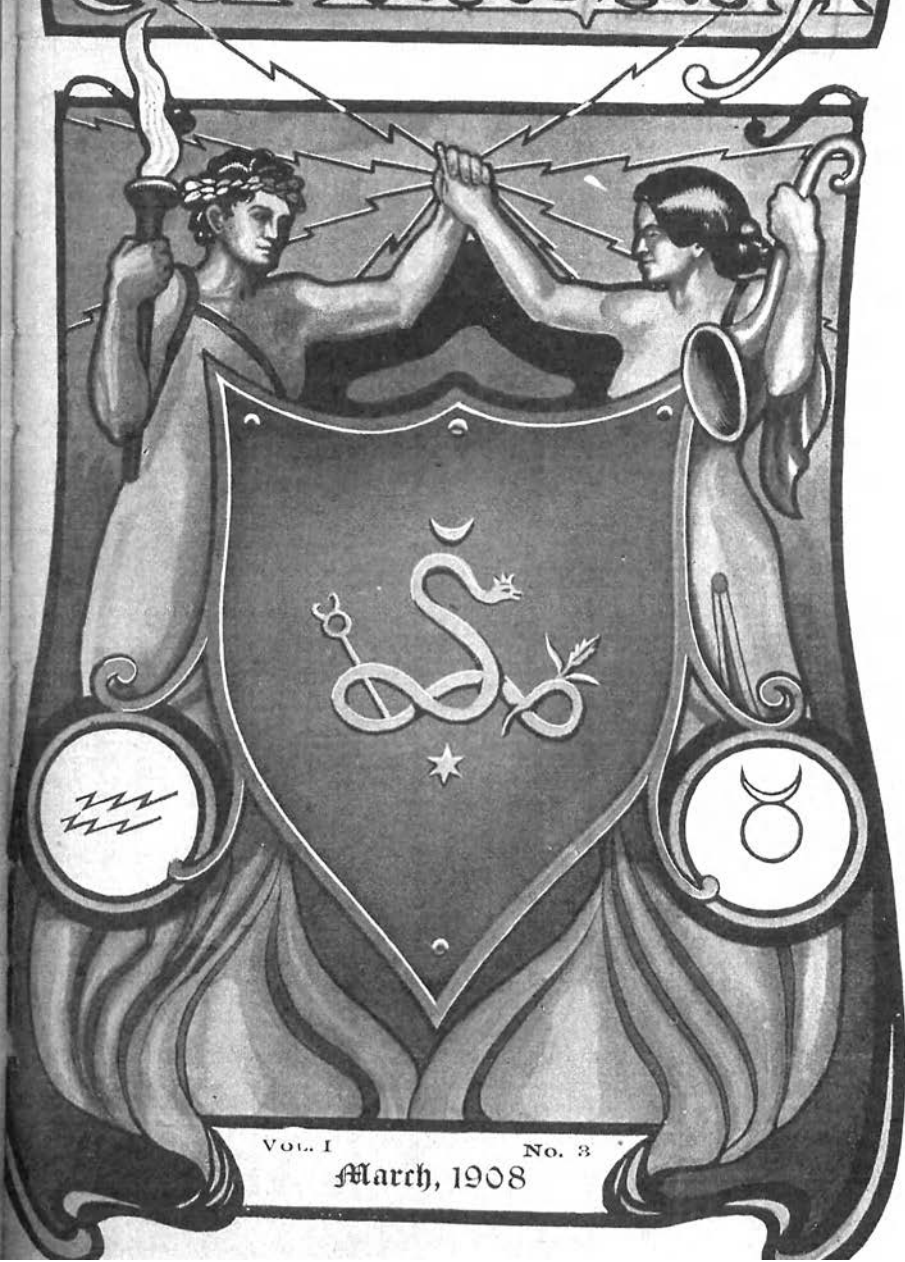


The PHALANX



VOL. I

NO. 3

March, 1908

Special Notice

The PHALANX is the successor of the former journal, "Adiramled." It will appear monthly, subscription price, \$1.00 per year. Aside from an occasional quotation, it will be entirely the expression of ONE, who will employ it as a safety valve. It will contain things of interest and value for those who understand, and who have time to think it over. While considerable attention will be given to the discussion of occult science, as relates to the hidden laws of natural production and eternal renewal of life-forces, its chief aim and object is to awaken interest in the establishment of a New Social Order. Its ideals will be supplemented and exemplified by practical methods for attainment and realization. Address all communications, and make all orders payable to the editor, Delmar DeForest Bryant, Box 858, Los Angeles, Calif.

The Phalanx

A JOURNAL OF PHILOSOPHY AND FRIENDSHIP

The beginning of Philosophy is a consciousness of your own weakness and inability in necessary things.—Epictetus.

The condition which high friendship demands is the ability to do without it.—Emerson.

The Phalanx, Monthly. - - Subscription Price, \$1.00 per Year.

Edited and published in the interest of FREEDOM and TRUTH

by DELMAR DE FOREST BRYANT

To whom all communications should be addressed and all orders made payable

Address, Box 858, Los Angeles, California.

Leaves of Grass.

What is a man, anyhow? What am I? What are you?
Divine am I, inside and out, and I make holy whatever I touch or am touched from.

Oh I am wonderful!

If anything is sacred the human body is sacred;
The man's body is sacred, and the woman's body is sacred.

And if the body were not the soul, what is the soul?
Clear and sweet is my soul, and clear and sweet is all that is not.

—Whitman.

Philosopholets.

Learning is not wisdom any more than cloth is clothes.
—Anon.



Thought is the wind, knowledge the sail and mankind the vessel.—Hare.



I know no disease of the soul but ignorance—Ben Johnson.

Bi-Unity.

Spirit and matter have ever been presented to us in the rudest contrast, the one as all noble, the other as all vile. Supposing that, instead of having the foregoing antithesis of spirit and matter presented to our youthful minds, we had been taught to regard them as equally worthy and equally wonderful; to consider them as two opposite faces of the self-same mystery. Looking at matter not as brute matter but as the living garment of God, do you not think the law of relativity might have had an outcome different from the present one? Without this total revolution of the notions now prevalent, the evolution hypothesis must stand condemned; for what is the core, the essence of this hypothesis? Strip it naked and you stand face to face with the notion that not the more ignoble forms of animalculae, but the human body, the human mind itself, emotion, intellect, will, and all their phenomena were once in a fiery cloud; but in many profoundly thoughtful minds, such a revolution has already taken place. They degrade neither member of the mysterious duality referred to, but they exalt one of them from its abasement, and repeal the divorce hitherto existing between both. In substance, if not in words, their position as regards the relation of spirit and matter is, "What God hath joined together let not man put asunder."

—Tyndall.

Aries.

The sign of Aries is regnant from the 20th of March to the 20th of April.

By comparison of the symbol with that of the preceding month we observe that the two elements which were but loosely united have now become indissolubly so.

The elemental water which was poured upon the elemental earth has awakened a powerful and unique force.

It springs up spontaneously and the former chaos begins to clear, or as the Ancients said, the Ram (Sun) puts on its white fleece.

The whiteness of the fleece, the prominence given to the "horns" or elevated lunar principle which gives the Ram its resistive and aggressive force, expressed through Mars, the governing planet, the active generative impulse, all these circumstances led to the selection of the Ram to symbolize this particular period.

It is considered as the first sign of the Zodiac, because it really is the first definite sign in the alchemical work.

Before this, all exists in the Vase of Art as chaos or "mixt," but with the rising of the Ram, form and order begin to be defined, very much as on outer planes of Nature, spring emerges from the chaos of snow and ice, wherein and under the Great Elemental Mystery has been working out, and now begins its varied manifestations in form.

The Magic Water poured upon the Magic Earth produces a form of heat, the "Fire of Nature," and this Fire attributed to Mars is the Vehicle of the Divine Energy itself.

It is the potency that performs every miracle, the force that produces all forms, the energy that expresses itself in all the varied phenomena of Nature.

This force is born in the bosom of the Solar Orb, and is drawn by the powerful attraction of the Magnet Earth, which holds it as a lover in fast embrace.

It is expressed in the hand-clasp of friendship and the kiss of love. It is impossible for any two objects to contact without originating in some manner and degree the potency of Ram; certain objects, however, have vastly higher potencies than others.

It is the supreme science, the acme of art and the finality of philosophy to discover and correlate these potencies.

Aries characters conform to the Rule of the Water by Fire, summed up in the word Intellectuality.

Aries is born to be a leader and to rule mentally. Action proceeds more from impulse than reflection. Intuition must be added to Intellect. Larger experience must be gained. This is accomplished in the next sign.

Reincarnation.

WHO?

Yonder upon the desert's scorching plain
There looms a figure dark and ominous;
Half buried there beneath the shifting sands,
It stands a marvel from the hoary past.
Its angles, architecture, shape, all show
The cunning work of human hands and thought.

Who shall unveil the antique mystery,
And solve the symbolled secret of the Sphinx?
Unwearied searching doth disclose at last
The secret entrance and a labyrinth
Of winding passages and hidden crypts,
Filled with sarcophagi of mouldering wood,
Wherein lie mummies wrapped in costly stuffs,
Bedecked with jewels and insignia rare,
Showing the royal rank and high estate
Of the enclosed and withered habitant.
Within the very heart of this vast tomb
We come upon the kingly mausoleum;
Here lies in splendid state old Pharoah,
Preserved in shape and countenance, while round
Upon the walls is carved the tragic tale
Of why this place was built, and what it cost
In human lives, whose dust, blown with the sands,
Long since has scattered to oblivion's waste.
And all this fearful toil of chiselling rocks
From out the granite cliffs of distant shores,
This heaving, hauling, hewing, hoisting—
Backs bared betimes to load and lash
Of cruel masters, callous to compassion—
Was but to rear on high this mighty farce,
The fabric of a dream materialized,
The pride and fancy of a selfish king.
Slowly unwound the endless silken peel,
The uncanny kernel of the Thing's revealed;
Horrors, that face! the flickering torch displays
Its ghastly outlines, shrivelled, shrunken, sharp.
It is the same; here dead, but there it lives:
The straight, drawn mouth, the thin, cold lips,
The beady eyes that glisten as we gaze;

The shining pate by Nature tonsured bare,
In penalty of sacred laws transgressed.
'Tis unmistakable—it must be true;
And, if it needed confirmation still,
Look at the history of the Living One,
Whose life career is marked by single aim,
To filch the life and labor of all men,
Diverting wealth, converting all to gold,
With which to gild and deck another tomb.
Anon there rise as from Inferno's pit
The groans and curses of the slavish hordes
Who, meshed and manacled by the wizard's wiles,
Must sweat and starve to add another block
To the already towering tomb. And yet
Our money monarch meekly calls on God
To witness and approve his dispensations.
While from the sanctuary where he prays
There issues forth a mandate, borne by slaves
Through secret crypts to Captains of the Guard—
A nod, a frown, a cunning wink is all—
No word is passed, but they must understand
The import of the Master's will and law.
These minions, System's slaves and sycophants:
"Lay on the lash, ye dogs, spare not nor pause
Amid the wreck and ruin of the world,
Till all lies safe, secure within my grasp;
Then will I fold the drapery close about,
And lie me down to dream that by the law
Of primogeniture my horde is safe;
My money marches on, awaiting when
In future incarnation I may claim
My own again, and sit upon the throne."

As for me, all I know is that I know nothing.—*Socrates.*

✻ ✻

"As a horse when he has run, a dog when he has tackled the game, a bee when it has made honey, so a good man when he has done a good act does not call out to others to come and see, but goes on to another act as a vine goes on to produce again its grapes in season."—*Marcus Aurelius.*

Wisdom.

By ADIRAMLED.

What is that you seek to know? And how do you expect to know it without knowing how to seek? Some forms of knowledge as, for example, that which deals with ordinary experiences can be communicated through the medium of the intellect; but there are other forms of knowledge that cannot be so imparted, because the subjects to which they relate transcend ordinary experience. The mind can only grasp that which it has mentally experienced or demonstrated. No one can understand a musical composition that he has not composed or executed, nor a picture that he has not painted or is unable to paint. Often we see those manifesting keen judgments and well developed perceptions along such lines, without possessing any technical or executive ability, but this would indicate simply latent experience—experience acquired in past lives. And it is just this form of experience upon which we must draw when we delve into occult subjects. Frequently that which we desire to know lies hidden within, like rich veins of ore in the mountain. Time and later experiences, have covered and concealed it, so that it might never be suspected, save for certain outcroppings in the way of desires, aspirations and impressions relating to unknown facts. To come successfully at these matters, we have first to remove the dirt and debris, the accumulations of the common, every day life, and get down to bed rock. There we may begin to look for the real signs. If we find them interesting and favorable, we shall be impelled to go deeper at any cost—perhaps we shall need to go even deeper for the signs. This we shall do if we possess the requisite faith. At all events, the search for hidden wisdom is wonderful. Although it is undoubtedly profitable, we do not regard it from that standpoint. It is something irresistible. Once begun, it absorbs the whole individual. Nothing outside of it is of interest or value any more, so I warn you that are satisfied with the ordinary life, that unless you wish to break away wholly from this life, to eventually sever every tie that now holds you, NOT to enter this part, for it is a path of devotion, and, from the viewpoint of the world, sacrifice.

We believe—we have the settled conviction in our innermost conscience—that **SOMEHOW** we are not living life in as rich and full a manner as it might be lived. We have an intuitive feeling—some of us, at least—that all conditions of sickness and suffering are due solely to our own ignorance, or the ignorance of the race, and that if we were able to dig down deep enough into this mine of Understanding within us, we might uncover knowledge that would enable us successfully to overcome all such adverse conditions. We have a terror and a horror of death—we shrink instinctively from it as something dreadful that is being forced upon us by an unseen power. Only through the cunning sophistries of priests have we ever come to console ourselves with the belief in the divine ordination of death, and to meet it as something inevitable and with some measure of fortitude and heroism. Inherently, with all our religious training, we still rebel at death. Consistently with that training, we should welcome death with joy, it being an escape to a higher and better life, but, whether we believe this or not, we go on grieving for the departed, and shuddering at the thought of the approaching catastrophe. Verily, I say this unto you: Your inmost intuitions are right. Your priest is either a fool or a knave—an ignorant person playing upon your credulity for a benefaction. What does *HE* know of this life or the next life that you do not know? Why do you pay another to do your thinking, and accept an invertebrate doctrine, that cannot stand the test of reason or common sense? These conditions of sickness and suffering, death and decay are certainly natural and normal *on* the ordinary life planes, but on *another* plane they are unknown. And it is the Voice from that plane which calls down through the intuitions of the Soul to Come up higher, to Understand, and to Live. Now do not rush hither and thither amid great noise and clamor to hear what this voice says, neither stand mutely appealing. But **GO INTO THE SILENCE**, and steadfastly, earnestly listen!

I may have said all in words that can be said on the subject, or I may be able to say more that will awaken the thought and clear the imagination—the at-

mosphere of thought. If what I have already said appeals to you, then undoubtedly you will be able to come into an apprehension of the true meaning of redemption and salvation. Redemption comes through knowledge—salvation through understanding. It is actually as our orthodox friends claim: "Redemption through the Blood of the Lamb"—but, alas for perversion of wisdom and the miscarriage of human thought! What one of them is able to interpret this symbol aright? What IS the blood of the lamb? When, how and why is it shed? HOW is it possible to be "saved" by it? Of this the laity—the pious believers—are more ignorant than horses. "By their fruits shall ye know them." Are THEY saved by it? Do they not become sick and diseased—do they not pine away and die like the grasshoppers of the field, or the leaves of the autumn tree? Is THIS the fruit of salvation? Are you satisfied with that sop they throw you of salvation after death? If so, you will GET that also. *That* is reincarnation. So surely as you pass out, you will pass in again, but not consciously, nor of your own free will and accord, and *THIS* is exactly the point of mastery, the *fruits* of true redemption. To give life and to take life at will, as from a fountain flowing abundantly and forever. *Life is such a fountain.* "There IS a fountain filled with blood, drawn from Immanuel's veins." Would you know more? Follow Wisdom: SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND!

Jobs.

A great agitation is being made, ostensibly in the interest of the working man, by our socialistic friends regarding what they term "wage slavery."

The argument is that the working man is enslaved by the capitalist and COMPELLED to labor for wages—often insufficient wages—and that therefore capital is a curse and ought to be abolished.

This can readily be shown to be a very unsound doctrine, since it does not take into consideration existing conditions of human nature. Its fallaciousness, we believe, is the principal reason why Socialism is making

practically so little headway, save in the heads of its ambitious advocates.

Why is it that a man is a slave to the wage system? Is it for any other reason than that he has created the system by his incompetency, and perpetuated it by voluntarily adopting it? Can he ever, so long as he remains in the belief that a job is necessary to him and his existence, be anything else than a slave to the belief?

Certainly not. He is mentally a menial, and therefore actually a dependent on the good will or graces of somebody for his livelihood. And he soon gets to thinking that somebody is in DUTY BOUND to furnish him some sort of a job, and the thought keeps him eternally in the position of servitor—usually with a grouch on and a kick coming, if anything happens to the job.

I care not what his success may be in securing a job, or what the job itself may be, whether that of a track walker at a dollar a day, or that of railroad president at \$100,000 a year, he is all the same a dependent—a Wage Slave.

Humanity naturally divides itself into two classes, the Masters and the Slaves—the Thinkers and the Workers—the Planners and the Executors—the Brains and the Brawn.

I realize perfectly how these distinctions appear distorted in our modern society—how the Fat Fool sits complaisantly on the throne compelling service and taking tribute of the best Thought in the land, but this is because the "Fool," *en masse*, possesses SOME superior cunning, and cunning is the attribute of wisdom that wins out on lower planes.

It is really easy enough for any one who WILLS to be a master of this sort. Herein Will is shown to be superior to Intellect. It is simply a question of Backbone. No one who has the right sort of vertebrae need work for another as a hireling one single day. The opportunity is open to everyone to BE INDEPENDENT—to do SOMETHING for himself, if he but wills to do it.

To be sure, there is no such thing in ANY society as absolute independence. Everyone in society must come under the law or regime of social interdependence. If I do anything myself, make any invention, manufac-

ture something, discover or produce anything, it is valueless UNTIL recognized and required by somebody else.

And yet, incidentally, in a higher sense it really is immaterial to me whether I gain this recognition or not, for I already have gained the one thing essential, and that is personal development and growth through the effort put forth.

Contrast, if you will, two people on about the same plane of intelligence; the one standing in line on the street before an employment office waiting for a job to turn up, and the other just across the street already on to his job, industriously popping corn, and delivering packages at a nickel per. Or again, contrast the counter-jumper with the merchant behind the desk.

It is ever and everywhere the same. The man who wants the job, is hunting the job or holding down a job—he is according to his own estimate a slave to the job and the jobber. And when he gets out of a job he becomes something worse than a slave—a beggar. And like all beggars he soon gets to feeling that the world owes him a living and if he does not run amuck of the job right away, he imagines that there is some sort of conspiracy somewhere to rob him of his rightful job, and a chance to make a living at it.

And when it comes to exercising his franchise, does he do what consistently we would expect him to do, viz.: VOTE to alter his condition? By no means. But rather he almost invariably votes to perpetuate the jobbing system, against which he rails chronically, and to give exceptional and often unjust powers to the masters, whereby he deliberately and unwittingly reduces himself to more abject conditions than ever. But he does this because he intuitively recognizes his own incompetency to handle capital, and he lives in perpetual fear lest the job, his only recourse, fail him.

This one circumstance alone is quite sufficient to show where the "brains" of the System are, and to whom, according to natural law belong the "spoils." Nature, let us observe, puts a far different and broader construction on "fitness" than man in his egotism and selfishness is wont to do.

It cannot, of course, with any truth or reason be asserted that no one should ever seek to serve another. On

the contrary, life itself is epitomized and expressed in service—is really nothing but service. It can, in fact, be shown that the masters give by far the greater service.

In a perfect state of society everyone would be engaged in some congenial service, and all working together for the good of all, "side by each." That it is not so at the present time is due to the fact that selfishness rules supreme in the world. And no one I have ever met is quite as selfish as the lamenting and disgruntled wage slave. Place him in the position of "boss" and you shall see at once what an inborn aptitude he displays for turning the screws tight—all of which results from an entirely wrong conception of the relations of individuals to each other and to society, as well as of a false idea of the meaning of life generally.

But through the very things which the wage slave now suffers or supposes that he suffers, he will at last awaken to the proper concept of his own powers. All unfoldment is brought about through suffering of some sort. All this strenuous bending of backs and beating of brains is unnecessary WHEN we shall have learned to follow the Higher Path.

Work—toil—in itself is suicidal, and the race instinctively recognizing this fact, shirks it. Nobody wants to work, everyone is trying to find a way to evade it. Those who extol work as a great virtue, and proclaim its praises loudest, may be observed sitting in soft seats, with some sort of a Soft Snap which puts them beyond the pressing necessity of hard work.

No higher truth was ever voiced than that contained in the admonition of the Master, one which when comprehended will give freedom to the wage slave and forever cast into oblivion all thought of jobs: "Consider the lily of the field, how it blooms; it toils not, neither does it spin, and yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Self trust is the essence of heroism.—*Emerson.*



"In this world a man must be either anvil or hammer."—*Longfellow.*

Shams.

“But man crouches and blushes
Absconds and conceals:
He creepeth and peepeth,
He palters and steals;
Infirm, melancholy,
Jealous glancing around,
An oaf, an accomplice,
He poisons the ground.”

—The Sphinx (Emerson)

It is apparent to anyone capable of taking an impartial and philosophic view of the matter that man—the average man—is a craven and a hypocrite. He cringes and fawns before the least exhibition of power or superiority, whether real or assumed; he is at heart a liar and a cheat, deceiving everyone with whom he comes in contact, but no one so much as himself. Even his optimism and good will, his benevolence and virtue are but forms of complaisancy and pretense. The animating motive of all his actions is selfishness.

Look at religion, at law, at medicine, at pedagogy—wherever self expression is prostituted to service for personal gain—what a complete humbug, farce and sham it all is. If one views it critically, divesting himself of the hypnotic spell of egotism, hardly can he reconcile the various displays of human vanity and pretense with the reputed godliness of the race.

Why should man, reputedly the noblest work of God, be ashamed of himself or of his acts? Is it due to education and habit of thought, or is it some inherent quality or attribute? Is shame itself indicative of an instinctive recognition of moral defection, or is it merely an expression of wounded vanity, due to excessive approbateness?

If a comparison be instituted between man and the lower animals, or between the present civilized man and

more primitive types, one is almost forced to believe in natural retrogression, even though eternal progression has been postulated as the universal law. Man appears to have developed so many abnormal and artificial characteristics, that a complete return to naturalism would be ideal and desirable. As Whitman says:

“I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and self-contained;

I stand and look at them long and long.

They do not sweat and whine about their condition;

They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins;

They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God;

Not one is dissatisfied—not one is demented with the mania of owning things;

Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago;

Not one is respectable or illustrious over the whole earth.”

Of all the shams and hypocricies in modern society, none are equal to those embodied in the conventional relationships existing between men and women. It is as if the human race were two separate and distinct species, thrown together by some singular cosmic catastrophe. And the peculiar thing observable about it is that the longer these two species have remained together, the more they seem to have become estranged. At one period, if history be accredited, they mingled with great freedom, but now they associate under much restraint, a thousand and one imaginary barriers having been erected between them.

They are compelled by custom and law to wear distinguishing dresses and decorations, a failure to do which is considered a crime and punishable as such. They have also a vast number of rules, as inflexible as the laws of the Medes and Persians, both conventional and legal, relating to and regulating the intercourse between the two species, or sexes as they are termed, and anyone ignoring this established code, or standard of morals, be-

comes socially tabooed, and not infrequently lands in a place of detention.

Convention, or custom, controls not only the action but the speech of this singular race. While it is admitted by their scientific investigators and men of thought that Sex symbolizes and synthetizes the whole of life and its varied phenomena, yet men and women dare not mention the subject of sex in each others' hearing. They are even abashed to use ordinary words suggestive of sexual differentiation. For instance, it would be an evidence of very bad breeding, if not actual vulgarity, to mention by its proper name in the presence of the opposite sex the male of either the bovine or equine species, though one may, with perfect propriety, speak of a dog—the female in this case being disallowed—and jocosely, but never seriously, may refer to a Thomas Cat!

A class of boys and girls in botany may tear the flowers to pieces and discuss without any sense of shame or thought of impropriety such things as stamens and pistils and pollen, together with all the wonderful phenomena of fertilization and seed production, but in physiology it dare not be done—the book must be closed at about the Solar Plexus, nor may it be printed even, save for the private reference of the medico.

Nowhere is sham more apparent than in the fads of fashion. This is what I saw on the street yesterday. A fashionably dressed woman leading a fuzzy doglet by a chain in her right hand, while with her left she dragged along a little girl, who, from her size, would have failed to pass for half-fare. And this spare little maid wore low shoes and garterless socks, and for the rest she was clad like a Scotch highlander. And the day was raw and chilly and her poor little legs were blue. The child was snivelling, and the mother high-headed and oblivious to the situation.

Here, thought I to myself, is a freak of fashion. If this child were a couple of years older, such a rigging would be considered ridiculous, and the woman would be subject to arrest for permitting her progeny to appear in it. Then I thought, in a couple of years this

same little girl may be doing the debutante act in some fashionable drawing room, when her garments will have grown down as she has grown up, and she will present quite a different appearance, yet the décollette will be quite as proper in *this* situation as the *sans culottes* was in the former. Or again the maiden may be playing the role of Summer Girl at some seaside where costumes that elsewhere would outrage all conceptions of propriety or fitness are quite in vogue.

Let a woman from the beach and another from the ball-room attempt to pass along the streets in their respective costumes, and they would be subject to every sort of ribald jest and insult, if, indeed, the police did not promptly isolate them, and why?

Fashion is but an expression of the inconsistency and sham of social conventionality, all springing out of a false and unnatural conception of the relationship of the sexes. Men and women dress to please and fascinate the opposite sex—to conceal the ugly and enhance the charming features. According to Darwin, dress itself is but an extension of Nature's subtle art, exhibited on lower planes in the plumage of the peacock or the comb of the chanticleer—all to serve the purpose of sexual selection.

But the grotesque form of woman's dress harks back to the days of savagery when concealment of feminine charms was a precaution presumably necessary in order to keep woman the more easily in her subservient and enslaved condition. Yet even this idea has proved a sham, for no exposure however bold could possibly cause the mischief that ensues from the subtle suggestiveness of attempted concealment.

It seems that the more perfect the evolution of the human form, the nearer it approaches the image of divinity, the baser and more shameful from the standpoint of prurient prudery it becomes, and the more strenuous the effort to conceal and disfigure it. Even the statues are now required to be draped, and to display a nude picture, even as a work of art, is a crime

that the purists are prompt to seize and burn as their progenitors once burned heretics.

Nothing ideally is so sacred to this singular people as the Home, and yet the one thing for which the home is established and maintained is made to appear a shame and a disgrace. Motherhood is noble, but maternity a thing to hide and snicker at. In Grecian times a woman performing that most wonderful work—the incarnating of the Divine—was revered almost as a goddess. She could with honor, certainly without shame, appear in public on the streets. But all that is changed by modern hypocrisy. Such affairs now come strictly under the ban of secrecy, and must be kept hidden as much as possible.

People are so ashamed of birth that they deliberately lie to their children about it, inventing all kinds of fairy tales to satisfy their natural curiosity in relation to the miracle. Bossy is said to find her calf in the hollow stump, and the Stork delivers the precious infant package to Mamma direct from the skies. This atrocious dissimulation is only paralleled by the custom of certain native tribes in the South Sea Islands according to which, whenever a child is born, the father pretending illness goes to bed and receives for a couple of weeks or so the condolences and congratulations of visiting members of the tribe, while the mother meanwhile is up and about, hoeing corn, etc., and incidentally carrying the papoose on her back.

There is no reason in the wide world why birth should be disgraceful under any circumstances, and there is no possible explanation for the shame that attaches to it, save that reproduction involves the sex-act, which is only considered ignoble or evil when performed by someone else. This shameful shamming is probably a relict of that old ecclesiastical teaching of the early Christian fathers that Woman was inherently vile, and the origin of all sinfulness in the world.

According to convention it is proper to be born, but only in wedlock, and even if the conditions therein be such as to bring forth a blithering idiot, yet the act is

legitimate, sanctified and laudable; while, to be born out of wedlock ostracises one parent at least from good society and erects the bar sinister against the offspring forever, even though it prove to be a genius and a nature's nobleman.

According to convention it is proper to marry, but only by a certain ceremony. After a more or less prolonged courtship, in which usually both parties put their best foot forward to deceive the other, and during which very little attention is given to ascertaining the vital facts on which alone a lasting and harmonious relationship can be predicted, the priest is called in to go through the mummery of the marriage service by which the couple are presumed to be indissolubly bound and licensed to do what otherwise would be held to be a heinous crime against society. In order to dissolve this bond at any future time, it is necessary for them to go through the most trying experiences. They may very soon awaken from their mutual deceptions or preconceived illusions to find themselves utterly uncongenial and of perfectly incompatible tempers, yet they are forced to live along for years a miserable and wholly unsatisfactory sort of existence, and may in consequence of the hatred they feel for each other bring into the world a brood of ugly-tempered children, peevish, snarling, moral degenerates; and yet all this time they are not permitted to break the spell of that priest's incantation by mutual consent. They are compelled to wilfully violate the statutory law or agree to bear false witness against each other, besmirching each other's character before the world, before they may be freed to repeat the experiment.

According to convention it is proper to die, but there is a proper and orderly way to go about it, otherwise one dies a heathen. The priest must be called in to pray for the soul, the lawyer to make the will. Then follows the funeral, straining the pockets of the surviving relatives to make it a respectable affair—then the tombstone, the flowers and memorials. Not until the widow's weeds turn green and begin to take on rainbow tints is the poor tortured soul really freed from the bonds of ceremonialism and conventionality so that it may explore the

heavenly regions or make preparations to reincarnate and try it all over.

The perpetuation of much of this humbuggery is due to the several classes of social parasites who exist almost solely by their administration of the rites and ceremonies, and their catering to the ignorance and superstitions of popular fancy and belief—the doctor, the lawyer, the priest—not to mention the wet-nurse, the undertaker and the sexton, who are really the only ones rendering a genuine service in the mortal's entry and exit.

It is shown that people who are the greatest sticklers for strict propriety are frequently themselves only "whited sepulchres," concealing all manner of rottenness and indecency. Take as an illustration the recent Smoot trial, instigated and carried on by a set of the most consummate hypocrites that ever pushed their way into "good society," or stared brazenly through a lorgnette.

Senator Smoot is an honorable man, and morally as clean a man as ever donned the toga, and yet he unfortunately had at one time a plurality of wives. His religion and ethical training had been such as to make this sort of thing seem perfectly right and proper, but for this he was adjudged immoral and unfitted to hold a seat in the senate. Certain of the respectable order attempted to disqualify and publicly disgrace him. Smoot and his friends, however, effectually countered the movement by quietly putting detectives on the nocturnal trail of these eminently respectable judges. The sleuths soon uncovered so much "fixed shamelessness" that had it been brought into evidence, it would have made the polygamous Smoot shine by comparison as a burnished shield among filthy rags—and the persecution was forthwith hushed.

People claim above all other rights and privileges the freedom of speech, yet there virtually is no such thing when it comes to giving out an advanced thought. I have in mind a certain intelligent and high-minded woman in New York City some years ago, whose observations led her to revolt against what she regarded as in-

decent aspects of the marital relation. She wrote a little book setting forth her ideas, which was promptly seized and adjudged "obscene," and the poor girl was landed for months in a dirty, vermin-infested prison. On being liberated, she was again accused of attempting to circulate the book, was about to be condemned, when, heart-broken and horrified at the thought of returning to that awful prison, she committed suicide.

Moses Harman is just out of jail for publishing a paper called "Light Bearer." Inasmuch as it permitted people to freely express their views, it was a bearer of light. But some of the writers on the tabooed sex question were too radical to suit the whim of the purists, so Moses came under the ban.

There is a long list of martyrs who have suffered in various ways at the hands of these implacable foes to human progress, the allies and supporters of the conventional humbug and social sham.

The latest victim of the anti-vice inquisitors is Bernarr Macfadden, the well-known exponent of physical culture, and editor of a leading magazine in New York City. Bernarr braved the beasts in a serial exposing certain phases of social beastliness, with the result that it created a roar, and they turned to rend him. Did not the Master himself plainly indicate the penalty for such indiscriminate pearl throwing? He also lambasted the hypocrites in the temple and elsewhere—and they hung Him on Calvary for it.

It would be thought that Macfadden took the popular side of the sex question, and the side pleasing to the prudes, since he lined up with Teddy in the matter of idealizing propagation, but his unwisdom consisted, no doubt, in extolling quality instead of quantity, as our noble President did. That is to say, he preached purification, which is something a born purist will never in the world stand for. He lifted the veil of the Isis Humbug a trifle above the regulation limit, for which he faces fine and imprisonment, much to the righteous indignation of his thousands of admirers, and to the evident glee of Comstock and the White Wings faction employed to do his contemptible work.

But they can never discredit or disgrace a man of Bernarr Macfadden's stamp. His motives are manifestly too pure, and his ideals too lofty. He may suffer annoyance and discomfort in his battle for truth and freedom, but his name and fame will endure long after this generation of pin-headed persecutors has passed into oblivion.

Speaking of the type of men who stand like treacherous sandbars and hell-gate rocks in the path of the ship of human progress, Mr. Macfadden gives utterance to the following characterization:

"Some of these men are narrow and even stupid, wedded to the old, time-worn prejudices, no breadth of character; absolutely no idea of tolerance. They might in some instances be called dried up fossils, though there are classes where a more accurate term would be religious hypocrites. They simply wear the cloak of Christianity to effect their purposes. As a rule they have no opinions outside of those stereotyped phrases that they have learned from others; in rare instances in which they have opinions, they are afraid to express them. Such characters would not stand for truth even if they had the intelligence. If the light of a great truth became so brilliant as to blind their eyes, they would turn their heads in another direction; they do not want to see the truth; they stand for conventionalism, for the old-time religion of our Puritanical forefathers, the religion which, when connected with prurient prudery, means in this age slow decay and final oblivion to every one of the great American families of past days."

Speaking of inconsistency in moral censorship, we observe that certain mediums are always immune from public criticism, and are never in any danger of repression. One of these is the book known as the Holy Bible, which is so revered as the word of deity that it holds the place of honor everywhere, and passes in the very best society. No one ever thinks of denying it admission to the mails, much less of refusing it a place on the center table of the home; and yet, if a modern man or woman should write a tale one half as vulgar or obscene as many Biblical tales are, literally read, the book would be condemned and the author sent over the road for pub-

lishing it. It appears that antiquity gives a sanction to actions not tolerated at the present time, also that the superstition that God did it or said it makes it right anyhow.

Then again, the daily newspapers are permitted to print and circulate at large all the most disgraceful, scandalous and rotten doings of society—in fact a premium is placed upon the bad, and reporters are instructed to hunt for it, to exaggerate it if need be, because publishers know that this is the one thing that the public demands—the only thing that is interesting and that sells the paper. The newspaper is immune from the attacks of the purists because it has such a powerful, public support. It is entrenched and strong enough to break down ruthlessly the flimsy barriers of sham and convention and turn on the limelight at pleasure, thus enabling people to indulge their natural, primitive impulse and inclination for the *outré* and off-colored.

The stage—itself a perfect sham, not pretending aught but pretense—is undoubtedly doing more to take the puritanical puckering strings and the sham starching out of our whole social rigging than any other one agency. In the history of the stage one notes both an evolution and triumph of immorality, or unconventionality.

Twenty years ago, or less, such spectacular presentations as the "Black Crook" were considered synonymous with Bacchanalian orgies, while all high kickers of the "can-can" type with ballet dress and fleshling were relegated to the dives of low down districts. Now all such exhibitions of sportful gymnastics are witnessed on every up-to-date vaudeville stage without blushings or conscience-qualms. Abbreviated dress, or even no dress is not considered at all immodest on the stage any more than it is at the sea-shore. Off the stage, the bicycle has assisted the entry and triumph of the divided skirt, till now any woman may ride astride a horse like a man, though she might still be considered a bit bold and freakish in doing it.

And the time will come, as sure so that the world do move, that Lady Godiva may ride through the streets of

any town without the people feeling obliged to hide in their houses and without any "Toms" having a temptation to peep. We, as a race, are slowly but surely evolving out the blushing, peeping period.

After two thousand or more years, it has been discovered by society at large that woman has legs in place of limbs, and that they are not necessarily objects of concealment. Other notions as singular are being outgrown also, as woman steps more and more out from the superstitions of the thralldom which, in the earlier history of the race, the sensualism of man forced upon her, and which have come down, infiltrating the beliefs of the present race.

The thinking men and women of today are becoming rapidly free of all this social sham and humbuggery, and weary of the farce of it all. They are being "loosed of imaginary bonds" and are demanding greater freedom in thought and action. We see this evolution showing forth in what may be characterized as the general looseness of social life as well as in the growing tolerance of public sentiment. The harpies still harp and the preachers still preach, but Mother Grundy does not occupy the position of oracle and society manager that she *once* did—for the reason that the old dame has been caught too often doing the skirt dance, etc. People are tiring of hypocrisy, they *want the truth*.

More than this, men and women are coming more closely in touch with each other—are beginning to know each other. For the first time in the history of the race, of which we have any knowledge, the sexes are socially equal—barring certain traditions to the contrary which still hang like fog-clouds about the peaks of truth, but which the sunlight of sense will soon dissipate. At last the Woman has become the comrade in place of the slave of Man; passion and jealousy have given place to love and confidence.

"O Comerade close!

O you and me at last—and us two only."

We are becoming emancipated from the traditions and taints of harem-life and its opposite node, *enforced*

monogamy. We are finding out that the one great law or principle of Nature is ATTRACTION, and that it is the *only* law of life; that it is NOT what men ignorantly, wilfully or selfishly tie together by law or convention, but what God and Nature INDISSOLUBLY BIND that can in any sense be said to be united.

Little by little the beauty and possibilities of the principle of bi-unity are unfolded to the consciousness. Slowly but surely humanity is getting at the throat of the monster, Social Sham, that has so long terrified and enslaved the world. Some overbold ones may now and then get a hand or a head snapped off by the grouchy old dragon, but sooner or later a St. George will arrive on the scene, possessing the right kind of sword and shield, with courage sufficient to give the fatal thrust. Then will the world be free from the terror of those dismal days, and laugh to be told that the generations ago ever bowed down to anything so monstrously absurd as Sham.

Double ignorance is where a man is ignorant of his ignorance.—*Plato*.



Doubt is the vestibule which all must pass before they can enter into the temple of wisdom.—*Colton*.



Prudery is the hypocrisy of modesty.



A loveless life is a living death.



Few persons have courage enough to appear as good as they really are.—*Hare*.

