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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

Philosophy is nothing but discretion.—John Selden.

Pure friendship is something that men of an inferior intellect can never taste.—De La Bruyere.

A Spring Song.

The hills are all green and the skies are blue,
The sunshine is radiant and golden and bright,
The birds are all singing so blithely and gay,
While Nature is decked out in springtime array—
Rejoicing, expanding and revelling in light,
As I am, my Love, in the presence of you.

And the shimmering tints of every hue,
The green and the grey, the opal and fawn,
White clouds on the mountains hanging low,
And loftiest peaks still covered with snow,
The purpling sunset, the roseate dawn,
But mirror to me, Love, the image of you.

The daisies and dandelions covered with dew,
The sweet brier climbing upon the wall,
The violets hiding in cool, shady nook,
The crisp water cress growing fast by the brook,
The wild hyacinth standing slender and tall,
Bear each some suggestion, dear Love, of you.

And the murmuring matin awakening new,
With its myriad mingling of tinnient tone—
The lowing of herds, the hum of the bee,
The rippling rill and the roar of the sea—
Bring a spell of enchantment to me alone
As I recognize, Love, the sweet voice of you.

All sounds that I hear, all sights within view,
Are merged in Love's symphony, glorious and grand,
Soul speaks to the soul and heart to the heart,
No distance for those who are never apart—
The mystery of music, art's magical wand,
Doth symbol the mystery and magic of you.

Taurus.

Taurus is the ruling sign from April 21st to May 20th. The two leaflets spring from the slumbering germ in Aries have now assumed a definite and distinctive form, though still remaining in close conjunction.

Note in the astrological sign of Taurus how the moon appears to be rising out of the sun. This indicates that the vivifying solar principle resident in the earth, pushes itself out as it were into varied moulds, manifesting phenomenal forms in nature. In other words, the spiritualized solar essence enclothes itself by weaving a garment of the lunar matter, or universal substance of the world, and life appears.

Taurus is symbolically represented by the bull because of the strong generative energies manifested at this period and under these conditions. But Taurus is derived from "Thor," the name of those ancient towers, or houses of light, dedicated to the sun-god. Again, Tau is the final of the Hebrew letters, meaning "a cross"—the Tau-cross—indicative of the union of generative principles.

Taurus is governed by Venus, the planet of love, which is considered a separate principle in the phenomena of the Magic Vase, but which it is more correct to think of as a phase—one of a series of phases—to be observed in natural evolution.

The color of this phase in the philosophical work as in outer nature is a vivid green. It results from the diffusion of a certain subtle chemical principle, as exhibited in the grass and leaves, which causes the reflection of this particular ray.

In the chemical work it is known as "copper," the green stains of which are seen on the rocks impregnated with mineral copper. Copper itself is but an undeveloped form of gold. It becomes gold, if left undisturbed long enough in the vase of nature.

In the springtime, the life principle so long repressed, bound beneath the frozen crust of winter, fairly bubbles forth, expanding itself in new forms of growth.

April means "opening" and May, "great." The 21st Tarot figure, corresponding to the Hebrew, "shin," is

designated, "the fool," while the 22d is "tau," "the World." So the Fool at the beginning of the Opening Month is followed by Easter, "the Resurrection." The meaning of both symbols is the same. The Fool is the type of absolute carelessness, negativity, faith, following which will come positive realization and reward. Incidentally it may be remarked that the April Fool may, if he refuses to listen to the worldly wise, keeping an ear close to the heart of Nature, receive light and understanding.

People in the sign of Taurus are noted for inspiration and industry, energy and endurance. They are born to serve and their mission seems to be to bear the burdens of the world. Through this they learn obedience. They are adapted to a wide line of pursuits in which they almost invariably win success, but always by hard work and close attention. They possess a certain stolidity of temperament and a settled obstinacy of disposition rendering them somewhat stubborn and intractable. They cannot be driven an inch by force, and when persistently crossed in their purposes they sometimes become as furious as their taurean prototype. However, under the influence of love, and due consideration they become as docile as lambs, and with proper encouragement and support manifest superior powers and capabilities.



To give cheerfully and generously out of the abundance with which we have been blessed is one way to come in touch with the vibrations that will attune our hearts in harmony with all that is perfect and truthful in nature.—Ingersoll.



To love abundantly is to live abundantly; to love forever is to live forever.—*Drummond*.



It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinions; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the Great Man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude

—*Emerson*.

Immortality.

For there is nothing dead that either hath been, or is, or shall be in the world.

For the Father would have it as long as it lasts to be a Living Thing; and therefore it must needs be God also.

How, therefore, O Son, can there be in God, in the Image of the Universe, in the fulness of Life, any dead things?

For dying is corruption, and corruption is destruction. How then can any part of the incorruptible be corrupted, or of God be destroyed? .

As compound bodies they are dissolved, but dissolution is not death.

Generation is not Creation of Life, but a Production Of Things to Sense, and making them manifest. Neither is change death, but an occultation of hiding of that which was.

These things being so, all things are Immortal—Matter, Life, Spirit, Soul, Mind, whereof every living thing consisteth.

Every Living Thing, therefore, is Immortal because of the Mind, but especially Man, who both receiveth God and converseth with him.

And there is not anything of all that hath been and all that is, where God is not.

There is nothing that is not God who is all in all.

This WORD, O Son, worship and adore. And the only service of God is NOT TO BE EVIL.

—*Divine Pymander.*

If everything in this world is alive, then why consider death as a fact of existence? Jesus declared his Father to be the God of the living and not of the dead. What a strange perversion of the Master's teaching is the prevalent theological doctrine of salvation after death. It is a fact, attested both by revelation and scientific discovery (which is also revelation), that immortality reigns supreme in the world and in the universe. We have

learned to know that matter itself is indestructible, and that it only changes form and aspect. Throughout all these mutations one plan of operation appears manifest. Just as surely as man is able to plan and execute, so surely do we detect plan and execution in all manifestation. The planner is in the plan and makes the showing forth—the phenomena of expression.

As in the lily and the rose we behold only perfection of form, outline, detail, so inherently every work of nature is normally perfect or tending towards perfection. But, you say, the perfection is not permanent. True, it appears so, but after all, the change is but a transference of perfection from the circumference to the center—or rather an indrawing of the external appearance of perfection into the higher perfection within—to the point of poise called seed. A seed is altogether the most marvelously perfect thing in nature. It is, in fact, a perfect image and expression of what we term death, or the stage of existence beyond death. Nothing in the world is so much alive as a seed, and nothing contains so great possibilities, such inconceivable possibilities, were we not familiar with them in actual experience. And hardly anything appears less alive than a seed. So it is with the universal Seed of Life. It is a thing, that is to say it is a principle hidden within a thing, a matrix—a veritable husk—bearing no prophecy whatever of the wondrous jewel within. Sages speak of it as “common” and “vile”—a “thing of little price”—something seen of all and recognized by few. Does it appear possible that such a seed can exist? Yet, we have the testimony of numerous sages and philosophers that lived in various ages and climes to corroborate the fact, but more than this even we have the inner conviction that such seed must lie latent within the heart of nature, else how can nature rejuvenate herself at will? How lay aside her garment of one season, withdraw for a time within herself, and reappear in a new garment? The same Will that preforms this miracle undoubtedly resides in man, only far more highly potentialized than in less evolved forms. And if this Seed, or Substance—the very Fountain of

Life itself—does exist, if it be possible to render it available and utilizable then what is all other knowledge of this world worth in comparison with this?

Why, all science, all art, all invention, all discovery sink into insignificance and nothingness when we contemplate the finding of this wonderful Fountain. And is it so very strange that man should find this, especially when we consider that it is the one thing most to be desired? It would be more strange if he failed to find it. The trouble is, the great mass of people has never yet come to the point of actually desiring it, nor even conceiving of its reality. Death is to them a natural and inevitable sequence of life. Yet did not Paul affirm that the last enemy to be overcome was death? Who was Paul but Apollo, the sun? It is the sun-god, the Solar Influence, the spirit of creation, that makes or is represented as making this enigmatical and yet plain statement. Listen: There is in the innermost heart of Nature an Oil, distilled as mysteriously as the milk formed in the mammary glands, which is as rejuvenant in its effect upon the life of the body and as essential to it as the lacteal flow to the infant life. The tree and the plant know how to find it and store it up for us, and Nature herself compels man to absorb a certain amount of it in a certain potency, otherwise no human being could live for a day. But we are told if we had sufficient wisdom to call to our aid the forces of other orders and kingdoms to act as chemist and crucible, that a distillation of such potentiality might be effected that everything known as disease—which is really but the triumph of adverse metabolism, the on-march of disintegrating energies—would vanish as miasma and mist before the noonday sun. *He that hath inclination to think let him think.*

Hesiod divides mankind into three classes; those who think for themselves, those who think as others think, and lastly those who do not think at all.



Some people spend most of their time in drawing chalk lines for other people to walk.

A Planetary Aspect.

Let us suppose that an inhabitant of Venus or Mars were to contemplate us from the height of a mountain, and watch the little black specks that we form in space, as we come and go in the streets and squares of our towns. Would the mere sight of our movements, our buildings, machines, and canals, convey to him any precise idea of our morality, intellect, our manner of thinking, and loving, and hoping—in a word, of our real and intimate self? All he could do like ourselves when we gaze at the hive, would be to take note of some facts that seem very surprising; and from these facts to deduce conclusions probably no less erroneous, no less uncertain, than those that we choose to form concerning the bee.

This much at least is certain; our "little black specks" would not reveal the vast moral direction, the wonderful unity, that are so apparent in the hive. "Whither do they tend, and what is it they do?" he would ask, after years and centuries of patient watching. "What is the aim of their life, or its pivot? Do they obey some god? I can see nothing that governs their actions. The little things that one day they appear to collect and build up, the next they destroy and scatter. They come and they go, they meet and disperse, but one knows not what it is they seek. In numberless cases the spectacle they present is altogether inexplicable. There are some, for instance, who, as it were, seem scarcely to stir from their place. They are to be distinguished by their glossier coat, and often too by their more considerable bulk. They occupy buildings ten or twenty times larger than ordinary dwellings, and richer, and more ingeniously fashioned. Everyday they spend many hours at their meals, which sometimes indeed are prolonged far into the night. They appear to be held in extraordinary honor by those who approach them; men come from the neighboring towns bringing provisions, and even from the depths of the country, laden with presents. One can only assume that these persons must be indispensable to the race, to which they .

render essential service, although our means of investigation have not yet enabled us to discover what the precise nature of this service may be. There are others, again, who are incessantly engaged in the most wearisome labor, whether it be in great sheds full of wheels that forever turn round and round, or close by the shipping, or in obscure hovels or on small plots of earth that from sunrise to sunset they are constantly delving and digging. We are led to believe that this labor must be an offence, and punishable. For the persons guilty of it are housed in filthy, ruinous, squalid cabins. They are clothed in some colorless hide. So great does their ardor appear for this noxious, or at any rate useless activity, that they scarcely allow themselves time to eat or sleep. In numbers they are to the others as a thousand to one. It is remarkable that the species should have been able to survive to this day under conditions so unfavorable to its development. It should be mentioned, however, that apart from this characteristic devotion to their wearsome toil, they appear inoffensive and docile; and satisfied with the leavings of those who evidently are the guardians, if not the saviours, of the race."—*Maurice Maeterlinck on the "Bee."*

"We have no more right to consume happiness without producing it than to consume money without producing it."—Bernard Shaw.

An Open Letter.

Dear Wise Man:

"I am in serious trouble and I come to you for advice, believing you can help me in some way. I am losing my husband, and I wish to know some way to bring him back and hold him.

We were married fourteen years ago, and for quite a time he was the most devoted of husbands, then he gradually grew uneasy and discontented. First he joined a lodge, then a club, then another lodge, until finally he found a way to absent himself from home nearly all the time. At last he sold out our grocery store and took a job as traveling salesman for a wholesale house.

He now comes home only once every fortnight, and he has grown to treat me in a very distant and cold manner, having apparently lost all, or nearly all, his former affection. He says that he is not living the ideal life, and that he is in search of the Ideal. He will never find it, I am sure.

I know that he is fond of other women, but I also know that they will not satisfy him, for he is, I am sorry to say, naturally fickle. Like a bee he desires to pass from flower to flower. I know his nature perfectly.

As for me, I have remained true to him through all. I still love him very dearly and always shall, no matter what he may do. I will stick to him till death do us part. I promised that at the altar, and I will keep my promise.

I have done everything a woman could do to hold his affection, staid at home, cooked his meals, fixed his clothes, yes, done his washing and mending, scrubbed and scrimped when necessary, and this is the way I am repaid for it all.

I appeal to you in my distress; is there not some magic power known to you whereby I may be able to win back and hold my husband?"

The above is a fair sample of hundreds of letters received, to all of which one general answer will suffice. Every writer seems to imagine her case exceptional, when as a matter of fact it but represents a most common phase of our present social life.

The prime error here lies in the correspondent's premise—a premise that under pressure of sound reasoning, like a rotten timber under a heavy wall, is bound to collapse. The erroneous premise is that marriage constitutes a bond, and that this bond is rendered both sacred and absolute by public acknowledgement, that is to say, by the marriage service.

Modern marriage is nothing more than a relict and refinement of the former savage custom of lassoing the bride, putting a ring in her nose and dragging her to the captor's tent, where afterwards she became his slave.

Women still wear the rings in their ears, on their fingers and about their arms, which their more savage sis-

ters had thrust in their noses or lips or placed upon their ankles, either to disfigure them or keep them more easily in captivity.

And woman, mentally, has not evolved so very far who will still submit to the heathenish and savage custom of compulsory conjugality, which is, after all, but a form of chattel slavery—bodily bondage and mental misery.

Formerly the bondage was all one-sided, the man being master and free. Now, however, the man is equally bound with the woman, and as a matter of custom and law he is far more bound. The marriage laws are, more favorable to woman than to man. She can secure divorce on fewer and easier grounds than he, and she will usually have the greater public sympathy and support in any domestic trouble or separation.

Men are naturally broader minded and more generous than women—altogether more reasonable and self-reliant. I say this without prejudice from a long and impartial study of both men and women. Woman from her very nature and temperament is disposed to submit more or less to the rule of man. She desires to become his slave, to minister unto him. It seems to make little difference to her whether she gets in return kisses or blows, she still clings to the man.

This can of course be explained by natural law, it being probably an exhibition of the race preservative instinct, which includes also the instinct of self-preservation. Woman has been brought up to regard herself as a dependant, and society is so adjusted that she appears almost compelled to occupy that position. She therefore fears to face the world and work. A husband ("house-bound") is her support and she will endure almost anything rather than lose it.

But a great many men are not naturally "house-bound," and the staid, domestic life soon palls on them. Their nature, temperament and growth, demand a certain change and a certain variety. What they need, they seek.

Yes, if they need it, they assuredly ought to have it—whether it's wine, women or watermelons. There is no

way to satisfy hunger, but to supply food. Satisfaction, even surfeit, is a good thing inducing serenity and sound sense. A hungry person is temporarily unbalanced and not to be trusted with commissions demanding sanity. Feed the animals!

And, rather than eternally hiding a skeleton in the closet, set it at the feast, and let the pictures of "before and after taking" be hung conspicuously in the parlor. For you cannot conceal the death's head in a family, try as you may, and as for the pictures, are they not etched in deep lines of sorrow and bitterness on the face? All of which merely proves that idealization has transcended realization, and disappointment ensued. But because one thing is not just what we expected, need we throw up the world—take the veil, commit suicide, go into exile, or condemn ourselves to a life of wretchedness?

And why do so many people take this morbidly melancholic and pessimistic view of life? It is because they dare not follow desire. Is there anything higher than desire? Yes, the courage to follow it. Many people are years in gaining that courage. They resort oft-times to the most reprehensible, and seeming unnecessary courses of action, appearing outwardly cruel, hardened and even brutal, in their attempt to screw their courage up to the sticking point, where they *dare to stand* for what they instinctively *know* to be their God-given right and the Truth.

When this typical man grew "uneasy and discontented," it was the first gentle thumping of the hammer of Ik O'Noclast which kept on pounding until it shattered to bits the image of clay which he once delusively embraced as his ideal. There was something hollow, something wanting, or the Uranian image-breaker would never have ventured on the scene.

Dear heart, it is not your fault, it is not his fault. You must forgive yourself, and hold him likewise guiltless. He is simply seeking his own. You say he will not find it—that is not your affair. For his sake, pray that he may. It is what he needs, it is what you need, but you are blinded by prejudice and self-interest so you

will not see this. You say you know his nature perfectly. That is impossible, unless you are the counterpart of that nature, which admittedly you are not.

In comparing the man to a bee flitting from flower to flower, you inadvertently have chosen a more appropriate simile than you imagined. The bee is by no means a model of fickleness. It gets from every flower it visits whatever the flower possesses that is useful and necessary to its existence, and then extends its search. Its instinct causes it to pass hundreds of flowers, and tarry but a moment on others. But mark you, if, in its search over the world for the sweet and fragrant elixir of its life, it finds a pot of real sweetness, you will see it returning hour after hour, and day after day, *as long as the supply lasts*.

Do you not perceive the application? Suppose the flower should say to the bee; "Behold me. I am very pretty. No fairer face will you find in the field. My corolla is painted from the blue of the sky, and tinged with rainbow hues. Deep within my heart is a cup of softest velvet in which any sane or sentimental bee would consider it a privilege to repose."

But the bee is an economist, and is not to be lured by externals. And man, or masculine instinct, though very much undeveloped and very often perverted, is yet somewhat akin to the bee. IT knows what ITS inner nature demands—and this recognition is the cause really of all of what is termed "martial infidelity" in the world to-day.

Now do not jump at the conclusion from this that I "advocate" fickleness and promiscuity. I advocate nothing whatever. I simply record truth and fact. Why blind our eyes to these?

What do we say of a man who begins life on a farm, fails; goes into a store, fails; tries railroading, fails; starts a newspaper, fails; attempts preaching, fails; but ultimately discovers that he has a genius for invention—makes a great invention, succeeds—what do we say of such a man? Do we say he is fickle, or shiftless, or that he ought to have staid on the farm or in the shop? By no means. We applaud him and call him

great, and rightly so, because he has, by a more or less circuitous route, come into his own—to a knowledge of himself and his capabilities.

Now why should we not apply the same reasoning to a man who has passed through a series of martial experiences? I know you will arch your brows, Mrs. Daisy, and purse your lips, Mrs. Tulip, and frown, Mrs. Pansy, because Mr. Bee, ignoring your comeliness, visits the lowly Dandelion, the common Clover Blossom, and even the coarser Corn Flower. He simply knows where to find the honey, and thither he goes. Besides, there are fragrances which a bee cannot endure and live; self protection demands discrimination.

On the ordinary plane, where sex constitutes the principal affinity, there is always a valid reason for the waning of what is usually denominated "affection." The reason, plainly stated, is lack of reciprocity, resulting usually from ignorance or inadaptability. Often a little frankness and consideration in the beginning would remove all inharmonies, whereas a neglected scratch may develop into a festering sore or an incurable ulcer.

Right here in the bower of Eden, more than anywhere in the world, is exemplified the principle that it is more blessed to give than to receive. In nearer words, the consciousness of giving pleasure to another constitutes the highest pleasure to the self. A great many women are no more responsive than a rubber doll, and about as communicative as a tobacco sign. Their attitude is that of prone passivity or reticent submissiveness. Again, many women practice a studied deception, pretending what they never feel. The man may be a dolt and an ignoramus, but something within the heart or consciousness recognizes conditions and detects without difficulty the counterfeit—and this recognition marks the parting of ways.

So I say to the woman, or to the man, whichever is lacking in feeling for the other, or is pretending to a feeling that does not exist, you are on treacherous ground, ground that is sure to give way some day and leave you in the quagmire.

And the gravest error you can commit is to hold on, when you know the facts and conditions, dragging an-

other down in order to save yourself. "Till death do us part." What unthinking selfishness—what ecclesiastic humbuggery!" Death cannot part you more than you are parted already. Divorce is a law of nature, just as marriage is. No priest or official can decree one or solemnize the other.

If you are married, it is because your souls flow together naturally as two streams pursuing a like course meet and mingle. If you are divorced, it is because your souls are attuned to a different key, and cannot play together without fierce discords.

How long will the world ignore and trample upon this great law and principle of life, the very foundation of human progress and developments? How long will people continue to bind themselves to do the very things they themselves abhor, and hate each other for doing?

It is little wonder we are born into the world branded with the mark of Cain, and sealed unto death *from the beginning*. It is an inheritance from parents ignorant of the laws of life. Their sins—the sins of ignorance are visited upon their children for generations. Then, shall we not rise in our Understanding and free ourselves, and thus free the generations to come, from this baneful curse, the curse of Adam?

My answer to all who ask how to "win back" and "hold" a husband is *find your husband*, and you will never have occasion to win him back, nor any trouble to hold him. The way to find is to attract.

Confucius says, "We should not search for love or demand it, but so live that it will flow to us."

Society does not punish those who sin, but those who sin and conceal not.—Hubbard.

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Mistakes are rare opportunities for development.

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It is always well to consider which side one's butter is breaded on.

A New Consumption Cure.

A circular issued sometime since by the New York Post Graduate Hospital details a series of surprising experiments, which were conducted for many months with a new vegetable remedy for the cure of tuberculosis, discovered by Dr. John F. Russell.

The cure consists simply of daily doses of vegetable juices, prepared by grinding together and extracting the juice of potatoes, onions, beets, turnips, celery and cabbage, to which is also sometimes added other vegetables, including rhubarb, apple and pineapple.

The patient is put on a simple diet of milk, bread and butter, and twice a day is fed this vegetable compound. The result of the experiment is really astonishing. Eleven patients who began treatment, were discharged after a few months as sound, and fifty more were on the royal road to recovery.

The question naturally arises if liquid food of this character is restorative to invalids, suffering from a supposedly incurable malady, why would it not be a good thing for those in normal health?

For considerable time, and long before we ever heard of this new cure, we had experimented along this very line with liquid food, and had arrived at the conclusion that it possessed many advantages over solid food.

A suggestion is afforded in fasting. It is known that a long fast can be kept up on water alone. In this there is a profound reason. Water contains one of the two important elements in nature which are potent in sustaining the vital activity. It is the medium of absorption, assimilation and elimination, in fact of all physico-chemical metabolism.

Now, combine water with the other essential vital element, which is to be found in every organized form of life, both vegetable and animal, and you have everything requisite for the perpetuation of the vital phenomena.

But as we are now constituted, as we have been "brought up," so to say, having accustomed the stomach

from childhood to immense loads of provender, thus distending the abdomen abnormally and creating a force of scavenger entities to dispose daily of this great mass of garbage, we shall find considerable discomfort in abruptly changing our habits from a heavy solid to a light liquid diet. Our "gutter squadron" will resent being suddenly put out of business. The great quantity of gastric and other digestive juices accustomed to flow periodically, according to our fixed habits, will cause acute hunger to ensue, also headache and many other unpleasant sensations.

But habits can be gradually changed, so as to cause all the functions to respond agreeably to the new regime, and a wonderful difference in health and spirits will forthwith ensue.

As a race, we certainly are "food drunk." If the W. C. T. U.'s and other zealous temperance workers would wake up to this fact and embody Food Reform in their propaganda and crusade against the existing evil of excessive drinking, they would appear more consistent, and do a vast deal more good.

It requires usually half the energy of life to produce what is eaten and the other half to digest it, hence, we are said to live to eat, and ultimately we wear out at the task. There is a tremendous waste in producing, a more tremendous waste in consuming.

It is, nevertheless, evident that the race is slowly evolving out of the eating habit. People take no such interest in gustatory pleasures as they formerly did.

In early Roman times we read that during a banquet it was customary, after loading up with one meal of several courses to pass, instead of the finger-bowl, the "vomitorium," whereby the guests severally relieved themselves like sea-sick passengers, and resumed the meal, often repeating the relief measure a number of times, so as to prolong the enjoyment of the occasion. This was undoubtedly a very hygienic and sanitary arrangement for people with such monstrous appetites.

Even up to a few centuries ago, people ate more like swine than human beings. Refinement in eating was unknown. The people gorged themselves with great

on fallacies, but history and experience alike prove that the world advances only in spite of them.

However broadly and optimistically we may regard them as part of the great universal plan, we cannot but see that they are negative, not positive, factors, since they stand ever as hindrances, not helps, to progress.

Whether the primal idea of God was that of an exalted king, or whether the king himself was but a miniature god, may be a question, but undoubtedly it was fear of the temporal king and reverence for his authority which awakened in the mind of men a similar fear and reverence for the spiritual king, or god. The one suggestion leads naturally to the other.

We know that the king was duly recognized as God's vicergerent on earth, and thus the belief was established that the king could do no wrong. He was infallible, being invested with the authority of a being who could not err.

Nothing short of the densest ignorance could ever have given rise to such an absurd belief, and nothing but mental apathy could ever have allowed it to become fastened upon the human mind, shaping all human action as it has done.

Ideas change form and the world appears to progress. The idol gives place to the ikon, the ikon to the ideal, and still we find the great mass on their faces in the dust, in the same old attitude of superstitious veneration for authority, vested in somebody or something.

The few strong men and women who fled from the oppressions of the continental kings and came to this country to establish a new form of government were undoubtedly sincere in their belief that they were at last free from the fetich of authority since they had successfully shaken off the rule of the kings.

The establishment of a new form of government of the people for the people and by the people was a tremendous experiment. It was a great change from the image to the idea, but as the sequence showed, the same superstitious regard for authority from which even the bitterest experience had not weaned them,

caused a speedy relapse into virtually the same old régime.

We are taught that governments, unlike kings, are not usurpations of authority, but that they are the most perfect expression of the will of the people governed, in fact that the will of the people constitutes the government itself. Thus we coddle ourselves with the conceit that we are free-born, and that our collective wills go to make up this wonderful bulwark which we denominate government. Tethered to this illusion, we contemplate proudly the breadth of our pasture land, and resound the praises of our public grazing grounds, unconscious of anything like a throne, or power behind it, which lengthens or shortens our rope at pleasure, thus virtually nullifying the whole idea of individual freedom.

Seriously, as reasonable beings can we not lay aside our vanity and widen our narrow horizon long enough to compare ourselves, and our condition, with the rest of the world, to see just how far our experiment of government has progressed, and just how near it fulfills the aim and ideal of its founders?

If we do this, we shall soon discover that the belief in the infallibility, of the government is a huge delusion, moreover, as we look deeper we shall see that the government, supposed to be created by us and for us, has become a thing wholly apart from us and our interests. It has been taken completely out of our hands.

We supposed we had a voice in the conduct of affairs, but upon investigation we find that voice as inaudible as the chirp of a cricket in a cyclone.

Every power and prerogative belonging to us is usurped by arrogant officialism. Moral law, based on human requirement, is set aside, while human law, founded on selfishness and greed, is made supreme. Meanwhile the hypnotic wand of the wizzard, Legality, is wafted above the heads of its kowtowing devotees, who continue to bump their heads in obsequious reverence, and sleep on the sleep of apathy and indifference.

It is and ever has been the policy of wise and wily rulers to create the impression in the minds of their subjects that they were free, and that the ruler's divinely

appointed position was dependent on the subject's loyalty and good will, all of which was so flattering to the subject that he was soothed into greater servility than ever. In a similar way are the subjects of government deceived. Tales of wondrous national prosperity, marvelous achievements, stupendous progress, adorn the pages of a subsidized press, the sole pabulum of the populace, which swallows all without question, thought or investigation.

Look at the actual condition of affairs all over this broad land; everything in the vise-like grip of greed and monopoly. Business paralysed by restraint of trade—competition gone to seed—impetus to individual enterprise crushed out—independent enterprises one by one falling into the hoppers of the greedy System, and all being ground up in the corporate grist.

And back of this condition, without which it could not exist, supporting and abetting it, holding out its quenchless paws for tithe and toll from each separate iniquity, is this beautiful substitute for government which our forefathers fought and bled to establish in place of the monarchy they had endured, leaving it as a heritage of peace and comfort to a generation, which, alas, has lived to see the noble ideal perverted, and the republic practically transformed into an oligarchy.

People have simply gone money mad, and the government that ideally was to become a cornucopia, showering blessings upon the heads of the whole people, has been made into a mint for making dollars—not for the benefit of the people themselves, but for those who control and run the machine.

Every lure which it is possible to throw out to the poor laborer, every dope that can be given the enterprising worker, every stimulus to keep the farmer digging and the mechanic building, is utilized to keep the favored FEW in affluence and idleness, and all this is effected by two institutions, a soft-soaping, subsidized press and a far reaching political organization, the power and efficacy of which depends, of course, upon the people's ignorance and apathy, that is, upon their persistent belief in the fetich of government.

Look at the legislatures of the various States. Scarcely one of them that is not openly accused, or that does not already stand convicted of wholesale bribery. Lobbying, that has but one object, viz. to corrupt legislation and subvert justice, is regarded as quite legitimate. Boodling and grafting are the acknowledged rule in both State and municipal affairs. New York, St. Louis, Milwaukee, Philadelphia, besides a score of smaller places have taken their turn under the pump of popular purification, but no sooner are the Augean stables swashed out in any one place, than they are littered anew. It is the old, old fallacy of attempting to remedy results while the cause still exists.

Nor is the disease local. It permeates the very bone and marrow of the body politic. There are plenty of those in a position to know who aver that the whole federal government—the House, the Senate, the Supreme Bench even—is honeycombed and rotten to the core with the same malignant type of our national disease, money madness.

We know that money, through politics, has so corrupted government that it is unworthy of the endorsement and support of honest men. The things that are done under cover of law, and refuge of legality, are sufficient to shame all decency and humiliate honor.

The legislative branch of the government occupies itself almost exclusively with enacting laws favorable to the rich, placing the poor more and more in their power. The executive puts up a strenuous front, promises a "square deal," but thus far has taken no action that can really be considered ameliorative. And the judiciary, human and frail like the rest, does not allow the plate to pass without taking a generous helping.

And as the Great Swine grows and fattens, his appetite becomes more voracious, and new means must be adopted to increase the supply of provender. The government, wrested from the people, vested in the clique, grows more and more paternal. It looks upon the people as wards that must be watched over, or children that must be disciplined. There are many small thieves in the land, to protect the people from whom an army of police and

detectives are maintained. Meanwhile the great thieves go unnoticed and unpunished.

The naughty men, whose only interest in life appears to be to induce the unsophisticated aspirant for quick fortune to part with his few nickles through some pea-under-the-shell game or nickle-in-the-slot attraction—such enterprising promoters are the favorite game of our official guardians, who delight to angle for them with dragnets and the like. Likewise such men as Mr. Jerome in New York, and Governor Folk of Missouri, seek sometimes to gain a medal for their administrative ability by putting the lid down real solid. Still the gambling of the race-track goes on unabated, and that most colossal gambling institution of the world, the Board of Trade, rakes in the stakes by millions, representing the industry and savings of the entire people. God help us!

No law is infallible. As for ecclesiastical law, it is purely dogmatic; as for conventional law, it is a mere matter of time and place; as for civil law, it is simply a restraint for the lower orders; as for natural law, if man had never doubted it, no ships would sail the sea, no trains travel over the land, no lofty buildings tower on high—there would be no telegraph, telephone or telescope—nothing that we recognize as science, art or invention would exist; man would still be but a low-browed, chattering savage living in desolate wildernesses or roaming the arid plains. The world owes its progress more to the law breakers than to the law makers.

"Make no more grants, God,
But elevate the race at once."

—Browning.

