

The PHALANX



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The Phalanx

A JOURNAL OF PHILOSOPHY AND FRIENDSHIP

Indited for the Edification of the Elect by DELMAR DEFOREST BRYANT

Being an attempt to find the way in, the trail through
and the path out.

Herein I think my thoughts aloud
And scatter them afar
And, if I aim above the crowd,
And sometimes hit a star,
It beams and streams and seems to say
You jolted me the other day—
But I thank you for the jar.

Acknowledging as the source of all expression, the inspiration of Egeia, the wisdom-giving Nymph of the Fountain, unless otherwise signed, all prosy and poetic patterns of pyrotechny, novel and otherwise, originate from our own teeming brain-mill. None are trade-marked, copyrighted or patented, but strangers and the weak-kneed are cautioned against monkeying with them too freely, especially in public.

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Address the Editor

Box 858, Los Angeles, California

(A Province of the United States)

Why should we kill the best of passions, love?
It aids the hero, bids ambition rise
To nobler heights, inspires immortal deeds,
Ev'n softens brutes, and adds a grace to virtue.
—Thomson.



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"'Tis a high point of philosophy and virtue for a man to be so present to himself as to be always provided against all accidents."

—L'Estrange.

"Let friendship creep gently to a height; if it rush to it, may soon run itself out of breath."

—T. Fuller.

Adrift

A Reverie.

Sometimes I feel I'm lost—
My wires get sadly crossed,
The longings of the soul
Like to a scroll unroll,
Then roll again, concealing
My every thought and feeling,
There is an aching void
I fain were filled, destroyed,
I cry out for relief
For only *some* belief—
An anchor for the mind
That I may be resigned.

The tree stands rooted there
In sunshine growing fair,
It sends forth leaves and fruit
And, though it is quite mute,
In no uncertain voice
It uttereth forth its choice.
Each thing hath purpose, will,
Some destiny to fulfill,
But I, a fleck of spray,
On the surface idly play,
Fearing the hours that creep,
To engulf me in the deep.

Why need I plan, or wait,
Since on the board of fate,
I'm played a pawn for favors?
The whole thing surely savors
Of states unreal—it seems
A fantasy of dreams,

I meet with opposition
In every last condition
Small gains won from the fight
Might triumphs over right—
With uncontested share
Alone, of ambient air,

A vision of my childhood
Seen in a beauteous wildwood,
Of a being fair as dawn
Has led me on and on—
Whene'er life's filled with sadness
Hope comes to whisper gladness.

I know not what the goal
In this journey of the soul,
I only know I'd be content
No matter where I went
Hand in hand alone with thee,
Thro' all eternity.

“When our inner relation to another human being, no matter on what social or personal bonds or causes that relation may be based, ceases to be a vital and a fruitful thing, when the ever renewed exchange of interest and stimulation has once died out, when the reciprocal giving and taking of all that is best in each exists no longer,—then the two should separate, without wounded sensibilities, without ill-feeling. This the highest will demands, for, right at this point the intercourse, the association, has no longer any vital significance, but only brings our joy-freedom into the gravest danger, holding as it does nothing further for us except restraint, anguish and death.”

“The Philosophy of Joy”—Zerbst.

Wonderful Woman

(Continued)

It is an error to attempt the separation of cause and effect, as for example to place God outside and independent of the Universe. This arbitrary scheme, invented by theologians, has necessitated another invention, that of Christ, the intermediary in order to supply the severed link between deity and his chief creation, man.

The separation of the creator from creation involves and gives rise to a dual concept—that of good and evil as opposites or antagonists, by which we reconstruct the Divine Name as follows: I, “God”—E, “Devil”—V, “Christ”—E “Humanity.”

The truth is, analyze the matter as you may, man, himself, is the living embodiment of the Whole Word, however it be conceived or interpreted. “In the beginning *was the Word*”—not the Idea merely, but the actual *Word* which is the *expression* of the Idea. By this we see that Expression is prior to concept—as it were, the very cause of it. To state it another way, man’s conception sprang from God’s expression. Likewise, man is *before* mind—nature *before* God,—God being only a concept of mind, slumbering, as we may say in Nature forever. Yet, why say, “before,” when it is as a wheel, without beginning or ending—the last first, and the first last.

Says Eliphas Levi, All is derived from the quaternary:

“This number (4) produces the cross and square in geometry. All that exists, whether good or evil, light or darkness, exists and is revealed by the tetrad.”

The Cabalists postulated as the source of all emanation Ain Soph, the Realm of Negativity. From this original source of all life and light, *Yod*, the phenomenal god springs forth as the first visible emanation.

Ain Soph is the chaos or “deep”—the “waters” of Genesis, the Eternal Feminine, the Grand Woman of the spheres, the Virgin of the World, personified and deified in the “Virgin Mary” and a thousand

other mythic symbols, from which emanates Nature, the offspring of which again is Man, himself the Redeemer of the World.

Everything in Nature and experience—as well in the phenomenal as the noumenal—reveals Woman as the genesis and evolution of the *one eternal fact in nature*, represented generically as matter, substance, form.

God, it is said, created Adam, or red-earth, this being the atom, or the essential primal substance which becomes the fabric from which nature creates all forms. This substance, or postulated Atom, is the real basis of natural phenomena.

Can this myth refer to the actual creation of man? Absurd to imagine it! The creation of man is from the earth, and by the *Elohim*—and is a process of millions of years.

Who art thou, blind egotist, that assumes man to be already created? The creative act is no more than inaugurated—man is today in the period of gestation—asleep in the womb of Nature—the birth into the *true* life is a *future event*. Can it be hastened?

Out of the “side” of the slumbering atom God, the beneficent, withdraws “Eve,” the Living One, and Nature appears. We see in the word EVE a symbolic literal expression of the “two mothers”—The Earth-Mother Spirit, E, transfusing V, the “Son,” or living form, centering finally in the Air-Mother spirit, E as *seed*, or latent, potential life.

Thus life passes onward to life through the Eternal Medium V, (humanity) which becomes at once the thing and the principle of the thing, deriving its potency from its maternity—the Eternal Feminine.

The World of Matter is ever reaching upward to the World of Spirit which in turn is ever reaching downward, so that the two worlds commingle. Rather than think of these worlds as lower and higher, let us think of them as outer and inner, that which is nearest the center being the “highest” or most “spiritual” in the sense that it is least objectized.

Everything reaches outward in development. Everyday the mind enlarges its horizon—new planets are

discovered in the heavens, new powers in the mind, new forces in Nature.

It is essential that we soar out on the wings of thought in order to gain an idea of the Universal Man and Woman, viewing them at their outermost boundaries. It is then necessary to narrow the circle, like a carrier dove seeking its home, until at last we arrive at the center from which we started. In this way we are able to compare the unit and the universe and verify the Hermetic saying, "As it is above, so it is below."

In seeking for Woman's true place in Nature, we should go not to Moses, or Paul, nor yet to Jesus Christ, for direction, but rather to Nature, herself. Woman is exactly what she is by divine right, constitution and development. Her egoism cannot make her more, man's derogation cannot make her less. When she becomes queen, she will rule as such and so long as she is a vassal she will function as one. Her destiny is in her own keeping. *She must know the truth that sets her free and gives her power.*

What she appears at the present time to be, she is not—nor has she any adequate conception of her own nature and potentialities, and it is because of this ignorance that she continues to occupy a relatively humble and menial position in the world.

She deserves a better place. She will find it. Can she be aided in her search for it?

"In the beginning," Woman is like a Sea of Water—a fluxible, negative element—always seeking her level, ruled only by attraction—impotent until "moved upon" by the Spirit of Fire. This active principle is absorbed by her and clothes itself with her substance—builds itself a new habitation, so to speak.

By this union, and by this alone, she becomes "born anew"—born into a new state of being—elevated to a new and higher (more sentient) state of consciousness.

Right here at this initial point of elemental fusion, we note the birth of love—manifested as longing and desire—spiritual hunger.

Fire and Water unite, the one volatile becoming fixed, the other fixed becoming volatile—she becom-

fell into the cadence of the love-song that hummed all about it. And it smiled as "newly born babes smile in their sleep while awed, we wonder at their smiling."

It must have sat long listening to the cadence of love sweeping about it, drooping its head lower to catch the tiniest note,—lifting its head erect, as a great burst of prolonged melody crashed through its every fibre.

"Love! Love!" It finally murmured. "It brought me here, and it keeps me!—and the world, the souls, the Voice that should be resonant as a part of this great Choral is deadened, hushed. Only a deep undertone, a wail can I hear. A wail that voices itself as did David of old—'How can I sing the Lord's song in a strange land?'"

"They have turned from the East, and builded them a Tower of Babel. They are weeping in Babylon, weeping, and they cannot be comforted!"

"They have hidden the light and are groping in darkness!—I go down, but I cannot reach them. My message is Love: They prate of it, but they do not know it; they creep, and sneak, and hide its light. They simper and snicker and feign, and they do not know that they buffet the Lord!"

"They do not know; I go down, and I come from the mire of their thought sickened, and saddened; I, an Angel, whose years are futurity, I look long, long into the distant years, and I wonder at their perverseness, their holden eyes that *will not see*, their perverseness that cannot see God, weaving with his mystic love-touch, beauty and harmony in the flower, the bird, the beast, the bee.

"They keep, ah, yes, they keep in their thought the symbol! They have made a fetish of it, but the thing symbolized they revile and hide—they curse and condemn, and blacken!"

"Ah, yes, they carry the censer through aisles where the light streaming through tinted glass, hints only at love's tints and beauties, but their hearts are hard and dead to the Real—to that thing that can *renew* them and make their life a *fount of livingness*! Hard, cold, unresponsive! I go down, for God has

given these souls into my keeping. My message is Love. Cannot I find one responsive soul, that will gleam and glow with my message—that will waken and sing? I sit me here in this fairy-land of harmony and peace with my goodly gifts by my side, and the Lord's own message in my heart,—and wait!”

As it sat, this angel, another approached, filled with the ecstasy of life; circling and gleaming with its lights and tints, it came to the other's side.

“Thou art sad, and life is joy, wherefore art thou troubled?”

“Ah, if in that world below, that darkened world below, the Lord's light were *respectable!*” And they sailed away together.

“When we have broken our God of tradition and ceased from our God of rhetoric then may the *true* God come in.”—Emerson.

“Drink waters out of thine own cistern and running waters out of thine own well.”—Proverbs.

The Spirit of Regeneration

In one of the barbarous tribes that live in the region of the Caucasus, from whence the harems and white slave marts of the Orient are replenished with beautiful women, there exists a most singular custom.

When it is known that a woman of the tribe is to become a mother, she is isolated in a hut at considerable distance from the village, where she is compelled to remain utterly alone and unattended through the ordeal of child-birth.

If at any time the villagers hear her outcries they gather in a body, seize guns and creep up stealthily till near the hut of the woman, whereupon they discharge into the air a volley in order, as they allege, to frighten away the Evil One that they believe to have possessed the woman.

No native ever dares to enter the room where the woman is confined for fear of contamination. Food is placed at some distance from the door of the hut, and the woman is forced to crawl out and get it or starve.

After the birth of the child, quite a period must elapse before the unhappy woman is allowed to leave the hut and even then she is compelled to undergo a further period of purgation or purification by remaining just outside the village in another house, while her previous hut is burned to rid the community of the possible juxtaposition of the Evil Spirit that has been tormenting the woman.

At first thought this appears barbarous—a case of the grossest superstition, or perverted human sentiment, but there is a different view to take of it. May it not, in truth, be the result of an instinctive revulsion against the act of child-birth *per se*, an instinct that is nothing more than a natural abhorrence for something that is felt to be an abnormality?

Throughout the entire period of human history, among all civilized and semi-civilized beings, an effort seems to have been put forth to idealize and sanctify creation and birth, although, strange to say, the creative act itself, as well as the whole series of natural events leading to and culminating in birth have been and are still looked upon as matters more or less shameful and immoral—matters to be strenuously concealed, and never, under penalty, to be discussed.

Unless protected by a certain social license, a woman taken in the toils of maternity is quite as much an outcast from our “best” modern society—quite as much an object of odium and contempt as her more barbarous Caucasian sister. Not only is she cast out during the period of her enforced confinement, but she is never again to be admitted to society on the same footing as before. And yet we resent it to be called barbarians! But, on the other hand, while the woman who is shielded by convention and harbored in the home during maternity, does not actually lose her moral standing or “respectability” by the act of giving birth, yet in a sense she does lose her “caste,” and her actual standing—rather let us say, her personal charm, which is a woman’s power.

No longer is she the rival of her younger, “fresher,” unmarried sister, her beauty has faded, her health declined, and she has lost that glorious some-

thing which like an aureole of glory surrounds the younger female, rendering her winsome and attractive.

As a matter of sentiment the mother is beloved by family and friends—an affection that comes naturally through long and intimate association, but we realize, and she realizes most poignantly of all, that something of virtue has gone out from her—from the hem of her touched garment.

If we analyze the natural feeling that we bear toward her, tinged as it is by a subtle repugnance, it is as if we were conscious of some offense committed which we condone and overlook. Custom and training have taught us to look upon her immolation as a necessary sacrifice, but there is something obnoxious and repelling about it all that we wish to hide from sight and mind, and we do hide it in every possible way.

When our “wise men”—our legislators—rule that it is a disgrace and a misdemeanor to openly discuss the subject of improving the human race through natural selection, when laws (which in fact are but the expression of the intelligent majority) put men and women in prison for simply making suggestions along Eugenic lines, characterizing the same as indecent, it would *seem* that society was putting a premium on either asceticism or abortion, but then again the sentiment and the law are just as severely opposed to these reactionary extremes.

May not this seemingly paradoxical state of the public mentality be due to a dual intuition or instinct hazily perceived and clumsily expressed?

First there is the instinct of race preservation which certainly must be regarded as inherent. This instinct would cry out and revolt against any and all methods or practices tending to defeat the purpose of nature in normally perpetuating the species.

Secondly, we recognize a higher intuition which rises above the modes of ordinary generation and foresees the budding of a new modus of life extension—one which, when it has outgrown the brushwood and stumpage of the old regime will unfold a more rare

and beautiful foliage to be followed by the efflorescence and fruitage of regeneration.

Naturally, as we rise into the New Thought, we cast off the old, and as we do this we feel more or less of an abhorrence for it—according to our development and growth into the new life sphere.

When at last we come to realize the fact that generation is an inevitable concomitant (and essentially the cause) of death, and when we have once passed beyond the religious idealization of death, perceiving it to be but the result of disease and ignorance, we naturally, *psychically*, feel a revulsion for generation and its modes, and it is this feeling undoubtedly that lies at the foundation of that pretense in the race which appears more and more ashamed of its deeds, striving harder and harder to hide all traces and evidences of what it does—and loves so passionately to do.

All sexual processes resulting in generation belong to the old order—an order that is passing and will pass. But even the most zealous prophets of the New Gospel and denunciators of social hypocrisies, many of them, cling as fatuously as ever to the old ideal—the old mode procreation (putting new wine into old bottles) never probably dreaming that anything beyond this is possible of attainment—striving only forcibly (or as their opponents say “brazenly”) to remove the stigma from the deed—to popularize the subject of procreation and make table talk of sexual matters.

It will never come to pass. It would be reformation backward if it did. Marriage as a condition of sexual slavery, and home as a place of breeding belong to the ideals of the past and are rapidly passing. We possess no longer as a nation and a race any great respect for marriage—and we tumble out of the home “nest” as soon as our pin-feathers permit us.

Something grander and more noble attracts us—some new ideal still undefined and but partially formulated lures us onward. We no longer bow to the household penates, nor hold sacred domestic ties. We vaguely surmise that somewhere there exists for us a

Living Fount—a fount from which all blessings flow—and some of us suspect—hope and believe—it to be this side of the grave.

We feel that to abide in our present state and condition is suicidal—that it is death and disintegration. Thus we snap the chain that binds us to the body of this living death, strike down the prison guards and make a dash for life and liberty through the tall timbers of our late desperation and beyond the jungle of despair.



If thou heedest not my words, my Daughter, come not unto me crying, “Lo, love is a wasp and I have been STUNG!” For I shall say, “Ha! Ha!” Yea, I shall make merry at thy confusion; for have I not told thee that it is easier to find a pet moth in a fur shop than a man who hath matrimonial intentions at the BEGINNING of a love affair?

Yea, it is easier to find the fifth button on the back of a tight waist than a man with a conscience that worketh BEFOREHAND. For a man’s conscience is always “accessory AFTER the fact.”

Lo, then, when a man giveth thee his PHOTOGRAPH, display it not in the front PARLOR, for he shall blush and tremble at sight thereof, crying, “Behold! she flaunteth me as a CONQUEST. She doeth the proprietary! She thinketh she hath me upon the string!” Nay, hide it in secret, that he may keep GUESSING whether thou hast thrown it away or put it in a sacred place.

When a man claspeth thy hand, RETURN the pressure gently, yet withdraw thy fingers; for a TASTE of SENTIMENT begetteth a desire for MORE, but a full portion surfeiteth.

Lo, who loveth thee more than a man who hath kissed thee just ONCE, yet hath not been able to kiss thee again? For a little of anything is NOT enough, yet a very little more shall be TOO much.

Go to! At the love-feast let the courses be a constant CHANGE, even as a French table d’hôte, which is a little of everything and not much of anything. Yea, as soup passeth unto fish, and fish changeth to spaghetti, so let thy moods alternate from sugar unto

spice and from spice unto pepper. For steady diet of kisses or of curses getteth on a man's nerves and giveth him sentimental indigestion. And this leadeth to nausea, and nausea to indifference, and indifference to ANOTHER WOMAN. Selah!

—Helen Rowland.

An Indian Legend

By Jagannath.

Sudama was a friend of Shri Krishna in the beginning and a strong devotee afterwards. They studied together when they were young. Afterwards they went home and Shri Krishna was crowned king. Sudama was the son of a very poor Brahmin so he began begging from door to door. He had many children and had great difficulty to maintain his family. His wife often told him to go to his wealthy friend, Shri Krishna, and ask him to rid him of his poverty. Sudama at last agreed to the proposal, and determined to go to Krishna. It is an Indian custom that when any superior person is to be approached something must be taken as a present. Sudama was in great perplexity to know what he should do. The one to be approached was a mighty and wealthy king and Sudama was a mere beggar. At last his wife gave him a handful of rice tied in a dirty piece of rag, which he had obtained from the city while begging. Sudama reverently and fearfully went to Shri Krishna. When Krishna saw him coming, he rose from his seat and received him with love and respect. Sudama was ashamed to put forward the gift which he had brought. Shri Krishna knew this and told him what he had in his hand and why he was hiding it. Sudama made no answer, whereupon Shri Krishna got up and snatched the piece of rag from him. Then he took his seat and untied the rice and began to eat it to the great wonder of his wives and servants. Sudama remained there two or three days and was served in royal manner. He could not reveal his condition, and so he took his leave to go to his native place. When he returned, he saw to his great surprise a royal palace instead of

his poor cottage. He was very sorry to see this and murmured that not only had Shri Krishna given him nothing, but had taken away his wife and children together with his poor cottage. He was wandering around in despair when he was called into the palace. On entering, he saw himself turned young. He beheld his wife also of youthful age. The palace was set with diamonds and there were plenty of riches and many servants. Sudama lived there many years and worshipped Shri Krishna. Such is the history of Sudama and Shri Krishna.

“We rail at the faults of government as if it could rise above the faults of the people who made it.”

✻ ✻

Law

What is law?—It is a lighthouse set upon the shore to guide the mariner along certain treacherous paths. It is an anchor which holds the bark of being within the harbor of experience. Like the lighthouse and the anchor, law is fixed but temporarily within certain limits and for certain purposes. There is an open sea where neither are necessary or desirable. Where the stars of heaven, and the magnetic currents of the over-soul give direction through reason to guide the course aright. As for moorings and fastenings, the emancipated sailor has no use for them. On the boundless main, he is free to sail where he will.

The lighthouse and anchor represent the laws of man, the stars and the compass, the laws divine. The former are useful in narrow channels, tortuous courses, saving numberless wrecks and affording infinite soundings through the rocks and shoals of ignorance and superstition. The latter are possible of use only out upon the broad and fathomless ocean of intelligence and faith.

It is simply a question of mental and spiritual advancement—of acquired knowledge and understanding—whether one should be bound and restricted in action by man-made law, or whether calmly and deliber-

ately he should pass out beyond it under the higher jurisdiction of the law of reason.

Have the experiences of life been such as to develop reason to the point where it is able to sit dispassionately in judgment on man-made edicts, recognizing their injustice and inadequacy? Have these experiences already led to the discovery of means to pass from under the pale of legal restriction into the boundless freedom of that sphere quite unknown to the dwellers of the shore? If this be the case then such an individual is ready to substitute an-archy for *archy*—he is above the law, that is to say, he is ruled by a higher law.

There is so such thing as anarchy, or freedom from legal restriction, possible for ignorant, willful men, who have to be controlled either by fear, or by respect for authority. To such, law is not only a necessary curb, but the highest evolved guide to conduct, representing as it does the crystallized experience of a myriad lives that have struggled upward toward the light, contributing their modicum of experience to the morality of the age.

But the great mass of human laws are framed by mediocre, often grossly ignorant mentalities. Such laws are framed, not to secure justice and equity so much as to afford evil-minded and vicious men an opportunity to juggle and evade them. Laws it is said, are made by lawyers for lawyers—being but a license to extort fees from clients.

Law that expresses the ideals of the most highly developed citizens, that voices the real public conscience, should be set up in high places as the standard, like the lighthouse on the cliff, to point out to all the best known way, then every man should be permitted to guide his own course according to his perception of the light. Let each be his own pilot. To interpret the law for another is to destroy his initiative, his freedom. Suppose you succeed in holding one back from his desire today, at some time or other he will break loose and make a madder dash, and the frenzy of forcible detention will most likely eventuate in a fatality.

The true function of law is education, not coercion. In reality every man must be a law unto himself. Is it

not the most weak and foolish thing in the world for mankind to delegate some man or set of men to think, to act, to command, to rule? This weakness and foolishness has produced every form of monarchy and despotism which has cursed the world from time immemorial.

Serfdom and slavery throughout the world are ever the result of man's unwillingness to exert himself sufficiently to learn how to govern himself. He sells his birthright of individual freedom for less than a mess of pottage—nay he gives it away to anyone who will frame up an arbitrary rule for his conduct.

We are taught to believe and have it instilled into us from earliest infancy up, that we are incapable of ruling ourselves and that we must obey superiors. Our parents illustrate and emphasize this doctrine by an autocratic home rule. We are taught that we must venerate such rule. Moses said so, therefore it must be true. We often feel the sharp injustice of coming under such paternalism, and sometimes we revolt. Then we are held up as an example, simply because obedience has been made the great standard of virtue. And do we ever cease this servile obedience?

We never do. When we arrive at the arbitrary age of "legal" maturity, the few of us who are legally "enfranchised" are permitted through the ballot to now and then express ourselves as to how we think we would like to be governed, or more, as to who should assume control and direction of such government.

In such a system we simply exchange masters—making a very dangerous exchange at that. For our parents *do* usually have our best interests at heart even if they err at times through methods of application, but heaven deliver us from the tender mercies of the politicians, that ruthless, conscienceless gang into whose hands we unreservedly throw ourselves, and to whom we voluntarily surrender our freedom! We not only have the most infinitesimal voice in selecting law-makers we want, but practically none at all when it comes to the laws that are enacted for our government. The masters can make whatever laws they see fit and

we slavishly submit to them, just as we did to our parents from the beginning.

What we are pleased to term "representative government" is as far from the true ideal government as Arcturus from the Moon. It is an arbitrary—and at best a vicious form of government, which has already been clearly demonstrated in those countries where it has been tried out. In the beginning of the experiment of such government, when true patriots are at the head of affairs, it appears quite ideal, but in time corruption and venality creep in and make the whole scheme worse than a farce and a dead letter.

Suppose we do away with this form of government and substitute the more democratic method? The democratic idea that the majority should rule seems at first thought to be the highest and most advanced idea. The principle of majority rule appears to have been the animating thought in the minds of the framers of the Constitution, and yet they were unable to get wholly away from precedent. In the country from which the American patriots had fled there existed a vast governmental machine—the very thing that had driven them from their native shores to establish a new and better form of government, and yet, what did they do?—Inaugurated a system almost an exact replica of the English system—in place of a king, a president; in place of Parliament, Congress; in place of the House of Lords and the House of Commons, the Senate and House of Representatives.

To be sure the president was not hereditary, but in some respects he was endowed with more autocratic power than the king possessed. The law-making body was chosen by the elective franchises of the people. There were no fixed positions, save, unfortunately, in that highest tribunal, the Supreme Court.

It is not at all to be wondered at that royalists born and bred should be incapable of conceiving or bringing into existence a system in every respect so diametrically different from the old regime as true democracy, but it is strange, passing strange, that for a hundred years the most progressive and enlightened nation on the face of the earth should have continued servilely

and blindly to follow the fetish of a constitution framed under the conditions that our constitution was framed. And yet, have they followed it?

Has not the spirit of the Constitution been violated until practically it has become a dead letter? Who is there so foolish and audacious, so hypocritical and blind as to compare the present conditions with the noble sentiments embodied in the Constitution and insist that the Constitution is in force any more?

It simply means that the Constitution in the main was inspired by ideals which as yet the mass of people have not evolved to—it was formulated by men of heart and mind, unselfish men, who yet were hampered by tradition and training to that extent that they instituted the very system which was destined to negate and nullify all these beautiful ideals.

Everybody who thinks at all knows that we in America today are dominated by an oligarchy so powerful that it controls every department of legislation. It is the shame of the world. It makes us the laughing stock of Czars, Emperors and Kings who look upon our experiment of republican government as a failure. And well they may. You hear it talked all over Europe, where people read and reason and where they are better posted on governments, ours included, than we are. For the masses here never think along these lines. Why should they? As I say, they have surrendered their birthright to the bosses, and must continue to surrender it, together with their "lives, liberties and pursuits of happiness," until there are enough people in the land dominated by the spirit of brotherhood and justice to rise up and sternly demand a halt in the onward march of the ruthless robbery and vandalism that are perpetrated on the whole people under the dignity of the law.

The people have brought it all upon themselves by their innate selfishness, by their desire to get the best of their fellows. Equal rights and opportunities for all they do not want. They want a chance to *do* the other fellow—the competitor, whom they regard as a natural enemy—to put him out of business. And they elect men of their type who make the laws which make

it possible to do this. A hundred specific instances could be cited only it would be as useless as to bay at the moon.

The only remedy is through education, you say, Nay, not so. For the education is as false as the system. The only remedy is for the system itself to come to a head, to blossom and bear its bitterest fruits, till the whole nation is sick unto death with the plague, caused by eating them, till the fairest of the nation are blighted and swept away by the fierce and withering winds of special privileges intrenched. Pain and suffering are the great awakeners of consciousness. Until people are hurt more they will sleep on their troubled sleep, fanned by the vampires.

The day of awakening in this country is greatly retarded by immigration. The native American who is a born idealist will learn and profit by what he learns. He will put forth strenuous efforts at reform, but what can he do against this vast barbaric horde fresh from the monarchic slums of Europe and the Orient? The prevailing system is in exact harmony with the spirit of these invaders. They settle down on our shores and grow fat and rich under it, eventually transferring the greater part of their booty to their own lands.

Were it not for the tremendous influx of foreigners to this country, it might be said that democracy would do away with a great many existing evils. But when we contemplate that the ignorant majority, especially when the ideals of that majority are largely imbued with monarchic and despotic rule, would very easily overturn the higher ideals of the intelligent minority, we see that at present we are, governmentally speaking, between the Devil and the Deep Sea.

If in representative government the wisest and truest and best could only be selected to govern, very much more wholesome laws would be enacted than under the operation of a purely democratic rule. We *might* come again into another age of Pericles, and enjoy a peaceful revolution and ultimate reformation.

Looking at it the other way, the wiser the administration, the more satisfactory the laws, the lighter the yoke placed on the necks of the populace, the less resistance would be aroused and less progress would

be made toward individualism. It would be like the Catholic Church, which as a veritable theocracy, steeps nations and races alike in the stupor of satisfaction, places a premium on inertia and thus stops all spiritual progress and desire for intellectual achievement.

Let us see, then, how, in the real outworking of the universal law, good is evolved from evil, harmony from chaos. In the leap from monarchy to the shore of democracy, the founders of this nation landed in the stream of representative government. So they and their successors have struggled along, catching upon passing logs and brushwood as they floated adown the stream. Little by little each new member born within the embrace of the flood, has learned to develop his swimming powers, to keep afloat, to exercise his ingenuity, unconscious of being borne on by a resistless current over which he practically had no control. Thus gradually all are swept onward more and more swiftly toward a terrible whirlpool, known as Revolution. It is an awful climax which few believe to be impending, but the few that survive the ordeal will be the strongest men and women of the age, the survival of the fittest, who, hurled bruised and bleeding upon the banks of individualism, will arise to reconstruct society on a new, firmer, and more lasting foundation.

There is but one possible ending to monarchy, or so-called republicanism, and that is revolution. Revolution is the inevitable spasm that comes at the end of a long season of misuse, abuse, suffering and agony on the part of the body politic. It is a death, and at the same time a rebirth. Do not shudder and call this a dark prophecy. It is rather a prophecy of joy. The mighty tumor upon the vitals of society has grown and grown and will continue to grow until society will be bed-ridden with anguish and pain. Revolution is the kind surgeon that removes the excrescence.

Think, it has happened to every nation, and even to our own, this surgical thrust. It is about to happen to the nations of the world. It is, in fact, but an incident in the unfoldment of universal law and harmony in the human race. Something is pulling, something is beckoning, something is saying, "Come up higher"—and we obey.

And now, in the period of purgation, what do we perceive? We perceive that law, human law, is but a guess at truth, a mere arbitrary conjecture, an egoistic statement.

It makes no difference how it be enacted, with what form, ceremony, words, seals, officialism or solemnity it becomes a law, it is, after all, only somebody's idea, an ephemeral straw figure set up today to be blown down tomorrow—enacted, repealed, all in obedience to supposition, whim or precedent.

Amid all this jangling of ideas in the jungle of human thought, man slowly awakens to perceive that his only true guide to conduct lies in his own consciousness. He also gradually learns to know that he has no right, even if he has the power, to set bounds to another's action, and thus he comes to resent any and all enforced restrictions placed upon him by others.

In a word, he will demand his own freedom and at the same time be willing to grant the same freedom to another. When men individually have reached this mile-stone in their progress then, and only then, may they come together in an ideal society and enjoy the "blessings of the constitution"—which they will not hesitate to amend to fit the growing needs of the age.

In that age, each will vie with the other in setting his own light unhidden by the bushel of deceit and hypocrisy upon his own hill of attainment, each freely giving the light of his own experience, each eager to gain light from others:

This I conceive to be the state of "ideal anarchy"—being a full emancipation from the dungeon of coercive legislation, a glad emergence into the broad fields of free endeavor. Are we ready for this? Some of us, perhaps, but *let us be certain*. The word "anarchy" being contaminated with an odium almost ineffaceable, probably we had best bury the word, and not strive to re-habilitate it, calling our Eutopia the New Heaven upon Earth.

"Be able to wait thro' the space of time, thus we come to the center of opportunity."—Cleopatra's Code.

Freedom

The rain that falls in the heart of Man,
Flows out through the eyes in tears.
And God's decrees in the Soul of Man,
Are wrought in the cycle of years.

The mortal thought in the mind of man,
Is flotsam on life's great sea.
The Divine Urge in the Soul of Man
Speaks the Word that sets him free.

—Dr. Carey.

“Be optimistic about everything except yourself.”



“There is no man living today who did not have superior chances. The inferior did not live and produce.”

—W. I. Thomas.



There is no great genius without a mixture of madness.

—Seneca.



The only true criticism of high art is silence—
silence as grand as the heaven itself.

—Corelli.



In her first passion woman loves her lover;
In all the others, all she loves is love.

—Byron.



Beautiful manners and refinement of expression
and word seem to flourish on artificiality.

—Exchange.



Seek ye out of the book of the Lord, and read: No
one of these shall fail, none shall want her mate.

—Isaiah.

"The essential point is not investigating the law, but in doing deeds of kindness."

—The Talmud.

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"Very rich is he who has nothing to lose."

Chinese proverbs.

✻ ✻
The soul having left the body, wandered in a cold and desert land, and there a terrible woman, depraved and ugly, appeared before the soul.

"Who are you? asked the soul. Who are you, disgusting and nasty woman, you who look uglier than the devil?"

And the apparition replied:

"I am your deeds."

—Persian.

✻ ✻
"You cannot reform people with tracts and talk—with preach and creed. Religion is helpless. Law can punish but it can neither reform criminals nor prevent crime . . . There is but one hope. To accomplish this there is but one way. Science must make woman the owner, the mistress of herself . . . must put it in the power of woman to decide for herself whether she will or will not become a mother. This is the solution of the whole question. This frees woman. The babes that are then born will be welcome. They will be clasped by glad hands to happy breasts. They will fill homes with light and joy . . . When that time comes the prison walls will fall, the dungeons will be flooded with light, and the shadow of the scaffold will cease to curse the earth. The whole world will be intelligent, virtuous and free."

—Col. Robert G. Ingersoll.