

Mahatma — proof that he was very much in earnest. To the ordinary, unilluminated eye he was simply a farmer — “a goodly, portly man i’ faith, and a corpulent.” It was just for these qualities that I chose him as my Mahatma. At the present time everybody who can afford a ouija-board — or is worth fleecing by a medium — is trying to get in touch with the next world. All sorts of fakirs with unhealthy complexions are reaping a harvest from the credulous. But the passion of my life is to get in touch with this world — with the dreary, wonderful, tragic, exhilarating, proxy, poetical world that we have been born into. And I find it just as hard to get in touch with this world as the seekers find it to get in touch with the next. That is why I chose a good, fat, material Mahatma who is quite obviously in touch with such gross things as food, shelter, clothing, the sunshine, the fresh air, and the good brown earth. While others are trying to establish communications with outlying planets, I am trying to get into com-