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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 Egela, 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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ISHVERBHAI JIVABHAI

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*The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel.*

—Shakespeare.

Philosophy is a modest profession; it is all reality and plain dealing. I hate solemnity and pretense, with nothing but pride at the bottom.—Pliny.

An Island Kingdom

BY ALINE.

When we think of an island we naturally think of it as being out in the sea, or lake, surrounded by waters and accessible only by boats. But if we repeat over the old-time definition, we shall recall that an island is "any portion of land surrounded by water." This brings to our view another class of islands.

Along the courses of nearly all great rivers are places where the land is level with the banks, and the river, cutting away from the main channel, forms new channels, which flow around areas of land meeting the river further below, thus creating river islands.

In times of spring freshets and high water, these islands are often submerged and covered with mud and debris, thus imperceptibly they raise a little year by year and after countless ages the rivers build banks for themselves that resist the pressure of the waters.

Meanwhile the vegetation continues to grow, to die, to become covered over with slime and silt from successive inundations until a sediment soil of almost limitless depth and inestimable richness is produced.

It has just been my pleasure to visit some of these islands—by far the most interesting I have ever seen—



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It has just been my pleasure to visit some of these islands—by far the most interesting I have ever seen—

the reclaimed islands of the Sacramento—a veritable river archipelago.

The Sacramento is a large river, navigable for 262 miles, taking its rise away up among the snow-clad peaks of which Mt. Shasta is the reigning lord and sentinel. The river drains an immense watershed, and, when the snows melt on the mountains in the spring-time, it is transformed from a peacefully flowing stream into a turbid torrent and sweeps away everything in its path. The valley through which it flows is broad, level and low, and for a long distance the swollen river was accustomed to break out of its natural banks in hundreds of places, flooding the entire country for miles around.

This went on year after year and for innumerable years before the advent of the Yankee. The early settlers farmed the higher lands, but they had not raised many crops in this fertile valley nor been drowned out many times before they set to work in earnest to fight the waters and to save their lands and labors from the devastation of the floods.

The first attempts at keeping the waters at bay were for a long time fraught with only partial and uncertain success. Dykes made of brushwood and mud, thrown up by scrapers were not only laborious constructions, but amounted to little more than children's play-mounds before these raging spring torrents.

The water flooded everything, cutting numerous sloughs or water courses through which, when the floods abated, the waters continued to flow, forming a series of river islands of greater or lesser extent.

Finally the farmers did the thing which farmers of all classes of people hesitate the longest to do—they united, and cooperated, forming themselves into several districts on the various islands, deciding that each district should be assessed to purchase and maintain a steam dredger with which great dykes could easily be constructed and kept in shape. This plan put in operation worked admirably and has been the means of reclaiming thousands upon thousands of acres—in round

numbers about 125,000 acres—of valuable land, as rich or richer than the famed valley of the Nile.

The cost of this reclamation has been prodigious, running into the millions, but, distributed over so large an area of land, it has not cost to exceed \$100 per acre. And this is nothing when it is considered what this land has been made to produce. Ten million dollars is the approximate value of the yearly crops, consisting of all manner of fruits and vegetables, which this valley produces.

I must tell you about these dredgers which, more than any other thing, have made possible this great work. No doubt many of my readers have seen dredgers at work. There are various kinds of dredgers. There is one sort that is used in harbor construction that pumps the water and mud out through a long pipe, carrying it to the point where the land is being built. But the river dredgers are the sort that work by means of a gigantic crane, from which is suspended a huge pair of dipper-buckets weighing ten or more tons. These open like a clam-shell and look for all the world as they hover over the water, like some fabled bird—some giant water-hawk that might be fishing for sharks or alligators.

It opens its great wings, hovers a moment, then swoops down, diving beneath the waves with a tremendous splash and comes up holding in its talons a ton or more of river mud and sand. The mighty crane swings around to the shore as easily as if it carried a babe in a swing, and the bucket-bird opens its capacious maw and empties upon the bank its slimy load, returning to repeat the process over and over again—night and day it toils, digging and building. Every mouthful it takes from the river-bed deepens the channel and, deposited on the bank of the levee, adds to its strength and security.

Some of these dredgers cost nearly a hundred thousand dollars, and from \$50 to \$100 per day to operate. Each acre of tillable land owned by the various settlers is taxed *pro rata* to bear the expense of this work, and I have no doubt it is a tax cheerfully borne, as it means life, liberty and prosperity to the island dwellers.

Although so much has already been expended on reclaiming these lands, only a few of the islands are at present considered secure and immune from all danger of flooding.

In the spring of '07 the river rose prodigiously, and did a vast amount of damage, and this spring it has again been on the rampage, flooding several reclaimed areas, notably Jersey Island in the San Joaquin river, a tributary of the Sacramento. Nearly all of the land on these islands lies level with the river, or below it, so that even if the water be kept out by the levees, it will still force its way through underground, causing seepage. To overcome this and thoroughly drain the land, large ditches are constructed, carrying the water into one main canal which is then pumped out by an immense pumping plant situated on the inner bank of the levee near the river. Every district maintains one of these pumps. One on Grand Island which I saw, was run by a 110 horse-power engine, and was rapidly draining off the water through a huge pipe four feet in diameter.

The farmers along the levees are at no expense for irrigation except to put in a pipe which runs across the levee and down into the river. By exhausting the air from the pipe by means of a small pump, the water is syphoned onto the land. Irrigation is only needed for fruit and certain crops during the summer months. Sub-irrigation is practiced to quite an extent, the ditches being filled with water which is allowed to soak into the ground.

Grand Island is one of the largest and most perfectly reclaimed of the islands. It comprises 17,000 acres, of which 7,000 are in asparagus. Asparagus culture is one of the chief industries of these islands. California produces one-fourth of the Asparagus of the United States and practically all that is grown is produced on these reclaimed islands in the Sacramento delta. Up to quite recently nearly all of this asparagus was canned, but it is now beginning to be shipped East in a fresh state. It is estimated that from the 14,000 acres planted to asparagus the yield will be upwards of 25,000 tons, or

1000 carloads, which should net the growers a million and a half dollars. The Phalanx Company is now engaged in shipping carloads of asparagus from this district to Eastern markets.

Asparagus is by no means the only thing raised on these islands. There were last year, 9000 acres of potatoes, 2000 acres of tomatoes, 1000 acres of onions, 1000 acres of cantaloupes, 500 acres of string beans and 2000 acres of other garden vegetables. Besides this, there are about 4000 acres planted in hops. The yield from all these crops is enormous. Last year's statistics gave 1,000,000 sacks of potatoes, 15,000 tons of onions, 1,335 tons of cabbage, 3,111 tons of tomatoes, and 197,827,000 pounds of beans. This is the greatest bean-producing district in the world.

Here the farmers may successfully raise two crops a year. Beans follow a crop of early potatoes or hay. Two crops of many different vegetables may be grown in succession.

With all this wealth of vegetable producing, there is still to mention the large orchards of fruit—pears, peaches, apricots, cherries, plums, which border the river in an almost unbroken line for many miles—all growing in abundance and yielding enormous returns. This is the natural home of the Bartlett pear. In nearly every other section of the State the pear blights, but here it grows to perfection. The crop last year was estimated at 700,000 boxes. Add to this marvelous production 100,000 tons of alfalfa and 300,000 sacks of barley and you have the annual output of this wonderfully fertile valley.

The fruits grown in this valley are exceptionally fine—having a flavor and quality hardly attainable elsewhere, which is quickly recognized by Eastern connoisseurs of fruit. Take the cherries—the Guie, the Royal Ann, the Black Tartarian—how they melt in one's mouth and cause the money to melt from the pocket! A grower of cherries in this district, whose land was all under water two years ago, received over \$22,000 for his cherry crop produced from only 70 acres of trees.

The plum does as well or better than cherries—the Tragedy, Burbank, Abundance, Gross, Duane and many others grow and produce enormously, bringing in season the highest prices in the Eastern markets.

Much of the soil on these islands is of a black, mucky order, admirably adapted, I believe, to celery growing. Experiments recently made at Islington prove that it may be made a success and there is no doubt that in the near future it will become a rival industry of asparagus.

You see, the farmers in these islands, as indeed, throughout the State, go into things on a tremendous scale—a scale that would make a small Connecticut farmer gasp. They plow with traction engines that turn over 80 acres per day, they go into a thousand acres of barley with a combined reaper, and soon the acres of barley with a combined reaper, thresher and sacker drawn by thirty mules, and soon the grain is lying scattered in sacks, ready to be hauled to the warehouse or train. Nearly everything is done by machinery. Eastern people have no conception of the vastness of the agricultural enterprises being carried on out here in what they term “the wild and woolly West.” To illustrate, I read in an Eastern trade paper recently, that “one man” in California had as much as 20 acres of asparagus in “one field!” The truth is, 500 acres is considered here only a moderate-sized “patch,” and one man has as much as 1500 acres.

Asparagus plants are raised from seed which grow here into fine large crowns the first year. These are taken up and reset in trenches about six inches below the surface of the ground, in rows eight feet apart and about two feet in the row. Every year the crowns grow up towards the surface a little, and it is necessary to keep hilling up the ground over the row in order to allow the tender shoots to come through and attain a length without becoming green. Just as the little heads peep through the hill, a cruel Chinaman or Jap, who is wandering up and down the rows and watching furtively, will seize it and ruthlessly stab it from below with a knife made especially for this purpose.

Sealed is its fate!
 Sad to relate
 'Twill go in the crate
 And, carried by freight,
 Past the Golden Gate,
 It lands on the plate
 Of some potentate
 To be ate!—
 He will dip just the tip
 In drawn-butter and sip—
 And *imagine* it quite delicate!

It is certainly imagination, and hyper-epicurianism, that causes people to rave over asparagus and pay a dollar a bunch for it—white asparagus aptly compared to “cordwood”—only a half-inch of which is edible—the remainder serving merely as a handle to the tid-bit. But 'tis on the whims and fancies of taste that the producer and distributer thrive, so let us be silent.

The labor in this section is nearly all performed by Japanese, Chinese and Portuguese. These rent the land from the owners, or work it under contract. There is also a colony of Hindus here. I talked with several of them. They are from Calcutta and Singapore. The white laborer is bitter in his denunciation of all these foreigners. I hardly think the resentment shown by the Chinese in China against the invasion of the “foreign devils” can be any greater than that of the laboring class here against the “chink” that has peacefully invaded the land and conquered it, usurping the “rights” of the white workmen. Ranch-owners, however, will tell you that it is simply a survival of the fittest—that Chinese labor is better and more reliable than white labor and so they give it the preference. The white laborer declares that it is because John can live on “lats” and ten cents of “lice” a day and underbid a livable whiteman’s wage, that he is given the preference. And so the struggle for existence goes forward.

It is a lovely trip to make either on one of the swift little boats that ply up and down the river, or with a team along the oiled embankments—the roads all run

on top of the levees—and look out for miles and miles over the verdant valleys, smiling in the sunshine, the clear air redolent with the perfume of a thousand blossoming trees.

The sight of all this industry and thrift, these beautiful homes surrounded by orchards, gardens and fields provoke the thought that success is ever commensurate with difficulties to be overcome and that the greater the conquest the greater the reward.

If there had been no floods to combat, if these lands had been upland grazing grounds for sheep and cattle, you would see none of this splendid horticultural development. Instead of fine houses and barns, golden orchards and gardens green, attesting to the wealth and independence of the inhabitants, you probably would see only scattering, tumble-down sod-roofed adobes, or lone wooden frame huts, unpainted, treeless, bleak and bare, where in the nearby corrals moo mournfully some serawny dejected-looking cows, while in the grassless door yard, ornamented with old bottles and tin cans, a number of dirt-begrimmed, scantily-clad children play rough and tumble with a lot of mangy, yelping dogs of varying degrees of ugliness. For background you have a dilapidated woodshed and chickenhouse against which is propped a broken harrow and innumerable scraps of iron and pieces of old boards. Nearby, standing out in the open, is a broken-topped weather-beaten buggy that might ever so many years ago have borne a bride on her honeymoon across the desert. Gaunt-looking chickens scratch for dear life in the potato patch that adjoins the yard, or squat in the shelter of a straggling rose bush that grows and blossoms there by the window in spite of neglect and the many dirty washings hung upon it.

The man over there in the field, swearing lustily at a skeleton mule that drags him along behind the plow, and the woman who sits nursing the last babe, upon the doorstep, and about whom the disregarded flies swarm like bees as she utters sharp, scolding cries at the melee of canines and kidlets going on before her—these are

they who are responsible for this lovely picture of country life as she is often lived.

No I didn't see anything like this in the Sacramento valley, though I have seen it a hundred times in places not nearly as far away as Oregon, Nevada or Arizona.

The day we visited the Valley it was blowing guns, but all the loyal denizens flocked forth to solemnly declare that this was "very unusual" weather, and to promise us that it "never lasted over three days." Well, I am bound to give the good people the benefit of the doubt. It is a phrase that one gets used to in California—this "so unusual"—a sort of apology for weather freaks. But really the native sons and daughters of California have nothing to apologise for nor excuse to these tenderfoot tourists from the frozen regions of the East. This wind blowing a gale about our ears was a mere Minnesota zephyr—and the sand that blew in them—well, we'll try and forget it.

However, the "bee-stake," "po-shop," "macheroney" and "lee" that Ah Sing set up for us at the hostelry at noonday, together with flowery coffee and foamy cream, brewed in the Celestial kitchen will linger long in our gastronomic memories.

When "vice" is beautiful it should be virtue.

The Potency of Desire

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Desire the torch that sets the world afire."

Desire is a thing that cannot be voluntarily willed into existence, any more than it can be voluntarily suppressed. Desire is the result of some psychic necessity—it is the Voice of the Soul. Once it speaks and has been recognized, it becomes a magnet, forming a veritable vortex into which everything essential to a realization of the desire flows irresistibly.

But suppose Desire slumbers, or is unmanifest, or suppose it is expressed merely in sluggish wishes or fugitive longings—then it is essential that affirmation and

action unite to strengthen the desire and mould it into a definite purpose. Wonderful and surprising results have been attained by such effort.

This is, in fact, the basis of all so-called New Thought demonstration—it is the “new” thought which soars above the old, which lends wings to the turtle thought, and limbs to the snail thought—that pulls the mind out of the old ruts up onto a firm, hard path, a swift, motor path, when plodding is at an end.

To realize the power of desire is a revelation—a conversion. Ignorance of this power is responsible for all suffering and poverty—for narrow lives and shrunken existences. Once converted from this ignorance, a new world opens up, and limitless opportunities present themselves.

As I have said, Desire cannot be forced into existence, especially a desire, the realization or gratification of which would be inimical to the welfare of the Soul—the Soul instinctively protects itself—becomes its own guardian. You cannot, for instance, force yourself to love a certain man, or woman, or to like a certain thing. You may compel yourself into conforming to the *appearance* of loving and you may succeed in deceiving the world as to your true feelings, but some day the Soul will revolt and you will be shown up to yourself in vivid colors, as a hypocrite, a time-server, a slave to enforced duty.

A horticulturist was relating to me the other day an experience he had in budding. By “budding” is meant the placing of a bud of one tree under the bark of another in such a manner that the bark unites and the bud grows and becomes a part of the new tree. This is a common practice now among nurserymen in order to secure the perpetuation of any certain kind of fruit.

This friend of mine budded a peach-plum (a cross between a Duane plum and a peach) onto an apricot root. The buds lived and grew, making large limbs, which bore some fruit, until one day there came a great wind, whereupon, many of the budded limbs broke away from the old stock revealing a peculiar thing. The limbs of the bud had never actually united to the stock

except by a sort of adhesion. There was a kind of skin or dark covering on both the wood of the stock and of the limb, but the latter fell out clean, like a wedge that has been driven in a log and that falls out upon the shrinking of the wood. The budded limb had grown by some unexplainable process, the sap passing by some sort of osmosis, but the point was, the limb had never really become a part of the stem upon which it was budded. It remained an individual stem in its new environment. Something in the nature of the two trees it seems, refused to permit them to blend and unite, showing that the natural desire of one to the other, if so we may express it, was imperfect.

And so it is with thousands of the friendships and alliances in this world. If they are true friendships the desire to flow together and become one will manifest itself; if not, the union or bond can never be anything but superficial and unenduring. There are a myriad of desires experienced in our daily lives—all like summer flies that come and go, buzz and disappear, or like the flecks of foam upon the surf which rise and fall, reappear to disappear. But there is one desire that endureth forever—the desire of man for woman.

My desire is unto her who, chiefest among ten thousand, fills full the measure of my needs and necessities. In her all rays center and are diffused in myriad forms of splendor. Through her my thought goes forth laden with life and bound to bless. Through her I am inspired to do and dare. By her there is created a magnetic lodestone that draws to me everything necessary for my existence, well-being and happiness—friends, resources, knowledge, power.

With her I shall be able to create that rainbow arch over which the Soul shall safely pass the abysmal chasm of death, and realize a life ecstatic beyond the Veil.

The most hopeful sign today in the church is the war-ring of religious sects. It means that ultimately *every* man will erect his own church and set up his own religion.

The Jewelled Cup

BY SERAPHITA.

"I know, too, where the Genii hid the jewelled cup of the King Jamshid, with life's elixir sparkling high."

Thus spoke the poor Peri who was seeking for a gift to present to the keeper of the gate of Paradise, which should be of value sufficient to justify him in opening it for her to enter. This cup and its costly contents she considered to be but trash, "For the drops of Life—oh, what would they be in the boundless depths of eternity!"

Many are now looking eagerly for that very vase and will interrogate our little sprite as to its present whereabouts. It was owned by a king. His royal personage as his name indicates being a reality and no myth, doubtless his cup can be still found, lying in its secret niche, waiting for some hand to grasp it and say: "Here's to the ones who love Life! Who will seek long enough to find it?"

J—AM—SH—I—D means the substance and life hidden in the body of our crowned serpent—Mercury. He could be symbolized by a caterpillar. Worms of that genus know how to form cocoons out of themselves, weaving all of the body into a covering thus protecting from air and injury the vital ligament. Out of this immured life there springs in time a new creature. The common butterfly is exquisitely fine and brilliant when compared to its first body—the worm. But our Spiritualized *Jamshid* is a thing of air and fire wrapped in a tiffany of moisture. These resurrected bodies contain the actual life of their former state although manifesting so differently. If we can find *Jamshid* we shall one day see the cup full of E-li-x-ir.

It is made by Art, finished by Nature and received as a gift from God. It is a vase full of fire—the same that glowed in the Burning Bush. Since the genii hid it we must get *en rapporte* with these hand-maidens of Nature and they will guide us to a fountain always full.

Its bubbling forth follows the law of cause and effect. It is a product derived from the supreme essence in

earth crossed with the same essence in fire. Like manna it must be taken day by day and never more than can be used. It really is an oil which will fill our lamps of clay and thus prolong the light of Life indefinitely. It is the sunshine caught and worked up by natural processes into such a substance that it can be utilized to the upbuilding of every cell in the body. It is the "good wine" to be taken as nourishment instead of stimulant. The volatile form of this king shows that he has been purified of all dross and will assimilate with gold refined by fire.

These two when united into one, form a substance far more precious than gold, even the Philosophers' Stone; whose touch like that of King Midas transforms the base into that which is priceless. If man's natural forces were supplemented by those which he now calls supernatural, his body would be strongly fortified against decay and he would indeed be like a tree planted by a flowing river. The old leaves might fall to give place to new ones but the Life in the sap being reinforced from a perennial spring would take no note of time—"Till the sun grows cold and the stars are old and the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold."

A jealous man is unpleasant. But one you could not make jealous would be worse.



As ye sow so shall ye reap, but the quality of the product will depend entirely on the culture of the crop.



"There are no lives of interest except the lives of the player people, and they are of interest because they bid respectability good-day."

—*Carlisle.*



Diseases of society can be as little cured as those of the body, without speaking openly of them.

—*John Stewart Mill.*

Friendship

"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."

—Emerson.

The greater part of what is termed "friendship" in this world is mere pretense of friendship. This is why we hear so much of false friendships.

Most people seem to look upon their friends merely as assistants or helpers, and their friendship has a purely utilitarian basis. By such it is considered essential that the friend be flattered or cajoled in order that he be kept in proper humor to respond to such demands as may be made upon him.

With such false and selfish motives behind it, friendship becomes a mere husk gilded by hypocrisy, while friends of this sort resolve themselves into the most intolerable of bores. Better open enemies than covert friends.

Friendship of this order very frequently exists between a man and woman who have entered the matrimonial lists. Selfishness, subtly concealed in superfluity of compliments and courtesies, is unmasked in obnoxious and hateful personal demands, and friendship is at an end.

Reciprocities between true friends are mutual and spontaneous, but the cool, calculating trader in benefits is really a Shylock in disguise, who will demand the pound of flesh in the end.

There is no such a thing as friendship between two people so long as either holds the thought that the other must be pleased or conciliated—or so long as one stands in any fear of offending the other. The true friend is never displeased, never requires an apology.

Friendship to be true and enduring can exist only between people of character—individuals—those who have the power to *stand alone*, who have no desire or inclination to lean upon friends, or to utilize them for selfish motives.

There is that kind of a friend who expresses his friendship by gluing himself to me, who will never give me a moment's solitude or seclusion. He appears to think that I would feel slighted or hurt if he should detach himself for a moment or neglect to be constantly near me.

The more I pray for relief, the more insistent he becomes on my society. I become frigid and silent, I rise in his presence and am rude to him, but he ignores it all and creeps closer with increased confidence. He thus becomes a veritable parasite, and I, his victim and slave, but through all he poses as my fast friend—there is no doubt whatever of the fastness. At last I rise in rebellion against the imposition and the bondage of it and speak so plainly that I mortally offend my erstwhile friend who will think and declare that I am ungenerous and mean and utterly wanting in courtesy and kindness. But the real fact is in severing the suction arms of this friendly octopus that had me so long in its grasp, I have rescued myself and restored my self-respect—but I shall never be understood, nor my motives—by the octopus.

Such a friend is troubled with the blindness of Egotism plus. He can see only his own importance and wonders how I can refuse to recognize it and discard what he considers his services to me. Services! deliver me, Oh Lord, from the services of a parasitic friend!

The real friend of me is the person of perception and tact, who is able to feel and respect my moods, and if I cannot do the same by him, I am an undesirable friend. Untactfulness in a friend is almost a crime—it has severed more friendships and caused more heart-rendings and failures in life than any other one thing.

Let me then describe my ideal friend. He is a person whose qualities I so much admire that I am quite willing to serve him in order to be near and emulate him. I shall be glad to approach him if I am quite certain my presence will not prove an annoyance or an inharmony, but I shall love and admire him *equally much* from a distance, if, for any reason, it is better that we should

not be together. I do not have to tarry continually by his side—to eat with him and sleep with him in order to be conscious of his uplift and inspiration.

If he comes to see me, I shall rejoice, but I shall not repine nor become distrustful if he remain away. I do not have to place him on my visiting list or be placed on his, and he is the one person in the world with whom I can forego deference and courtesy and to whom I find it needless to make excuses.

I cannot imagine myself doing anything to displease my friend and no matter what he might do, I should feel no displeasure or resentment. This is not because he is an angel nor I a seraph, but because we are of one mind—he of mine, I of his—and we understand one another. That which I gain from my friend is something he could never esteem a loss, even if he were conscious of having bestowed it, which doubtless he never would be—and that is, his mental uplift, his supportive thought, his timely counsel—things so vitally important and necessary to me, and things the giving of which will make him better and his friendship all the grander.

But just the moment that I wilfully trespass upon my friend's time, his solitude, his privacy, his affairs, I become an impostor, a beggar, nay, more, a thief—and forfeit forthwith all right to his friendship.

And if I persist in intruding myself upon him and making such demands, so that for self-protection he is constrained to give me the icy hand or the stony stare, and I still do not take the hint, I deserve to be cut direct and kicked out with emphasis, when it is hopeful I may wake up to realize that I have foolishly forfeited a friendship of which I was entirely unworthy.

Few realize how precious a thing true friendship is. That it must be probed for imperfections and purged of all its weaknesses, few consider. "A friend in need is a friend indeed,"—but is there ever a time that we do not need friends? Something is radically wrong with that man or woman who has no friends.

There are no bonds in friendship outside the bond of love which, it is manifest, is esteem and a *desire to serve*.

Beecher used to say "In friendship your heart is like a bell struck every time your friend is in trouble." Trust that friend who is ever looking for opportunities to do something for your benefit or pleasure, and upon whom you will have difficulty in pressing your favors. Beware of that friend who accepts your proffered gen-erousities greedily. A friend scorns the thought of re-ward for unselfish service and to him patronages is detestable. Will you possess a friend?—Then be a friend. "Friendship buys friendship."

Bring up a child in the way you imagine he should go, and if he prove to be a child worth raising, he will take a bee line in some contrary direction.

A Strain From The Anvil Chorus

Heavens! What *are* you doing, brother? I have hardly yet recovered from "Statistics" in February *Phalanx*.

You have set in motion—God knows *what!* I only know that the sound and shock of it reverberate thro' the various planes of consciousness as if struck from some awful height.

I'm not quite *there*, you see, or it would not have quite such an effect. I might then rejoice in your powers. Oh! *I seem to see you as—*

THE MAN AT THE FORGE.

Hammer and tongs,
Hammer and tongs,
Fashion the world as the world
belongs,—
The sword to cleave
Or the plow to reave,
For the sword is the share to
plow men's hearts,
And the plow is the sword to a
soil that parts

The loam or the sand, or the
clay or stone,
Till the seed for the harvest
finds its home.

Hammer and tongs,
O men of might;
Strong of muscle
And keen of sight.
*But touch not with hand of
flesh that burns
The glowing steel as it flames
and turns!*

Hammer and tongs,
Hammer and tongs,
Fashion the world as the world
belongs.

As ever to you,

Beth.

* * * * *

You ask me then,
Fair mother of men,
The reason for raising the ter-
rible sledge,
For hurtling the hammer, and
driving the wedge
In the knot and gnarl
Of the social trunk—
'Tis because of the pearl
Hidden deep in the chunk.

Indeed, 'twould be strange
If any great change
Should e'er be detected, or
even suspected
In the growth of a log, stuck
fast in a bog,—
It will live and will die
In the mire and morass,

And never *will* try
It's environs to pass.

But once fell the tree,
And you shall then see
The use of the man, and the
muscle and mind,
For a bridge will be builded
when these are combined,—
And men will pass at last
A dangerous place,
That for centuries past
Has been a disgrace.

There's nothing so shocking
In *my* little knocking—
If the loosened old bricks of
the Campanile
Come tumbling down, I shall
only smile;
For soon there'll arise
A tower of concrete
Reinforced, to the skies
That shall be complete.

Phalangians, hear me!
Don't tremble and fear me,
But stand by your standards,
be ready to fight—
'Tis the old, old struggle of
might against right.
The foe ambushed within,
The first that must be slain
Is *Pear*, the sire of sin;
The cause of death and pain.

The word, once boldly spoken
Means rusty rivets broken,
Which long have held the gall-
ing yoke on necks

That meekly bow and humbly
pay respects

To an old hag on the throne
Who rules all days and Sunday,
And who is better known
As Dame, or Mrs., Grundy.

To go into society means to spend all your thoughts, time, energy and vitality for and with people who collectively do not care whether they ever see you again.



A Woman Worth While

Dear Friend Delmar:

Here we are with a "ticket of leave"—leave to read all you send us through *The Phalanx* for one more year.

This number is a jewel, though you hit us women that have had families rather hard at times. But you know all married women are not child-bearers by force.

I am not going to tell you how many I have had, nor will I say that I could not have been just as happy with a lesser number, but I declare before all that is good, bad and indifferent, that a childless married life would have been torture to me.

I loved children, loved to think the whole prenatal period of the beautiful treasure I would hold close to my heart outwardly as I did inwardly. I used to work and plan, economize and scrimp all ways to prepare for it.

An old lady once asked my husband how he liked to have so many children, "Why," he said, "it's for her to grumble, not me. She has all the pain and I only have to rustle a little more grub, and besides she always makes me a set of new shirts and knit me plenty of stockings before the time, so that I won't have to suffer—what the devil should I grumble for?"

But I know thousands of women do not have children willingly. I know some that have lived the whole nine months with murder in their heart, for what else is it but

murder when they would get rid of it if they could? Such children born into such homes are cursed before birth.

My children have not had many luxuries, nor all of the necessities of life always, but they always had love, before birth and after,—not maudlin, sentimental love that could see no wrong in them, but the love that made them know where to look for either help or comfort when it was needed. So I always tell them they were born rich, because they came to a home that, although lacking in some things, there was always the glad welcome, as the Lancashire poet said:

“Thou art welcome little bonnie brid,
But shouldn't ha' come just when tha did;
For times are hard, and jobs are thin,
But our Bob'll gie thee hauf o' his'n.”

I always felt that I was the richest woman in the land when my children were little.

Now; I hereby subscribe to the “Creed”—first creed I ever did subscribe to, for I am what my pious neighbors call “a heathen.”

I got all the religion I needed for a long life, under my mother's rule, and I forswore all brands when I was married and have raised my children without any church aid, and they do pretty well considering that they have not had a father nor a church to guide their footsteps—at least not for a number of years, for their father passed over twenty-four years ago, and I have nine of them somewhere in the United States and Canada.

Now, dear, don't have a fit and condemn me to the green shed, I am not an old woman, no sir! I can do more work than a dozen of your women that don't have children, and I never had any birthdays in my life, not special ones I mean. Every day is a birthday because I am born anew every day, and I am going to stay on this planet just as long as I want to.

I'm just learning how to live and I shall have to practice a good many years to make up for past ignorance—that's why I say I will stay here as long as I want to.

Well, I will give you a respite, or I am afraid the whole thing will go in the fire.

Keep hitting out from the shoulder, no matter who you hurt. Those that are hurt can get up and brush the dust from their garments and steer clear of the next blow. Yours for Freedom.—S.

My opinion is that the woman who wrote the above, and all like her, should be pensioned by the government and be forever immune from enforced labor, that their names should be inscribed upon a special Roll of Honor in order that they might be known and receive the admiring plaudits of the people.

But such already have their reward in the consciousness of a noble work performed—more, they have their reward in the blossom and fruitage of the Tree of Love which they have planted and raised with such solicitude and tenderness.

When we see people (alas, how many we do see!) who appear to hate their offspring, who simply tolerate them, and who do for them as little as law, and often far less than decency demands, or who raise them as they would horses or slaves to work for them, taking their wages as fast as earned and depriving them of the joys of childhood and the advantages of education, who beat their bodies and starve their souls. When we see this what does it signify?—Simply the hatred of a man for a woman, or the loathing of a woman for a man—a man and woman married by law, but divorced by the Almighty, who, in bringing children into the world under such false and blighting conditions, commit the most unpardonable of crimes, compared to which adultery and incest are light offences—crimes, however, which society ignorantly condones or rather fails to recognize.

But when we find people associated in what should be the holiest and happiest relation of life, between whom the magnetic flow of love is strong and pure, and who are bound by the invisible golden chords of affection, firmer by far than all the iron manacles of custom and law—when in such lives Love blossoms into a new life and embodiment is given to a waiting soul, it comes with a beauteous smile, fresh from the rose-scented gar-

dens of paradise—unconscious that it went to sleep there and wakened in a new world. It reaches up its tiny hands in expectancy, and the first pressure of its little lips, as the fond mother can attest, is a kiss of joy and satisfaction. With what eagerness is every little unfoldment watched!—the blinking of the little eyes, the movement of the small head, the first coo that is construed into wise articulate speech—and the smiles, or wrinkled suggestion of smiles; Oh, how they are looked for!

And so on from beginning to end, though the end is never—the first tooth, the first step, the first word—each is as a new land discovered, the possibilities of which can hardly be estimated. At last the bud is opened and the floweret appears. Baby, that enigmatical mystical being, is no longer, but the Boy is in full evidence—and such a boy—not by any perceived resemblance like other specimens that have been exhibited under this name. This boy is a genus all to himself, he is incomparable.

No, he will not be “spoiled by loving,” for love is the atmosphere of his life, without which he would droop and die. He is a true love-child.

And the influence of such a birth and such a home will bear him safely adown the stream of youth and out into the open sea of manhood, and he will not reach it in an open boat, tossing and at the mercy of capricious waves, but in an armored craft, of which he is the keen-eyed pilot and captain in one—no shipwreck there, no piracies, no hair-brained adventures, no voluptuous cruises—but a noble voyage ahead, straight to the course, and true to the chart, and one that will end in prosperity and triumph.

A woman must not love easily. But when she loves she must love absolutely. No matter what the end may have to be.



Love is a beautiful plant. The root is friendship, and the flower is passion.

Gems From My Love Letters

My Beloved:

It is a glorious day. All that is lacking to make it absolutely perfect is thy presence.

Without that it is as a bird without a song, a flower without its perfume, the sunshine without warmth, music without a theme, a song without melody, a body without a soul, the universe without its center and I without thee.

Without thee I see no purpling tints at dawn, no golden glow at sunset. The distant mountains mantled with fleecy clouds tinted at sunrise that were so majestic and grand, the grey expanse of ocean with its ever-changing tones of color, that were so wonderful and grand when we viewed them together, all have lost their charm and resolved themselves into plain rockpits and a pond of water.

I pass the poppy bed, where you stooped to gather a bunch and place them in my hair, ah, then it was all a blaze of glory, but now alas! the poor things have closed like my heart. And the violets, too, all covered with dew that you plucked as you said good-bye, I have them still, they fill up my loneliness and make me cry. For to weep for thee and the memory of days that we spent together is a precious joy and I'd rather than force a smile when the laughter is gone from my life.

Dearest, I know, now I've tried it, there's only love, and beside it nothing worth while. Do hasten to fill up this dismal abyss, to bridge o'er the chasm between. Like the fervor of June grows the waiting kiss. Between my soul and thy soul naught shall e'er intervene.
Lorene.

Why do you spend so much time speculating how this or that may impress other people? Nobody cares. Nobody, nobody, nobody. At heart you are always alone

* *

Tame oats soon become wild if uncultivated, and wild oats are good oats if you tame them.

Our frontispiece this month presents the portrait of Ishverbhai Jivabhai, head weaving-master of the great mills of Whittle & Company, Ahmedabad, India.

A number of samples of Indian textile manufacture have been sent us from these mills. They are of exquisite design, showing patterns and workmanship that it would be difficult to excel in any part of the world.

Mr. Jivabhai is not only a skillful workman and most efficient superintendent of a great industry, but an earnest and enthusiastic student of occult science and the deeper mysteries—a man of broad sympathy and high ideals.

The Order of the Phalanx

OUR SYMPHONY.

To touch the cup with eager lips

And taste, not drain it—

To woo and tempt and court a bliss,

But not attain it—

To fondle and caress a joy,

But hold it lightly

Lest it become necessity

And cling too tightly—

To watch the sun sink in the west

Without regretting—

To hail his advent in the east

The night forgetting—

To smother care in happiness

And grief in laughter—

To hold the present close,

Not questioning hereafter—

To have enough to share,

To know the joy of giving—

To thrill response to all the sweets of life

Is living.

Oh! that the desert were my dwelling place
With one fair spirit for my minister.
That I might all forget the human race.
And, hating no one, love but only her!
—Byron.

