

Vol. 1

FEBRUARY, 1907

No. 2

THE SWASTIKA

VICTOR OF LIFE AND
SILENCE I STAND

Edited by

Dr. Alexander J.
McIvor-Tyndall

State Historical and
Natural History Society,
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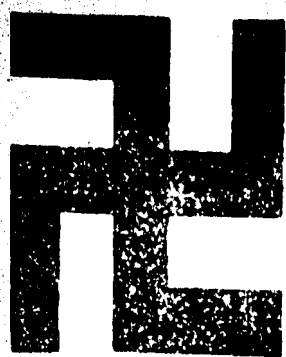
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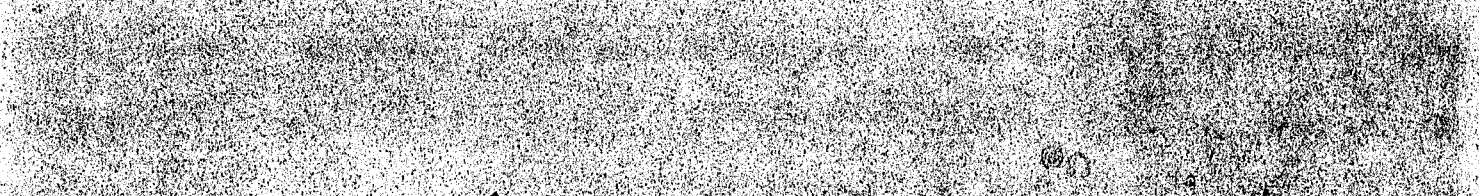
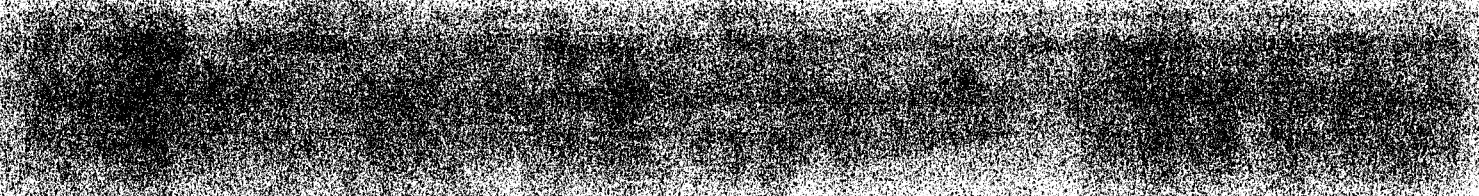
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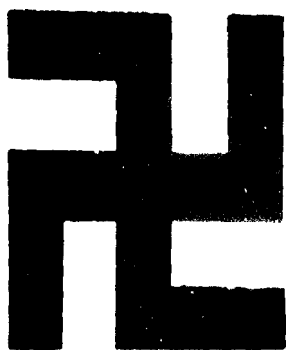
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THE SWASTIKA

A Magazine of Triumph

Edited by Dr. Alexander J. McIvor-Tyndall

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

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THE SWASTIKA

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Vol. 1

February, 1907

No. 2

Editorials

Meaning of Swastika

We neglected last month to give the meaning of the word "Swastika," which we have adopted for the name of this magazine, and the neglect has precipitated innumerable letters of inquiry asking why we call this magazine The Swastika.

Therefore, we will give a brief account of the history of this wonderful symbol, referring our readers to the book "The Swastika," published by Thomas Wilson, curator of the U. S. National Museum, for a more extensive record of the symbol.

The word is derived from the Sanscrit and the symbol is the oldest in the world as far as can be discovered.

It is found in all quarters of the globe. It is carved upon the solid rock in the mountains of India and painted upon the walls of the canons of Arizona.

It was found in the graves of the Mound Builders in Ohio, and was dug out of the ruins of ancient Greece. It is carved upon the gods of the temples of the Buddhists, Brahmins and upon all their sacred vessels.

It has been found in Great Britain, Peru, Algeria, and is used as a sacred symbol in Thibet. The American Indians of every tribe look upon the Swastika as a "good luck" sign as well as a sacred symbol. The Swastika seems to be the symbol of unity between all races, nations and centuries, as it is the only thing known that is used by every tribe of the human species, ancient and modern.

Regarding its significance, we cannot do better than to quote Mr. Wilson. He says:

"What seems to have been at all times an attribute of the

Swastika, is its character as a charm or amulet, as a sign of benediction, blessing, long life, good fortune, or good luck.

"This character has continued into modern times and while the Swastika is recognized primarily as a holy or sacred symbol, it is still used by the people of India, China and Japan as a sign of long life, good wishes and good fortune."

Now, I will confess that the reason we have taken the name for our magazine, is because we would not have taken the magazine except for the name.

We had long remarked that The Swastika was an ideal name for a Metaphysical journal, and as no one else seemed to grasp the opportunity we had to take it ourselves.

So you see, we did not take the name of the Swastika for our magazine, but we look the magazine for the Swastika.

Vibration Explains Life-Processes

Recent experiments conducted in San Francisco by Dr. Albert J. Atkins, and Dr. Emma Lewis, coworkers in scientific research along physiological lines, seem to lead to the inevitable conclusion that the human body is a complete electrical instrument, and also that the theory of vibration as a basis of explanation for the diversity of life-manifestation, is to be accepted by experimental science as a fact, whereas it is at present a much-discussed theory.

This will not be news to the occultist, but the effect upon the scientific world at large of the Atkins-Lewis practical demonstrations can hardly be overestimated.

Some two years ago, Dr. Atkins put forward the theory of electricity as the life-principle and proved by laboratory experiment that life is not sustained by oxygenation, as physiology has hitherto claimed, but by a more subtile force, of which oxygen is merely the carrier.

This may, no doubt, correspond to the Hindu philosophy of "prana" as the life-energy, or the emanation from the Universal Substance.

Editor's Note—Dr. Albert J. Atkins and Dr. Emma Lewis, discoverers of the electrical character of the Life-Principle, will begin a series of articles on "Life-Processes" in the March issue of The Swastika.

The experiments conducted by Drs. Atkins and Lewis are therefore startling and new to the Western world, and are destined, we believe, to bring about a more comprehensive grasp of spiritual philosophy, in the minds of the materialistic scientist.

The latest experiments of Drs. Atkins and Lewis were made upon a human being with the object of determining the law of action of the human senses. The premise from which they started is that all "digestion is an electro chemic process and that all life action in the body is dependent upon the activity of the electrical forces within the organism." They assert that that which causes variation of sense manifestation as sight, hearing, taste, etc., is due to the different rates of vibration set up by the human electrical currents acting upon the special sense nerves.

Colonel E. P. Richardson of San Francisco offered himself as a subject for experiment in demonstrating the theories of human electricity advanced by Drs. Atkins and Lewis, and to this end, Colonel Richardson swallowed two tubes inclosing copper wire and with platinum connections at the end, so that the platinum came in contact with the walls of the stomach. The electrodes were connected in circuit with a microphone, a small, sensitive instrument, which, when charged with a slight current of electricity, greatly magnifies sound.

There were absolutely no mechanical batteries or cells in the circuit, yet the moment the electrodes touched the inner walls of the stomach human electricity flowed over the wires, charging them sufficiently to transmit sound waves.

The experiments were witnessed by W. T. Bivins, electrical engineer in charge of the United Railroads laboratory; J. H. Mentz, photographer and electrician for the railroad company; Dr. Harvey of the San Francisco Board of Health, Dr. George B. Abbott of the Hermetic Brotherhood of Psychical Research Society, Dr. H. W. Hunsaker, Dr. Emma A. Lewis and others.

Using Colonel Richardson's internal electricity in the manner described, the slight sounds produced in Mr. Bronsdon's microphone were successfully transmitted to listening ears by means of the copper wire and a telephone receiver.

One of the most notable results of the experiments, to my mind, was the variation in the galvanometer's registration after a large dose of whisky had been given to Colonel Richardson, the man supplying the animal electricity.

This demonstrated that the intrusion of a dose of whisky

into the digestive organs is met with mental and physiological response not very different from that accorded to a knifethrust at the throat of a steer; and it seems entirely reasonable that this should be the fact.

A still more interesting result was obtained when Dr. George B. Abbott took hold of the galvanometer and found that from this external contact it registered two millivolts on the negative side. The external registration when Colonel Richardson held the galvanometer was on the positive side, two and one-half millivolts.

Reasoning from these facts, the scientists say that Colonel Richardson and Dr. Abbott are in electrical harmony and that undoubtedly they would be very congenial friends.

Only the improvement of knowledge along the lines of yesterday's experiments will be needed to enable people to ascertain by means of their own electricity and the galvanometer their proper affinities in human association.

All questions of love or friendship, or even of compatibility of temper, may be determined by means of the galvanometer when Dr. Atkins' theories are reduced to perfect science.

As truly as a magnetic pole attracts or repels a needle accordingly as the needle is magnetized, so truly will any person be able to determine his or her attractiveness for any other person when the science is fully understood.

There seems to be no possibility of question in regard to that, and the experiments by Dr. Atkins show an important advance in the direction of the necessary knowledge.

O, the satisfaction, the bliss of knowing that Time and Space are not. That we are not separated from any part or purpose of the great Heart of Life; that all that has ever been and all that in the Relative is to be, is ours now and forever.—Ali Nomad.

Read "Is Japan on the Eve of a Revolution?" by Yono Simada, in the March Swastika. The situation in Japan discussed by the Japanese philosopher will prove one of the most interesting contributions of the New Year, in this or in any other magazine.

The Tyranny of Race Prejudice



There is no weakness to which human nature is prone that dies as hard as does race prejudice.

The otherwise broad-minded man, who is tolerant of other people's religious, political or sociological convictions, is adamant when it comes to a question of the belief in the superiority of the white race.

Color begets prejudice.

Few there are, even among those who consider themselves advanced thinkers, who will admit the amalgamation of the races, as other than a wild and impracticable dream.

And yet, the observant know that this is one of the important questions which the world must solve in the very near future.

It is as inevitable as is the reconstruction of Russia.

We have become so enlightened regarding the Orientals that some of the arrogant assurance that characterized the Anglo-Saxon twenty, or even ten, years ago, has been seriously shaken.

The gap between the Orient and the Occident has been found to be rather narrow after all, and the deep-rooted conviction that the Asiatics are "heathen" and "benighted," has had some severe shocks.

Happily the Occidental mind is alert.

It can learn its lesson and it is wise enough to admit the fact of its mistake.

The old theological concept that God made the human race with its variations of color and characteristics, for a specific purpose, still prevails with the majority.

But the question cannot help forcing itself upon even these as to which specific color, or people, he most favored?

In other words, may not God be black or yellow, or red, instead of white?

We are told in the "book infallible" that "God made Man in His own image and likeness," but the most zealous search of scriptural records does not reveal any authority for the assumption that He made him (Man) white.

We are not told that He made him Anglo-Saxon, or Latin, or Mongolian, nor any other tribe.

From which we may assume that this recognition of differences of nation and color and class, has been added since, by opinionated man himself.

And looking over the history of the human race as a whole, we may be justified in assuming that the merely human mind is prone to err—since history is a long record of error, prejudices and the unhappy results of separating humanity into little groups and making faces at each other.

Fundamentally, then, human nature is the same in us all.

The differences that form so conspicuous a part in our worldly affairs is a difference merely in point of view.

Whether some of us decorate ourselves with the skins of animals and the plumage of birds obtained from department stores, or whether we hustle about in the wilds of the forest with bow and arrow for them, is not of great consequence.

What counts, is the fact that we are all—red, white, yellow and black—looking for the same thing, and that is happiness.

We are all subject to the same emotions, love and hate; joy and sorrow; pleasure and pain.

Our expression of these emotions naturally differs with a difference in externals—in environment, in customs, in inherited and imbibed ideas.

Each race on this little globe may boast of its heroes who have died for a principle.

They may also blush for their cowards who have slain for revenge.

Each race has its romance, its poetry, its ideals, as well as its sordidness.

What, then, constitutes all these differences that we see, and that make for separateness and non-assimilation of habits?

Nothing deeper than environment—the thought-concepts that have become crystallized into habits and beliefs.

Primitive man recognized these petty differences and made much of them.

But as we develop a higher consciousness, our perspective broadens.

We have gradually learned that a difference in externals does not argue a difference in the emotions.

We are learning to know ourselves as individuals instead of merely as personalities.

In other words, we are learning to look below the surface, and to recognize our relationship as souls.

When all shall have developed this higher consciousness, there will be no longer any question of color, or race, or class.

ALEXANDER J. McIVOR-TYNDALL.

Power Proverbs

(Written for The Swastika.)

By WILLIAM MORRIS NICHOLS.

Blessed is the man who seeketh Power within himself, for he cometh to his own, he shall have eternal life.

But he that seeketh satisfaction outside of himself, followeth a wraith and his search shall come to naught.

He that opposeth his brother's anger, is foolish, for he butteth against a wall and bruiseeth his own head.

But whoso resisteth not his brother's wrath, cutteth Sampson's Hair, and taketh the wind from his brother's sails. Happy is the man that knoweth the trick.

Blessed is that woman who controlleth her tongue, for her wisdom remaineth in her and her power leaketh not away. Her life shall be filled with Peace.

Blessed is the man who ranteth not nor stirreth up strife for he shall be accounted wise.

Whoso readeth these precepts and heedeth them not shall be likened unto that woman who getteth up in the night and maketh her bread, and forgetteth the yeast. Behold the bread riseth not.

But whoso readeth these words of wisdom and heedeth them, shall be likened to that woman who getteth up in the night to make her bread, but forgetteth not her yeast. Behold the sun riseth not up before her bread overfloweth the rim of the vessel.

Immortality

(Written for The Swastika.)

By GEORGE EDWIN BURNELL.

(Concluded from last month.)

Faith it is that overcomes the world, because of its marvelous reabsorbative power. So it was that Job threw off the trammels of his leaning upon the desert for insight. He gave up thinking that the desert could ever deliver him the truth. He even gave up the conviction that a stone house magically entered, could deliver him the truth. He even gave up the idea that the magical power of volitional energy, whereby one becomes mentally omnipotent over experience; he gave up the idea of magic, the power of mind, the subjective enterprise, the force of all supernatural commandment, could deliver him the truth. He renounced the subjective; he saw that the mind would never give him the truth; and he devoted his soul to reason. So he says to those who had been instructing him concerning the administration of the elements—the administration of the elementals—the administration of the fathers in the ethical systems of civilization, the administration of the gods, the administration of the angels and archangels, and the administration of the subjective powers, by which all the former and the after life, all those arrangements whereby experience is entrenched in its convictions, the principle of the after life playing into the hands of some present life, his convictions of a former life playing into the hands of an after life, as if that had anything to do with immortality! So he said:

"Lo, mine eye hath seen all!"

Totality was clear to him. We have stated in this instruction that a person does not begin to enter upon the satisfaction of the knowledge of the message of truth until his mind has absolutely surrendered to the rational enterprise of totality. No candidate need approach the message of truth until his mind has fully knuckled and bowed down, in the very recesses of his being, to the perception of totality. Allness is the only entrance! Therefore, he said:

"Lo, mine eye hath seen all! Mine ear hath heard and understood. What ye know, do I know also."

In which he recognizes the basic principle of knowledge, namely, that you cannot know anything unless you know all things. Why can you not know anything unless you know all things? Because there is but one being, indivisible. You cannot divide off a piece of knowledge and know that, and then divide off another piece and know that. The knowledge of truth is an indivisible totality of knowledge. Therefore, he says, What you know, I know also. There can be no separations in knowledge. Then he becomes still more clear, and states:

"Certainly, I would speak to the Almighty, and I desire to reason with God."

Why should he reason with any less being? Is there any other being than God? We have stated that the perception of totality is the perception that all there is is truth, all there is is God. Therefore, he says, I will reason with God, I will not reason with you.

"But ye are forgers of lies, ye are all physicians of no value."

Now there happened immediately after that sentence that Job had an insight, which you are entitled to, and which one day will present itself for your acceptance. There has been much said in the world of mind concerning the beauty and power and value of impersonality, as though personality were so degraded a thing that if it took part in human experience of the more magnificent type it should retire, be non-existent; as if personality were somehow an insult to the universe, if not certainly the truth. It had been the custom of the philosophers who were instructing Job, to inform him that there was no actual being in this universe who was the creator, preserver and destroyer of it, but that an impersonal principle, that a certain law was working, that a certain mind in its laws was working, and that the outcome of that process of cosmic action and law was illustrated in the universe. Now Job's proposition was, I must see God in this universe, personally. I want to see him while I am in the flesh; because if I should get to be a ghost, according to the principle of things I would not be capable of seeing anything but ghosts, since we can only see what we are. A ghost, then, could only see a ghost-god, and I want to see a genuine god and no ghost-god! So he starts right out in his argument, in his reasoning, in this fashion; he says:

"Hear now my reasoning, and hearken to the pleadings of my lips."

Will ye speak wickedly for God? and talk deceitfully for him?

Will ye accept his person? will ye contend for God?

* * *

Do ye so mock him?"

Now this is the way: Those who approach the perception of the message of truth, at first are very convinced of the abstraction of the dealings by reason, and they think that because the scandal of abstraction surrounds the arguments, the visions, the perceptions, the illuminations, and it seems to be entirely a rational enterprise, they select the idea of impersonality as appropriate to that sort of approach. So they say, The truth must be impersonal; the truth must be, as the reason seems to me to be, abstract; and "abstract" they interpret as impersonality. Now here is one of the sentences which we permit the candidates to commit to memory if they please: No member of human experience ever comes to the knowledge of truth by abstraction. Abstraction is the foundation of the feeling that you must run away from experience, go into the desert, some cavern, some monastery, some retreat, because the being that you have got to get at is a spirit; and by "spirit" you mean an impersonal principle perhaps, certainly not an actual being with a body; and if a body, it must be some kind of a fluffy body that if it has not got wings it is because it is too light to need them. I have never seen the rationale of furnishing wings to angels, anyway, they are so light! Listen: There is another idea, that most of the truth in the universe is not yet manifest; that there is a vast unmanifest truth which is lying around in great reservoirs of impersonality and abstraction, waiting for you to mentally perceive it and suck it into your being and use it; and when you once get to drawing on it and pulling it into yourself, then you will do wonders. In the last several weeks we have had a number of students who were thoroughly equipped with that idea. They look upon human experience as a very incomplete expression of what the infinite had up its sleeve to do for history and for man. They recite to me the remarkable sentences of Victor Hugo in which he supposedly throws out very encouraging statements for the race when he says, Jesus Christ did not use up all the power there is; much more left for you! And when we contemplate all the great and wonderful and magnificent beings that inhabit, perhaps, our traditions, we have, as it were, but faint pictures gathered back into perhaps supernatural areas

of our mind, of what we, in the greater light of our intelligence, can draw from this vast infinite, unexploited, magnificent, unmanifest infinitude of impersonality and abstraction. Now the Greeks had a little notion like that, so they created a certain entity by the name of Prometheus, who went on an exploiting expedition into the empyrean, and came back with a fire. He stole it and raced quick to the earth and delivered it to man. Ever since that, the individual alalus homo, who was just developing, supposedly, at the time of the Greeks, according to philosophical and historical accounts had his first emergence at the time the Greeks stole this fire, and was capable of absorbing everything back to mind. Now I should like to have you begin to see it this way: Eternity is not large, is not small. It does not have to do with great reaches of time and space, it has not to do with largeness of the universe nor the smallness of the introspective and subtle occult insights. It is not infinitesimal, it is not vastly expansive in this infinitude. It is more like nothing of the kind. It is as if it had nothing in the universe that you could compare it with; it is as if when your mind ceases to interpret by comparison at all. There used to be a school of the illumined in which this sentence was in vogue: Comparisons are always odious! Because the kind of mind, the kind of spiritedness, the sort of intelligence which is deemed to be rational, by means of which you approach the personality of the truth, is an uncomparable spirit, an incomparable rationality, that which is not done by comparing one thing with another. It is not founded upon dualism, it is founded upon unity. It is not as though you could collect a lot of ideas and arrange them under certain heads, classify them, and obtain an unity; it is an inspiration, a gift, it is a miraculousness, it is a transcendental seizure; it comes to you like a vision. Such is immortality. It is the truth. It is not an attainment, it is eternity. It is not a process of evolution and becoming, it is the truth. Such is immortality! And there is within you this immortality, you can summons it. You will not summons it by the inspection of the after life, you will not summons it by meditation upon the former lives, you will not summons it by an inspection of the present life. You will summons it by spiritedness and invocation of intelligence, whereby you renounce all experience with a wondrous flash of the perception of its nothingness, because of the satisfaction, the peace, the strength, the wisdom, the certainty, the consciousness of the eternal, living, personal truth which you now are.



Christus Crucifixus

(Written for the Swastika)

By MARGARET McIVOR-TYNDALL

Was it for this, O homeless Christ,
 Thy hour of grief; the waiting cross!
 Was it for this, thou sacrificed
 Thy young heart's blood; nor held it loss!
 Was it for this?

That lofty domes, cathedral spires
 Lift their proud heads to earth's blue sky;
 That rich-robed priests feed altar fires,
 While Thy loved poor are left to die!
 Was it for this?

Was it for this, O gentle soul,
 Thy cruel fate; the mob's hoarse cry!
 Was it for this the bitter bowl,
 The blinded hate that bade Thee die!
 Was it for this?

That in Thy name, we see misspent
 Contemptuous alms as a silence-toll
 To still the groans of the discontent
 When hushed alarms like thunders roll!
 Was it for this?



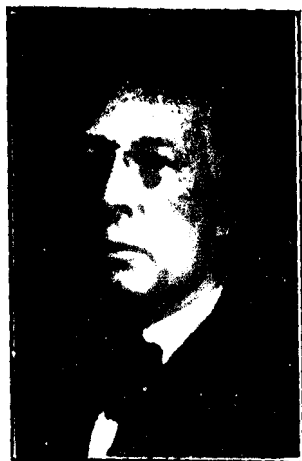
Oh! poor, despised, pariah Jew!
 How sad Thy life! how vain Thy fame!
 Each day Thou'rt crucified anew,
 By those who fain would claim Thy name!



The Pilot: A True Ghost Story

(Written for The Swastika.)

By BENJAMIN HORNING.



The tide was in the flood. The sun had set. We scraped our palettes, criticized cynically, sarcastically, and straightforwardly, each other's sketches, leaving them in the boat house as we strolled back to our lodgings, little dreaming of the strange things to be enacted there before the tide set out again.

We were a party of artists on a sketching tour.

Jaspar Mansur, our host, sat alone in the one room that was receiving room, dining room and general entrance hall to the whole lower floor of the old weather-beaten colonial farm house that had braved its shingled sides for two centuries to the sea winds that came in with the rock of the Barnegat tides.

The buzz and thud of some winged insect against the small panes of the one little window that faced the west and the distant croak of the frogs were the only sounds heard.

It had been a busy day—and "mother" had been worse than usual. But now she lay so quiet in the little sleeping room off the main room that but for an occasional indistinct murmur no one would have known that the room was occupied.

Jasper and Mary were taking turns sitting through the night with her.

She had been very nervous and at times delirious, for several days past, and early that morning she had kept muttering and repeating almost inaudibly: "If he doesn't come I'll go out tonight with the tide."

Ever since old Aaron Mansur had died two years before, leaving no specific legal will, there had been a cloud of misunderstanding between the widow and the dead man's only son, Jasper.

Horny-handed and "hard-fisted," as the neighbors called him, Jasper realized the many advantages that would come from cutting off the shoreward fields for summer cottages and claimed that as it was all to revert to him sooner or later, he had a right to act upon this evident advantage.

But "mother" claimed that the father had told her that the property was to be left to her intact, as long as she lived, and she strongly objected to Jasper's plans and possibly the old lady had brooded upon what must, in the course of nature, occur, for as the long winter faded out in the promise of the early spring, she seemed to fade with it, and she aged perceptibly from day to day, until at length she had taken to her bed and had been practically bed-ridden for several months.

The opinion of the medical practitioners who had been called in from time to time was expressed in the wonder that she displayed such marvelous vitality and such "grasp" upon the physical life.

Today, the crisis seemed near and all day between spells of apparent sleep, she had kept muttering: "He said he would come and fix it. He said he would come."

After the evening meal, which was eaten in silence, being tired, we "turned in," and Jasper advised his wife to go to bed so that she might get some rest and sleep before it should be time for her to get up and do her part of the watching by the sick bedside, and soon the house was still.

The tide was still coming in, and the salt meadows reeked with the smell of the brine.

The last streaks of red in the low western sky had faded and melted into the murky purple of distance, and the nearly half-filled moon hung so that it could be seen from the window.

The candle on the table had burned itself low, and the man, who had been sitting with his head hanging forward on his breast, in heavy slumber, still grasped tightly the paper which he had been reading.

Suddenly, he was startled to wakefulness by the low whining of the dog which lay crouched at his feet.

The cat arched her back and darted swiftly under the stove with a spit and her eyes like blazing balls of yellow.

A wandering gust of wind rattled the latch and Jasper—unimpressible and stolid as he was by nature—felt a shiver through his body.

He listened, and from the inner room where lay the invalid, he heard the muttered words: "He will come; he said he would."

"She has had a bad night," he thought, and looking at the clock over the mantel, he saw that it was time to waken his wife that she might take up the vigil.

The candle was burned to the socket so he lighted the small kerosene lamp and mounted the creaky stairway.

He called his wife and waited for her to dress.

Suddenly he became aware that the latch of the door below was being tried. He listened, and heard the door open.

A low whine from the dog and the sound of a footfall and then the closing of the door again.

Jasper and Mary stared at each other in frightened silence.

The man, overcoming his fear by an effort, took up the lamp and started down the stairway.

The dog, hearing him approach, backed up to him, as if for protection, all the time having his eyes apparently fixed upon some object before the closed door.

Shading the lamp with his hand, Jasper looked in the direction of the dog's fixed gaze, and saw a figure walk slowly across the room to the door of the sick chamber.

It seemed to pause a moment, then came back to the stove. It stooped to the oven and took out a small piece of driftwood that had been left in the oven to dry. It drew from its pocket a knife, and began cutting slivers of kindling beside the stove. . . .

The figure seemed the merest vapor, as transparent as a wreath of smoke, yet it was plainly visible, and was dressed as Jasper remembered his father to have been dressed for years prior to his death.

His trousers legs were stuck in his farm boots; he had on a double-breasted reefer coat and an old corduroy cap—as rusty and weather-beaten as the old house itself.

Forgetting for a moment their awe and fear, the man and the woman advanced a step or two. The mother's voice came from the inner room: "He'll come, I know he'll come," and in another moment, she who had not risen from her bed in months, stood in the doorway, pointing her thin bony hand at the vapory figure by the stove.

"Now ask him; he'll tell you he give me the farm, he give it to me," she wailed in an almost toneless voice, and sank in a shapeless heap on the threshold, muttering: "The tide is going out and we'll go together."

As the son and his wife rushed to pick her up, they saw the thin, vapory figure turn toward the form on the floor.

They saw it against the moonlit window, and as it stooped over the lifeless form, it seemed to melt as gently out of vision as a woodland sound sinks away without an echo.

The man and the woman clasped each other in silence.

The dog noiselessly walked to the door and whined.

Did he, too, recognize the former master?

Paths to Peace, Power and Plenty

(Written for The Swastika.)

By E. M. WEATHERHEAD.

To climb steadily day by day toward those spiritual heights that extend beyond the range of mortal vision.

To seek spirituality and truth more than wealth, fame or high position.

To be at all times conscious of the soul.

To understand it is our motives that count for or against us in the eternal plan.

To seek for the good and the true in all things.

To believe in the Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, and the inspiration of the Unseen.

To believe that apparent evil is oftentimes undeveloped good and that if we would reach the heights of our highest aspirations and ambitions we must climb toward them in the onward march of life.

To believe that every human form imprisons within itself an undeveloped angel.

To believe thoroughly in the law of compensation. To believe that every individual soul is a part of the divine principle which we call God—that all-powerful essence of wisdom and strength that holds the star in its place and paints the bloom upon the wayside flower.

To believe that we have our part to play in the great drama of life, and if we fail to perform that part well the defect of our poor work casts a reflection upon the efforts of our companions, causing their work to appear defective also.

To be content though the part we play be small, that we were created stars instead of suns, remembering that with high honor comes great responsibility.

To believe that will power and aspiration combined produce a more powerful force in the world than genius or physical strength.

To believe that we will not solve the great problem of capital and labor until Universal Brotherhood has been established and men learn to realize the part they have to play in the relative law of cause and effect.

To seek harmony at all times, remembering that discord is

man's own creation, and harmony God's perfect law made manifest in the beautiful, the true and the good.

To remember if we attain a wordly cause and lose our soul consciousness we become spiritual paupers.

To build within the spiritual temple a sacred shrine where God sits enthroned and where we may learn the true secret of the sublime and the beautiful.

To believe that the Christ-consciousness, manifested through Jesus, not as a sacrifice but as an example, to show men how to live and become glorified in death.

To find inspiration in the beauty and fragrance of the flowers, in the harmony of beautiful music, and in the innocence, sweetness and simplicity of childhood.

To seek frequent communion with Nature.

To believe in the good of all forms of religion, but to remember that error and truth are commingled in all forms of religious teaching.

To know that ignorance and selfishness are the parents of crime, and love the lodestone which will attract all that is true and desirable in life.

To be self-poised in time of emergency, remembering that Fear never yet accomplished a laudable result.

To live by these precepts and teaching is to live according to the higher law.

It is to grow nearer to the Great Heart of the Infinite, stepping heavenward day by day.

It is rather easy to fall into hell, but the road to heaven is up-grade. If our civilization has any meaning at all, its chief purpose is to make of man a climber, first, and then a helper. I put the helper second, not because it is the lesser destiny of man; it is, indeed, the end and aim of all his lives on earth. But although the negative and the positive are really one and the same under different aspects, the positive force is the one first visible to our eyes; and what kind of helper is it who cannot stand on his own legs, think his own thoughts, live his own life, be himself and achieve. To achieve then is first—the mistake so many of us make is that we look upon that as the end of life's effort.—From "The Golden Elk."

If you think yourself superior to the rest, in that instant you have proclaimed your own inferiority.—Edward Carpenter.

The Glory of Giving

(Written for The Swastika.)

By GRACE M. BROWN.



Because one man has more money than another is no cause for thinking he is rich. His money is merely his responsibility and unless he realizes his position of stewardship and makes his money a living source of expression, instead of a dead accumulation, he may be most pitifully poor in spite of his money.

We gain our life-lessons through our use of our responsibility, which is our opportunity.

True justice is true love, and love does not make mistakes—we always know the true plan of action when we walk in love.

Most of us are in bondage to conditions and slaves to material things.

We spend half of our lives in accumulating trash and the other half in struggling to keep other folks out of our particular storehouse.

Then, when it suddenly becomes clear to our consciousness that it is trash, and that we have lost the real thing in the struggle, we wonder why it is so hard to draw to ourselves these indestructible things when we have placed our entire force upon raising the barrier between ourselves and the things most valuable.

It is a glorious privilege to serve, so great a privilege that one has to earn the right of giving. Not the giving of goods and chattels that is the cheapest kind of giving and a kind that through lack of discrimination is often harmful, but giving of your love and of your thought, of radiating and helping through your positive thought to strengthen the thought of the world.

The entire training of a student of truth is toward constructive discriminate giving, that he may have within himself the things that are worth giving. He works without thought of reward even though he knows that results of the action of the law are inevitable and so his reward is inevitable.

Nothing can come out of the mind unless there is something

in it. On no plane can you give unless you have something to give. On the other hand, how can you keep accumulating new treasures unless you use and give what you already have. If all the treasures of the universe were in circulation, each man would give and receive in such abundance that the question of mine and thine could never be thought of. There would be no question of my possession or lack of possession.

In the wise adjustment of things love is the guiding force. On the material plane there is so much false pride about receiving as well as selfishness about giving. Sometimes it is a greater thing to receive in the right spirit than it is to give. Love overcomes and smoothes the way. If my brother loves me, why may he not have the privilege of serving me? Should I deprive him of that happiness through my own false pride? When you give out of the fullness of your own heart and appreciate the richness which comes through true giving, you will be glad to be served by others for their good as well as your own.

It is wonderful how rich we find ourselves when we give our love-thoughts to the world. We may have imagined we had nothing to give. We find we have everything. Dollars are nothing compared to other things, but we even have more dollars. It is not usually wise to give dollars, but have you any loving thoughts, any kind words, any smiles? Ah, those are the things people need! Love thoughts! Sweet words! They are so alive, so satisfactory. And how you will receive them in return! The very dogs in the street understand and love you when you smile on them. How much more will be the response in the heart of your fellowman!

When you give your own sweeter life to the world, you attract such fullness of life and love from all God's life that you come into the consciousness of your oneness with that life. You realize that while you are in that complete consciousness, no harm can possibly touch you on any plane. In His law there is no such thing as harm—there is only truth and love and love.

Self-gratification turns to ashes—the ashes of wormwood. The only happiness is the free expression of love. Give because you love to give, without thought of any return, even from the universal abundance. You can no more escape the law of compensation than you can escape any other law, but the true expression of life has no time to think of reward. It is so complete in its divine radiance that it receives as freely and as joyously as it gives, realizing we are all one—all children of one supreme Father—equal on all planes of His abundant life.

State Historical and
Natural History Society.

The Healing Principle

(Written for The Swastika.)

By GEN. JOHN CHARLES THOMPSON.



The demand for information as to the philosophy and practice of one branch of New Thought, namely, mental and psychic healing, is at present most acute, especially among the busy, everyday, commonsense masses, whose observation and judgment of healing facts and phenomena, attributed to mental or spiritual forces, is in no way warped or distorted by professional considerations. Such have always been ready and willing to receive the truth gladly. To the

financial beneficiaries of the orthodox Christian church, and the pseudo "regulars" of the medical profession, the leaven of healing, Spiritual truth, which is fast undermining the crumbling foundations of their institutions—presents itself in a very different aspect. To paraphrase Moncure D. Conway's epigram as to Emerson, "they hear distinctive battalions behind the faint footfalls of the spiritual healers." Their monopolies are jeopardized.

It may be confidently asserted that the time is past when either can, even with plausibility, attack the unimpeachable verities of metaphysical healing, as they are vouched for daily in all parts of the United States.

The case of the opposition to mental healing, in recent years, by both of these learned professions has been peculiar. The Roman Catholic church, which has upheld healing as a divine miracle, performed alone within the pale of the church, through delfic power, by the agency of certain qualified saints and consecrated relics and shrines, is, of course, as it has ever been throughout its history, dumfounded at the scientific demonstration—that healing, like every other phenomenon of nature, proceeds from an infinite and eternal law of man's spiritual constitution. Too wise to enter into controversy, it simply put the ban of the church on the laity dabbling in those divine things, which pertain alone, according to its theory, to the "sacred office" of the ordained priesthood.

Protestant ecclesiasticism, however, is in a very different

boat; it is irretrievably committed to the doctrine that all "miracles," the term given to the healing phenomena, which occurred under the ministrations of Jesus, ceased with himself and those of his contemporaries upon whom he specifically conferred the extra human power. Having been silenced in their first claim of fraud, falsehood, deceptive imagination, etc., with which they met the claims of metaphysical healing, as represented by "faith cures," prayer cures," etc., by overwhelming proof of the cures, they are at present confined, practically, to defending their institutional fortifications against the besieging hosts of Christian Science, Divine Science and other church organizations which give a religious color to the healing phenomena occurring in connection with now well known spiritual laws.

The conflict has and will be protracted, because the enemies of the orthodox institutions are, wisely, following the Fabian policy, of waiting, knowing that desertion from the ranks of the old churches will, in time, work their extinction. But a truce to the religious features. The past and present attitude of the formerly arrogant and infallible medical professional is even more ludicrous and humiliating to a student of human nature, and of the history of the attitude of so-called physical scientists towards the operation of spiritual laws.

In the beginning of the wonderful renaissance of mental or spiritual healing—forty years ago—the medical profession, firmly intrenched behind the ramparts of victorious materialism, holding that matter was the creator, the sole author of all forces, simply decried the truth of all healing phenomena, by any other agency than "their pills and potions and blood lettings" working upon the material organism of the patient. Driven, in time, from their "mob cry" of fraud, fake, imposture, etc., by the cold logic of cruel facts, they took refuge behind force—"that last refuge of tyrants"—and resorted to the drastic and infamous effort at suppression by penal legislation. This insane recourse having been rendered "innocuous" by hostile public opinion, demanding fair play for all successful healing methods—they have finally "swapped the lion skin for the fox's" and are now proceeding to appropriate unto themselves "Mind Healing," "healing by suggestion," "the power of the mind over the body in disease," etc., putting forth the specious, false pretense—"that they have always known and practiced it," and claiming that they are the only legitimate "perfeshion" qualified to use it.

Anent this evolution of the medical experts into mind cure

healers, the public in Denver has, within the past two months, been treated to the anomalous object lesson of two distinguished delegates to an M. D. conference, one from the alfalfa "destrict" of Greeley, the other from the sacred city of Boston, openly, in convention assembled, sounding the alarm of "stop thief" and advocating the appropriation by "the profession," of Metaphysical healing.

All this is only "history repeating itself," as Carlyle so tritely emphasized—the natural evolution of every blessing—every truth—with which a beneficent Creator has dowered humanity has had three stages of public opinion and professional prejudice to combat, viz.: First, ridicule; second, forcible suppression, and third, qualified acceptance, with the blatant claim of first discovery, followed by an attempt at exclusive appropriation, for the pecuniary advantage of some set of professional monopolists.

Happily, like all of Nature's beautiful and beneficent provisions for the primary good of humanity, and the amelioration of its sufferings from sin (or the violation of its constitutional laws) causing disease and misery—simplicity is the most prominent feature of mental science.

The great Nazarene, who was, to say the least, the foremost modern propagandist and exemplar of the science of psychic or mental healing; whose teaching, after his death, was quickly submerged by the waves of dogmatic, institutional theology, lashed into storms by the selfish priesthood of an institution he neither founded nor authorized—is authority for the statement that it was so simple "that a wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein."

Divorced from commentary and polemical theories as to whether it is religion or science (the same thing under different names), and as to the best methods of practical application by the various schools or sects of (misnamed) "New Thought," there is a general consensus of opinion as to the laws or scientific principles of mental or psychic healing.

They all hold, practically:

1. That man is intrinsically, a spiritual being, using a body as a temporary instrument for the expression or functioning upon this earth plane, holding that the body is, in its final analysis, a condition or organization of spirit.

2. That this spiritual organization, called man—is subject, as are all things in nature, to certain constitutional laws of being—which, when they are operative without interference, result in perfect health, or harmony.

3. That sin, or a violation of those laws of man's being (excluding accidents) is the primary cause of disease.

4. That thought, a spiritual force, is the substantive cause of all human action, either good or bad.

5. That man endowed with reason (and therefore subject to responsibility) can direct and control his thoughts, thereby becoming responsible for all diseased and detrimental conditions of his life, and vice versa.

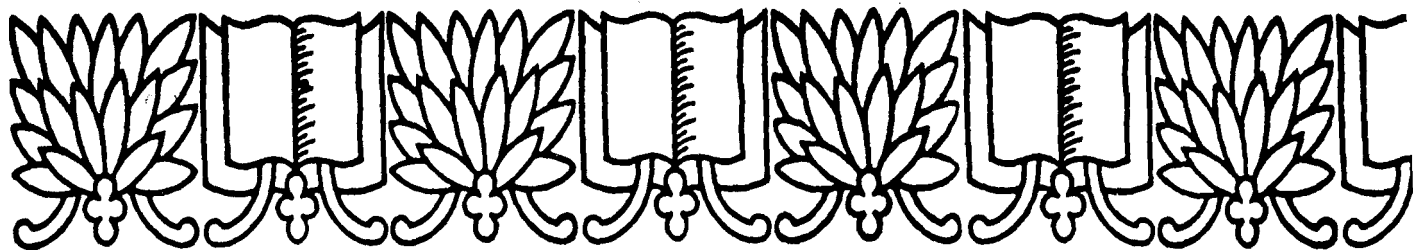
6. Thought, being a force controlled by the human will, for either constructive, destructive or reconstructive purposes, ergo, man is the architect of his own life conditions—which leads, logically, to the great and fundamental axiom of all metaphysical healing—which has been established as a truth—alike by experience of the past—and the experiments of the highest authorities of both physical and metaphysical science), viz.: "As a man thinketh, so he is;" or, to put it possibly clearer, man, by thoughts, translated into actions, creates his character, his bodily conditions, and controls the environmental circumstances of his life.

Fortunately, the beneficent Father has provided that a reversal of the processes of disease creating thought, can and will heal disease; again, and the supremest provision of his measureless love and mercy, when by sin or persistent wrong thoughts any poor creature has so deranged his reasoning mind that he can not control his thought, he may, by a simple act of desire and faith call upon another, a friend—a healer—who like the good Samaritan may rescue him, and bring him to a place of safety, security and joy. The healer can think for the patient.

Healing is one of the simple, natural forces in God's economy within the reach of all, like air, water, sunshine, etc., and was never intended to be hidden by a cloak of mystery, or made the private pecuniary of any profession.

Regard most earnestly your own heart. For through your own heart comes the one light that can illuminate life, and make it clear to your eyes.—Light on the Path.

• At last, like little children, we are coming to see. Love is the all in all. It conquers hate, it conquers war, it conquers sin, it conquers wrong, it conquers us, and only when we are fully conquered by it do we fully live.—J. A. Edgerton.



The Ko-So and the Shobai-Nim

(Written for The Swastika)

By YONO SIMADA, the Japanese Philosopher.

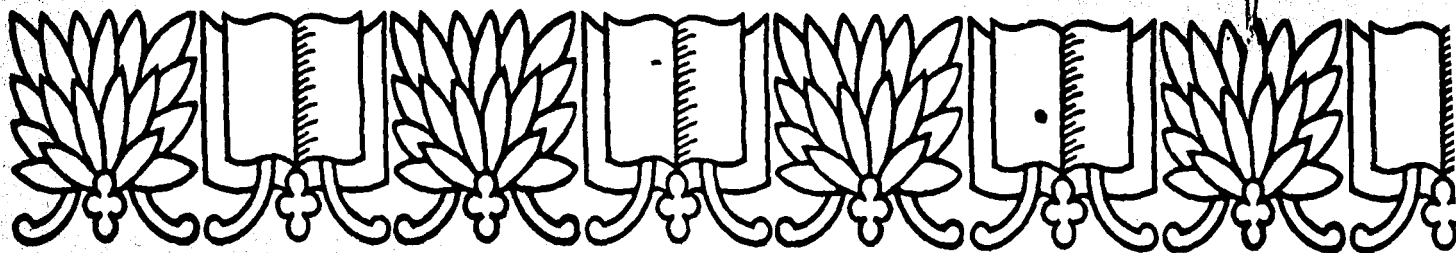


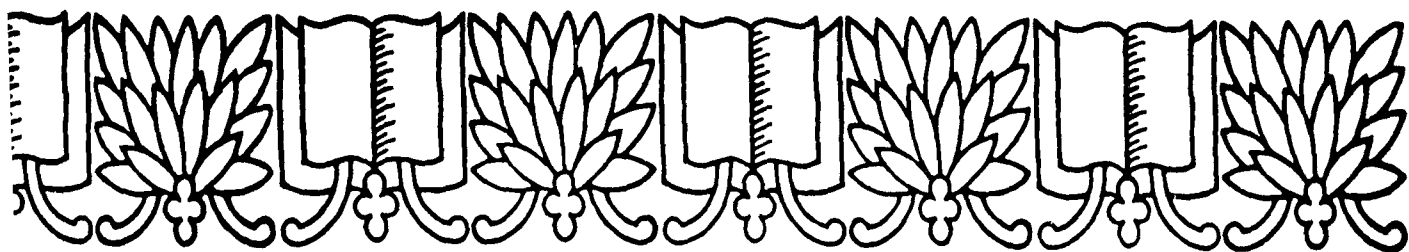
ABOUT five hundred years ago, Japan was enjoying a period of peace. The Sho-gun had conquered the Dai-myō, and people had become tired of war.

During this time there appeared a learned high priest of Buddha, whose name was Dai-ya, and who loved freedom and labored to teach what is freedom to the many who were devoted to the "Church-almighty."

While he was strolling over Japan, preaching and teaching his doctrine of Truth, he met another high priest whose name was So-ya.

So-ya presided over an elegant temple and he was very powerful among a large following of wealthy devotees.





The temple was kept in beautiful condition and it was in every way a monument of praise and prosperity due to the efforts of So-ya.

As the two priests were of the same belief, preaching the word of Buddha, they soon became good friends.

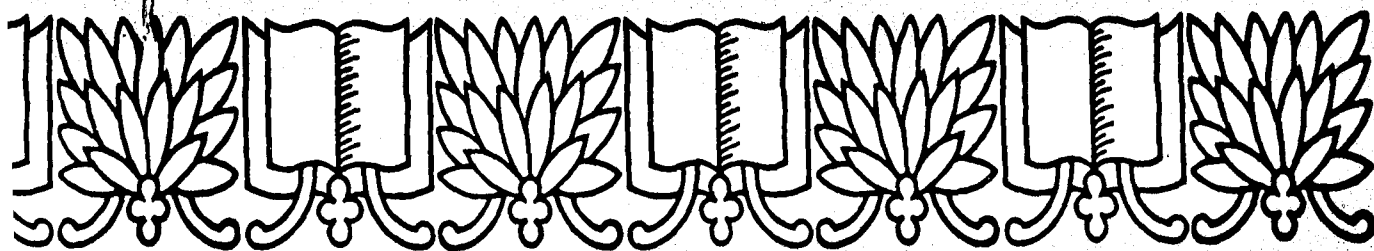
One day Dai-ya visited So-ya's beautiful temple and after a brief conversation Dai-ya went out and took off his soiled sitagi and hung it in the entrance to the temple.

As the members of this beautiful temple came to worship and saw this soiled garment of Dai-ya hanging in the entrance, they fled in disgust to see this unsightly blot on the beauty of the temple.

Noticing it, Sa-ya pleaded with his friend, saying: "Dear Dai-ya, please do not despoil the beauty of this my temple, lest you drive away all my monto (parishioners), and I be left to starve for want of sai-sen (donations)."

Whereupon Dai-ya exclaimed: "Oh, so, I thought this was a temple of the Buddha but I see it is your place of business."

So saying he removed his soiled sitagi from the temple entrance and went away saying "I wish you success in your business."



Success and Failure: A Study in Causes

(Written for The Swastika.)

By GRANT WALLACE.



Recently, I was watching a labor-day parade when my attention was attracted by the appearance of a "hobo," soiled and battered, and old, the picture of shiftless, whisky-pickled failure.

"If those forty thousand fellers and all the rest who are marching today would only vote as they march—all in a bunch—there would be fewer wrecks like me," he observed. "But they're like me—got to get the truth rubbed into 'em good and hard and then they won't see 'till it's too late," he remarked, apparently to no one in particular. I engaged the soiled tourist in conversation and I learned from his own lips the truth—which he himself did not recognize—that he builded his own conditions out of his own failure and fear-thoughts.

According to his own story the chum of his boyhood days is now the president of one of the largest universities in this country—is the author of philosophical works of note; is honored and respected for his learning and his usefulness to mankind.

In a backwoods grocery store in Prince Edward Island, these two boys began their struggle for bread and fame. Their families had been neighbors, and their environments and inheritance had been practically the same, as far as appearances indicate.

Both were considered bright boys and both set out to get an education. Out of their meager wages as grocer's boys they bought a few school books which they studied when trade was slack, and at night after their duties were over.

Young Biddle, known today in the police stations all over the country as "Shifty Biddle, the hobo," was industrious by spells and filled with high resolves, occasionally alternating with fits of depression and of aimless moping.

He and his friend later left the store and worked their way

through college, young Biddle, however, being easily discouraged and held to his resolve only by the firmness of his friend and by means of borrowed money.

Biddle studied theology and later changed to law. Finding this dry, he abandoned it and taught school for awhile.

Not putting any heart in the work, he was dismissed, and then "loafed" for a while. Later he secured a job as a newspaper man, but as he had in the meantime become addicted to the drink habit, he was unable to keep to this.

He drifted to the States, secured a job as teamster in Chicago, then as bartender, and later took to the ways of the "hobo."

In the meantime his boyhood friend kept steadily at work, never departing from the ideal he had in the start. He went through college in the Provinces, taught awhile to procure sufficient means to attend college in England and later in the Edinburg university winning in 1878 the highest honors bestowed by that institution.

He won scholarships and high degrees in Heidelberg, Göttingen and Berlin, became noted as an orator, lecturer and author of philosophical books, among them being "Ethics of Evolution."

Recognizing his great breadth of mind, his thoroughness and power, the late President McKinley appointed him president of the Philippine Commission, the efficiency of his work in this connection being known to every reader of the daily press.

And this man was for years the chum and confidant of Biddle, the hobo.

What made the difference between these two men who as boys had the same environment, the same opportunities, the same obstacles to overcome? Let me tell you—and this fact I gleaned from the lips of the hobo himself—Biddle thought FAILURE and invited FAILURE and expected FAILURE. Schurman thought and expected and asked for and accepted nothing but SUCCESS.

Biddle, the tramp, believed in "luck." "The world is against me in everything," was his constant thought. "I am not lucky," was his daily mental food.

He formed the habit early in life of beginning every sentence with the words "I'm afraid," etc. To this day he blames his "luck," and his brothers and sisters and friends who finally refused to further weaken him by lending him money.

It never occurs to him to blame himself—and he would not believe anyone who pointed out to him the fact that he might

be what his friend became, or at least equally successful, had he not entertained the "fear-thoughts" that are indeed the "enemies of one's household."

He scribbled all over the walls of his mind such energy-killing lies as "I am a failure anyway," "I was born unlucky," "I could succeed if anybody would give me a lift," "I never had half a show," "There's no show for a poor man."

He moped and groaned and got into a stew every few days.

His ideals began to center around a beer glass.

These mental pictures crowded out all helpful, upbuilding thoughts.

They gave him headaches and ruined his digestion, and drove him to drink to drown for the moment his self-created woes.

He lacked Concentration, without which no life can be a success.

He tore down the structure of his body daily, by his thoughts. Such thoughts will as inevitably lead to failure as a lighted match touched to straw will produce a conflagration.

Schurman, on the other hand, early discovered that a man gets just what his mental attitude attracts; that all power must come through individual effort; that attention and concentration, directed by a resolute will, accomplishes the seemingly impossible.

Schurman hung the walls of his mind with positive, cheerful, self-helpful affirmations. He refused to see any dark pictures.

He received every obstacle as a challenge to his individual power to walk over it. He let the troubles of yesterday die with yesterday's sunset.

He recognized that the physical organism is not the self but self's most obedient servant. He learned that character is not appearance, but what one thinks and does.

He learned that he was no "worm of the earth," but a potential God.

He learned that our senses are our servants, not devils to trap us; that fear of failure attracts failure, and that doubt of self induces a leaden, nerveless, cowardly attitude, toward the business of life.

He knew that power must be directed by the individual will and that calmness and serenity are as necessary to the mind as sunshine and exercise is to the body.

These mental pictures held in mind year after year, built themselves into his life, and he became just what he intended to become.

His belief in himself and his cheerful, confident attitude made others believe in him. No one, except it be the hopeful, trustful, loyal woman, will believe in a man unless he believes in himself—and the woman sees what he might become if he would—not what he is.

The finest of all raw material is the human mind.

It may be manufactured into successful lives only by putting good workmen (wholesome, success-inviting thoughts) at work on it.

What we have to do with the power of Thought is to intelligently, fearlessly direct it, just as we do electricity. It will manifest in the way we direct, through the dynamo of WILL.

You have arms long enough to reach anything if you have the will to lift them.

It takes more strength and wisdom to decide what to do, than it does to do it. We do little only because we attempt little.

This method of building the raw material of the mind into beautiful and successful ideals is not supernatural, nor unnatural, nor even "occult."

It is the most natural and practical thing in the world.

It is common sense applied scientifically.

All evils that afflict man are man-made, and therefore must be remedied by man, through thought and will and action.

Here is a rule which, if applied universally and persistently, would put every preacher out of business, because it would result in making mankind as near to perfection as would be "healthy" on this physical plane.

Always suggest to yourself and to others only what you wish to be true, and then act as if it were already true.

Or, to put it negatively: Never suggest to yourself or others, anything which you do not wish to be true.

The man who performs a good act with the hope of reward is not free. He is the servant of Self and works for the benefit of self and not for absolute good. It is therefore not the power of good which will reward him. He can only expect that reward from his own personal self.

For in our searchings are fulfilled all our desires, and we obtain the victory over all worlds.—Upanishad.

Secret of Realization

(Written for The Swastika.)

By CHARLES EDWIN STIVERS.

The creative force is attracted by intensity.

The intense prayer uttered in faith is always answered.

The intense, concentrated thought is materialized.

- Thought is creative, but to be creative it must be intense.

Intensity of desire, coupled with work and faith bring about what in ancient times were looked upon as miracles, but which in the light of the Science of Being in this Twentieth century are known to be results as scientifically unerring as the germination and fruition of seed sown by the husbandman.

It is the intense and focused rays of sunshine through the hothouse glass or in the tropics that create the most luxuriant vegetation.

It is the intense rays of sunshine that surcharge the atmosphere with electrical energy or life force, which anon is given vent in electrical storms that make the earth tremble.

The habitually tensed muscle will grow in strength.

The mind intense in seeking truth will surely find it.

Intensity coupled with faith is the secret of creation.

Man is a God, and by his thought may create what he will!

But alas! for man's ignorance. Blind to the noble mansions which his soul might claim, he too often is content with a hovel, where he may eat three meals a day, sleep and store away provisions, like the ant or the chipmunk. Feeling secure of his daily stipend as he pursues the perfunctory duties of his avocation, and resting dumbly in the thought that he is comfortable physically, he sees nothing else to strive for.

Now and then his starved soul protests and suggests that the mission of the life of man is something higher than the mere building of a nest, the propagation of the species and the acquisition of THINGS; that there are powers and faculties to be attained that will place him far above the crawling creatures of the earth, in the realms of the infinite forces wherein dwell and have dwelt in all ages the seers and sages; but too often these promptings are disregarded as idle dreams, and it being easy to drift with the popular current he continues to drift.

It is "strenuous" to entertain an intense purpose.

It is not easy at first to hold an intense thought.

But know this, O friend, as sure as the law of cause and effect, if you WILL a thing strong enough, if you desire a thing earnestly enough, the thing desired will organize itself as naturally and easily as the petals push forth from the rosebud.

Be alive! Concentrate on what you want!

If you desire to lead a lazy life there is no hope for you.

Emerson says: "The world must be just. It leaves every man with profound unconcern to set his own rate. Hero or driveler, it meddles not in the matter. It certainly will accept your own measure of your doing and being—whether you sneak about and deny your own name, or whether you see your work produced to the concave sphere of the heavens, one with the revolution of the stars."

Decide, then, whether you will be "hero or driveler." It rests with you. The powers of Omnipotence are at your command. But you MUST command them, and to command them is simply to command your own thought.. No idle brain—no scattered thinking—no uncentered thought will command them. Nothing but intense, concentrated thought, action and faith will bring to your service the infinite powers by whose aid alone is the hero moulded, the sage, the artist or the inventor inspired.

MY PRAYER.

Father, Divine Essence, that vivifies into harmonious vibration every atom of the universe!

All of Love, of Art, of Aspiration!

Spiritual Substance, which calls into being every expression of life!

Supreme Intelligence, the Universal Heart, the Infinite Peace—omniscient, omnipotent and omnipresent!

I, a part of Thy great Plan, do not loudly lift my voice in agonized cry for succor!

Do not lacerate my flesh, believing such self-inflicted torture will be pleasing in Thy sight.

Do not call upon Thee to be "merciful unto me a sinner."

But all that I ask of Thee I claim as my divine right, and with boldness and not humility I enter the sanctuary of my Inner Self and there find Thee, O Infinite Love!

If I have committed what the popular voice terms sin, Thou dost not condemn me, because Thou knowest that Thy creatures cannot sin; that in their ignorance they make mistakes, but that such mistakes are necessary to their growth in wisdom, and

that a great fault overcome oftentimes places one of Thy world-judged "wicked" creatures nearer Thy great heart than are many exemplary souls who have not been called upon to buffet the tempests of passion.

Being Thy child I know if I yield myself to Thy guidance I cannot go far amiss. So, on this day's journey I commit myself to Thy care.

If, perchance, in the noise and inharmony I should momentarily forget Thy guiding hand and should stumble and fall beneath the feet of the multitude, may I reach out and find Thee ready to lift me up—not through compassion, but by an electric quickening of my will, a fanning into flame the indwelling spark of love and faith, and the awakening of my understanding of the Law that when I place myself in harmony with Thee, who art the Divine Harmony, joy, peace, success and all that my soul yearns for shall be mine. Amen.

The New Year in Japan

(Written for The Swastika.)

By YONO SIMADA, the Japanese Philosopher.



Just now when there is so much talk about the "brown peril," and other race problems, it is pleasant to contemplate the many bonds of sympathy which unite (or should unite) the different races of humans in this great universe.

Japan has its Santa Claus, and its New Year, and its days of thanksgiving and rejoicing for "benefits received," just as the Anglo-Saxon races have theirs. And Japan also has its birthdays of heroes—than whom

none have been braver and no country under the sun more prolific.

But, let us return to the question of how and in what spirit the "little brown men" celebrate the happy New Year.

And of all the holidays that are celebrated by all peoples, the manner of celebrating the New Year is perhaps the most similar among all nations.

It is a singular fact that the Orientals—especially the Chinese, noted for their stoicism, their imperturbability—go to the extreme of excitement and emotionalism, in the celebration of the New Year.

The Chinese, although they do not use the same calendar that we do in this country and that is now used in Japan (the Christian calendar), give up two whole weeks, fourteen good days, and spend much money in their New Year celebration festivities.

The Chinese New Year is, indeed, one of the sights of interest in the big cities of this country, and much has been written and told of their gorgeous festivities.

The Japanese is said to be the most imitative of nations, but I believe that a better phrase would be "most adaptable," and his New Year greetings are exchanged, when in this country, in accordance with the old-time advice to do as the Romans do, when in Rome.

In order to see a Japanese New Year, we must therefore travel over to dear Nippon, the realm of the "Mikado-All-Mighty."

It has been forty years since the Japanese adopted the calendar of Christendom. Before that time they used the same calendar as the Chinese. This change was made in compliance with the order of the present wise ruler of the Flowery Kingdom, and no sooner was the order issued than, presto! the forty million faithful subjects of the Mikado changed their minds and their calendars to suit—in accordance with the instinct that is older even than their calendar—the instinct of loyalty to their country's ruler.

But with the change of calendar has not come a change of method or manner—time-hallowed by centuries of the customs of our ancestors—the indissoluble link that unites modernized, materialized Japan, with the ancient and spiritual Japan.

The Japanese celebrate the New Year much as Americans celebrate Christmas.

There is always the pine tree, although its meaning is different in Japan than in this country.

On the first day of the New Year celebration, at the entrance to every Japanese house, there is stationed three trees—the pine, the bamboo and the plum tree.

The pine tree means that man's mind must be ever fresh and youthful as the pine tree, which is always green.

It must be strong as the bamboo, which never breaks, but bends, in the fiercest wind, and when the storm has passed it again stands erect, with its roots firmly planted in the soil.

The plum tree begins to bloom when the snow is on the ground, not waiting in fear and trembling for the coming of spring.

It dares to send out its beautiful blossoms in the cold and dullness of winter days. It is fearless, hopeful, cheerful, always radiating beauty and fragrance even in the face of discouragement.

This typifies the fearlessness, the strength to endure, the power to disdain unfavorable circumstances, which even the most prejudiced critics of the Oriental temperament, admit is general among the Japanese.

Between these trees they have an orange, some charcoal, sea-weed, and fern leaves, hanging on a rope.

These typify good health, plenty, happiness, continuous success, and a long life.

Inside, the house is resplendent with artificial rice-flowers, and every flower that represents "good fortune."

Kachin, or mochi, or tosidama—the various names given to the various kinds of rice cakes—constitutes a staple article of refreshment for the New Year caller.

Without rice cakes the New Year would not be New Year to a Japanese, any more than Thanksgiving without turkey would be the same to Americans.

Here is a story illustrating the importance of the rice cake as a New Year refreshment:

Taro, the son of wealthy parents, met Ziro, a poor boy, on New Year's day, and joyously exclaimed: "This is our fifteenth year, and we are the same age. Happy New Year to you!"

"No," said Ziro sadly, "I am still but in my fourteenth year."

"Why, how is that?" asked Taro.

"Mother says we can't have tosidama this year."

While Americans blow the horn and fill the night air with hideous noises, as soon as the clock strikes midnight, of the last day of the old year, the Japanese start up the fuye, which is like the flute. One member of the family plays this instrument while the other members, each having a little basket full of roasted beans and rice cakes cut in small cubes, go over the house from garret to cellar, shouting "Oni wa soto, fuku wa uchi" (every bad thought out and every good thought in).

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There is a portentous significance to the "bean." The word in Japanese is mame, and the word means health. Kachin (rice cake) means prosperity—to win.

Therefore the ceremony of distribution of the roasted beans and the rice cakes has the symbolic message of health, prosperity and happiness.

This ceremony over, they retire quietly, and sleep late until the next morning.

The first day of the year is spent quietly at home, no one going out unless urgent need requires it.

The day is passed much as Sunday is passed with us here, it being considered an omen of "bad luck" to be hurried or busily engaged on the first day of the year.

"As the year begins, so it will end," is the idea, and they wish for quiet and peace. Hurry signifies strife, and with all their prowess in war, the Japanese dearly love peace.

On the second day begin the festivities, the calls, the exchange of greetings and presents and cheer.

"Sin nen wa omedeto," which is equivalent to "Happy New Year," is heard on all sides.

During the last days of the old year, business men are fiercely busy trying to collect delayed bills and clear the books for the coming year's trade.

This is usually a time of terrible strain upon both the collector and the debtor, for every effort is made to have matters settled and everything straightened out before the first day of the New Year dawns.

"December is the hell of the collector," they say, and the people call the poor collector "the devil."

But as soon as the New Year is ushered in, every one breathes freely once more, and even the collector is not shunned because he would not think of demanding payment during the festival days.

"Urizone," he cries, even to his most delinquent debtor, which means virtually "Happy New Year, and please continue to owe me."

A poor poet who had been hounded by the collector, thus humorously wrote:

"O, magic spell of the New Year's day,

Even the devil of yesterday greets me with a smile."

The "magic" is in our mental attitude toward the day, and when we reflect it seems rather foolish, or perhaps we should

say childish, to celebrate a day that we pass just the same as we pass the other three hundred and sixty-four.

Why is the first of January different from December thirty-first?

A New Year! Another and different year from the last?

No. The Oriental mind does not at present grasp the newness of this new year.

They but make the new year another step to the grave—another nail in the coffin of old age.

A famous high priest has said:

"New Year marks another milestone on our approach to death. Happy but yet unhappy."

And so, with the Japanese, as with all other people, there is evident in their New Year festival a note of sadness and depression—a sigh of regret that today is not as was yesterday, but another year passed.

Only in the philosophy of New Thought may we find the antidote to this minor note in the harmony of the New Year festival.

Take it to heart my friends of beautiful Nippon.

Take it to heart my friends of hurrying, scurrying, energetic America.

New Year is the festival of hope!

It is not the festival of a dead year; of dead hopes; and dead opportunities; nor yet of unpaid debts.

It is the festival of renewal of all that is bright and hopeful and optimistic. The renewal of the consciousness that we still have much to do to bring into all the year the good cheer, and the kindly friendship and the forgiveness of debts that we so freely and so gladly acknowledge on this first day of January.

It is the festival of hope for the young person that he will soon be grown to manhood.

The hope of the student that this year he will enter the university; the hope of the person whose success of last year was great that this year it will continue; and the hope of the unsuccessful that the new year will bring new opportunities and new rewards.

The hope of lovers that the new year will find them united; the hope of the farmer who sowed last year that the new year will bring a good crop.

The hope of the "would-be" that again he has chance to reform last year's failure, and to wipe out last year's disappointment.

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Even to the poor criminal who is serving a life sentence the New Year has its message of hope.

It at least brings him one year nearer to freedom, even though he must reach that freedom through the portals of Death.

All these hopes crowd upon us when the clock strikes the hour of midnight and while we wait in silent sadness, for the passing of the hour, we also experience the thrill of expectancy, which follows the last stroke and which the bursting of cannons and the clanging of bells expresses for us.

One of Japan's few optimistic priests said: "I want to live all my life with the feeling of New Year's day."

He thus expressed the optimistic philosophy of the New Thought, which entreats us to leave our mistakes and our failures behind us with the old year and enter into the New Year, as to a new life, in which Health and Happiness and Success await us.

The Occult Meaning of Slang Phrases

(Written for The Swastika.)

By DR. GEORGE W. CAREY.



Whatever satisfies souls is true.—Walt Whitman.

Great truths are always sensed and crudely expressed first by the common people.

The truth of Campbell's statement, "Coming events cast their shadows before," is nowhere more freely exemplified than in the slang phrases used by nearly all classes, but we find that a large per cent. of slang originates with those known politically as "the common people."

Truth has a way of clothing itself in homely attire and thus masquerading before the multitude in order that the cells of the human brain (a mirror in which nature is reflected—Invisible Principle made visible to mind) may become adjusted to the new concept or phase of infinite operation wrongly named evolution.

Why should one ever say "No matter"?

On its face there seems to be no relevancy whatever, between the phrase and the idea seeking expression.

But chemistry, the "court of last resort," proves that so-called matter is not matter after all, but simply a manifestation or precipitation of energy, force, or aerial elements.

Huxly said at a session of the International Medical Congress in London, "matter in its last analysis evades me."

Herbert Spencer said: "I now believe that there is one universal energy from which all things proceed."

If the appearance, or substance we call "matter" proceeds from energy it must be energy (life or spirit) in the concrete, just as ice is vapor or water crystallized, or water is oxygen or hydrogen in a combination that forms a substance visible and tangible to the physical senses.

The spectroscope, the x-ray, and chemical analysis have quite demonstrated that so-called matter is "no matter" and yet not an illusion or no thing. Matter is spirit or energy in manifestation, and is therefore real.

"Catch on" is a popular slang phrase, but it was borrowed from the cultured Emerson, who said, "Hitch your wagon to a star." There is no difference between "hitch on" and "catch on." Both expressions embody the advice to "aspire," and "be awake."

Edison says he believes there is a universal, though very subtle vibration forever in action, of some unknown substance, ether, or essence, and when we "catch on" to it, the wonders we may perform will transcend the wildest dream of seer, poet or philosopher.

Edison believes that machines may be so nicely adjusted that they will respond in key or tone to this "Divine Strain"—wisdom's pulsing dynamo—and thus be set in motion by the "Universal Energy."

It has recently been demonstrated that so-called electricity is not a fluid or substance of any kind or quality that can pass along a wire, or "go" anywhere, but that it is simply an effect or jar—a vibration.

But for several years before this remarkable fact was established the boys on the street were saying "wouldn't that jar you"?

Why did they coin the significant phrase?

Was it because the spirit that breathes into man the breath of life uttered the prophecy of coming events through human phonographs? Do we not really talk out what has been talked into us?

Vibrations of etheric substance
Causing light through regions of space.
A girdle of Something—enfolding
And binding together the race—
And words without wires transmitted
Aerial-winged spirit—sандаled and shod—
Some call it electricity
And others call it God.

The chemists all tell us that we "live, move and have our being" in a highly attenuated element and that all forms of vegetable, animal, or mineral life are but rates of motion of this substance.

But the slang phrase "we are in it" and that terse observation "up against the real thing" have been common expressions for several years.

Of course we are both in and up against this stuff whatever name we select for it and it presses upon us something like fourteen pounds to the square inch of bodily surface.

It is assuredly the "real" thing because there is nothing else for us to be "in" or "against."

Few people these days believe that death ends all, or that the fleshly body is more than a vehicle or diving bell, as it were, for spiritual man's convenience while operating upon the plane of consciousness as one of the attributes of the unnamable Necessity.

Yet we can hardly think that the fellow who says "I won't do a thing to him" in any manner realizes that he can't do a thing to the real "him"—the spiritual ego.

Emerson forcibly expressed the Hindu philosophy of this great truth in his poem on Brahm, thus:

"If the red slayer thinks he slays,
Or the slain thinks he is slain,
They little know the subtle ways
I come and pass and go again."

Life—all life—is eternal. It cannot be destroyed. Literally you "can't do a thing to it."

We used, all of us, to say: "We won't do a thing to those Spaniards when we get to Cuba." And we did not. Every Spaniard that ever lived still lives, or else immortality is an "iridescent dream."

All is divine. If death, disease, war and disaster are true they are divine—part of the scheme of things.

Flesh bodies change their rate of motion, drop away and release spirit and are resolved back again into their original elements, but these elements are indestructible.

They are the cells or molecular dynamos of the body of the universe. These atoms are Omnipresent Life in operation. We "can't do a thing" but accept it.

"Come down from the perch" is literally obeyed by the daring aeronaut with his parachute and figuratively obeyed by ward politicians, mayors, city councils, legislators, senators, bankers, beef trust and railroad and oil trust promoters, et al., "caught with the goods."

"It is up to you," in an esoteric sense, simply means that you must work out your own salvation without the assistance of crucified Redeemers or saints.

"All right," spoken daily by people of all beliefs—even by those who think that everything is wrong—is the basis of mental science emphasized by Pope in "whatever is, is right."

The Universe and all it contains is either governed by law or all is chance. It is unthinkable that law is not dominant in all operations or procedures. When we say "all right," we express a truism although we may not personally believe it.

"You are not the only pebble on the beach" is a statement prophetic. It foretells the coming consciousness of unity, as well as an awakening spirit of altruism and brotherhood.

It is a loud protest against selfishness, and caste, or class distinction.

The "whole hog or none" means the One life, One Cause, or else there is no life and no cause.

We may not use hog flesh for food and yet see that the hog is an expression of the same energy that we see expressed in all the varying forms and so we "go the whole hog."

"Knock the stuffing out of it," typifies the John the Baptist, the iconoclast, the idol-breaker.

It stands for the annihilation of the false idea of the importance of possessions, or as my Saint Whitman says, "the mania of owning things." The cartoons of the present day Trusts are pictures of stuffed men, and everywhere the people are taking a whack at them trying to "knock the stuffing out of them."

"A chip off the old block" again emphasizes the Oneness of Substance. We are slices or chips from the Universal block.

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"Out of sight," or "way up in G," refers to the real or spiritual man, a higher note (vibration) than the material expression.

"The whole show," or "he or she is the whole show," is literally the truth, for man is an epitome of the macrocosm, and all concept is possible for his understanding.

"Cut it out" is a direct command to cut out of your life all that retards your harmonious operations.

Cut out the belief in evil as a principle of being, also the false idea of imperfections. Cut out excuses, complaints, and regrets.

"Up to date" is a phrase often used and indicates an awakening to the saving truth that there is no passing time, but instead the ever present eternal NOW, and that all operation is up-to-date, or now.

"Get a move on you" is the best slang phrase ever expressed upon the brain cells of man. It is a strong suggestion to get out of the rut of a line of thought that has served its time and is of no further use in the procedure of wisdom.

Those who think only of self should move up into the realm of altruism and read Edward Bellamy's "Equality."

Those who believe in evil should move to the last letter and spell the word backward thus: live. Those who live in the swamps of a belief in disease and microbes and devils, big or little, obsession and contagion (being always ready to catch something) should move to the mountain top of belief in Omnipresent Life and there chant the ninety-first psalm. That blessed anthem will fill them with such courage that they will not even fear the kissing microbe nor any of the host of Latin-named bugs that doctors tag with labels and then let loose on the frightened people. The microbe theory of disease is the insanity of pseudo-science, and the people have begun to awake to a realization of the fact.

"Take him down a peg" is well illustrated in the ancient allegory of the prodigal son who was over-anxious about his portion of his father's goods. It takes one down a peg when they cognize the great truth that each one has his portion always.

Infinite Intelligence would be unjust to withhold one's rightful portion for an instant.

The great DYNAMIS knows its business and never falls in its "perfect returns."

"He is a crank" is simply a truism. A crank is a lever that moves machinery.

A human crank is a fellow that moves society—the world.

"Served him just right" was a popular slang during the earlier days of the theosophical movement.

Theosophists look upon the events of one's life here and their daily activities as the result of their former lives and that whatever experience they are called upon to pass through is simply the working out of their karma—be it good or bad, and therefore they are always served right. Those who take a broader view contend that all souls are attributes of the One Soul and that rewards or punishments are impossible. To "serve" means to wait upon, to assist, to benefit, and the One Life is always serving or assisting its attributes right. We are all kings and queens and the great Energy is our royal servant, breathing into us life, pulsing our hearts and playing divine harmonies upon the wondrous cells of our brains.

"He has the grit" or "the sand"—or lacks it—has a chemical basis. The base of human bodies as well as all materialization is mineral (sand or grit).

A lack of cell-salts in blood and brain causes weakness and inaction, hence the phrase "lacks grit" is literally true.

Let us not despise slang—even though we do not use it—but rather let us endeavor to comprehend the mighty truth that the same wisdom that expressed the words or symbols called "slang" through the organisms of plain and oftentimes illiterate persons is the same wisdom that placed Orion with his clustering lamps in the southern sky; stationed the sentinel Arcturus with his bended bow above the northern pole; holds the heavens in balance with Alcyone and the circling stars of the Pleiades; sends the comet—its swift electric messenger—to creation's outer circle as watchman or messenger with the key to the holy of holies; bearing upon its flaming front a spiritual headlight that casts its beams across measureless wastes of star dust that binds in one, the universe; "whose body nature is, and God the soul."

We are not deceived by the costumes worn by actors upon the drama stage, then let us not be deceived by the disguises in which Infinite Wisdom appears upon the stage of material experience.

When the knowledge of Self is gained, all fetters fall off of themselves. Then there is no distinction between a Brahmin and a Sudra, a high caste or a low caste.—Sri Ramakrishna.



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Health Hints

Conducted by
DR. H. T. McCLAIN, Osteopathic Physician



AN IDEAL LUNCHEON DISH—Soup is, properly, a luncheon dish, when something is needed to fill and warm the stomach, and yet be easily digested. It is a great mistake to eat a heavy meal at luncheon. In fact numerous cases of stomach trouble have been cured by cutting out the luncheon altogether.

A PROLIFIC CAUSE OF THROAT TROUBLE—It seems an odd thing to say, perhaps, to the uninitiated, but many instances of throat trouble are caused by a slight deviation from the normal position of the bones, and could be easily and speedily cured by Osteopathic treatment. Tonsillitis, bronchitis, and many similar throat diseases owe their origin to scarcely perceptible lesions in the neck.

HOW TO CURE COLD IN THE HEAD—A cold in the head is at first the result of a congestion of the mucuous membrane lining the nose, throat, Eustachian tubes, etc. A cold draught blowing on the head and neck causes a contraction of the muscles. The contracted muscles produce pressure upon the blood vessels, driving the blood away from the surface of the body, and thus causing the congestion referred to. When one understands conditions and their cause, one may better select the remedy. The "good old-fashioned" remedies for a cold are still good, because they are rational. Drawing the blood from the congested area, by means of hot drinks, and hot foot baths, eating little or no food, at the same time having your Osteopath relax the contracted muscles, will invariably restore normal circulation, and save the trouble of a protracted cold.

HOW TO "BREAK UP" A COLD IN A DAY—If one will treat an incipient cold with a twenty-four hours' fast, drinking quantities of cold water in the meantime, it will take the hint that it is not welcome, and will go off "in a huff."

Personal Problem Department

Subscribers to THE SWASTIKA who desire their questions answered free of charge in these columns may send in their questions to Editor Personal Problem Department. Those desiring a personal and private letter of advice from Dr. Melvor-Tyndall must enclose \$1 for same.

"AN ANXIOUS WIFE" writes: Will you give me some advice upon how I may influence my husband to let me have access to the funds. I have always been obliged to ask him for money and in the twelve years that we have been married, I have never been able to do this without dread and hesitation. He is very kind to me in most ways, but will not allow me an income. I want to know what thought to hold in order to make him see this point as I do.

Answer: The editor of this department, following his merely personal inclination, would say that instead of telling you what "thought to hold," would like to say, "hold a club to him," but he won't. You have twelve years of negative training to overcome, and that will require decision, persistency in the idea of justice, and probably much patience. Tell your husband that you want to have a monthly income (and make it as large as he can possibly give you, as you can always save out of it if you want to), and show him in every way that you are not begging a favor, but commanding your right, and persistently stick to your point. Unless you are convinced beyond anything that it is your right and that it is yours sooner or later, don't attempt the thing at all. Never miss a day that you don't present your claim, and above all, don't "tease" or whine, or cry, or complain. Simply demand it—without equivocation, hesitation, or excuse. Put him on the defensive. Never excuse your attitude of mind. If you can't justify it to the extent of demand, don't ask for it. If you "treat" yourself for the proper mental attitude the rest will follow with ease.

"ABBIE DERBY" wants to know: Do you think it possible to reform a man who has drunk steadily for years and after he has taken "cures" for the drink habit?

Answer: Most certainly. The word "reform" has hitherto been used to convey the idea of "turning one from the error of his ways" to religion, but the word actually means to re-form the cell structure of the brain, thorough changing the thought currents of one's being. There is never a time when this may not be accomplished through metaphysical healing. Drunkenness is a disease, an abnormality, and, therefore, curable.

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Books Received

(Conducted by Kenneth D. Lyle.)

THE ROMANCE OF A MYSTIC RING, by Constance M. Allen, Baumgardt Pub. Co., Los Angeles, Cal. This story belongs to the literature of mystical romance of which we have all too little in this hustling, bustling, commercial century. Although the story is of our own day and our own people, and of our own California, the atmosphere is one of mysticism, not to say mystery, and is as far removed from the usual tale of commercial or social life, as can well be imagined. The book may be ordered of the author, Hollywood, Cal., or of the publishers, price \$1.00, beautifully bound in blue cloth and gold.

THE SEVEN CREATIVE PRINCIPLES, by Hiram Erastus Butler, Esoteric Publishing Co., Applegate, Cal. This is a most helpful and instructive book for the student of esoteric philosophy. It is presented in the form of seven lectures, beginning with a lecture on "The Idea of God," and concluding with "The Esoteric Significance of Color." The intervening chapters are devoted to Force, Discrimination, Order, Cohesion, Fermentation, Transmutation, Sensation, which the writer designates as "the seventh of the seven creative principles!"

MURDERING GOD, by Dr. George B. Fisher, is as startlingly original as its title suggests. Here is a quotation: "Cowards commit suicide—brave men live, learn and lift, forever. To destroy your life is to murder God, to rob your casket of a vital organ is to poison God! To infuse the human laboratory with a viscious drug is to poison God, for you are of the best of all that is—perfect in your time and place—hence you are God." The entire book of over 200 pages is filled with tersely expressed wisdom such as this, nor is this all. In it are given original and splendid methods of physical culture with full page illustrations; the rationale of foods, with suggestions for correct diet for specific ailments, and a chapter devoted to astrology and palmistry with their bearing upon "fate." The book is elegantly bound and printed, with full page illustrations, and is priced at \$3.00. It can be had by addressing the New Thought reading rooms in the Hotel Albany, Denver, or of the author, 2946 Forest avenue, Denver, Colo.

THE MYSTIC SCROLL, by Helen Van Anderson, published by The New York Magazine, 22 N. William street, New York; price, \$1.00, cloth. This book is most attractively printed and bound, and is written in the mystical, yet practical style which Helen Van Anderson so well commands. In it are given, also, some excellent practical methods for self-healing, the cure of certain habits, the attraction of desired conditions and the secret of opulence.

THROUGH SILENCE TO REALIZATION, or The Human Awakening, by Floyd B. Wilson, published by Elizabeth Towne, Holyoke, Mass.; price, cloth, \$1.00. So many people can say that they have found in Mr. Wilson's "Paths to Power," the sign-post to the enlargement of individual consciousness, for which all inquiring minds are now seeking, that the announcement of anything from his pen is quickly grasped.

What They Say of Swastika

"What's in a name?" is a query made famous by Shakespeare, and I am not certain that the question has ever been answered satisfactorily either affirmatively or negatively.

For myself I had never thought there was much in a name, until my recent experience with The Swastika magazine. I am a member of the Swastika family, and for months before the materialization of the magazine, Dr. McIvor-Tyndall used to say: "I don't see why someone doesn't publish a magazine called The Swastika?" until finally it dawned upon us all that the enterprise had been left for the Swastika family to carry out. Of course we couldn't publish a Swastika without George Edwin Burnell, because Burnell is somehow associated in our minds with the wonderful symbol, and so when he signified his willingness to contribute to the magazine we had no further excuse to delay, and we simply had to publish The Swastika.

Now what I am getting at is this. Before the first copy of the magazine was out, we were in daily receipt of from ten to fifteen orders for the coming magazine.

On the Sunday after The Swastika magazine made its appearance, one hundred and fifteen subscriptions were taken, and almost as many more single copies were sold. Now, with all due credit to the evident excellence of this publication, I believe that this scramble to get a glimpse of The Swastika is due to a

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great extent to the "good fortune" symbolized by the name, and I, for one, confess to a superstitious belief in the efficacy of the symbol.

Here is a copy of an order for the magazine, that is typical of many. It comes from San Antonio, Texas, and reads:

Enclosed find twenty-five cents for four months' subscription to 'The Swastika.' For the love of God, where in hell did you get the name?"

Now I like that. I believe that the writer will become one of our one hundred years' subscribers. He has the force and the courage of his sentiments and therefore he is bound to like The Swastika.

Here is another from the National Soldiers' Home in Indianapolis:

"I want your magazine—whatever you call it—for four months' trial. If I like it, I'll subscribe for longer. It ought to be a mighty good magazine if the name and yours count for anything. Why don't you get a longer name, so that a fellow can fill up a good-sized envelope with it?"

Someone writes from San Francisco: "Say, but The Swastika is fine. I always knew you were mighty clever, but I really never expected you to have the best New Thought magazine in the market on the very first issue. Enclosed find one dollar and address for one year."

A friend writes from Los Angeles: "You can put me down for the next ten years. I like The Swastika. Its Oriental appearance is fetching. I believe you are a reincarnated Hindu. You seem to belong to the Orient in your tastes and your philosophy. The Swastika is simply GREAT."

This one is from Boston, Mass.: "'The Swastika' is at hand, and I enclose one dollar for a year's subscription. I have just discovered the name of that queer-looking sign, or symbol, that I have often seen but never known what it stood for. So this is The Swastika. Well, it is all and much more than my expectations pictured it, and I was looking for something good, when I heard you were getting out a magazine. If you can keep the succeeding numbers up to the standard of this one, you will certainly do well."

To Make You Laugh

The twentieth century tendency to "prove all things" was aptly illustrated recently, when the teacher of a third grade school was explaining all about the North Pole to her class in geography. She told them about the freezing temperature, and how it was impossible for anyone to live in the frigid atmosphere. The class listened breathlessly when suddenly out of the silence a shrill voice, with an incredulous tone in it, piped: "How do you know? Were you ever there?"

"That Dochter MacManus is a great man," said one Irishman to another. "Is that so?. An' moight I ask ye why?" queried his companion. "Well," was the answer, "Faith, he saved Tim O'Neil's bye Jimmie, from dyin' uv a turrible disease. Jimmy was that bad of that disease yez call 'pendisitis,' the other docter sed he couldn't live the week, so Tim, he sent fur Dochter MacManus and the firrst thin' Dochter MacManus done was to give Jimmy some kind uv dose to make 'im shleep."

"And he got well at wunst?"

"No. He niver woke up. The dhrug was too sthrong fur 'im."

The following incident illustrates the force of suggestion in dealing with children, and incidentally it proves the old-time virtue of "pointing a moral": Little Willie had been told the story of "Naughty Nellie," who disobeyed her mother and ate up all the jam. "And," the story ran, "she supped and she supped 'till she ate it all up," and the story finished up with the moral, which was all a moral should be. Naughty Nellie was punished, besides which the jam made her very sick (rather over-punished in fact was Naughty Nellie). The mother duly impressed the story upon little Willie and went her way, leaving the suggestions to sink in, which they evidently did, for a half hour later, the mother found her suggestible young son in the pantry, poised on the top of his high chair, his hands and face liberally besmeared with jam. On seeing his mother approach he gleefully exclaimed: "And she supped and she supped till she ate it all up," fully testifying to the fact that he had got the point of the story of Naughty Nellie.

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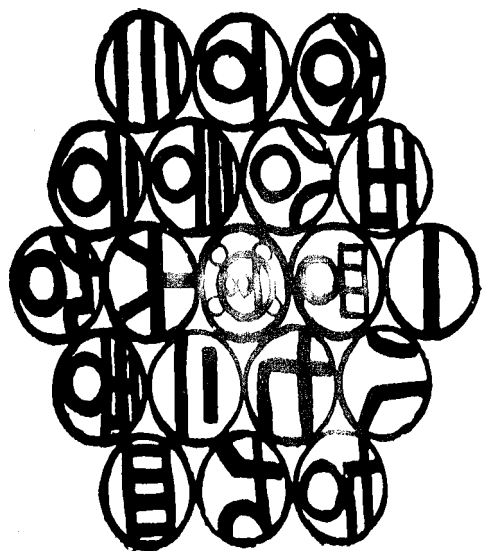
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