructive Science," in which he proposes to tell us "how to get what we want" through the constructive principle of Nature. The publication may be had for 5 cents per copy by addressing the editor, Elwood, Ind.

Boston seems to be unusually active this season in New Thought work. The establishment of a New Thought Forum, in which the various expressions and opinions of speakers may be discussed and plans formed, is one of the helpful features among the workers at Huntington Chambers Center.

The Denver Swastika Center, with headquarters in the Albany Hotel Annex, receive many calls from people who are en route either east or west. Everyone is always welcome in the reading rooms of the Center, and free access to the reading tables and book shelves is a feature of the Center's activity. Dr. McIvor-Tyndall conducts classes daily at 2 p. m. and 8 p. m. Also two Sunday meetings are held in the beautiful convention hall of the hotel, one at 11 in the morning and again at 7:45 in the evening. A splendid musical program, under the direction of the Hinshaw Studio of Music, is always a feature of these meetings, which are largely attended.

The Japanese Association of Colorado recently offered through THE SWASTIKA MAGAZINE the sum of \$50 to be expended in the work of relieving the condition of Denver's poor. When it comes to the point of keeping their money in circulation, there are no people under the sun more desirable citizens than the Japanese. They spend their money freely, and they give liberally to every helpful and progressive enterprise in the city in which they reside. THE SWASTIKA gratefully acknowledges the kindness of the Japanese Association in donating to the disbursement fund of the International Swastika Society.

Dr. Helen T. McClain has removed her offices from the Hotel Shirley to the Rosslyn Hotel, where she will be glad to talk to readers of THE SWASTIKA MAGAZINE regarding the science of Osteopathy, in which popular method of health culture Dr. McClain is an expert.

The International Swastika Society is glad to see that Colorado Springs is in line with the great advance movement. New Thought Meetings are being held in that city every Sunday morning, at 112 East Pikes Peak avenue, when interesting subjects are discussed, various speakers taking part in the program.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Conducted by

Kenneth D. Lyle

THE DISCOVERY OF THE SOUL. By Floyd B. Wilson. Published by R. F. Fenno & Co., 18 East Seventeenth street, New York. Two hundred and forty-seven pages; cloth. Price, \$1.00. There are few writers along Advance Thought lines so thoroughly capable as Mr. Wilson. Those who have read his earlier works, "Paths to Power," "Man Limitless" and "Through Silence to Realization," will eagerly welcome this latest work from his pen. Some of the chapters are: The Discovery of the Soul; Trinity of Life; Life in Its Fullness; Man's Magnet of Power; The Dawn of Man's Infancy; What Is Truth; Growth Through Knowledge from the Psychic World; Man—A Soul in Evolution; The New Psychology of God; Man as Revealed by the limelight of the Twentieth Century. The book will be widely read, not only for its philosophy, but also for its high literary excellence.

SELF-HEALING BY THOUGHT FORCE. By William Walker Atkinson. Published by The Library Shelf, 1299 Farwell avenue, Chicago, Ill. One hundred pages; cloth; 50 cents. Some chapters of this excellent book are: The Healing Force; How to Build Up the Organs of Nutrition; Special Physical Weakness of Women—Self-Treatment; Nervousness—Self-Treatment, etc. We can heartily recommend the practicability of this book for its clear and definite directions in self-healing.

SIDEREAL SIDELIGHTS. By C. L. Brewer. Published by The Balance Publishing Company, Denver, Colo. Price, linen paper, 50 cents. This is the latest issue of the Dawn-Thought series, and is New Thought in a broad, constructive sense—the Fundamental New Thought, which transforms the Thinker and his Environment by the renewing of his mind. It has two dis-

inct keynotes, making for Poise and Sanity. One is the ever-present thought of Evolution—not mere Material Evolution, but the eternal growth in wisdom and power and beauty of the Spiritual Universe—Cosmic Evolution, in accord with St. Paul's Dawn-Thought that "of the increase of God there is no end." And the other is the perception that just now the way to place ourselves in tune with the Infinite and become efficient Co-workers with God in carrying on the Scheme of Cosmic Evolution—Salvation—is to organically co-ordinate the Principles of Socialism and New Thought, and make the resulting gospel the basis of our Millennial Evangelism. Order of The Psychic Science Company, Store 2, Albany Hotel, Denver, Colo.

SUGGESTION. By Geo. C. Pitzer, M. D. Published by the St. Louis School of Suggestive Therapeutics. Cloth, \$1.00. Dr. Pitzer's work on therapeutic suggestion has met with such wide recognition as a comprehensive and applicable treatise on the use of suggestion in health, that the present edition is the seventh issued within the past few years. The 1908 volume is in many respects an addition to the other editions containing in all nearly three hundred pages of practical instruction in the science of suggestive healing. The book is one of the most valuable treatises on health which we have had for review this year. Order of author, 1045 S. Union avenue, Los Angeles, Cal.

PERFECT HEALTH, BY ONE WHO HAS IT. Charles Courtney Haskell, author and publisher, Norwich, Conn. Cloth, 200 pages; price, \$1.00. The author gives his personal experience in search of health, and tells how he at length found it. When to Eat; How to Eat; What to Eat; Deep Breathing; Clothing, and Thinking, are some of the points scientifically and instructively discussed. Order of the author.

THE MIND-BUILDING OF A CHILD. By William Walker Atkinson. Published by The Library Shelf, 1299 Farwell avenue, Chicago. Eighty-one pages; paper. Price, 50 cents. This is a step in the right direction. There can be no doubt that there is an insufficient number of works dealing directly with child-nature, and this book by Mr. Atkinson will find ready sale. Typographically, it is most attractive, while the good "common" sense it contains will appeal. Order of THE SWASTIKA MAGAZINE, 1742-1748 Stout street, Denver, Colo.

A NEW ERA FOR WOMEN. By Edward Hooker Dewey, M. D. Published by Charles Courtney Haskell & Co., Norwich, Conn. Cloth, 358 pages; price, \$1.00. This, it seems to us, is one of the best of the health series issued by the publishers. It deals with the subject of Health without Drugs, and although written directly for women, may be read with equal advantage by all who are seeking health through drugless healing methods.

DISCRIMINATION AGAINST JAPANESE IN CALIFORNIA. By Herbert B. Johnson, D. D., member of the National Immigration Congress, and superintendent Japanese missions of Pacific Coast. Anyone who desires to know something reliable, authentic and definite regarding the supposed opposition on the Pacific Coast to Japanese immigration will do well to procure a copy of this pamphlet by the Rev. Johnson. Although we have little sympathy with the effort to Christianize the Orient, we admit that the Rev. Mr. Johnson has avoided the missionary tendency to patronize and has made plain the fact that the people of the Pacific Coast who are seeking to exclude the Japanese from American shores are by no means representative Americans. The entire affair is a trumped-up political dodge, in order to avoid certain other important issues. This fact Mr. Johnson fairly and dispassionately proves.

A PLEA FOR THE CHILDREN. By Mina Price. Frank Vierth publisher, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Is a tiny pamphlet which we wish everyone could

read. Surely there is no worthier object, no more practical philanthropy than in seeing that each and every child born into the world is allowed its liberty to grow and exercise in healthful play, in brain development and in the spiritualizing influence of kindness and cheer. *A Plea for the Children*, is only 5 cents. Send for it, to the publisher.

AS YE WILL. By Sheldon Leavitt, M. D. Published by the Magnum-Bonum Company, of 4665 Lake avenue, Chicago. Is one of the newest contributions to Advance Thought literature. The book deals directly with the theory and practice of Mental Healing, and is well calculated to advance the standing of mental-therapeutics, particularly among the medical fraternity. Dr. Leavitt is one of the most notable among regular medical practitioners to abandon the old lines of medical practice and to add by personal experiment to the growing knowledge of the influence of mind in disease. The book is splendidly printed and bound, contains over 240 pages and sells for \$1.50. Order of the Magnum-Bonum Company, Chicago.

RADIANT ENERGY, a new book by Edgar L. Larkin, Director of the Lowe Observatory, Echo Mountain Post Office, California. This book treats in a popular and comprehensive style the new discoveries in Astronomy, Spectography and Celestial Photography, profusely illustrated with 141 cuts of stellar and solar scenery, and of modern instruments. The vast subject of radiation is explained. The chapters on the sun are replete with illustrations. Photographs of the Milky Way and Nebulae are worth the cost; likewise Cosmical Tides. 335 pages. Price, delivered in United States, Canada and England, \$1.63. Prof. Larkin would be pleased to receive your order made payable in the Los Angeles, Cal., postoffice. Address Echo Mountain, Cal.

THE NO-BREAKFAST PLAN, and **THE FASTING CURE**, by Edward Hooker Dewey, M. D., published by the Health-Culture Co., 151 West 23rd St., New York; price, \$1.00.

Perhaps there can hardly be too much said about fasting as a means of cure for the many ills which mankind has invited, although we confess to a personal distaste for the "no-breakfast" plan. However, Dr. Dewey has marshalled a host of the formidable enemy, "statistics," to prove his theories, and he gives sound reasoning for his arguments. The book is unusually well written, clear, concise and understandable. The advice given in its pages, if paid for at the usual physicians rate of fees, would cost the reader many times the price of the book. Order of the Health-Culture Co., New York.

THE HINDU SYSTEM OF SELF-CULTURE. By Kishori Lal Sarkar, Calcutta, India. And **The Hindu System of Moral Science**, by the same author. Cloth. In these two volumes the author, who is, by the way, assistant surgeon of the medical college in Calcutta, embodies in a fascinating manner the system known as Yoga Shastra, and to compare them with modern researches and discoveries. The author has sought to condense into a general system the many and diverse instructions and methods of the Yoga philosophies, in order that their application may be understandable to the Western mind. Order of **THE SWASTIKA MAGAZINE**, 1742-1748 Stout Street, Denver, Colo.

THE BEST THING IN THE WORLD. By J. Austin Shaw. Published by Charles Courtney Haskell & Co., Norwich, Conn. Cloth, \$1.00. This is another splendid work on the subject of Health, and gives the writer's experience while undergoing a forty days' fast, with illustrations of his appearance on the way. "How to Grow Young" is the basis of the book, and specific and practical rules therefor are given. Order of publisher.

ALCOHOL. By Mrs. Martha Allen. Published by Mr. Charles Courtney Haskell & Co., Norwich, Conn. Four hundred pages; cloth. Price,

\$1.00. If there is anything left unsaid in this book on behalf of the prosecution of Alcohol, either as drink or medicine, we don't know what it could be. The subject is treated exhaustively, and ought to cure any one of the desire to resort to alcoholic stimulants under any pretext whatever. Order of the publishers, Norwich, Conn.

MASTERY OF FATE, by C. D. Larsen, editor "Eternal Progress;" cloth, price, 50 cents.

Mr. Larsen has presented in a concise form, the principles of Metaphysical Thought, whereby the student may discover the cause, and the manner of changing, the environmental conditions known as "fate." The book is attractively printed and is designed as a book of instruction. Order of Eternal Progress Magazine, Fourth National Bank Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

OUR INVISIBLE SUPPLY: HOW TO OBTAIN. By Frances Larimer Warner. Published by The Library Shelf, 1299 Farwell avenue, Chicago. Cloth, \$1.00. The book deals understandingly with the problem of the attainment of financial success and the realization of individual desires. The author speaks from personal experience and tells how she overcame ill health and lack of means, finally entering a knowledge of how to make real in materiality the desires of the heart.

WAS JESUS AN ESSENE. By Dudley Wright. Issued by Power Book Company, Wimbledon, S. W., England. Also by Unity Publishing Company, Kansas City, Mo. Fifty-six pages, paper. Price, 40 cents. Mr. Wright has here taken up the subject of the different sects of religionists of the time of the Nazarene, and suggests the proof that Christianity was not a new religion, having been in vogue when Jesus taught the Way of Truth.

THE KEY TO HEALTH, WEALTH AND LOVE. By Julia Seton Sears, M. D. Published by Sears Investment Company, Boston, Mass. Paper; price, 25 cents. Mrs. Sears has the delightful art of earnestness and conviction. She evidently seeks to convey in as few words as possible the essence of Truth and the liberating power thereof. In this little book will be found many of the gems of this brilliant writer's expression.

THE TECHNIC OF ENGLISH. By Oscar Schleif, 1748 North Tenth street, Philadelphia, Pa. Mr. Schleif, who is a musician of rare attainments, has endeavored to formulate a technic of language. The task is assuredly an original one, and also one which will doubtless lead to the establishment of some sort of science in the use of the English language. The work is a worthy one, and Mr. Schleif has handled it in a masterly fashion. The Technic of English should be in the hands of every scholar. Address the author regarding its price.

ACROSS LOTS TO SUCCESS. By Winifred Fales, published at 871 E. 170th street, New York City. As the author says, "this is straightforward account of how one needy "New Thoughter" discovered a short cut to Peace and Prosperity." The book is splendid in every respect. Price, 25 cents. Order of the author.

A PRAYER TO DIABOLUS. Being a "silent prayer" of the liquor trade to His Satanic Majesty. By Page A. Cochran. Essex Junction, Vt. A plea for prohibition, or, as the author expresses it, "Our Christian Rum Traffic." Price, paper cover, 10 cents. Order of the author.

DEROLLI'S ANNUAL for 1908. Published by The Fiduciary Press, Tacoma Building, Chicago, and priced at 10 cents. The Annual is presented as "A brief forecast of the conditions for good or evil existing on each one of the three hundred and sixty-six days of the year 1908." The book is worth many times the price. Order of publishers.

THE NERVOUS SYSTEM OF JESUS. By Salvarona. Henry Walters, publisher, Langhorne, Bucks County, Pa. Paper; price, 50 cents. This would be a remarkable work if only for its originality of theme and conception. To quote the author's own words: "The writer believes that psychological laws are divinely prescribed laws of spiritual and moral development. No revealed religion can contain anything beyond the psychological expressions of these moral and spiritual laws. 'The Nervous System of Jesus' deals with the laws of religious mental dynamics, or with the science which treats of the sub-conscious action of mental, moral and nervous forces in their relation to religious miracles." There you have it, if you know what it means. We confess that we don't, but the book is an unusual and a most fascinating one, for all that.

HOW TO CONTROL AND STRENGTHEN THE MIND. By A. T. Story. Published by Fowler, Wells & Co., 24 East Twenty-second street, New York. Cloth, \$1.00. This is a concise and practical exposition of the principles of Mental Science applied to mind-culture, and particularly relating to that function of the brain devoted to memory. Some chapters are: Memory: How to Make and Keep Good; Imagination as an Aid; Visual and Auditory Memory; How to Acquire an Effective Will; Self-Hypnotism; How to Develop Telepathy, etc. The book will be found thoroughly understandable by beginners in the study of mental culture.

Some new magazines:

THE COLUMBUS MEDICAL JOURNAL makes its latest appearance in a new cover and with C. S. Carr, M. D., in charge of the editorial department. The *Journal* represents the most advanced ideas of medical practice and contains many practical suggestions to the health-seeker.

VEDANTA MONTHLY BULLETIN, published by the Vedanta Society, New York City, is always a welcome visitor to our office. The last issue contains a notable article by Swami Abhedananda, on "The Incarnation of God."

REASON, published by The Austin Pub. Co., Rochester, N. Y., contains much sane and inspiring information regarding the philosophy and phenomena of Spiritualism. "Our Spirit Guides," by E. J. Camp, is an interesting article in a recent issue.

SPIRITUAL POWER. The Journal of "The Society of the Students of New Life." Published by The Power Book Company, Wimbledon, S. W., England. Subscription, 2s 6d.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL ERA contains, among other good things, an excellent department devoted to "Child Culture."

THE WORD, a monthly magazine published at 244 Lenox Ave., New York City, contains in the January number a remarkable contribution from the pen of Dr. R. Williams, on Savonarola, of Florence, Theosophist, Reformer and Martyr.

"**THE ESSENE**," which was established by Grace M. Brown some years ago, has again made its appearance, in the form of daintily printed "studies," issued monthly to members of the circle of Essenes. Each number radiates power and the optimistic message of its able leader, Grace M. Brown.

THE GOLDEN ELK, published at Los Angeles, Cal., by Luke North, is not simply an organ of the Brotherhood of Elks, but one of the cleverest bits of printed matter published in this or any other country. It would not be possible to specify any special thing in the last issue. It is all too good to miss. Send 10 cents to the editor and find out for yourself.

THE LIGHTBEARER, published at Alameda, Cal., Coulson Turnbull, editor, has some splendid articles, one on "The Science of Chirolgy," by W. J. Colville, being particularly interesting.

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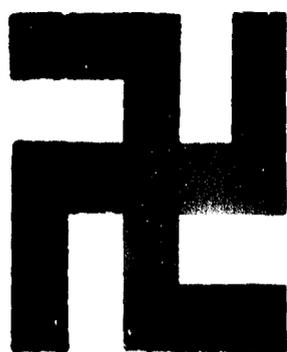
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