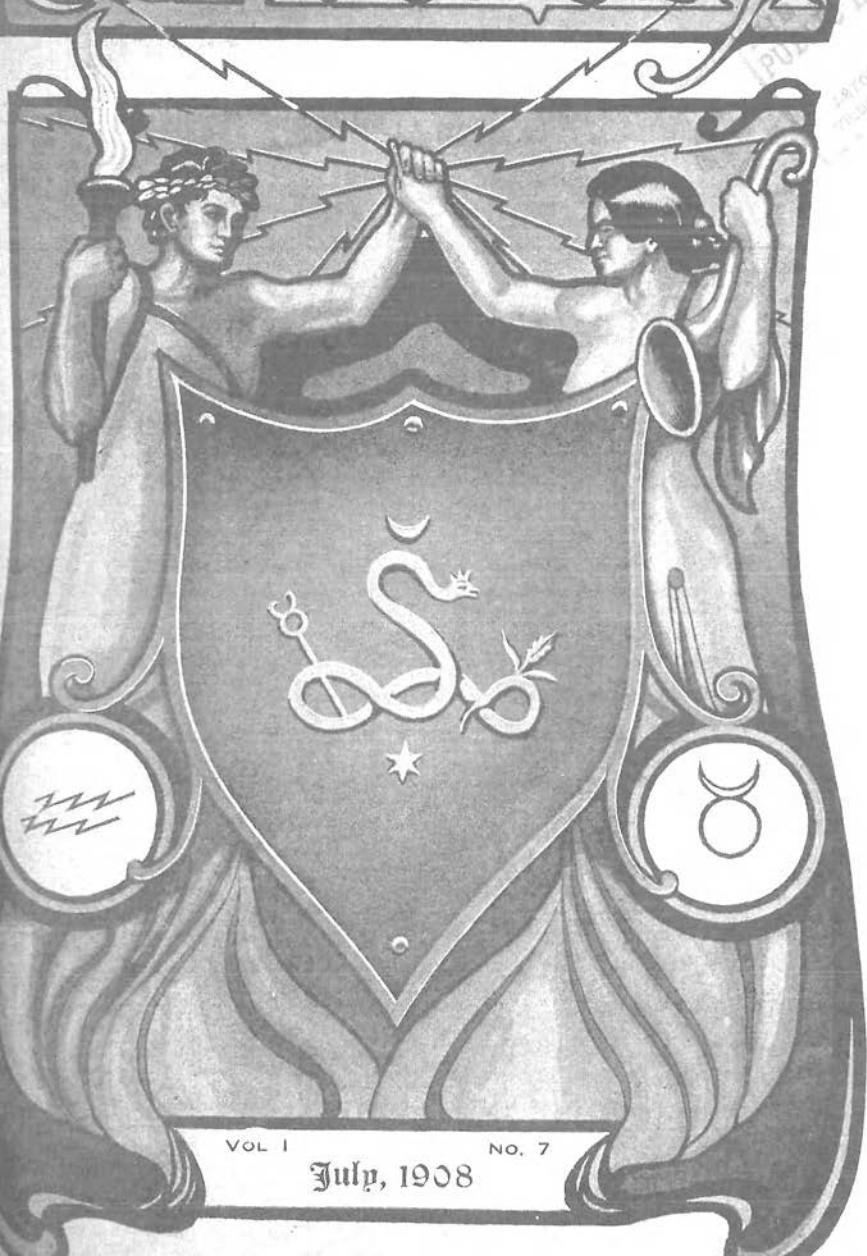


The PHALANX



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The Phalanx

(The Phoenix of Adiramled)

A JOURNAL OF PHILOSOPHY AND FRIENDSHIP

The Inspirations and Outbursts of One,
DELMAR DEFOREST BRYANT,
Assisted by the Muse Herself.

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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The Phalanx

A JOURNAL OF PHILOSOPHY AND FRIENDSHIP

Philosophy, well understood, is an excellent road to heaven.—Chastel.

We need the friendship of a man in great trials; of a woman in the affairs of every-day life.—Thomas.

Because.

Why do I love thee?—Because
Thou standest to me for perfection,
A power transcending all laws
From follies and fears a protection—
 Bidding me hope and giving a scope,
 Arousing ambition and stirring violation
 To do and to dare.

Why do I love thee?—Because
In thee I see my reflection,
The Ideal Me without flaws,
The effect with boundless affection—
 Sealing my heart with magical art,
 Freeing, enthralling, and virtue installing
 To be and to bear.

Why do I love thee?—Because
Our lives form eternal connection;
Thy soul is the magnet which draws
And gives to my mind clear direction—
 Failures succeed and sorrows do bless,
 When we are united with purposes plighted
 To work and to win.

Why do I love thee?—Because
The soul has made its selection;
'Twere folly and fatal to pause
For time to make a correction—
 Love is commanding, two lives are expanding;
 O! witness the wonder, and ne'er try to sunder
 A soul from its twin.

Leo.

The astro-alechemic sign of Leo is regnant from July 21st to August 22nd. It is governed by the Sun as Cancer is by the Moon. Here we have the meeting of Sol-Luna, the type and expressment of the Divine Marriage.

If we regard marriage from an alchemical standpoint, we learn the true design of Nature and the intent of God, for God works in and through Nature to express his most infinite and interior qualities and attributes.

In the Original Matter of the world, the *prima materia*, from which all so-called Material, and all things visible, have come into being and manifestation, there exists primarily or latently only the feminine or negative quality, which is formless and dense, and would appear to be dead but for the evidence of its cohesive potency, implying attractive energy or magnetism.

How that this Materia came by this quality transcendeth human understanding; yet it is the quality that made possible the visible universe. The nature of this Substance is such that it becomes sensitive and receptive to outlying, impinging energies. These in course of time and under certain conditions are brought into intimate relationship with the Prima Materia itself, when there undergoes a series of phenomenal modifications and changes.

While the forces and energies surrounding the magnetic Matter appear to be diverse and distinct, it is found that they are all forms or manifestations of one original energy, which itself may be termed Spirit or *Super-fluid* (flowing over) in contradistinction to the original Matter, or *Sub-stance* (standing-under.)

This overflowing Energy is an essence potentialized by solar influence, if not indeed by the sun directly. It is masculine and positive. It moves, it acts. In it inhere all phenomena and phases—all purposes and plans—of the Infinite One that abides in and operates through it.

It is essential life, but life unmanifest and unformed. The instant it contacts the negative sphere of the Prima Materia, there passes through the latter from circumference to center a peculiar vibration or tremor, and from that moment the Substance undergoes all manner of transformation.

It would appear from observed phenomena as if the masculine element were captivated by the feminine even here at the very base of life, for it seems as if it were held in bondage against its will or tendency, which is to fly away and back to its source—the characteristic of the feminine Substance being conservation, and that of the masculine Superfluidity, dissipation.

And the miracle of nature is achieved through the polarization of the masculine within the feminine, or to express it otherwise, by the magnetic potency of the feminine holding the transforming god to her bosom. This is accomplished through a singular series of minute superimposed spheres, each of which is so constructed that the masculine ray can enter it like a shaft of light, but is thereupon imprisoned and cannot return, but must thenceforth operate as the soul, or actuating principle, of an atom of matter.

This is the primal marriage, and as such may be regarded as a "divine" institution. This is the marriage spoken of in the scripture and these are the entities joined by God, which man is enjoined not to put assunder.

The original Adam is the Atom, and represents the Prima Materia, involving the Superfluid, or "over-soul" principle. Eve is nature, or natural production, made of the "rib" of Adam, and taken from his side. The New Adam and the Specific Eve of Genesis are creations somewhat advanced and formal, but never understood by the mythic writer to be human beings, nor even types of them.

No sooner is the Divine Marriage consummated in the Atom, than the phenomena of procreation begins to manifest. The one atom becomes two (Eve separating voluntarily from Adam), the two four, the four eight,

etc. The ratio of multiplication is marvelous. But there is a limit to the "family," and this limitation is expressed in the Molecule—a group of atoms.

The same law operating in the atom is repeated in the molecule till we get the Cell—a group of molecules—wherein life for the first time appears individualized and conscious. From the cell we go on to multi-cellular organisms, and to forms, species, genera—all, in fact, that we behold as the wonderful production of Nature—all being the result of this remarkable marriage of the dual, or bi-une, forces of nature. This is the only Model Marriage in the universe.

Institutional marriage is the direct result of an instinctual following out of this inherent working principle of Nature. Its results are crude because it has crude material to work upon. Nor is the law adequately and justly carried out, because the free-will of man is continually interposed to thwart or distort its true intention and render nugatory legitimate and ideal results.

Behold in my hand the Model upon which marriage is formulated. A piece of clay, white and pure, but without apparent life or action. It is the base of every beautiful gem, but I may hold it thus till doomsday, and it will remain the same inert clod. I will try then to waken it. I apply to it successively every well known metal and mineral, but it still remains perfectly negative and cold, without visible affectation. At last I submerge it in a small portion of the super-fluous Fire of Nature, strong in radio-active virtue, and behold! The cold clay trembles and melts away into impalpable powder, then liquifies and flows out to meet its own counterpart, and the two immediately coalesce and enter into the most fervid embrace, commingling intimately their most interior essences, transforming each other completely.

The impassive Bride has found at last her lawful Husband. Persistently she ignored and refused all suitors. For her there existed but one possible husband. To him hath she opened her arms. He alone hath power to enter that sacred Shekinah. He goes in a king, and conqueror to vivify, illumine, transport.

Would it not indeed be glorious if the Children of Men would harken eagerly to the Voice of Wisdom and seek to fathom this Law of which they themselves are the living exponents and result, instead of ignorantly and willfully closing their minds to such truth, while wallowing on in depravities called virtue, and missing all the glorious realizations in store for them who understand?

Forever they chew the forbidden Apple of Discord and find it but dust and bitter ashes—forever are they accursed and banished from happiness—forever they die in sorrow to be reborn with trouble. * * * Let the Children of Light gaze upon the Pictures of Silver and find the Apples of Gold, to eat of which transforms to Immortality and brings Unending Consciousness.

Here is a receipt for perpetual ignorance; Be satisfied with your opinions and content with your knowledge.
—ELBERT HUBBARD.



Pathos is the somber mate of ecstasy and athwart the shadow the sun makes its way.
—HATCH.



Control of Sex.

The current dailies are announcing the astonishing fact that one, Amin S. Jervan, a chemist of New York and Paris, has at last discovered the fundamental secret of sex, together with a practical means of regulating it.

The scientist has succeeded in interesting Mr. Roosevelt and the government as well in his theories, and a series of experiments are to be conducted with animals with a view of demonstrating and establishing the theory in question.

A hundred or more families have, it is stated, been co-operating with the scientist for a period, and the sex of

children has been accurately pre-determined in hundreds of cases.

The discovery consists in a compound called "Sexoline," which is fed for twelve days to the male or female, according to the issue desired. Sexoline, we take it, is essentially a germ food. The discoverer of this remarkable compound has been studying the phenomena of sexual differentiation in plants and animals for twelve years. No doubt he may have learned wisdom from the bees, which understand the matter of sex-regulation perfectly.

Verily, necessity is the mother of invention! The discovery comes just in time to save the country from extinction or possible humiliation. Our noble President sounded the alarm some time ago, recommending more strenuous propagative measures, against which, however, the already overworked mothers immediately filed their protest.

Race preservation has been a perplexing problem to solve. For, owing to the decimations of disease, the prevalence of abortions, the fatal damming of Life's river by celibacy and the equally fatal opening of the floodgates through prostitution—together with a thousand untimely frosts and unseasonable drenchings to blight and scatter the precious pollen of earth's fairest flowers—with all these handicaps to husbandry, how could a full harvest, or even a decent crop be expected?

No wonder the politicians began to take alarm, or the old maids to shudder. Both, I trow, will welcome the advent of sexoline, if it will speedily recruit the ranks of masculinity as promised.

It is devoutly to be hoped that the secret can be kept from the Japanese, otherwise we are surely lost. For we are not, as a nation, I know, heroic and non-sentimental enough to forego feminine procreation altogether—not even to save the country. The Japanese, on the contrary, possess exactly that degree of loyalty and devotion to their country's interests.

Take courage Moses. Now that the medical fraternity has begun to dip into the subject of "borning folks," the tabu will be removed from Eugenics and the

will pass current without further offense or punishment. People are by no means as modest as they imagine, and have much more inherent sense than they manifest.

But really, as one reflects upon it, is it not singular to note how that one who is a "regular" may without criticism or reproach put forth a pill medicated to modify the sex of a germ, and receive all manner of commendation and support from press and public as well as those in authority (as if, forsooth, it were *such* a Great Thing to transform an incipient woman into a man), while another, *not* a regular, but imbued with the love of humanity and human progression, who ventures to suggest some sensible education for people along pre-natal lines, becomes at once a "dangerous citizen," and, if too insistent or earnest in his promulgation of the truth as it appear to him, is made an "example of" and punished as "a rude violator of the sacred code of decency" (as if, forsooth, it were a crime to make a better man or a better woman, or to suggest more feasible ways of doing it.) *O tempora! O mores!*

A man protesting against error is on the way towards uniting himself with all men that believe in truth.

—CARLYLE.

Forward.

"For one believeth he may eat all things;
Another who is weak, eateth herbs."

—Paul to the Romans.

It seems that the question of relative food values was up for discussion and controversy the same two thousand years ago as it is today. Among the orthodox Jews was to be found the same hypocritical sectarian element which dominates society still—an element which eternally insists on making a virtue of external forms.

Jesus, throughout his ministry, was most relentless in

his denunciation of the narrow-minded pretentiousness of the times, which was, and is, ever satisfied to whitewash the outside of the vessel, ignoring the vileness within.

Paul and the other apostles devoted themselves to argument and exhortation in order to bring the people to perceive that the trail to glory is to be blazed through the unbroken forest of Liberty alone, rather than round and round some beaten pathway on the parched plain, laid out and led by cunning priests who know full well the tendency of ignorance to run in ruts.

The question of food selection and food restriction dates back to the age of mythic law givers, notably, with us and the Semetic peoples, to the so-called Mosaic dispensation. It was Moses who taught that certain animals were "clean" and others "unclean," and his dictum dominates very largely the belief and practice of the present day generation, both Jew and Gentile.

Paul was an anarchist—a revolutionist. What a bomb was this to hurl in the orthodox ranks two thousand years ago:

"I know and am persuaded that there is nothing unclean, of itself, but to him that esteemeth anything to be unclean, to him it is unclean."

There was a mind a thousand years ahead of the age. *Here* was scientific prevision. We have not yet arrived at the point of unqualifiedly accepting Paul's ideal. We still regard certain animals unfit for food, and many believe all flesh eating injurious.

If we reject scriptural authority, and divine revelation, on the subject, discrediting the authenticity, or at least the validity, of Moses' teaching, *how* are we to arrive at the truth of the subject?—Precisely as we arrive at *any* truth, by observation.

What is the lesson Nature teaches us?—In the natural world, we see everything, from the tiniest worm or insect upward, devoured by the species next above. Each species, in fact, seems to take its rise from the death, dissolution and the absorption of the life principle of the one beneath it.

We perceive little or no discrimination along the line. Some birds and animals feed almost wholly on carrion, many of the carnivora swallow their prey whole, and none manifest any special degree of aesthetic taste till we come to man, who begins in time to demurr at feathers, viscera, scales, etc., but who unquestionably preserves a relict of ancestral appetites in his taste for "ripe" meat, blood puddings, and other delicatessen specialties.

Since the exemplar of Nebuchadnezzar, who under force of circumstances lived comfortably on alfalfa, man has proven that he can subsist on almost anything living or dead in the wide world. Failing to secure either animal or vegetable food, he may subsist even on argillaceous loam.

It is apparently all a matter of education and bringing up as to *what* one can stomach. An American travelling in the orient, or even on the continent, has to "hold his nose" repeatedly, and will get up hungry many times rather than force himself to eat some the nauseous dishes set before him, to which is added the horror and disgust of witnessing the evident relish of the natives in devouring the same. One does not need to go abroad either to get a quite similar experience.

To quote our Apostle once more: "Whatsoever is sold in the shambles, that eat, asking no questions for conscience sake." Evidently the vegetarian will have a bone to pick with Paul on this, like the female suffragists, who esteem him a woman-hater and call him horrid old thing."

I certainly would not hold to a thing or an idea because Moses said it or Paul said it, or because anybody affirmed it to be true. I hate authority, yet it must be admitted that all wisdom is gained from experience. We learn something from the experience of the ancients, certainly. A law that was essential for the government and unfoldment of a tribe of wandering Israelites in the Wilderness of Sin, might *still* be a good and useful law for the present day wanderers in the Jungle of Ignorance

But whosoever comes into enlightenment emerges from the law of bondage, as both experience and scripture

abundantly testify. *There was a time when it was necessary that man should be governed wholly through fear. Then it was said that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."*

Law at this period was all laid down negatively. "*Thou shalt not have any other gods before me.*" Such laws, or statements, implied belief in an over-ruling law-giver, the superstitious fear of whom, intimidated and held man in check so that he dare not wholly destroy himself and his kind, which "other gods" of his own creation might have incited him to do.

After ages of experience, something of the real truth is perceived, and the old law has a new reading, this time more positive: "*Thou canst not have any other gods before me*"—the "me" being recognizedly man himself. Thus all law is changed by a change in the intellectual or intuitional view-point. "*Thou shalt not kill, commit adultery, bear false witness, etc.*" become likewise. **THOU CANST NOT**, for life is eternal, all is pure and truth prevails!

But note: Through what course have we, the human race, been brought to this consciousness?—Through suffering and death. In no other manner could it have been gained—through an almost endless repetition of these seemingly woeful experiences, which were necessary to transform incipient fear into love,—to develop out of mere sensation, feeling.

Suffering alone transforms the senseless clod into the sentient being. Thus, too, the soul passes through a myriad lower forms, arriving at the human plane to know itself a god, with consciousness acute and conscience keen, and that most wonderful of all evolutions, the Moral Sense developed.

It is not enough that man should feel for himself alone—like the animal—he must *feel for others*. This, that distinguishes the human from all other beings, is Sympathy, the door which ushers in true love and gives to life an understanding.

When this is definitely accomplished, man will be able to look back over the line of innumerable lives and per-

ceive clearly the reason for it all. Then may he view the dark pathway to glory, not with the horror of the superstitious and ignorant groping in the catacombs, but with the ecstasy of an awakened soul, who sees even the foot-prints of blood illumined with light.

So, why all this idle talk about not killing? Where in nature or in the world do we get the precept, example or suggestion, by which any such law is to be formulated?

From the minutest molecule up to man, we note but one insatiate sequence of slaughter and devastation—everything preying upon something, everything devouring something else. And man, crowning evolution of a myriad murderings, preys upon everything on the whole earth, in the air beneath the soil. Nothing on land or in the sea escapes him. He searches for all, captures all, and all contribute to his sustenance. And why not? Is he not Lord of all? Does he not embody all? And if he would, he cannot spare them. With every breath he draws, with every draft of the sparkling element of life, in every fruit and vegetable, he unconsciously appropriates billions of lesser lives, whose essential life go to make up and increase his own vitality.

The law of death is part and parcel of the law of life. Nature abhors above all things imperfection. She will have none of it. Relentlessly she tears down, without pity and without a tear, all that she has builded so well, to build again upon a better plan. All of her children assist her, joyfully or sorrowfully it is all one, and all for the glory that is to be.

And this brings us to the lesson of war. Is it not apparent that this phase of destruction is but a continuation of the same gigantic work of reconstruction? If it be not so, why do not normal human beings respond to some other impulse, and choose for themselves another course of action?

The most civilized, the most christianized, the most humane peoples—those who in private life make laws against murder, and hold human life most sacred—lay

aside all codes and convictions, and go to war, killing each other indiscriminately by hundreds of thousands, cutting down their brothers like grass, piling them in heaps like the carcasses of dogs, and gloating over what they call "victory."

But here we seem to be beyond our subject. For the victors do not slay to eat, as did their cannibal ancestors. What then has been attained?—"They that take the sword shall perish by the sword!" Those who are attracted to battle are fit only to fall in battle. They go to their predestined doom. Nature sometimes accomplishes her purpose by the slow process of the pioneer—the woodman and his axe—and sometimes by the tornado, which uproots the whole forest in an hour. So death in civil life steals in and takes them one by one, but war, like the cyclone draws them together in one mighty vortex of destruction.

My children, it is all for the same purpose—to *purge out the dross*. One dies—that is, one's body dies—being unfit to live. The soul will not be contaminated. It is a pure spark. It will fashion the clay so long as it may, but when its work is finished in the worm, it does not go on to make a mightier worm—it enters the chrysalis—and emerges the moth.

Oh, beautiful soul, I trust thee! *Ich grolle nicht*—"I do not complain." I will follow as thou ledest. Slay me if thou wilt, and as often as thou wilt. I ask only to live on always, to renew life and consciousness in thy sweet presence. It is joy to sleep, knowing that I shall waken to a brighter day than I have ever known. And I know when my past is altogether pleasant then I shall be able to remember it. Till then, let it be buried in the sea of oblivion, drowned in the River of Lethe, lest like a grim ghost it haunt my waking hour! Lead, on, thou kindly light—thy path is Zionward!

While we may keep our hands in society, we must keep our head in solitude.

—EMERSON.

In Behalf of the Child.

In nothing, perhaps, do we as a race display more slavish adherence to the precedents of our forbears, than in our devotion to the idea of home and the family life. We are brought up to believe that the home is the very foundation of society and civilization, and that without such an institution as the family the race would become speedily degenerate and finally extinct.

The few who have been bold enough to question the truth of this belief suggesting some innovations have been promptly consigned by good conformists to the region where all bad heretics and heresies are alike incinerated. But it was ever thus.

The plea that I would make is not by any means for the abolition of the home—the true home—but for the rescue of the little ones from those corrals and breeding places *called* homes. Those places which exist in society under sanction of the law and by popular consent for no other purpose than the gratification of the lower human propensities—lust and pride—where the little ones come obedient to the call of Nature, only to find themselves unwelcome, and doomed to suffer neglect and abuse in a thousand ways which effectually starve their bodies, dwarf their minds and lead to ultimate moral degeneracy.

And these so-called “homes,” that in our patriotic mush figure as the “bulwark of civilization,” I declare to you are the chief sappers of our national strength. If they do not succeed in actually dragging our emblem of liberty in the dust of shame, they certainly retard the progress of the world for decades and centuries.

Such homes—and they are legion—created and maintained on economic, that is to say selfish, principles, are altogether unfit places in which to rear children. I pass up to my Eugenic friends the consideration of such a home being an unfit environment in which to conceive and born them, but once these little souls *have* found their way into the world, I am for giving them freedom and a chance, which alas! they rarely, if ever, have.

As a matter of fact, not one person in a hundred of those in the "family business" is fit or qualified to raise a child, even if the child *be* desired and welcome (which is rare), and the personal unfitness and disqualification is not so much due to the fact that people are uneducated as that they are inherently or willfully ignorant of the child's nature and its requirements.

Either they are so very selfish that they spoil the child by over-indulgence, inculcating in the tender mind chiefly vanity—that mother of a motly brood of immoralities—or else they are so very unkind that they harden the sensibilities by neglect or abuse, dwarfing ambition and destroying initiative, repressing imagination and killing spontaneity—the natural formative factors in the child life,—and thus lay the foundation for all sorts of criminal tendencies and results.

This may, at first, sound like a very radical statement, and a overharsh arraignment. But I assure you it is by no means exaggerated. I am not quoting by the book, but from observation and experience. My business of teaching for over twenty years brought me in close touch with both children and parents. I have seen that which has made me heart sick. I found what every teacher finds viz., that ordinarily the parent is a veritable stumbling block in the path of the child's progress and that, as a general thing, the child's advancement along any desired line is just in the degree that it can be protected from parental interference and bias.

The teacher, if he be conscientious and practical, has to steer a middle course between what he knows to be his duty to the child and what he perceives to be policy in reference to the parent. In order to hold his position and win the parents approval and tolerance of his efforts, he is forced to do a hundred things he feels he ought not to do, or that it is quite unnecessary should be done—often taking a circuitous route of months to arrive at a point of days, were he permitted to take a direct course.

And all this merely to gratify the parent's vanity or whim. How many teachers do you think there are who will hold to their ideals against this parental handicap? —Not very many. The majority will fall in and adopt

the line of least resistance, becoming fawners and flatterers, satisfied to put on the required veneer and draw their salaries in peace. Thus they connive with the parent against the child's best interests.

Teachers soon learn that the average parent has no further interest in the child's education beyond fitting it for "something useful," which means, something in which it can be *utilized* as soon as possible, either to become self-supporting or to contribute to the support of the family. Or, if money be no object as in case of the wealthy, the pride and satisfaction of the parent is the one thing to be attained—always the parent and never the child to be pleased and benefitted.

And in nine cases out of ten, the parent puts his judgment up against the advice of the best teachers, and ignores altogether the natural bent of the child's mind. He would make of one child a doctor, of another a lawyer, of another a preacher, as the notion strikes him. He will be proud in later years to have it said that he gave his boys a "chance," and that they do not "have to work as he did." One of the chief errors of fond but ignorant parents is that education means some sort of emancipation from work—a very pernicious idea, indeed, to inculcate in the child mind.

There is I believe, hardly an instance on record of a great genius coming to fruition who has not done so in opposition to, or in spite of, parental wishes and authority. And how many other geniuses less forceful or aggressive, think you, have been suppressed, crushed or broken by the obduracy and unreason of parents, who consider that they "own" their children, and that they have the "right" to do with them and unto them as they will?

As a scientific fact, if there is any ownership or right to be considered in this relation, it is on the side of the child. He, as the later evolution, is the highest creation. He is the one to be deferred to, for inherently he is wiser than his predecessor. He should have an opportunity to manifest his superior qualities. In a word, he should from earliest infancy breathe an atmosphere of

freedom—but this does not mean that he should be abandoned.

The parent himself has usually neither aptitude nor inclination to teach the child. He is virtually a stranger to the child and the child to him. He is looked upon by the child merely as the “governor,” the law-maker and executor thereof. The child grows up practically alone, so far as any sympathy and encouragement of the parent is concerned, and more frequently under all those chilling and dwarfing restraints of capricious paternalism that cause him to inwardly hate his home and get away from it as soon as possible.

In the teacher the child very often finds a second father or mother more worthy of the relation, and in the school a more ideal home. Nearly all children are eager to go to school and most parents eager to have them away. The little things are pushed out of the nest as soon as ever they can toddle, under care of the eldest drudge, if there be one. The mother is relieved to get rid of them, for has she not “just bushels of work” to do to supply the material necessities of the family?—quite enough, indeed, to drive all thoughts of ethical culture out of mind.

This brings up another phase of the subject—the ideal (?) of a nervous, irritable mother, worn out and broken nearly down with the cares of a large family, which has to be kept up and go right on increasing. And why?—Why, simply in response to the tyranny of custom. Our grandparents did it—probably away back as far as Adam they did it. And we follow the rut. But we are beginning to awaken from the insanity—a little.

Families are becoming smaller. The ideal of procreation is waning in the light of the higher ideal of individual development. Quality is becoming paramount to quantity in the making of men.

Of what use to society is this horde of unkempt, uncultured, half-washed and half starved children that is being ceaselessly poured into the world and upon the streets? What does it mean for the class but one long continued fight for existence—a life-long struggle with poverty, destitution and want, just for a little poor food,

and wretched shelter—except that in this wise is made muscle for mills, power for politicians and food for cannon?

We are over-populated and under-educated, and the greatest curses of modern life are indiscriminate breeding and indeterminate feeding—feeding of bodies and feeding of minds. In a sanely organized society—in the Utopia I have in mind—the State will stand sponsor for all this feeding. It will regulate distribution and it will provide education. It is really only a small step from our present practice to state education of children—a step from which only a traditional sentiment holds us back.

We now hustle them off at four and keep them away till twenty, all under supervision of hired instructors and directors. What do we really know about the education of our children? Have we assumed any great responsibility in the matter? We have paid the bills as they came in to us—we had to do that—and it is the one thing of all that perhaps we best not have done. The best sort of education is that which is worked on, and paid for by the worker. That has been well proven.

I heard an English divine once say, “Our young college boys at nineteen are little more than a set of lazy louts, incompetent to do any useful thing in the world and with a lot of vicious habits acquired to carry into life and society.” I thought at the time that this remark was extreme and somewhat hypercritical, for I was then myself in the flush of collegiate expectancy. But after some years of observation and experience, I could see that the preacher was not far wrong.

From this it would seem that our modern collegiate system is a failure. It is certainly not all that it ought to be, but it is not the fault of educators as much as the people themselves who persist in the maintenance of the old standards and antiquated methods. Still more is it due to the material which the college has to work upon, which is, in truth, the legitimate product of parental neglect on one hand, and parental interference on the other.

“As the twig is bent so the tree inclines.” The evil is done between the years of three and thirteen—evil that no

subsequent training or method can obviate. The child-mind is plastic and impressionable, the psychic nature delicately poised. How easily can the mind be hardened and rendered obtuse to impressions, and the spiritual nature thrown out of adjustment!

Less than a hundred years ago Froebel was interdicted by law from conducting a Kindergarten. Less than a hundred years ago, too, education was carried on mainly by private tutors and largely by the clergy. The chief subjects taught at these parochial schools were the catechism and the dogmas of religion. Only a very few years ago, the reading of the Bible was compulsory in most schools, just as it was to "open by prayer." As if this had anything to do with education or learning!

But see how we have grown in the idea of free schools—altogether the most hopeful and glorious sign of modern progressiveness. But still we are very much bound by prejudice, pedantry and pedigree. We rely on authority and lack initiative. Meanwhile, the "slaughter of the innocents" goes on. We must free the child more and more from that home influence which blights and destroys. We must substitute influences which uplift and expand the child mind. We must surrender our personal notions and whims respecting this—everything, always, for the welfare of the child.

Now listen: If you object to the plan of giving over the education of your children to others, there is another plan far more desirable, but it will involve a change in your present habits of life—a radical change.

Make up your mind to bring into this world of life and light *one* lovely child. It will be sure to be lovely, if it is a true love-child, and welcome, which is most important of all. Determine to be to this child a *model parent*. This will require you to sink your personality largely in the interest of the child and its unfoldment. Be to it a guardian and a guide, a preceptor and playmate—a companion always.

To perform the office of parent to one child properly—or at most to two—is all that one human being can reasonably accomplish. It means devotion, and from one

An Interesting Letter.

Editor of THE PHALANX:

Dear Sir:—I received the June PHALANX and am warmly interested in contents, so enclose One Dollaar for a Dozen, to begin at the beginning. The article on "Affinities" is excellent, so are many other things. I was especially interested in the letter of "A woman who thinks"—love and sympathy to her from a Woman who Knows. You speak of your Order as being the oldest as well as the latest on earth, then you say—"Farewell to worldly wisdom, earthly rewards, ephemeral joys"—but why? I also belong to an Order still more ancient, and more new—but we renounce nothing, we claim all things. The Christ of the last Dispensation said, "My kingdom is not of this world," and his followers have never conquered the earth, overcome its sorrows, or established peace and righteousness among men; but their 'holy men' have 'renounced the world, the flesh, and the Devil,' have 'retired' from, or 'shunned' the vanities of life, like too many other religionists, or with great skill and hypocrisy have robbed the poor, amassed fortunes, and given alms and legacies to save their souls! But the Leader of the New Race that has begun to incarnate will claim the earth and its riches and all its joys for His people, for the Divine Life must permeate and possess every avenue of trade, every artery of the body politic and the body physical, break the bondage of religion and fear and custom. After all, isn't that what you mean? I should like to know more about your order—"How to do?"

Yours very sincerely,

HERTHA.

After my very heart! But instead of "his followers" (meaning Christians) say, His *professed* followers, otherwise, His *blind* followers. For the professed followers of Christ have never followed even the plain letter of the Christ doctrine, and as for the spirit thereof, it has remained as a precious jewel hidden within the depths of a mountain of darkness. All search for it has resulted only in groping and stumbling and utter failure. These blind

followers, and self-appointed guides, have never been able to grasp the literalness not to say anything of the spirituality of the Perfect Law that was put into the mouth of one, Jesus of Nazareth. In that law, there is no renunciation, only transformation. When the dawn comes, we do not say the darkness has been renounced. The darkness is dispelled by the light, and we find ourselves in a new condition. A modern writer has said, "Truth can no more be seen by the mind unprepared than the sun can rise in the midst of the night." When we attain to an understanding of *what* the real Christ is, we shall know that it is not any human incarnation that lived, or will live, on earth as a personality—speaking words and passing away—but an ever present, Living Principle in Nature, that strives to speak and *does* speak through every man, failing to make its voice heard only because of the imperfection of the instrument through which it speaks. When we realize that the specific Christ of scripture is a myth, symboling a miracle—one that "before Abraham was and still is"—and when we grasp the *real meaning* of this Miracle, that it is no metaphysical fancy but an actual entity, capable of being appropriated and utilized by the Human Divine race in ever more potent degree—then we perceive more plainly than ever how hollow has been the funereal sound of religion that has echoed down the sad ages—what a woe and what a waste! "The Leaders of the New Race will claim the earth and its riches and its joys," you say. True, but *not* as the New Thoughter "claims"—by demanding an unearned inheritance or benefaction from empty space, this being but another form of petitioning to an unknown deity for personal blessing and emoluments, at someone's sacrifice or expense (O; selfish race!)—not as these, but as those who have *won the knowledge* which entitles them by right of discovery to Almighty patents and privileges. When we attain to this discovery in the course of our normal unfoldment, then it must be "farewell to worldly wisdom," for the wisdom of the world becomes abject foolishness; and "farewell to earthly rewards," for they are as pewter ornaments to bril-

view-point self-sacrifice, to do for a child say what Miss Sullivan has done for Helen Kellar, but is it not ideal and beautiful to do this? Only a few children in this world have had such parents. Such have created for their children an ideal home—a home in which the love vibration is so powerful that it will forever preserve them from evil, and cause them to return to it always with joy.

Such is the home I would establish. But if we must be as we are, engrossed in business and affairs, must get more money and accumulate more things, going literally mad in our chase for the froth and frivolities of life, so that child-bearing and child-raising has to be sandwiched in—an accident, a regret and a dolorous duty, then in the name of all that is good, and in the interest of all that is just, let us give over the care and culture of those little plants that are to blossom for the glory of the coming race into hands that are wiser and more devoted to the work than we are or can hope to be.

But into the hands of the State, not yet, not yet! Not so long as the State is dominated by coarse politics and run by a cruel machine. That would be horrible—worse than “baby-farming.” Perhaps, with the picture before us of what dreadful things the paid beneficiaries of our political system *might* do with our little ones in their control, as they do with the poor, the aged and infirm,—with the inmates of asylums and prisons—and with the thought of what a wonderful opportunity is presented us to glorify ourselves in our children, we may turn our attention to the *other* solution of this great problem—Eugenics and the Ideal Home.

It is easy to find beauty and system and truth in the conventional ideas of things, if you refrain from looking at both sides.

—MR. JAMES.

Mistake, error, is the discipline through which we advance.

—CHANNING.

lant gems; and "farewell to ephemeral joys," for our joy, beloved, is eternal and unending bliss. The skin of the old crawling serpent, Cunning, cracks and shrivels away, and the new winged serpent, Wisdom, comes forth—henceforth an oracle and a god. Thus you perceive, sister, that our thoughts and purposes are one and the same—*when we understand.*

—DEFOREST.

A Valued Recognition.

"The Bulletin of New Discoveries" for June, published at Emery Park, Auburn, R. I. contains the following complimentary notice:

"Just as this issue was in press, the following letter came to me from one of the greatest philosophers on earth, and I am more honored by this epistle than by a whole page in any newspaper in America.

"Reader, you must watch THE PHALANX as we crowd every scientific humbug and 'viper of the populace' and push it into the 'sea of oblivion.'"

[THE LETTER]

MY DEAR ORVILLE:

Many thanks for the literature. You are certainly forging ahead. Your ideas are intensely fascinating. I shall be likely to refer to them in my writing. Kindly send me whatever you publish.

Sincerely,

DELMAR.

This from the editor, my friend and scientific co-worker, Mr. Orville Leach, is greatly appreciated. Mr. Leach who has for many years been investigating along the line of occult, natural phenomena, has recently hit upon some amazing discoveries, the logical outcome of which may easily prove a scientific revolution and a subversion of all hitherto accredited theories.

Mr. Leach announces as the conclusion of his experiments the interesting, and novel idea, that the globe upon

which we live, move and have our tableaux, is hollow, that it is open at the poles, or at the places where the poles ought to be, and that it may be possible to enter and explore this interior land without danger or great difficulty, once science has overcome certain present barriers.

This land—though a rather large claim to stake out—Mr. Leach, by right of prior discovery, has pre-empted in the interest of science and the Stars and Stripes, and has named it “Orvilla” (meaning “Golden City”), after himself. What such an interior land is like can only at present be conjectured. Of two things, however, Mr. Leach is certain, viz., that the air is luminous and the climate equable, so that there seems no reason to doubt that the country may be inhabited, and doubtless by a superior race of beings—perhaps the “souls of just men (and women) made perfect.”

The theory of Mr. Leach will explain a number of puzzling and hitherto inexplicable things in connection with previous polar explorations, one being the open polar sea of Dr. Kane, another the strange action of the magnetic needle when approaching the region of the North Pole. Explorers nearing the South pole have seen butterflies and felt warm winds, while the remarkable, and well known discovery of thousands of Mastodon bones, and of an almost perfect specimen of this gigantic and extinct quadruped imbedded in the ice of the arctic regions, goes far towards corroborating the theory that there may be a warm country in the vicinity of the poles, and it is by no means impossible that this country may be actually inside of our earth. Dr. Teed has a somewhat similar theory, only that he thinks we are *already* inside, and have never seen the outside of our cosmic orange!

Mr. Leach does not base his theory of a hollow globe upon mere conjecture but rather upon some actual experiments with metals, which show conclusively that when bodies are suddenly cooled from the outside, a solid crust is formed, while within a vacuum is created, resulting in a hollow sphere. The openings at the poles of the earth would come about naturally, being caused by

to others, I fear it will all be darkness, the same as if I had not written. A few of the first books remain. They ought to be read and pondered, as a preparation of the New Dispensation that is to follow.

Dawn of Death, 50 cents.

Divine Symbols, \$1.00.

Art of Alchemy, \$2.00.

If ordered together, \$3.00 for the entire set.

Address, Editor of the Phalanx, Box 858, Los Angeles, California.

Book Reviews.

“Institutional Marriage:” price 10 cents. M. Harman, 629 S. Main St., Los Angeles, California.

This interesting and instructive little brochure is one that should be read by everybody. It is a keen analysis and a very candid exposition of institutionalism in general and marriage in particular.

The author states what should be conceded without argument, viz., that man is the creator of institutions and as such should not be dominated by them. Yet exactly the reverse is true. He thinks, talks and acts as if he had no rights as against his own institutions.

For instance, we create the institution known as the State, and invest it with rights far superior to those enjoyed by any individual in the state. We make of it a power—a tyranny over ourselves. In like manner we bow down to other man-made institutions.

John Stuart Mill said, “Marriage is the only form of serfdom recognized by law.” The author goes on to show that any reform directed towards freeing the serfs is met by the most strenuous opposition from the owners thereof, to which is added the most discouraging feature of such reform, viz., the apathy of the serfs themselves, who often aid the opposition as against their own best interests.

Just as when Count Tolstoy attempted to give back to his peasant tenants the soil and their natural rights,

they could not understand his motive and immediately suspected some ulterior scheme to wrong them—so when you talk to women, enslaved by custom and prejudice, about self-ownership of person, and freedom in affections' bestowal, they are up in array and will accuse you of attempting to overthrow morality and turn the world back to savagery.

And, whenever a woman more courageous than the rest dares to openly assert her right to live a free, non-invasive life, she is branded a wanton, and if possible through ostracism and malignment driven from respectable society into the ranks of another class of serfs described by Lecky, the historian, as "the symbol of man's degradation—herself the supreme type of vice, being ultimately the efficient guardian of virtue—who remains while civilizations rise and fall the eternal priestess of humanity, blasted for the sins of the people."

The author resorts to a little pleasant fiction in order to emphasize his argument by introducing a "dweller from Mars" who, as an unbiased observer is able to present the subject succinctly and with telling force. When he has finished, you recognize the straw-man of matrimony by the straws sticking out of the ears, eyes and nose—and everywhere. You can even see the pole the scare-crow is hung on, and are mentally prepared to assist in the burning of the effigy. Read it and see.

Another splendid booklet by the same author, M. Harman, is entitled: "Right to be Born Well," price 25 cents.

It would be impossible to extract the good things out of this little book without practically reprinting the pages. It shows the advantages of prenatal endowment as against postnatal training—what a woman should demand, viz., a home of her own in which she is the supreme ruler—power of suggestion—passion a normal and necessary factor—harmonic and inharmonic auras—superstitious views of virtue—the pernicious influence on the embryonic mind of hypocrisy, deception and intrigue incited by conventional usages—importance of

free and responsible motherhood—fatal consequences of propinquity—instances of remarkable prenatal impressions—what is legitimacy and what illegitimacy—closing with some valuable suggestions from Dr. Stockholm's Tokology on dress, dietetics, etc., during the gestative period.

"Boy Lover."—Alice B. Stockholm. Stockholm Pub. Co., Chicago, Ill. Price.

Frankly, I do not agree with all Dr. Stockholm has written on the line of sexology, but it must be admitted that as a writer she is both virile and versatile, and has written so many strong, splendid things that she is entitled, I think, to a public pension, rather than to the disgraceful persecution and prosecution that she has in the past been forced to suffer at the hands of accephalous officialism.

The little book before me is a gem in every way, and fitted to adorn the center table of any home or the shelves of public libraries—particularly school libraries.

The chapters, are as follows:—Boy Lover—Girl Lover—Recreation—Courtesy—The Awakening.

See that your children read it, if you expect them ever to pass through the psychological experience of falling in love. The book will temper the malady and afford sanity to sequences.

Originality irritate the religious classes, who will not be taken out of their indolent ways of thinking; who have a standing grievance against it, and "heresy" and "heterodoxy" are bad words ready for it.—W. W. PEYTON.

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We are traveling to the beautiful City of the Ideal. We are aware that we shall never reach it—but the suburbs are very pleasant.—ERA ELBERTUS.