

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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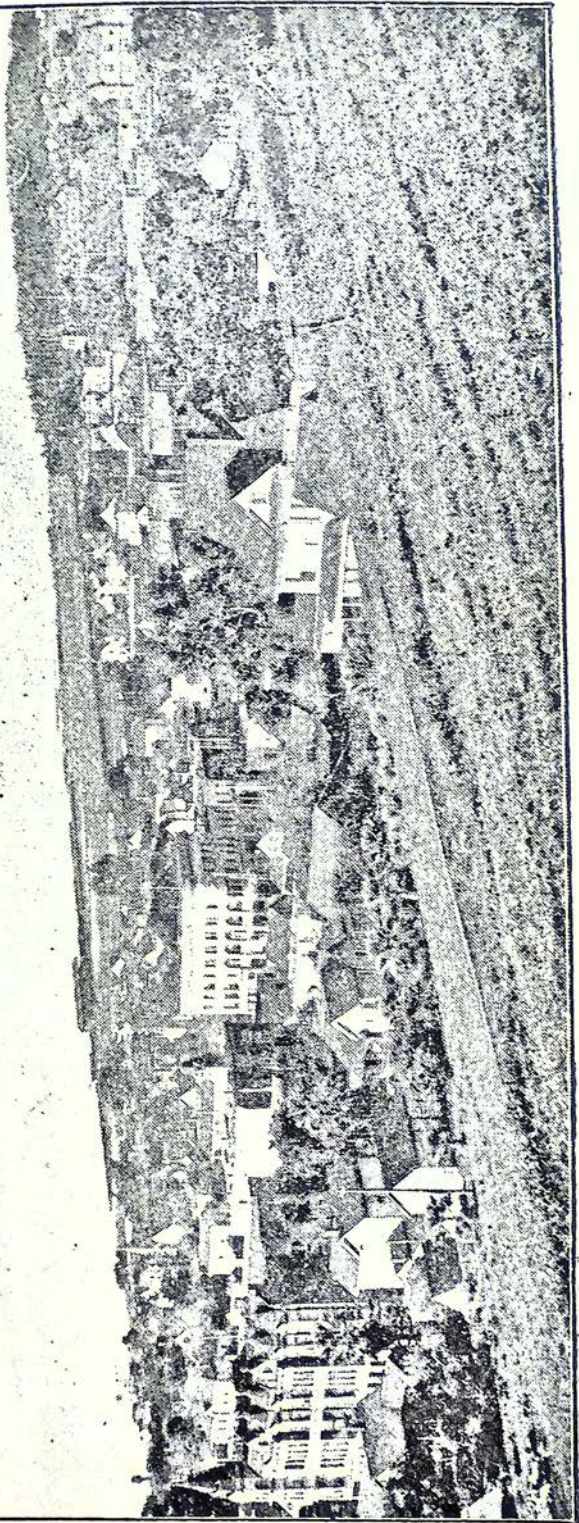
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CITY OF SAN BUENAVENTURA
(By the courtesy of the Ventura Free Press)

The Phalanx

A JOURNAL OF PHILOSOPHY AND FRIENDSHIP

For love is ever the beginning of knowledge as fire is of light.—Carlyle.

Friendship is Love, without either flowers or veil.—Hare.

The Price of Progress

Young brother, young sister, with the uplift gaze,
Would you follow the new vision, live the new life?
Have you conceived an ideal beyond old creeds and
customs?

Does it call you? Would you follow? Count the cost!
Has poverty no terrors for you?
Can you be driven from shelter to shelter 'till "home"
is an empty name,

And can you still be true?
Can you hunger while prostitution feasts and flourishes,
And keep your genius pure?

Have you reckoned with the world's scorn, and counted
it as naught?

Can you discount the averted gaze where once shone
welcome?

Still I say to you—Count the cost!

Do you know the price you shall pay for your freedom?
A sword shall sever you from kindred, friends, lovers.
Not one who is not of the new, not one of the old can hold
you or be held,

One by one you shall sacrifice them on the altar of your
progress,

In a long drawn agony of pain.

Your very blood shall cry out to you for cruelty,
Your throat shall ache with pity, but they will never
understand.

The reproach in their eyes shall haunt your sweetest joys,
And your veriest triumphs shall ring with their defeats.

They whom you love, love, love!
Can you pay for your progress the price of their pain?
Then go on, on, on! and die, still going on!
For you shall never arrive!
But you shall gain, Strength that grows by resistance,
Power that is born of purpose;
A deeper insight, a clearer understanding, a greater love,
And here and there along steep hillsides, besides yawning
chasms,
A warm hand shall clasp yours,
Clear eyes shall look into yours with a look that knows
and responds,
And you shall claim comrades, yours, your own!
You may not keep them with you, but you shall know
That somewhere on the pathway they too are climbing.
They too are pursuing the dream and vision.
And in you shall be born a living, leaping Hope, that
into the pain and the yearning,
Into the world's weariness and woe,
A new light shall dawn, a new day shall break;
That, whether you stand or fall, the world shall grow by
your striving,
That slowly, but with onward sweep of endeavor,
On into Freedom and Joy-Life, the World is advancing!

—Adeline Champney.

Virgo

The astrological sign of Virgo is regnant from August 23rd to September 22nd. The sign is governed by the planet Mercury.

It will be remembered that Mercury appears in Gemini just before the conjunction of "Sol-Luna" (Cancer-Leo). But it is then an altogether different phase of Mercury in the Great Work we are considering.

The occult meaning of Mercury is "Lord of the Sea." It is an emanation—an entity—arising from a combination of certain elementals. The plastic "sea," or matrix, impregnated by the Divine Spirit of Light overshadow-

ing is figured as giving birth to this wonderful child, Mercury.

As the child naturally partakes of the nature of both its parents, it is called an Hermaphrodite (Hermes and Aphrodite). Mythology informs us that Aphrodite (Venus) took a dip in this sea and rose resplendent therefrom. In the Work, this bath occurs in Taurus, and Venus appears again next month (Libra) still more glorified through her child, Mercury.

In the present sign, Virgo ("the Virgin") typifies the purified substance of the "mixt," and Mercury, "the promised Messiah," comes more and more in evidence daily. The mother's face (sur-face) is illumined by the glow of the beauteous son within her radiant bosom. The Son is made manifest only through the Madonna, mother. When at last he (it) is truly born (perfected) through sequential astral influences, he is found to embody the feminine nature completely within himself, even as Christ is said to have done. This phenomenon was expressed by some of the sages as "the offspring swallowing the parent."

Virgo is physiologically co-related to the digestive, or more specifically, to the assimilative tract of the human system, since in the Great Work this vital essence is assimilated from the previous digestions of the substances involved. Its formation is akin to that of milk in the mammary glands—it is, therefore, frequently called "milk." It is said to nourish the gestating infant, which, in reality, it does. Though in this case the nourishment could not well be distinguished from the infant itself.

We are now entering upon the real Solar Work. All the former colors will reappear but in inverse order and with greater intensity and increased transparency. The fundamental shade is constantly golden, but the prismatic tints reflected from the shimmering surface of the waters are various and multicolored. This is the period for the appearance of the "Peacock's Tail" so often referred to in alchemical works.

Mercury itself may be thought of as white, or shell-gray, symboling purity, but it absorbs every color, cham-

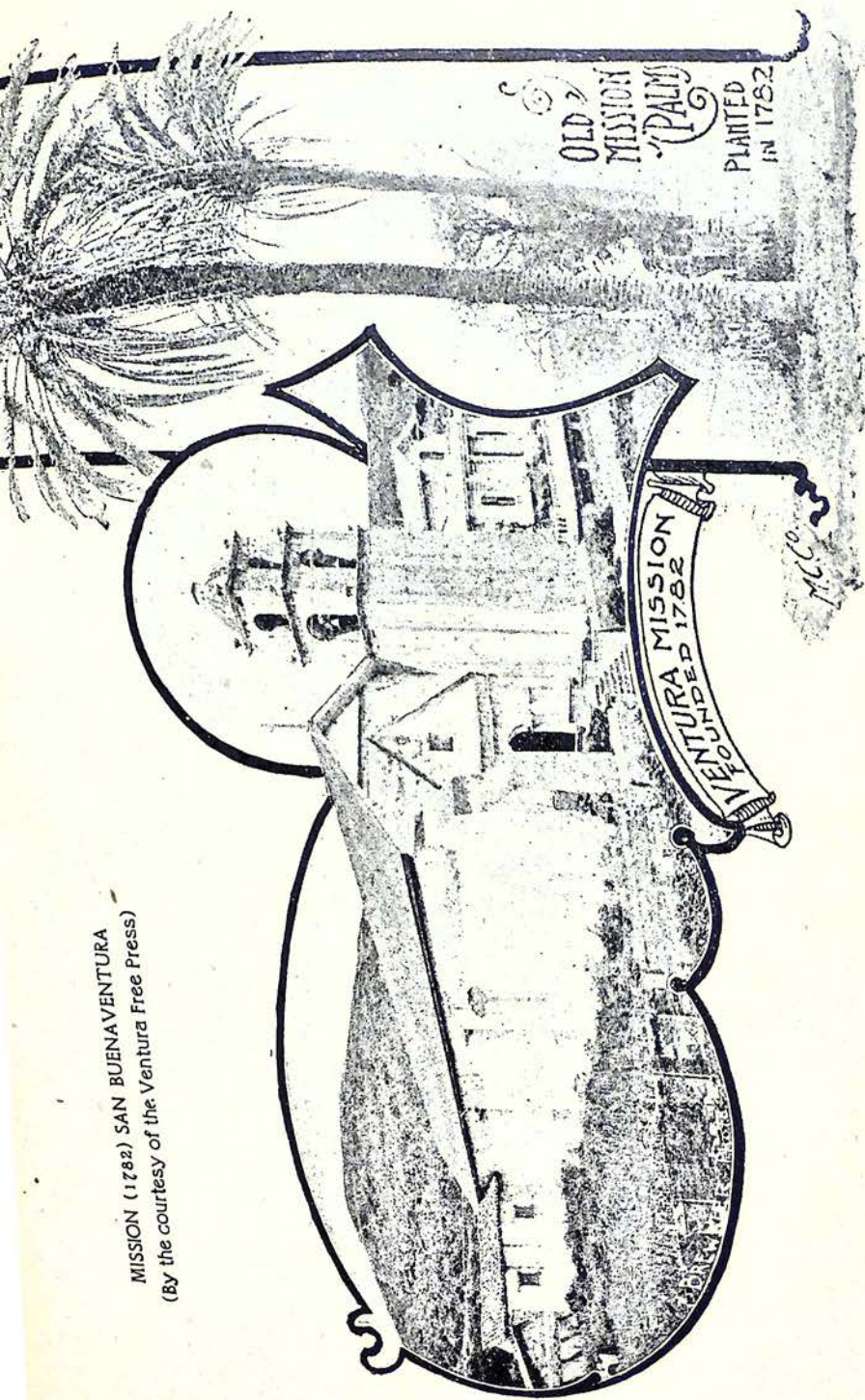
eleon-like, with which it comes in contact. In Virgo, it takes on a slight tint of russet-red, indicating that Mars is still potently active in the regenerative work.

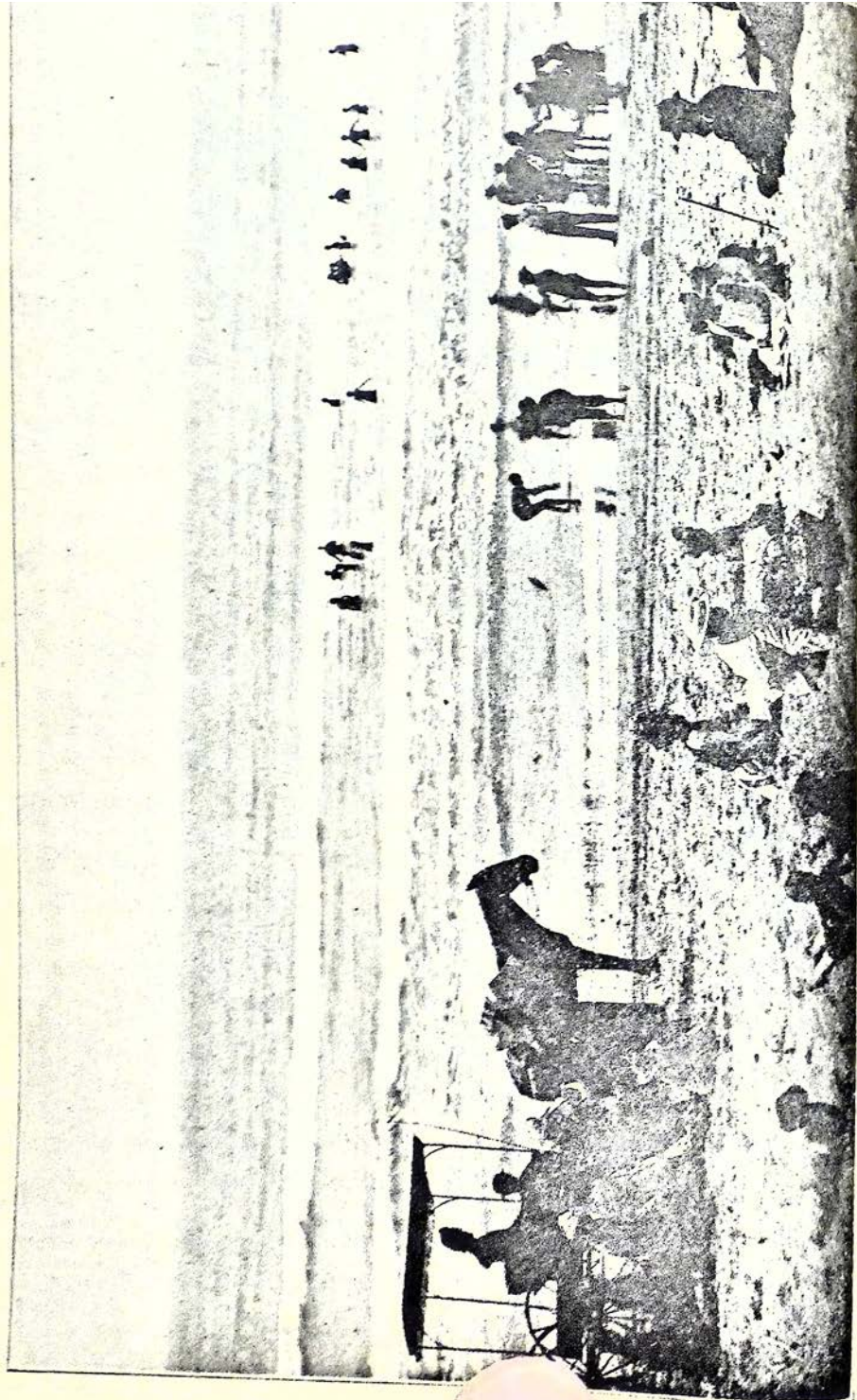
Mercury corresponds very closely to the Lymph of the system. It is Mars, or iron, that tinges the corpuscles red (haemoglobin), converting it into blood. When thus impregnated and colored, it becomes a perfect carrier of magnetic and vital energy, which is transmitted to the nerves and manifests as action on the various planes of the organism.

On the mental plane, the activity results in a certain type—the Virgo—more pronounced and distinctive than almost any other type of mentality. The Virgo mind is one difficult to understand save by another of the same order. To other mentalities it will appear inharmonious, aggressive, egotistic, self-complaisant, non-approbativ, unsympathetic—given to ostentation, more of words than deeds—lacking originality, but endowed with a strong imitative faculty to which is added the happy faculty of appropriating ideas and reclothing them in apparently original garb—versatile, ingenious, imaginative—somewhat more constant and dependable than Mercury in Gemini—jealous and insistent on recognition. As a friend Virgo is loyal and true—can bury a secret deep—is very curious and inquisitive—must find out “how the wheels go round,” even if it spoils the watch—fond of the strange and occult, being attracted to philosophic subjects, which however are delved into but superficially. The thing the Virgos lack most, they strive hardest to manifest, viz., Discrimination, being very critical, but extremely sensitive to criticism.

As a rule, their domineering personality blinds them to true altruistic sensibility and renders them quite untactful—blunt and brusque, uncomplimentary and uncere-monious—which more than any other trait is often responsible for their downfall or undoing. Nothing is so essential for the needed breaking up and disintegration of the hard-shell of personality obtrusively enveloping the Virgo as self-sacrifice, voluntarily undergone—otherwise, misfortune and trouble, ill-luck and disappointment, will come to act as the crushers of destiny.

MISSION (1782) SAN BUENAVENTURA
(By the courtesy of the Ventura Free Press)





The Virgo at heart is an anarchist, but usually without the courage of conviction. He chafes under conventional restraints, makes of inconsistency a virtue and rails at man-made laws, but ends by conforming and obeying. 'This result is effected largely by the very strong impulse and trend of the Virgo towards familism—the establishment and maintenance of the home ideal, though personal pride is always a strong factor, causing it to bend the independent knee.

The truly evolved Virgo, having mastered vanity, dominated selfishness, and acquired true perception becomes a wonderful character. Such will have power to attract to themselves all that is best in the world and the universe, judgment to select the good from the worthless, and ability to appropriate and utilize the best forces and elements. The petty trickster-tradesman, Mercury, of the primal plane, dominates later on the realm of financial achievement; so, too, the gossipy, garrulous tale-bearer, Mercury, becomes the polished orator, relating such tales as hold men spell-bound with wonder—yet ever and always the same old Mercury striving to *shine*—to absorb and mirror forth the varied lines of luminosity.

A Journey to the Land of Promise

BY ALINE

We left the Arcade Depot at Los Angeles on the morning of August 6th, at eight o'clock on the Coast Line Limited. The weather, which for some time back had been hot, was this day simply perfect. The sunlight serene and splendid suffused all and its warmth was tempered by cool, refreshing breezes from the ocean twenty miles away.

We passed along up the famous Los Angeles river concerning which so many diverse and ambiguous tales have been related in the far East, some tourists having mentioned the steamboats plying thereon up to the headwaters of navigation, other declaring that there was not water enough in it to successfully float a tin can, while the comedian on the local stage says, "Billy, do not throw your dog in, it might get wet!"

We passed the celebrated pigeon farm in the environs of the city, and on up through Tropico and Burbank with their acres of luscious strawberries—through the San Fernando valley with its olive groves, vineyards and orchards of apricots and peaches,—up into the Sierra Madre gap, whose scenery and chaotic rock formations reminds one of the Garden of the Gods in miniature—through the long tunnel and numerous deep cuts and rugged passes, on up to the mountain crest at Chatsworth Park, where we commenced descending into a most picturesque mountain valley with beautiful live oaks dotting the landscape on all sides, underneath whose shade and scattered over the rich mountain pasture-land were to be seen grazing hundreds of sleek cattle, fattening on the rich, dried grasses.

All the way the hills keep receding on either side and the valley opens wider and wider. Suddenly we came upon a new sight—a change from the brown and yellow of the hillside pastures into broad fields, as delightfully green as one ever sees in New Hampshire in May or June—not grass nor clover, but beans, thousands of acres of beans, which at this season are just coming into blossom.

Pretty soon the beans merged into beets, great fields of beets equally verdant. We were in the Oxnard country. Oxnard is a sugar beet city of phenomenal growth, built up around the great sugar factory of the Oxnards, whose immense plant located here has been the means of building up a great local industry.

At Oxnard the mountains are left at quite a distance behind, the town lying in the midst of a broad plain, carpeted as far as the eye can reach with a shimmering green of beet and bean. Many ranches are surrounded by giant eucalypti, and the whole country looks as Eastern-like, or Australian-like, as it is possible to imagine.

From Oxnard we pushed on ten miles further to the foot of the valley which terminates at the sea and the beautiful and historic city of San Buenaventura—"Saint Good Fortune." The early mission Fathers who landed here in 1782 and named the place must have been inspired with some rare vision of its future possibilities and

greatness; for it is impossible to conceive of a spot more blessed by fortune than this very one.

The town itself lies along and facing the sea like a cameo cut on a back-ground of low foothills which here make a close approach to the ocean. The coast-line at this place sweeps inward with one of those graceful, majestic curves so characteristic of the Pacific, forming a broad bay, really an inset of the Santa Barbara Channel, which is made by the Channel Isles lying some miles to the windward, and which for a long distance serve to restrain the tempestuous sea, so that virtually the Channel becomes a great ocean-bay through which ships may pass at all seasons with safety and in which they may harbor without fear.

The little city of San Buenaventura, perched up high and dry in its little sea-girt nook, protected from behind by the hills and from tidal waves forever by its altitude and by the distant isles, overlooks the ocean in one direction and the valley of the Santa Clara in another.

It is this broad valley extending for miles into the interior that insures the eternal sweep of the ocean breezes so that the city and surrounding country can never be anything else than most delightfully cool and pleasant both in summer and winter.

Local comparisons ought not to be odious. The truth might as well be stated as evaded. Any city or place along the Pacific coast from Seattle to San Diego is climatically heaven compared to the East, but after we live awhile in this land of lovely climate, the rare becomes common and we still search for variety, seeking the best.

Topographically San Buenaventura represents everything that makes for perfection in climate. Unlike Santa Barbara, it is not shut in by the hills; unlike San Diego, it is not exposed; unlike Los Angeles, it has the proximity of the coasts to dispel frosts and temper the winds; unlike Frisco, it is not subject to disagreeable changes.

Taking everything into consideration, there is to my mind no spot along the coast quite as ideal as Ventura. Nor is this observation confined to the little city itself, but is equally applicable to the entire valley—clear from Camulos (the old “sure-enough” home of Ramona), on the north to Camarillo on the extreme south of the valley.

Ventura is approached by two valleys through both of which runs the Southern Pacific—one being a branch from the main line of the interior and the other the direct coast line from Los Angeles to San Francisco. Twenty-four passenger trains pass through the city daily. The service is excellent. You can leave Los Angeles at 8:00 in the morning arriving at 10:30. The distance is 84 miles, which may be covered in two hours by an automobile. It is but 30 miles, or an hour's ride to Santa Barbara north. Excursion tickets to and from Los Angeles are sold on Saturdays, good returning Tuesday for \$2.50.

San Buenaventura is a city claiming some 3,000 inhabitants, though by the way it spreads out one would think the statistician had made a mistake. Ventura county is one of the smallest counties in the State and at the same time one of the richest. It is said to be the best watered of the southern tier of counties, having not only an abundance of rainfall, but also the unique feature of obtaining a continual supply of moisture from the sea in the way of daily fogs, which, during the summer when vegetation is in greatest need of moisture, sweep inland daily, covering everything like a heavy dew and causing it to grow luxuriantly. Such beautiful flowers and vines growing and blossoming all the year round can be seen nowhere else in like profusion. The entire absence of frost makes it possible to grow many rare and delicate species of plants which would be liable to be nipped by the frosts if planted in other localities.

Here in the fields you find corn, the real Western variety, growing ten feet high as in Kansas or Iowa, and with little or no irrigation—a rare sight in California. Everything in the way of cereals, vegetables and fruits grow here in great abundance.

A few years ago a crop was found that could be grown easily and profitably without any irrigation, and that is beans—lima beans, navy beans, pink beans, black-eyed beans—all kinds of beans, in fact so successful has bean culture proven throughout this section, that the whole valley has been pretty much planted to beans. There are upwards of 20,000 acres in beans which brings into the county and directly into the pockets of the producers

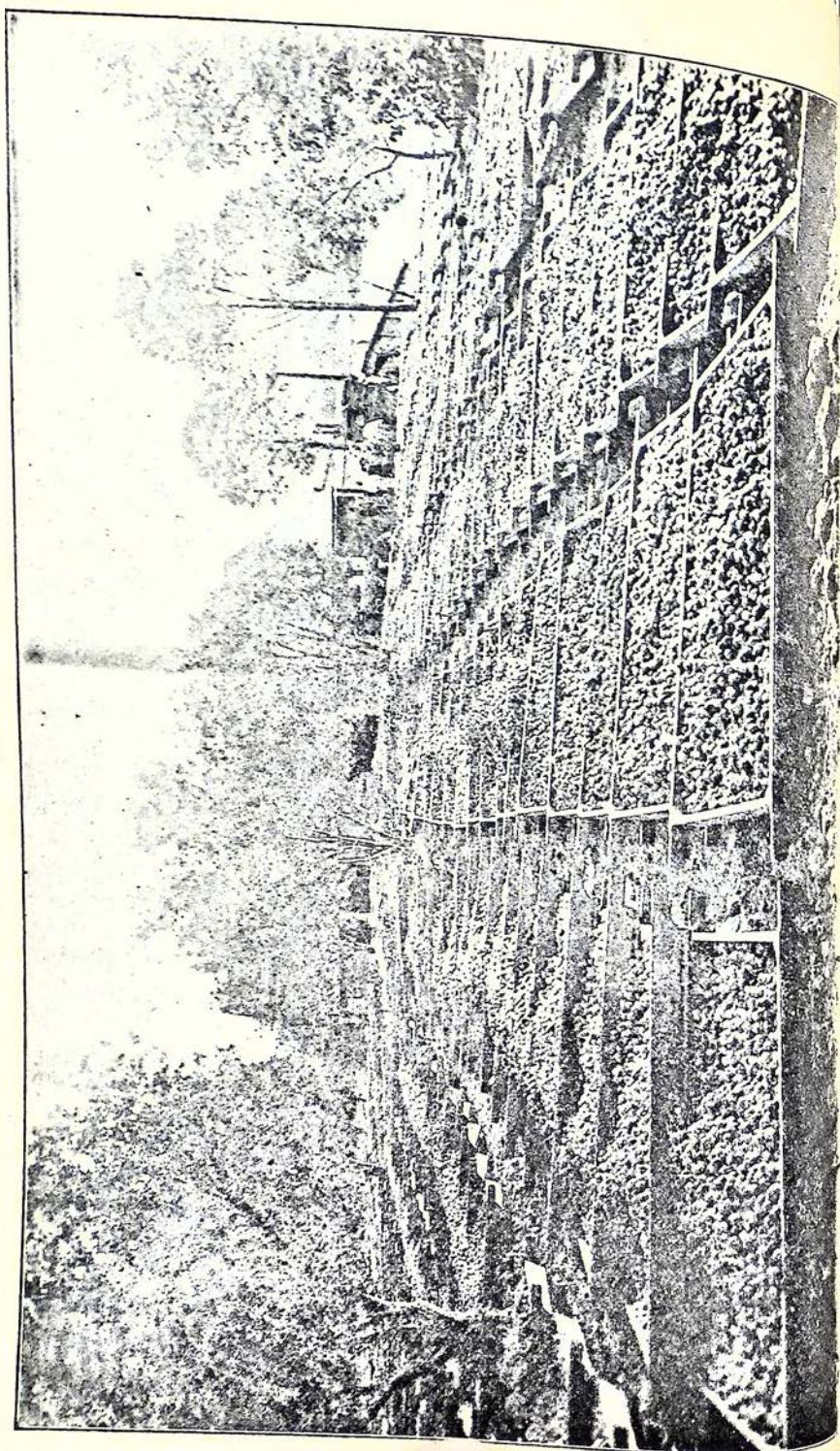
over a million and a half dollars annually. Bean farming with the improved machinery now in vogue is both easy and profitable. From \$80 to \$100 per acre are realized annually from beans. As a rule the bean farmer is well-to-do and very contented. His land which a few years ago was worth a hundred dollars an acre or less, is at the present time on an honest basis of productivity worth \$500 and more. It is rare that a land owner can be found who wants to sell any of his holdings.

One great ranch lying just east of the city—the Dixie Thompson, consisting of 23,000 acres, has in the last few years been cut up and sold off to several people, but it is still all farmed to beans. We drove through this ranch and for miles saw nothing practically but beans, beans, and still beans. Who eats so many beans? Well, Boston eats a few, and there are others. There seems indeed, little danger of bean over-production.

Throughout the valley there are a good many walnut orchards which we were told pay handsomely—upward of \$500 per acre. Apricots, peaches and prunes are also raised in considerable quantity in different parts of the valley.

But there are two products to which the soil and climate of Ventura seem peculiarly adapted, both of which have been tried out for some years, but have been temporarily “passed up” by the bean farmers, so engrossed have they been in coining and counting their easy money, and these are rhubarb and lemons—two quite dissimilar products, but each in a class by itself bids for commercial supremacy in the near future.

Crimson Winter Rhubarb was introduced into Ventura some seven or eight years ago by Theodosia B. Sheppard, the well-known florist, whose home, nursery and seed gardens are located here. Mrs. Sheppard demonstrated the commercial possibilities of this plant and succeeded in interesting a number of small growers. The rich soil of Ventura, together with the cool, moist climate of the coast, produces rhubarb of the rarest flavor, size and color. There are at the present time about 50 acres grown about the vicinity of Ventura, the returns from which in the local markets have been excellent. A company has



been recently formed to open and establish a market for this product in the East, which, when accomplished as it will be the coming winter, will cause undoubtedly a considerable extension of this industry.

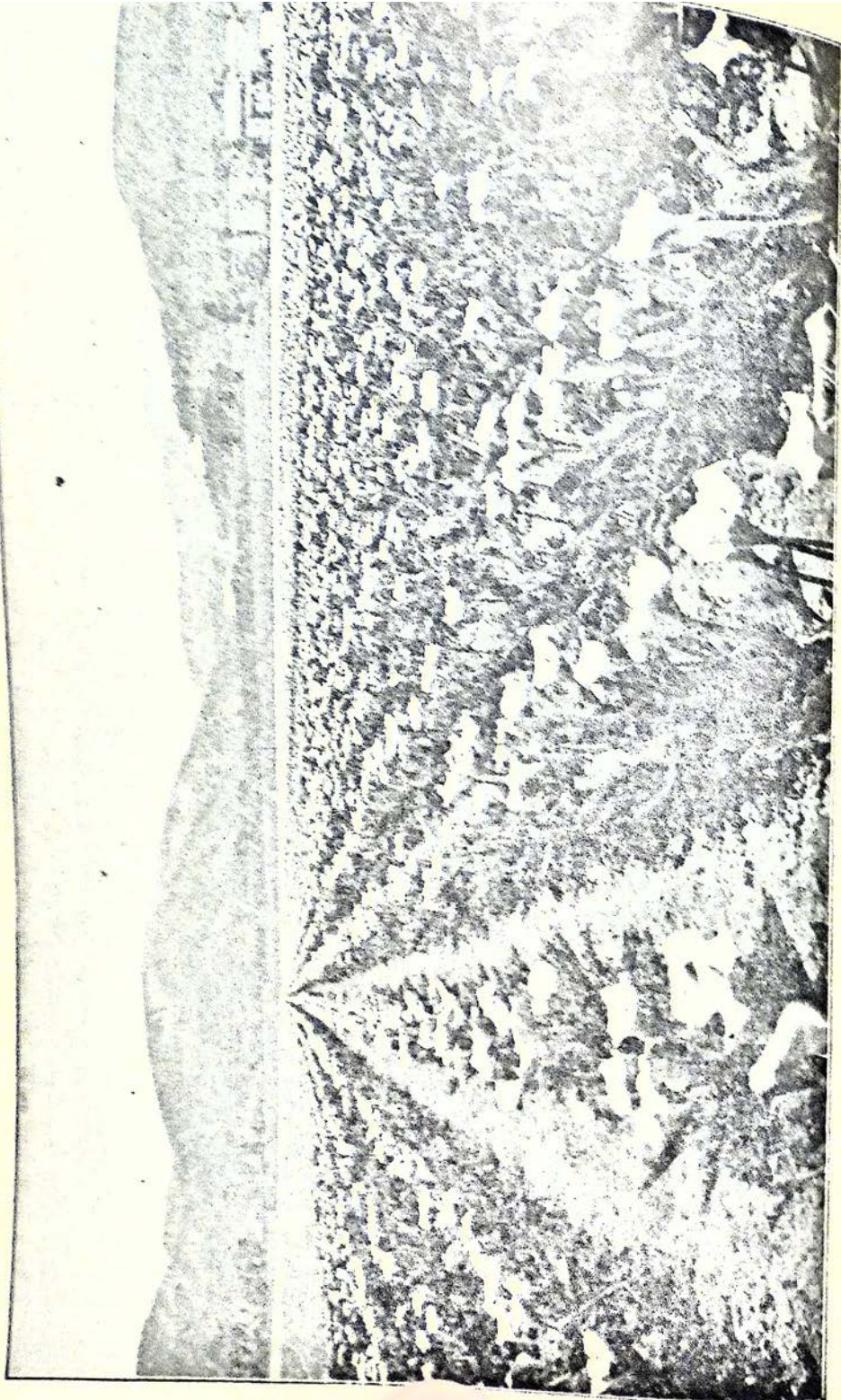
About fourteen miles up the valley near the town of Santa Paula is located the largest lemon grove in the world, whose lemons always bring the highest market price. Scattered throughout the valley are a number of smaller groves. Preparations are being made to set out quite large acreages in lemons nearer the coast.

There is no doubt in the world but that every foot of land now covered with beans might be successfully set to lemons, and it is probable that in time the whole valley may be converted into one vast lemon grove, something as the Pajaro valley further north has been all set to apples.

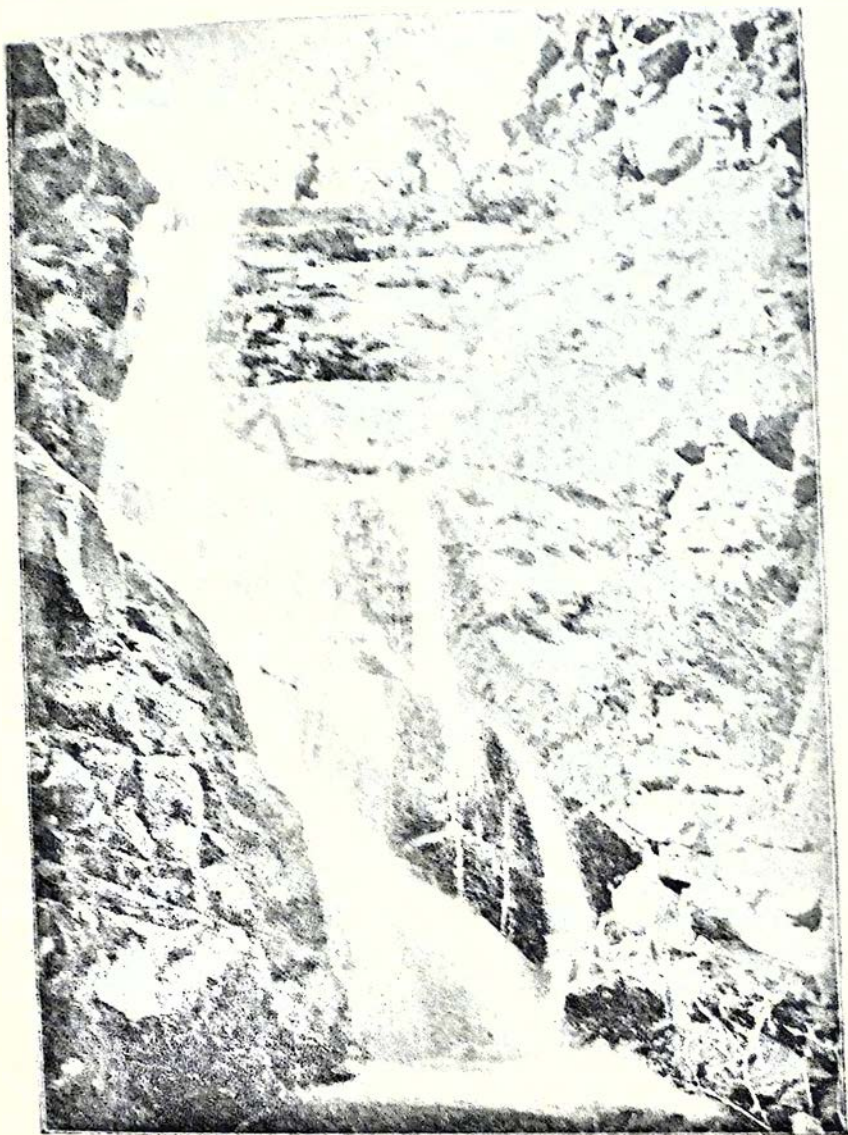
That is the way in California. The farmers mostly follow the bell-wether. Whatever the leader—some man of ingenuity plus initiative—does, they all proceed to do. Every locality is specially adapted to some particular culture, and it often takes years to find this out. But there is a general evolution in culture to be observed—from sheep raising to vegetables, from vegetables to fruit. Formerly California was given over entirely to grazing; now it is coming largely into fruit.

Beans are all right in their time and way. Even when trees are put out, they will continue to be raised between the rows as long as possible, and the present area of the bean culture will be extended, but the starting of the first successful lemon orchard in the bean district will sound the knell of the future bean-industry in this county, for lemons will in time prove far more remunerative. Land that is now worth \$500 an acre will double in value when in bearing lemons. The good lemon producing area in California is very limited. The culture has been tried in many places and failed, and in many others it has achieved only partial success. Here on the Ventura coast the conditions for lemon growing are ideal.

The advantages of living in Ventura are so many and varied that it would be difficult to enumerate them all in a single article. Not only do you have the mountains and



the sea and the fertile plains all contiguous, but not far
way up the "Avenue" you may proceed to the head-
waters of the Ventura river, through most picturesque



ECHO FALLS, SANTA PAULA CANYON

and inviting scenery, into the mountain valley of the
Ojai, where the orange thrives in perfection, then on up
to where you come to mountain streams, waterfalls and
hot springs with bathing, fishing and hunting galore—
all being accessible by rail and short staging within 18
miles of the coast—so that, if you tire of the monotony
of the sea you have the variation of the mountains with
the joys incidental to camp life.

It seemed to me as I stood upon the hillside above the city, gazing far out on the deep blue sea and drew in great draughts of that delicious, invigorating air which set my very nerves a-tingling and infused me with a feeling of new strength and life, that even if the town were swept into the sea, and the bean fields all perished away for lack of care, that I still would elect to pitch my tent alone and dwell there to revel in the soft airs and luxuriate in the sunshine, environed by the exquisite and the ideal in scenery and climate. But when I saw myself in the midst of a city of beautiful homes, surrounded by every modern comfort, beheld wealth, industry and commerce on all sides—boats coming and going and numerous trains winding in from the sunny south or whizzing around the headland from the north—bringing their loads of passengers and freight, I said to myself and to Sweetheart, "Isn't this **THE PLACE** we have been looking the world over to find? Can it be found in Italy, in the East or anywhere else in this land of lands, California?" "No," said he, "it cannot. Here is the spot, and here in this beautiful city by the sea at no distant day we will plan to make our home and live the ideal life in freedom and happiness, making life more abundant and love itself more wonderful."

Together in silence we gazed out on the great ocean overhung with the grey of mystery. And as we looked the sun arose, the fogs lifted, and we saw clearly afar where the horizon bends to kiss the sea, and we knew by the symbol that our dream had come true.

Rhymes of Hamled

If you would succeed in life, idealize something;
Make it the magnet of energy, the dynamo of purpose.

Love that seeks only to appropriate,
And friendship that wants only return—
These are but masked forms of selfishness.

How sweet a friend on whom you may depend!

I had a friend who seemed both kind and fair;
I stood in the midst of darkness and despair.
My erstwhile friend passed by with stony stare—
"I'm still your friend, but do not dare,"
Quoth he. "to recognize you standing *there*."
Thus in the end, I found I had no friend.

Religion is a rudderless bark,
Manned by superstition and oared by reverence;
Hope is its headlight, and faith its anchor dropped—
It hugs the shores and shallows.
Science is an armored craft,
Piloted by knowledge, and propelled by understand-
ing;
Doubt is its searchlight, investigation its grapple
free—
It dares the deeps and dangers.

Virtue evaporates when it is preserved;
Canned goodness becomes candied;
Dried purity loses its flavor—
Strength must be tried and Love expanded.

Patience, *patior*, "I suffer"—why?
It is a virtue of the ox,
The long eared ass, the insensate clod;
Suffering is sin, made virtue by necessity—
Patience to the winds, and fill me, Oh, ye gods,
With the divine fury of Impatience!

The searcher for truth cannot today
Accredit what he yesterday believed;
Tomorrow's knowledge will not accord
With that which he believes today!
Chide not the man's inconstant mind,
Nor seek discrepancy to find—
He who insists on viewing fixity of truth
Sees but the ashes of a lie, forsooth.

I love that woman most who makes
Me understand myself the best;

She is the glass in which I view
Complexion and imperfection ;
Through her I am enabled
To get my tie on straight,
Untangle knotted locks,
Remove all stains, and cultivate
The smile that won't erase—
I pray I'm half as much to her
As she has been to me.

Practice What You Preach

You can't do it, and if you do, you wouldn't be preaching. One preaches a thing because he is then practicing it; when he has mastered, or demonstrated it, he ceases to preach about it. For this reason, we ought never to expect or require the preacher's conduct to measure up to his preachment.

It is unjust and wrong to apply the 'epithet, "hypocrite" to anyone, unless such a one is *deliberately* working to deceive people through his utterances, which is very rarely the case. Everyone has an ideal, and each is striving to live up to it, but who is there living that *does* it?

What appears as egotism in personal statement, is really a natural egotistic impulse to grow into and fill out the pattern of the perceived ideal. Thus the statement is made, "I am it," long before I really am. The statement makes a new notch in the wall I am scaling and gives me a new foothold.

We find that one may state what appears to him in his present state of mind as absolute unreality, and by continued affirmation, at last come into a full realization of the truth of the thing stated. This is how one may grow by faith in the experience of another. Such faith may save years, even lives, of effort.

We grow only through expression, and if we consider that all are endeavoring to grow in this way, it will be the means of tempering criticism and mollifying our judgment of others.

If anyone expresses a good thought, let us accept it for

the good there actually is in it, and not always be considering the source, and allowing the "character" of the one who gives out the thought to negate and nullify the influence of it. Good flows from *everywhere*—all seek light—Who art *thou* that judgest?

Ideas of Ideals

Nearly all the trouble in this world arises from the inability or unwillingness of people to recognize the different ideals or planes of human consciousness. One man or set of men sees a thing a certain way, and they cannot, will not, stop to consider that all the world should not see it exactly as they: This is the origin of all the intolerance and persecution that has blackened the pages of human history; Nor is the end yet.

* * * * *

It is dangerous, and pernicious as well, for the more advanced to try to force their IDEALS upon the masses, who need just the experience they are getting, and no other.

Take the ideal of Anarchy: It is unquestionably a grand one, if understood and put in practice, but this could only happen in a society that has been thoroughly purged of selfishness and greed, and made wholly subject to the law of love. Surely that time is not here. Will it ever be? If reincarnation be true, and if the lower races are constantly coming up and mingling with the more advanced, it hardly seems probable. But if it does ever happen it will be when mankind has arrived at a point of equal dominance over its environment. It can never happen in a competitive society like ours, and all talk about it will be misunderstood and only serve to inflame the breasts of those in whom hatred and envy still rule,—people who interpret the ideal of Anarchy to mean stabbing crowned heads and throwing dynamite into crowds.

Society needs every restraint that is put upon it. Human animals must first be cowed by fear. How much of the animal there is left in men and women is startlingly revealed every day. You may talk of freedom to *men*

and *women* only: liberty to all others is license, and to grant it without restraint would mean social chaos and destruction.

Take the ideal of Free Love: it is beautiful; but who yet on earth knows the meaning of such love? Surely it does not mean what nearly every advocate of free love thinks it means—greater promiscuity of the sexes in the gratification of the lowest of animal instincts, for this is proven to be conducive rather to the demolition than to the development of true affection. Love is conservation, not dissipation. There may come a time when the sexes can mingle as one sex, without fear or shame; but, bless you, that time is far, far away. Civil law and popular sentiment always uphold the highest ideal that the majority of the masses are able to reach at any given time. If a man and woman have *surely* gone beyond and reached a higher plane of freedom *consciously*, well and good; let them remain there steadfastly, and *quietly* enjoy their freedom, which is neither to be given them or taken from by any law. They only err who get down and endeavor to force their ideal upon the growing infant masses, who, not comprehending the matter, set up a distressed howl.

Take the ideal of Governmental ownership: It seems almost a necessity in these days of monopolies and trusts, and the only solution of many questions that vex the populace. But listen to the views of the late Russell Sage on this question: "Who would gain by a conversion of ownership from the people to the government? Germany, one of the most learned and progressive nations in the world, operates her own railway lines, and the people have to pay a higher freight than here; England operates her own telegraph system, and has, I believe, to dip into her private purse annually to support the system. Russia owns her own mines, but the advantage to the people has long been considered questionable. There are responsible business men who would take the Post Office off the hands of the Government and guarantee not only a surplus equal to the annual deficit, but a bet-

ter service. Our railroads and other institutions succeed because they are managed by men of experience, men who have worked their way up from the bottom of the ladder, men who are acquainted with all the features of their particular institutions. If these institutions were in the hands of the Government, they would be dominated by men selected by unthinking votes rather than by men of discrimination actuated by great pecuniary interest."

When one notes the clumsiness and corruption of all political machines, and the annoyance to which the business public is constantly subjected through red-tape officialism, he cannot but feel that between the "devil and the deep sea" of governmental control, and private corporate ownership, he prefers the freedom of the sea and a chance to swim out. When that "iridescent dream" of John J. Ingalls—the purification of politics, is realized, it will be time to think of the desirability of surrendering our individual freedom to governmental management. But this will happen in that far away golden age of Anarchy and Free Love.

The permanent practical ideal is to be independent, and as far as possible by kindly example to teach others to be likewise. Many people do little else but whine over their poverty and rail at the rich. Their whole idea seems to be that somebody should give them something. Again, there are plenty of people of fair intelligence who go so far as to doubt the existence of the Magi, *because* they assume that if such men really existed that they would have no other object in life, but to come forth from their retreats like Santa Claus on Christmas, to bestow charities on the world!

This is mere short-sightedness; due to selfishness. In the first place, the Wise Man has reached a point of development where he perceives that it is folly to attempt to change the world one iota.

If one had the power to turn the world into gold he could not sooner plunge it into misery than by displaying his power. The same is true if he possessed a medicine that would instantly heal every disease in the world.

Both money and diseases are God's agents in this world to bring it into harmony.

This at first thought may seem a curious doctrine, but it is nevertheless true. Thoughtful writers have shown, time and again, how that if the world's wealth were pooled and equally divided among all the inhabitants of the earth, that it would be but a very short time before conditions would be re-established; some would squander and become poor, others would hoard and be rich. Precisely so in the matter of healing. Make everyone well to-day, and tomorrow the world will again be filled with invalids. Poverty and invalidism are simply the result of undeveloped mentalities, and to attempt to permanently correct them, *save by education*, is like trying to fill the bucket of the Danaides, or perform the labor of Sisyphus.

If we were worth a billion, we should expend very little for charity or for attempted reforms among the masses, but should devote the greater share of it to the erection and maintenance of industrial schools for the young, if for nothing more than to make a demonstration of the wonderful advantage of such education, waking up the government if possible, to the necessity of nationalizing it, and appropriating a generous share of the public funds (which are now largely squandered upon public vanities and exploited by private greed) to its practical execution.

But, to be consistent, we must also see that the world through its charities and its humanities is slowly learning the lesson of kindness and love, which when learned, lo! the ideal is attained.

No iron chain, or outward force of any kind, could ever compel the soul of man to believe or disbelieve; it is his own indefeasible light, that judgment of his; he will reign and believe there by the grace of God alone.

—*Carlyle*.

Who seeks, and will not take when once 'tis offered
Shall never find it more.

—*Shakespeare*.

“Christian Marriage”

Here are some extracts from a sermon preached a short time ago by Bishop Conaty (Catholic) at St. Vibiana's Cathedral in the city of Los Angeles. The daily papers reported that after reading the papal decree extending the Council of Trent's ruling to the world and announcing his official construction of its provisions, the bishop spoke of marriage as one of the most vital problems affecting society.

“Anything that strikes at marriage's sacred character,” he said, “strikes at society, and its degradation and dishonor must result in the overthrow of order and the home's destruction. We need to remember that Christ came to save mankind and that He and not the world is the teacher of our life. Christ came to save mankind through the intermediary of the Christian family. He united His divinity with our humanity and thus gave us a type of marriage.

“No matter what men's passions may dictate or society decide, the Christian must remember that marriage is a sacrament, instituted by Christ to confer grace upon the married couple that they may save their souls and bring up their children in the love and fear of God. To protect the marriage tie, to safeguard family life, to strengthen society, the church is heard again in our day and civilization, preaching the old doctrine of Christian marriage. She wishes to save her children from the degradation of a purely civil contract, and therefore she insists as a condition of validity that her ministers perform the marriage, thus casting about it all the beauty and dignity of religion. She would thus impress upon them its religious character.”

The mystic statement that “Christ came to save mankind through the intermediary of the Christian family” is not in the least authorized by the New Testament records. If the family is Christ's “intermediary” of mankind's salvation, what is the office of the church?—of the priesthood? In fact the church has hitherto always proclaimed this office and mission as its very own. The statement that Christ “gives us a type of marriage,” by reason of the union of his divinity with hu-

manity by the manner of his parentage, is ludicrous. If that is true, then every Christian woman who becomes betrothed to a man should before their marriage consort with another and bear a child! The bishop is wild again in declaring that "marriage is a sacrament instituted by Christ." Where in the gospels is there any record of Christ instituting marriage? It is recorded that he once attended a wedding feast and presented the already tipsy guests with a liberal supply of wine: was that the ceremony of instituting "Christian marriage"?

Bishop Conaty wholly ignores several important facts in making the claim that Christ instituted marriage. First, the marriage institution was originated by nature, not only with primitive mankind but also with many species of birds and animals; for examples, doves, geese, tigers, seals, etc. Second, the marriages performed outside of the church are no more liable to prove unhappy than those performed inside of it. Third, according to the record, Christ himself, "the great exemplar," did not marry and exemplify "Christian marriage;" and his vicegerent, the pope, bishop Conaty and millions of Catholic priests, monks and nuns have not partaken of this so-called sacrament of Christian marriage. The "degradation of a civil marriage!"—the priests wants the fee, explains that. If "Christian marriage" has a "religious character" it is not manifested in more happiness or better progeny than result from civil marriage. The scientific truth is that marriage is not a Christian or a religious sacrament but a *social* institution grounded in a brain organization adapted to the production of the sentiment of conjugal affection, and developed evolutionally.—SINGLETON W. DAVIS—*The Humanitarian Review*.



The ideas that benefit a man are seldom welcomed by him on first presentation.—*Elbert Hubbard*.

"How good Nature has been to the woodpecker," says the myopic students. "He was given claws that enables him to walk up the sides of a tree; he has a bill that permits him to bore through the bark, and thus se-

cure the luscious grub for his sustenance." But—what does the grub think about the beneficence of Nature?"—
—*Mr. James.*

It is sublime to feel and say of another. I need never meet, or speak, or write to him: we need not reinforce ourselves or send tokens of remembrance: I rely on him as on myself; if he did thus or thus, I know it was right.
—*Emerson.*

I knew a parrot which had been kept in a cage from earliest infancy. He never learned the use of his wings. You could take him out of his cage and place him out doors in a tree, and there he would remain clinging to a limb, but never once would he attempt to fly a foot away. This is like people who possess inherent powers, but having never had the opportunity of using them, remain unconscious of their possession. All people have such powers.—*Angelo.*

The Woman is the house and wall of the Man, without whose bounding and redeeming influence he would inevitably be dissipated and lost in the abyss. She constitutes the centripetal and aspirational element in humanity, having a natural affinity for the pure and noble, to which with herself she always seeks to raise Man, being, therefore, his guide and initiator in things spiritual.
—*The Perfect Way.*

The vision that you glorify in your mind, the ideal that you enthrone in your heart—this you will build your life by, this you will become.

—*James Allen.*

All men that are ruined are ruined on the side of their natural propensities.

—*Burke.*

There is nothing so powerful as truth; and often nothing so strange.

—*Daniel Webster.*

Fame comes only when deserved, and then it is as inevitable as destiny, for it is destiny.

—*Longfellow.*