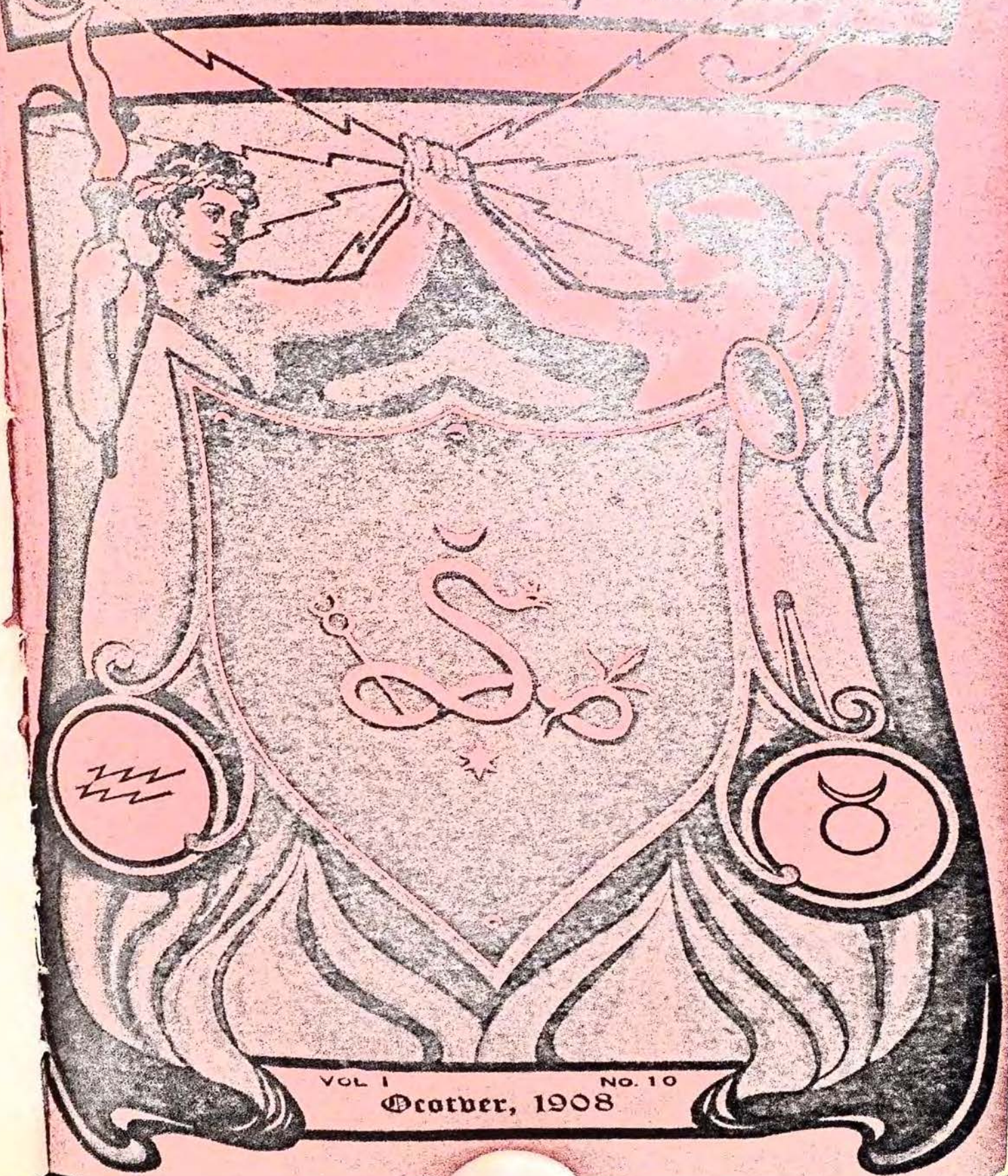


The PHALANX



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The Phalanx

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A JOURNAL OF PHILOSOPHY AND FRIENDSHIP

The inspirations and Outbursts of One,
DELMAR DEFOREST SKYANT,
Assisted by the Muse Himself.

*The Ideas in this Journal are presumed to be mostly original.
Any recognized plagiarisms are ascribable to unconscious
cerebral kleptomania. At least, give us credit for the clothes.*

We take our hat off to a few,
The names of whom are scattered through—
Who said the thing we wished to say,
But said it better every way.

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A JOURNAL OF PHILOSOPHY AND FRIENDSHIP

Poets are all who love,—who feel great truths and tell them.

—Bailey.

*He that feeds men serveth few;
He serves all who dares be true.*

—Emerson.

Fatalism.

If we are shed like thistle down
From out the womb of fate, and fly
Borne on the breeze of chance, and fall
By accident on rock or soil
To strive or thrive, or live or die—

If mind and purpose, thought and will,
Are hung like puppets on a string,
And hither pulled or thither pushed
By some capricious destiny,
What moots it then to try?

'Twere more in harmony with wish
To be the sports of circumstance
Than blocks upon the checker board.
Relentless by fate's finger moved,
Predestined for an unknown end.

But who outside of cloistered wall,
Or dingy dungeon's noisome cell,
Could e're conceive such monstrous thought—
Distorted, dire and desolate—
To shatter hope, and paralyse.

Who passes in yon city's gate,
From mountain wild or desert waste,
To note the myriad shapely forms,
Rock-hewn or moulded from the sand,
Can longer prate of chance and fate?

Who can behold those works of art—
Sculptures that breathe, paintings that live,
Or listen to the Soul in song
And the Spirit that speaks in verse,
And still believe in destiny?

And who by the wand of the will
The visions of prophets fulfills,
And the magic of love supreme
Doth realize every dream,
Opening the heavens and closing hells—

Slumbering forces commanding
Consciousness ever expanding—
As the mists of mystery disperse
Knows that Thought moves the universe,
And Mind is the master of worlds.

Scorpio.

The astrological sign of Scorpio is regnant from October 23rd, to November 21st. Of all zodiacal signs this is perhaps the most significant, and at the same time the most involved in mystery. The situation of the sign in the Grand Man gives the clue.

Secrets are things hidden, occult, to understand which is to understand life and its issues. The secrecy is not a mere superstition or prejudice. Many people do not seem able to grasp the reason why anything in this world should be regarded as secret or withheld from general knowledge. Let such contemplate nature which is our one and only guide. Nature conceals everything—only by the most painful processes are we able to wrest them from her.

The sign Scorpio anciently had two different representations—one being the present symbol, Scorpio, the scorpion, and the other, Aquila, the eagle. Thus is represented a force at once lowest and highest, something which may be said to alternately crawl upon the earth or fly in the air. This symbolism really has a very wonderful meaning. In it lies concealed the Lost Word—the Secret Key—to find which, and sense its proper use, would mean perfect control over temporal environment—physical immortality, if you choose. Who will be able to grasp it?

The scorpion is an insect remarkable for its poisonous sting. No better symbol could have been conceived to represent and express the sexual impulse in a low and degenerate state. The eagle is the king of birds, noted for its great strength, its power of flight, its keenness of vision—a beautiful and expressive symbol of the higher, regenerate sex potency.

Trace it out as we may, in history, in myth, in scripture in experience, we are bound to conclude that all the evil and all the good, all the sin and all the glory clustering about human races and individuals of races arise from this one point or center of man's physical universe.

In it are involved all the shame, all the misery, all the wretchedness, all the woe experienced by the race. And may not this be the reason why that inherently we refrain from speaking openly of it—why we instinctively desire to keep it hidden—a mystery and a secret still? I think so.

But the hour has struck in the high tower of the heavens when that which has so long, for natural and obvious reasons, been hidden, must at last be revealed. The searchlight of truth has been turned upon the dark places where the deadly scorpion lurks. More, the light itself is already transforming the scorpio chrysalis, causing it to drop its deadly defenses, and take on a new form—"mounting on eagle's wings."

Nearly all teaching and practice along this line up to the present time has been erroneous and for the most part pernicious. Whenever truthful teaching has been given out, it has been ignored or misinterpreted. A

the force accomplishing this great mystery. The love that now springs up in the human heart transforming and glorifying it, is but a prophecy of the possible joys that lie beyond, once we slay the scorpion in the damp grass—Scorpio, that by its deadly sting has so long changed love to hate, joy to misery, life to death.

Scorpio people are in many ways very remarkable, having very distinctive characteristics. They possess very strong mentalities, with keen intellect and discriminative ability. They are versatile, highly imaginative, and have unusual powers of expression, with a personality intense, often obtrusive, making the ego prominent.

The ruling planetary influence is Mars—a fiery planet in a watery sign—what could be expected but a violent bubbling and an occasional overflow? But the Scorpions are people who do things and do them now. They usually make their mark, if they do like Roosevelt, a typical Scorpio, have to employ a Big Stick and override a stolid and imbecilic opposition, even an American Congress.

Of all people they are inherently qualified to realize and to express subliminal and ecstatic states and conditions—the power which sustains the eagle's flight—making it possible to rise above the darkening clouds of earth into an atmosphere of eternal sunlight and truth.

The Book of Life.

I. PASSION.

Passion is a mento-physiological phenomenon. The term is applied to a variety of mental states, almost any excessive feeling, sensation or desire being termed passion. Thus anger is called a passion, and one may have a passion for art, for games, or for any sort of activity. But the chief use of the term is to express the ardent longings of sexual love. In this sense it has been aptly called the "grand passion." It is this form of passion that I shall discuss.

It all depends upon circumstances, and upon the individual viewpoint, how passion is looked upon, whether as base and ignoble or divine and ennobling. Poets in

all ages have raved over it, youth has ever worshipped at its shrine—all normal beings have experienced it. It is the power that moves the world, perpetuates the race, advances thought, cements society. And yet, the thing which blesses most is held to be the greatest curse. And it is difficult to discover why.

The word passion itself means "suffering," and, though it embodies the intensest joy, it may and often does culminate in the deepest of woe. It is like a cup of rich wine, at the bottom of which are bitter lees, and the drinker must swallow the whole.

Noting the sorrows and miseries that follow in passion's wake, philosophers and thinkers in all ages have in theory condemned it, though falling victims to it in practice. Having been made disreputable, the effort to conceal it and its results, has honeycombed the whole fabric of human thought and expression with hypocrisy and insincerity.

But how shall we describe passion? It is an irresistible something which overshadows and envelops man like a spiritual mantle, a celestial aura, whispering sweet words, painting the skies beautiful and bringing day dreams of heaven—then, all of a sudden, it leaves him breathless and shivering upon the dark ground, under the dark sky, with ugly phantoms pressing close and with a bitter taste, an aching brow, and a cry of anguish on the lips.

Therefore, passion has been looked upon as an illusion of the senses—a false, unnatural, sinful thing—a destroyer of the best in man, and moralists have sought to slay and extirpate it, to wall it out, or, if perchance it entered, to flagellate it—performing penitential rites and enduring bodily mutilation in order to exorcise the demon and weaken its power.

Thus arose the monastery. But at the same time, in obedience to the natural law of compensation, the "devil" in a subtler form of the cloister arose—and all that monk by years of penance had accomplished, the nunnery upset in the twinkling of an eye, for passion is and ever has been master of the world and men. Like a mighty river, it may be diverted, but dammed, never.

Since woman appeared to incite the passional impulse, she was ranked chief among the sinful creations which Satan had devised to draw men from the path of rectitude. And the brutality, the woe, the horror that she has suffered on this account causes us to wonder if the intellect of man, which is supposed to differentiate him from the beast, and on which he prides himself, is not, after all, a mental derangement, a madness.

Contemplating woman as the source and origin of evil, the chief instrument of the devil, celibacy was regarded as the greatest virtue, as indulgence was the greatest vice. There was no thought as to the real nature of the vice—that it lay in the physiological effect on the individual—it simply was that woman herself was a contaminating element, hence the monks were taught that any other method of gratification of the sexual impulse was proper and right. And yet, what shameless hypocrisy is shown whenever the Inky Veil has been lifted from the history of monasticism. Long lines of monks emaciated, shrivelled and imbecillie by unnatural abuses—pompous prelates, swarthy and sensuous through secret debauch—whole nunneries, gone delirious and fannatical through long enforced cruelties, like Niobe, all tears and inconsolable over the death of maternal hopes, and the bitterness and barrenness and blighting of life.

Thus gradually was evolved a brand of morality hinging upon a direct inversion of natural law and order—Nature, according to the ecclesiastics, representing the devil ever at war with God. And this morality has become the heritage of the present day generation, and the Church, which never advances one peg without tremendous pressure, forces its acceptance upon society. This false morality has been so ingrained into us by early religious training that it is difficult to get away from it. Religion is at the foundation of law, is crystallized into law, that is why law is bondage to a free-born soul. Not because it is orderly law, but an inversion of the law of nature.

Common law, the bastard child of superstition and selfishness, still goes on waging the same relentless, hypocritical warfare on passion—its advocates adjudging,

condemning, then embracing and succumbing thereto, as from the foundation of the world.

How long in the light of the New Age now dawning shall the world thus go on treading the Calf Path of a dark-age ancestry? Why is passion eternally tabooed, repressed, sermonized and strictured and its votaries relegated to the abode of evil?

What, after all, in the light of science is passion?—Merely sexual hunger, not essentially different from food-hunger. It is, in fact, on close analysis found to be *actual hunger* for a form, and a very essential form, of food or physical nourishment, *more necessary to the life of man than ordinary food*, the deprivation of which means ultimate death.

The awakening of passion is as natural as the opening of the eyes to see, the mouth to taste, the hand to feel. Without the awakening of this impulse, there would exist, as everyone knows, no attraction between the sexes, no love, no marriage, no birth—nothing. Without it, the race would have become extinct before it began. What absolute nonsense, then, to ignore passion, or to repress it, regarding its manifestation as a sin and shame!

Yet we, as students and philosophers, recognizing that in a broad sense “whatever is, is right,” must explain to ourselves why the race has come to look upon this thing as it does, so differently from any other instinct or impulse.

There can be but one natural reason, and that is that passion has been diverted from its right use and fulfillment. It is not, after all, passion that people curse, but the usual unfortunate results of it—not the sparkling wine in the glass, but the bitter lees they are forced to swallow, which makes them sick and suffer.

The truth is, passion is the opening page in the Book of Life, beyond the frontispiece of which few mortals ever get. The passion that ends in generation or the thwarting of generation, closes this book abruptly, and brings a train of horrors, often worse than the carnage of the battle field—being the death of love, and causing the Lamb of God to be slain from the foundation of the world.

But, when woman, Queen of the World, has become "clothed with the Sun, having put the Moon under her feet," there is a passion that opens the Book of Life on whose every page is written ecstasy and power, and on its final cover, Everlasting Life!

The so-called development of the race is but the unfolding of consciousness—feeling. Feeling is the one thing which differentiates man from the lower animals, and the animals from plants. And how is feeling developed, except through a series of sensations?—And what, pray, is the origin, cause or evolutionary principle in sensation?—Sexual interaction—atomic, molecular, cellular, individual—nothing more nor less. To repress, thwart, hinder or in any way interfere with the natural expression and growth of this principle is reactionary, subversive of truth, and, in the light of divine law, criminal—a crime for which the Church must answer, and for which society must pay the penalty.

The world today in relation to what it will be tomorrow—when the Light breaks—is exactly upside down. Religion, which more than anything else is responsible for this inversion of truth, is seen to be but a mass of mouldy decaying mummery, a blight upon the mentality of the world. Morality, which orthodox ecclesiasticism repudiates, though a step in advance of religion yet becomes as a cemetery of dead bones—customs that savage and unenlightened people fashion into chains and wear about their necks as fetishes. Law, which like a graven image, hewn of the rock of custom and resting on the pedestal of religious belief, men create and obsequiously bow down to. Science, a bleak mountain-side whereon many adventurers have staked out claims that, like so many gophers, they delve into—finding only fossils, seldom facts—being more bigoted and intolerant as a class than the religionists, the moralists and the sticklers for law—parrots of precedents repudiating all that which is outside of their text-books.

All these go groping forward to the pit. Only he, the Lover of Nature, who joyfully espouses and becomes intimate with her, who seeks earnestly to learn the secrets of her inmost heart—only he may hope for Wisdom and

for immunity from the great impending world-catastrophe and ruin—death and dissolution.

There is but one great and burning question in the world. There never has been but one. To answer this, religion and science both set out, but the answer they have never found, nor yet the first faint suggestion of it. The question is not, as the Church puts it, "If a man die, shall he live again," meaning in some undefined future state, but—*how is the last enemy, Death, to be overcome?*

If we but go to Nature, Nature, though a sphinx, will give a cue to the answer. She shows us plainly the Thread of Immortality running through all life, shows us plainly that life is deathless. More than this she has implanted within every human breast not only the love of life but the fear of death. We have every reason to believe that a thing like death which is universally feared is a thing which ought to be escaped, and which may be. Nature is true and implants no false hopes—no ideals that may not be realized. When the desire for immortality is supreme, when the eye is single, when the belief in death has been mentally destroyed, when the mind is free from superstition, then the real Book of Life will be open to us.

By which I do not mean to be understood as saying that the attainment is altogether a mentally affirmative process, as many imagine—not at all. But first the thought has to be mentally grasped, and the desire for immortal consciousness, often but a mere spark, has to be fanned into an intense flame.

The great mass of humanity is composed of individuals already more dead than alive—walking corpses headed straight for the grave, having no other aim or expectation. Nothing can stop them—they do not care to be saved from death—they believe death inevitable, and are doing everything possible to hasten the hour. All they cling to, if to anything, is the "hope beyond" which some priest has implanted. These people would not change their habits of life, nor their morals, religious belief—not even their diet or dress—nothing to avert death. Such, certainly, are doomed and foredoomed to die. To

such the words I write can never come, and if they do come they will fall on deaf ears.

Go forward, then, in the dance of death, ye who love its measures! Call in your doctors and surgeons to stimulate, repair, patch and pump up— for a day, a week, or a year, the punctured tires of life. It is but a repetitional pneumatic process, and it is only a question of usage and time when the running gear of life's wheels will wear out, burst and be thrown on the scrap heap of oblivion.

You may idealize death as the portal to angelic spheres, you may think it fortunate to escape from the sinfulness and responsibilities of this world.

With Schopenhauer you may look upon pain as the normal expression of life, and death the only legitimate outcome of it, but *I am for life, immortal life!* This world is big enough and beautiful enough and good enough and grand enough to hold me and satisfy me for a thousand years—and then, if I grow weary, I may lay it down, but never willingly *till I know how to pick it up again* when and where I will. I will not go out upon the great unknown sea without chart or compass—I will take no chances with the grinning phantom, death!

The passion to live is contingent alone upon our passion to love. We need only to know how to transform this passion from the common plane to the plane of ecstasy; which is a “standing apart” from the world, and all its ordinary experiences.

And let me say this, that something more than mere idle curiosity is essential in order to open the Book of Life at the page of ecstasy, though the *power* to open it is in each one's hand.

Seek ye first the kingdom of happiness, and the rest shall be added! Remember, that *no true King ever reigned without a true Queen*. When this occurs, Wisdom sits enthroned, and Hope inspires with the belief that the Heir Apparent will soon come into visible manifestation. Follow The Phalanx and ponder these words!

Speech is but broken light upon the depth of the unspoken.

Another Promised Land.

BY ALINE.

I have, like Moses, been carried to a high mountain and my gaze been directed to a certain valley, which though strangely familiar in general outline and appearance, yet possessed certain peculiar characteristics which readily distinguished it from any known place in the world. In fact it might well be taken for fairyland, or some spot in dreamland. I seemed to be separated from this valley at the time by impassible precipices and other formidable bearers beyond, and yet I was conscious of a power to reach it and the way was shown.

Meanwhile I was given a telescopic vision which brought every detail of the place out clear to me.

The valley appeared to be in every sense a perfect Elysium and the realization of all the poet's and Utopian dreamers. It was not a broad valley, but rather long—situated on a sort of peninsula ending in a mighty promontory, which overlooked a sea of singular serenity. A range of rock-ribbed hills followed the shoreline around, serving as a protection to the valley nestling within.

In the valley were to be seen a great number of beautiful dwellings of oriental design, and of unique construction; roofless and transparent as of glass, shimmering in the sunlight and reflecting prismatic hues. These were surrounded by trees and flowers of rare variety such as grow in lands of perpetual sunshine.

The whole area appeared like a vast park with numerous winding streets and avenues. Through the midst of it flowed a river on which were to be seen innumerable boats with butterfly-winged sails. These alternately rose in the air describing circles like birds, then sank again upon the bosom of the placid waters and sailed on. From the people in the boats and those upon the shore came laughter and song that mingled as a symphony whose dulcet sounds reaching my ear produced a sensation of strange delight.

At the upper end of the park-valley I observed standing out prominently two immense fountains constructed

of the whitest kind of marble, which appeared to me to embody and explain the entire mystery of the place. The fountains themselves were more than mysterious—they were magical. From them gushed a peculiar, translucent liquid, that resembled some kind of artesian mineral water. I say gushed forth, but they did this intermittently and spontaneously on the approach of some devotee, who knelt at the fountain in prayerful attitude and placing his lips close to the image of the fountain quaffed long and deeply of the flowing waters. I wondered much why these persons remained so long drinking, and wondered still more to observe that when they arose each appeared to be filled with a new ecstasy and joy, for they began singing and dancing and evincing every indication of intense happiness. And here I witnessed a phenomenon that was one of the strangest things I saw. A man and woman who had simultaneously drunk at the fountains joined hands and after looking for a moment into each others' eyes, rose together in the air, apparently by sheer will-power, and floated back to the lower fields, disporting themselves in various ways like acrobats on a trapeze.

I looked for a long time to discover if possible what manner of occupation these singular people had. They were not building or working in fields or shops. I saw no feasting, no cooking, no washing. At this I greatly wondered since I could not imagine a people living without labor or food. At last the matter was made clear to me. The trees, many of them, were laden with fruits and nuts and I noticed that the people sitting under them, now and then reached up and plucked an overhanging fruit or picked up a fallen nut which they slowly ate. One fruit or one nut seemed to serve them for a meal.

Every day the whole people would join in procession and start out, crossing the foothills to the sea, and traverse the shore to the great promontory, where they all assembled in what seemed to be some sort of religious ceremony though it was unlike any of the rites of any religion to which I had been accustomed. Each stood apart and raising his hands high in the air inhaled in

deep draughts the atmosphere which by the way appeared at that point to be highly charged with electric force as evidenced by peculiar lights darting to and fro. In time the bodies of the inhalers grew luminous so that they seemed to stand in a sort of a twilight and shine forth distinctly though the sun was at the time also shining brilliantly. It was a wonderful and indescribable scene.

As a climax to all the whole assembly united in pairs and rose as a body some distance in the air performing a most marvelous aerial dance, after which they floated adown the valley like a flock of birds and settled about their respective dwellings.

For some time I believed these people lived in a state of complete idleness save for the time spent in what I have termed their devotional exercises, which seemed nevertheless more like games, so eagerly and joyfully did they enter into them. It was impossible to form any other conclusion than that these exercises played a very essential and important part in the life of this remarkable people and that they were the means by which they accomplished the many wonderful things I had beheld.

In vain I looked for evidences of real labor or occupation. I would often hear beautiful music and it seemed to emanate from some particular individual or rather from two individuals sitting close together, about whom many others clustered listening.

In the same manner I beheld lovely pictures and beautiful sculptures produced as it were out of the air and seemingly by a purely volitional process. But this was the extent of the labor performed. It was, as it appeared, wholly the labor of intellection—some subtle process involving a union of minds.

Of the pictures thus brought forth, nearly all were representations of the human form, or forms akin to the human—such forms as it could be imagined advanced beings might take, and I understood that by such imagery this people were striving to still further develop their powers. It was a process evidently of advancing ideals. I could see that this occupation gave them the most exquisite pleasure, which was shown by the irradiation of their countenances and their joyful gestures.

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All the paintings and sculptures were perfectly nude, as indeed, were the inhabitants themselves. There seemed to be no recognition of shame in this place, but what I never observed so decorous a community. They had certainly advanced far beyond ordinary earthly standards.

A most singular thing about these people was that not a child was to be seen anywhere, nor yet any that were old and decrepit. They all appeared of about the same age—all strong, viril, and handsome, though of varied types of beauty.

I looked long and earnestly and the more I looked the more fascinated I became. I said to myself, "This is indeed most wonderful—I have dreamed that it might be,—has the dream at last come true? What land is this, and what manner of people can it be?" Again I looked and saw emblazoned in great golden letters upon the hillside of the far-off promontory, formed it seemed by the grouping of gorgeous sunflowers in great letters the name, "Joyland, the Vale of Immortality, the Promised Land of the Faithful."

Co-operation is the peace of industry, the opposite of competition, which is the war of industry.

Dog Styles.

NEW YORK, June 27.—The leading dog hospital and commercial yards here furnish the following bulletin on dog styles for the present summer:

The latest style for the canine summer suit is a trifle higher on the shoulders than that of last year; that is, not much more than the dog's head and neck escape the razor. The tail is worn entirely plain except for a one-inch band of hair near the tip.

Anklets of hair are not this season so popular as of yore for any long haired dog. The most fashionable of recent customers have had their legs shaved clear down to the toes.

Nowadays the dog of polite society must go regularly

is warm weather for its shampoo. It takes a good deal less time to shampoo a dog than for a hairdresser to shampoo the hair of his mistress, and yet the charge is the same in both cases.

—*News Item.*

And these are the sort who make our "best society," dominate fashion, and set the pace for all apedom! There is no longer any doubt about the Descent of Man—only Darwin missed the true ancestor. Who can explain the peculiar mutual sympathy between the canine and human races on any other hypothesis than that of an ulterior racial relationship?

To any person of refined or aesthetic taste, the dog is a vile animal—ill-smelling, vermin-infested, often diseased, frequently savage—not as cleanly as a pig, and no more fitted for the parlor—and yet, as a rule, people dote on dogs, and allow them privileges that they refuse their children!

Think of people of the Gould-Sagan type and station, allowing a pack of dirty hounds to occupy and over-run an elegant mansion, chewing up and demolishing hundreds of dollars worth of the most expensive upholstery and hangings, all as if it were a mere joke or incident not worth mentioning—indignant that a landlord should take notice of it!

What a spectacle to behold a fashionably dressed woman promenading on Broadway, or other crowded thoroughfare, with a leash of yelping canines, straining at their straps, snapping at the legs of passersby or crowding them into the gutter; or to see a woman in a street car or public place affectionately fondling some meanly, rusty specimen of a poodle or skye terrier!

It seems somewhat more out of character to see a fine-looking, and apparently well-balanced, man tied to a dog to the extent that he cannot step out without the dog's company. And the way people will lie and discommode themselves and as many others as necessary to smuggle a pup into a Pullman or a hostelry is simply maddening to anyone who is not himself daffy on dogs.

People often manifest more care and solicitude for

their dogs than for their own offspring. How many poor families you see where the children are scantily clad and half-starved, but who nevertheless find a way to maintain several great Dane dogs, sleek greyhounds, or well-kept setters.

People manufacture all sorts of excuses for keeping dogs, the most usual being that of "family protection"—to give strangers an inhospitable welcome whenever they approach. Then there are others who imagine that to keep a dog baying at the moon night after night acts as a spell to drive away chicken thieves.

I have no objection to people on the dog-plane, who really love the beasts and enjoy their society, devoting themselves to their care and cultivation, but I *do* say such people ought to be segregated and isolated from the neighborhood of people who have evolved to the plane where familiar and promiscuous intercourse with dogs is obnoxious and highly distasteful.

The laws of society are supposed to be made in conformity with the Golden Rule. And if people have not the inherent decency or courtesy to refrain from doing things to injure or annoy others in the community, they ought to be enjoined.

Then why this legal laxity regarding dogs? Why are they allowed free range of the highways, and especially the streets of a town or city? They are a menace to health and a nuisance generally, which no license tag or collar can abate.

And suppose they *are* kept shut up—should a person who desires quiet and a chance to sleep nights be forced to lie awake listening to a chorus of whimpering, yelping, howling canines, who are kept in captivity usually for no purpose but to gratify the doggedness of the owners?

Time was when cattle and hogs had free range of the village streets, as they still have in some remote rural districts. I can recollect when people took it as a great infringement of their "rights," when some more progressive city-council passed a prohibitive ordinance against pasturing cows on the commons, and incidentally in peoples' front yards. Now a cow in town is as rare as a camel.

Some city people are said not even to know the connection between a cow and the cream in their coffee, (often there is none) and the time will surely come when a dog on the streets will be as great a curiosity as a cow, and we may do our early morning vegetable marketing with the comforting assurance that his Curship, Sir Dog, and passing pals have not preceded us.

The humane society of Los Angeles are getting after the Dog Catcher, alleging cruelty, and are arranging to rescue infirm canines and chloroform them—another case of soft-heartedness gone to seed. All hail to the Dog Catcher! May he increase and multiply!

The Magic of Numbers.

Plato said, "God geometrizes." There is no doubt but that the universe is constructed on a perfect numerical system. The apprehension of the human mind for numbers and its ability to understand and apply them is one of the best proofs that it has a direct wire on the the central office of the cosmos and that it is intimately identified with the great scheme of things.

All thought, at least all concrete thought, is based upon mathematics. Without this foundation established, it is very doubtful if the mind would be capable of abstraction. At all events, numbers enter so largely into our thinking and doing that we recognize them as indispensable.

Aside from the ordinary uses to which numbers, or figures, are put, as for example the computing of grocery bills, the laying out of buildings, the calculation of areas and distances, there are other uses not commonly understood, which if looked into reveal to us something of the hidden and inner nature of things, because we are able thus to follow the tracings of the "finger of God" in his geometrizing.

The Hebrews and other ancient peoples placed great stress upon the inherent significance of numbers. To them they were symbols of certain occult conditions of

matter and exemplified or expressed the relation of unknown and otherwise unrevealed things.

Numbers were applied to the ancient alphabets, or to speak more exactly, the letters of the alphabet were made to stand for numbers so that each acquired a meaning peculiar to itself. The Tarot, or Book of Thoth, a very old symbolical record that has come down to us probably from Egypt, was constructed in conformity with this idea.

There is a tradition to the effect that in ancient times, at a period when occult science had undoubtedly attained a high position, the world was threatened, as it often has been since, with universal war and devastation, whereupon the priests of the Sacred Wisdom met together and devised this system of symbols, whereby the ancient wisdom might be preserved and transmitted adown the ages. The system was unique for its simplicity, being reduced to a set of cards upon which were engraven the imperishable symbols pertaining to the hidden laws of Nature. These were scattered among the masses, who, little suspecting their sacred character, made various games of them, and thus they were handed down and perpetuated.

Our present day playing cards are said to be derived from the original Tarot cards—the kings, queens, knaves, etc., being but modernized representations of more ancient symbols. It is really wonderful to think what a hold card games have upon people in general. There must be some mystic quality, some occult potency involved to cause the fascination.

For the benefit of those who may not have access to the Tarot, as well as for those who fail to understand the meaning of it, I will explain briefly the ideas which appear to me to cluster about the primal numbers. At the outset it is to be understood that the figures of the Tarot do not in any way relate to persons, either historical or otherwise, but rather to certain principles, or essences, operating in Nature, and, of course, for this reason very closely related to the life of man, and to his development and progress.

A, the number ONE.—The primitive substance of

which all things are made, represented materially by carbon. Mentally it denotes initiative will power, self-government—"The Juggler," master of subtle movements, distances, sizes, weights. The number is considered fortunate.

B, the number TWO.—A division of one for the attainment of higher planes—the separation of the monad into the diad—the beginning of separate sex manifestation, whereby is inaugurated contention and struggle, bringing in a line of experience called evil—"The High Priestess," who holds the keys of life in one hand and a half-closed book in the other. For the priest this is a sanctuary, for the laity, a sepulchre.

C, the number THREE.—The primal generation, the immaculate conception effected by the divine spirit overshadowing—the result of spiritual assimilation in which the "Juggler" plays a hidden part, as well as the "Priestess." It is the woman who is first transformed into "The Empress," star-crowned, with foot upon the moon, having the eagle emblazoned on her escutcheon. The number stands for harmony and plenty. Three is lucky.

D, the number FOUR.—The opening of the door to accomplishment, from which prosperity follows. This is the true number of deity, conceived at first as a myth apart from man, but later as embodied in man himself. The "Juggler" by association with the "Empress," having first learned the law at the feet of the "High Priestess," becomes himself "The Emperor," a type of the vivifying potency in Nature, the dominion of mind over matter. The number is very fortunate.

E, the number FIVE.—The expansion of life. Corresponding to the number two on the plane below, it symbolizes reincarnation. "Except ye be born again (of spirit and water) ye shall not see the kingdom." This mystery can only be grasped by crowned heads, like the "Empress" and her liege, the "Emperor." The attainment of this step is fraught with so much uncertainty, strife and misunderstanding that this number has a bad reputation. The "Priestess" is here displaced by "The Pope," himself a magician, who will if he possess the true key proceed to unlock the sacred treasure-vault.

F, the number SIX.—A finishing of work—the end of visible creation. “In six days the Elohim created the heavens and earth.” At this point the neophyte is ready for rest—spiritual repose. An angel enters to point the way beyond. He cannot decide. Old desires pull him backward, but to go back he knows to be fatal. Thus he stands between “The Two Lovers.” If true to himself, he will look to the East, follow his guide and fear no danger. His prior ordination as the “Pope” has given him the keys to heaven and hell—he can rise or descend at will. Being the victim of antagonisms that threaten disruption, the number of this step appears to him intensely evil, and is so generally considered. But this, like all evil, is the rooting ground of good which will soon spring up.

Z, the number SEVEN.—A triumphal entry. Here the “Juggler” and “Emperor” of lower planes appear as “The Conqueror.” Attention is drawn to the “Chariot,” the vehicle of conquest. The face of the “Conqueror” is distinctively feminine—a visible sign of the operation of redemptive processes. The sphinxes that draw the “Chariot” plainly reveal the hidden potency, while the *lingam* beneath the “winged-world” clearly points the path to angelhood. Seven is a very fortunate number, meaning realization and victory.

H, the number EIGHT.—Representing Justice. This is but a normal evolution from the line of “Priestess” and “Empress.” It is not enough to have power, one requires wisdom to administer it. Justice is the mother of conscience, of morality, of religion, and of law. In Justice we note the birth of the spiritual nature of man, but it is a birth fraught with separation and strife. The number is good or evil according to whether one has the power to use the sword placed in his hand.

T, the number NINE.—The distinctive number of Wisdom—the result of experience. It is represented by “The Hermit,” denoting prudence and circumspection. The mantle of the “Hermit” conceals much, but a lamp is shown, and a rod also, beneath which is a coiled serpent. The lamp is understanding—the rod, defense—the ser-

pent. force, virile force. Nine is a number to conjure with.

In the above, I have followed the Hebrew order of letters. Note the following table:

1 equals A, I, J, Q, Y; 2 equals B, C, K, R; 3 equals G, L, S; 4 equals D, M, T; 5 equals E, N; 6 equals U, V, W, X; 7 equals O, Z; 8 equals F, H, P; 9 equals T.

Observe that the first nine numbers proceed by a series of triads. 123—456—789, of which the heads, viz., 1—4—7— are accounted masculine and positive, 2—5—8, feminine and negative, while 3—6—9 are neutral and resultant. 1 and 2 are presumed to unite to form 3, while by the union of 4 and 5, 6 is obtained, likewise 7 and 8 produce 9. This refers not to ordinary addition, but to the sexuality, or reproductive tendency, inhering in numbers and to whatever they relate.

We think of 1-2-3 as man-woman-child, or in another and deeper way, as the union of the male and female potency and that which results therefrom—a something unnamed and nameless. In the same manner we regard 4-5-6 as an expression of the very same sequence operating on a higher plane, and 7-8-9 the same again on a still higher one.

To get at the essential significance of any number, add together all its digits, and the digits of the result, and so proceed until you have one single digit. This is the central germ from which the number itself sprang, and embodies the meaning of the number.

Suppose, for example, you are looking to rent a house, and you find two, one numbered 239, and the other 407. The former adds to 5, the latter 7. The first is unfortunate, at least uncertain; the latter, however, is decidedly fortunate.

Numbers should not always be reduced to their lowest term, that is, to a single unit, as many of the double numbers have potencies. This I will explain in another article. Meanwhile it will be good practice for the tyro numbers to reduce various numbers that he comes across to a unitary fundament with a view of ascertaining what each essentially implies.