

The PHALANX

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VOL. 2

NO 4

April, 1909

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.



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DELMAR DEFOREST BRYANT

The Phalanx

A JOURNAL OF PHILOSOPHY AND FRIENDSHIP

Vol. II

APRIL

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In wonder all philosophy began, in wonder it ends, and admiration fills up the interspace; but the first wonder is the offspring of ignorance, the last is the parent of adoration.
—Coleridge.

Friendship is to be purchased only by friendship. A man may have authority over others, but he can never have their heart but by giving his own.—Thomas Wilson.

God's Motto

This is the season of wooing and mating,

The heart of Nature calls out for its own, ,
And God have pity on those who are waiting

The fair unfolding of spring alone;

For the fowls fly north in pairs together,

And two by two are the leaves unfurled,

And the whole intent of the wind and weather

Is to make love in the thought of the world.

Up through the soil where the grass is springing

To flaunt green flags in the golden light,

Each little sprout its mate is bringing—

Oh! one little sprout were a lonely sight;

We wake at dawn with the silvery patter

Of bird notes falling like showers of rain,

And need but listen to prove their chatter

The amorous echo of love's sweet pain.

In the buzz of the bee and strong steed's neighing,

In the bursting bud and the heart's unrest,

The voice of Nature again is saying

In God's own Motto that love is best;

For this is the season of wooing and mating,

The heart of Nature calls for its own;

And oh! the sorrow of souls that are waiting

The soft unfolding of spring, alone.

The Naturalist

If I should wander thro' a field
Bespangled o'er with buttercups,
And to my passion's zest should yield
And stoop to lift one sweet cup up
 In innocence and glee,
 Awakening jealousy
 Throughout the golden mass,
And then, forsooth, should pass

Into some wooded glen and see
Hiding behind a bush or tree
A bunch of violets fair and blue,
And stop to linger there—would you
 Deem is so *very* wrong
 If, looking, I should long
 One modest flower to pick
 In my lappel to stick?

Still, if in quest unsatisfied,
I wander to some garden side,
Hedged in with roses white and red,
Whose riotous beauty turn the head,
 And gazing, I forget
 The cup and violet
 And reach out for the rose—
Do you once e'er suppose

My eager searching at an end,
Or that my natural life I'll spend
Intoxicated by one flower?—
I pause for one bright, amorous hour
 Then pass beyond the gate,
 Where fairer flowers await
 The coming of a lover
 Charms hidden to discover.

Here honeysuckle, passion-flower,
And bougainvillea's scarlet bower
The dainty daffodil o'erspreads—
Pouting pansies and tulip beds—
Gorgeous, gaudy and gay,
Or modest in display,
Bewildering in variety,
Bewitching in contrariety.

The lily with her creamy smile
May hold me spell-bound for awhile,
Then I'll revel in carnations
Or other fair creations—

I try them all and find
A pleasure in each kind;
Each gives me some new hint
Of touch or taste or tint.

'Tis futile then to long abide
By field or wood or garden side;
And even if I pass within
The cultured field and once begin
To seek for satisfaction,
There lacketh yet the action
To bring forth my ideal
And make experience real.

The perfect flower I have in mind
Is a flower that I may never find;
'Twere idle to bemoan my fate,
Since it is giv'n me to create
The blossom that distills
The honey-dew that fills
The needs of every hour—
My soul with vital power.

Varietism

The object of Freedom of Love is not as most of its opponents believe and many of its advocates imagine—variety, or promiscuity, in sex relationship *per se*, but rather the discovery of the true mate or affinity.

It is impossible to conceive, in our present social state, when the heart is so seldom worn on the sleeve, when emotion is smothered and desire hidden, how either sex can recognize with anything like certainty the real and true mate.

The only tests by which this may be known with assurance are not applicable until the seekers for truth place themselves in what becomes a sadly compromised situation resulting in a most painful bondage in case the test fails to reveal the desired results, which in nine cases out of ten it does.

Here is where love should be free to escape what is now, under the present regime, a fatality equivalent to moral, and leading often prematurely to physical, death, being fraught in many instances with more dire consequences than death itself.

Both experience and observation prove the deleterious consequences of promiscuous intercourse. Not only is the thing aesthetically abhorrent, but physically demoralizing. It is impossible to mix uncongenial magnetisms and harmful in the highest degree to attempt to do so.

To speak more plainly and to the point, it is impossible for two people to associate together for any length of time, if the association be at all harmonious, without in some degree polarizing each other or becoming polarized the one to the other. Now, if either for any cause seeks other companionship, it introduces a foreign element into the combination, and there will be experienced by one or both a vibrational shock, resulting in a distinct chemical effervescence that very frequently results disastrously to the mental and physical constitution. To imagine that one "gains" something from every new association—a doctrine held by many—is not true. One may lose infinitely much more than he gains. It all depends on conditions.

It is a scientifically observed and recorded fact that a woman has become so polarized by a first husband that not only has she found it impossible to magnetically respond to the second (a very common experience, in-

ed, but children by the second husband have strongly resembled the first. The conclusion is obvious.

It may and often does take years to completely obliterate the effects of a prior magnetization, even where people recognize it and mutually strive to overcome it. It is simply a question of repainting the canvas. If the paint be at all pure and transparent, it will never quite cover the old or bring out the true shade of the new. The first oil becomes engrained in the fibre of the canvas, and the pigments employed by the first artist remain indelibly stamped, save by the magical transformation of a great love.

This is the cause ordinarily of the dullness and discordances of second marriages, and *ought* in itself to be an argument against varietism in sex. The instinctive recognition of the fact that the twain do actually become one flesh through association lies at the foundation of certain beliefs and custom, notably the denial of divorce by the Catholics, and other religious sects, and the former custom of burning the widow with the corpse of the husband in India.

To this same principle or fact is referable the enigmatical reply of Jesus to the Woman at the Well, who, when he learned from her the number of her conjugal experiences, declared that she had no husband. As a matter of scientific fact she could not well be polarized by seven men in succession, or otherwise.

A discovery of this law in nature opens up a broad and comparatively new field for research. If only the bars and barriers against investigation along such lines were removed so that the subject could be approached fearlessly, what wonderful strides might be made in racial progress.

But this is not a subject that can be studied and learned from books. There are no professors or preceptors of it, apart from nature. To nature each one must go in turn and learn through experience. But this will only be possible in a social state where love is free.

Freedom in love having for its true object and intent the discovery of the true mate, as I have said, is essentially no different from the eternal quest that goes on in society, only it is unhampered by arbitrary and con-

ventional restraints so that the quest is not so likely to result in failure and disappointment, as it more often than otherwise does under prevailing customs. "Free love" on the contrary in the ordinary acceptance of the term is essentially motiveless and unscientific, being simply varietism or sensualism pure and simple.

The time will surely come when normal, intelligent human beings will not only recognize this distinction, but will recognize and obey the law of sexual selection as applied to humanity, as they now observe and apply it to animals and plants.

What would be thought of a man who, having once sowed barley on a piece of land which proved unsuitable for the crop and gave but scanty returns, should continue year after year to scatter the same cereal on the same land with ever poorer and more impoverished results? Such a man would certainly be regarded as wanting in good sense, and yet, if the same man refuses to abide for the term of his natural life with one particular woman called his wife, even when the result is barrenness or a most unfruitful, blighted crop, or if he wilfully essays a newer and more promising field for operations, he is denounced as a law-breaker and compelled at once to hand in his resignation as deacon of the Social Club. Thus, by custom, he is prohibited from experimentation in his own particular field—the field of human life.

What, after all, is the ideal of life? Is it to make of the soul a stick or a stone—a withered, inanimate thing? Is the warm blood of a race of giants, known as the Sons of God, to be forever phlebotomized by whimsy convention, and made to coze out existence in the cold and frozen moulds of an emaciated and imbecillie asceticism?

Are we to check the lightning that flashes from them East to the West, and piously enjoin Prometheus from snatching the fire from heaven? How long shall we deny the mighty sway of love and the vital issues of a higher, nobler life? How long will we continue to chain our daughters, radiant with responsive affection, to wooden tobacco signs, called men—and our sons, vibrant with the thrill of divinity, to wax dolls disguised with lace and lingerie, called women, and insist that such

unions are not only eminently proper but morally indissoluble?

Let me tell you, kind friends, something which in my experience has been revealed to me, and to some few others, and which, if people were not so woefully blinded by self-complaisancy and soothed by the tickle of smug respectability, they too would behold with a shriek of horror. I refer to what is actually "going on" in the younger society, say from the tender ages of ten to twenty, even while the good people are exerting all their moral restraints, and incidentally expending the major portion of their gray matter in match-making. "Love laughs at locksmiths," as it does at law, with the general result that inexperience is as rare in the youth of today as genuine modesty is in the maiden.

But awful as this revelation may appear, should you be able to grasp the situation, consider it is owing to this very stolen experience, be it bitter or sweet, that a million conjugal wrecks are avoided which otherwise would be inevitable—that is in a society where ignorance is regarded as the acme of bliss, or in one like that "good old time" of strict home-discipline often held up as the ideal, when the men sat on one side and the women on the other and sang lonesome praises to the Lord of Love.

Henry Ward Beecher, the eminent divine, perceiving the tendency to the times to throw conventionalities to the wide winds in obedience to natural promptings (and fanned, as it appeared, by the same zephyr himself), did not hesitate to advocate early marriages as the presumable remedy for conditions observable about him in his flock and elsewhere.

But experience goes to prove that early marriage if consummated in iron-clad and copper-riveted wed-lock, is more often a fatality and blight upon the young life than otherwise—arresting all normal development save along purely economic (selfish) lines.

What is needed far more than empiric or arbitrary regulations and restraints is first education and then freedom to carry out the education acquired. Young people in these days are raised as ignorant of sexual laws as horses or dogs, and their ideas of the subject,

judging by their actions, are but little if any higher than the animals'.

If you go into places where the young of either sex congregate, notably in schools and colleges, and get a chance to listen to the current gossip of the groups, you will be compelled to wonder how so few of what are termed moral lapses occur. The fear of public odium, of course, tends to suppress the natural expression of impulses, but because of this a monstrous error (let it be called the crime of convention) results, fastening itself upon the youth of humanity like a huge spectral octopus that secretly sucks its best and purest blood for a thousand nights, aye for an age.

What in reality are schools, academies, colleges and universities, but breeding places for unhealthy passion—places where natural longings, at an age when they are bursting into evidence, are forced by custom to suffer constant and repeated repression, while the victims of this sad anomaly are continually subjected to unusual excitations and stimulation, not only through the "pipe dreams" and portrayals of more daring and experienced room-mates, but daily and always by the tantalizing proximity of innocent and bewitching co-eds.

Is it any wonder that regulation is defied, that walls are scaled or holes dug beneath dormitories, or various fertile tricks and schemes resorted to, to escape the watchfulness of that dreaded ogre, the *matron de chambres*? It is a wonder, rather, that the walls are not literally stormed and demolished and the Sabine incident repeated in history.

Then, later on, there comes into the life of many young men, the army and navy, two valiant institutions established primarily for the public defense but which operate to wreck the lives of human beings as much in peace as in war, transforming a bright and glorious earth into the dismal and sombre regions of the nether-world—ecstasy and an hour of triumph compared to the dull daily wretchedness of the barracks, and the unhealthy the battle field with all its gory horrors being a place of moral existence in camp.

Add to this wreckage those thousands of sad-eyed

Sisters of the Veil, brides of an imaginary Christ—Peris incarnate—serials in stone—living phantoms in habiliments of death, warm-blooded and human, pulsating with passion eternally repressed and everlastingly denied. Who can believe that St. Anthony's temptation was solitary or exceptional?

And what is the result of all these moral, legal, religious restraints upon the natural passions?—A diseased, imbecillic, irrational, vicious, immoral society. It is a straight highway to ruin along which the police of custom, religion and law—prudes, priests and pleaders—stand with stinging whips to goad along the hollow-eyed, tear-stained and terror-stricken multitudes driven by fear and superstition to pass that way.

Just now there is a great temperance wave sweeping the country from south to north. Those eminent Mesdames, the W.C.T.U., and the Sons and Daughters of Temperance are congratulating themselves that they are at last really going some in the matter of chopping off the hydra headed monster denominated "Intemperance." Everything is going "dry" with a vengeance. The smaller the community, the greater the number and the more discordant the churches, the taller the grass grows in the streets and the more depleted the town treasury the tighter the lid is nailed on.

Some years ago the sainted McKinley, promotor and protector of the varied "interests" of this great country of ours, was coddled by these self-same "We-See-To-You's" into suppressing the army canteen—an action that has unquestionably worked untold hardship on the soldiery and been the cause of seas of smuggled guzzling.

In several northern States, notably, Maine, Iowa and Kansas, prohibition has been a pet political issue for years, and as a means of abolishing or greatly mitigating the liquor traffic has proved a pitiable failure.

In the South, the increasing lawlessness of certain enfranchised but undisciplined blacks in emulating the unchallenged libertinism of white men in their relations with negro women has become a menace to the white women and is laid to the door of Booze, hence the recent popular uprising against it.

Is it possible that these self-appointed purifiers of public morals, these censors and custodians of the community's private actions, imagine that they are really accomplishing any permanent reform by thus screwing the lid on the seething social pot so much more tightly? What they *do* cause is the bursting of the vessel in a thousand secret and unthought of places—private sideboards, expressed case-goods, original packages, club lockers, boot-legging and “blind pigs” galore. But to the philosophy of the facts.

What is the cause of man's appetite for alcohol? Simply, physical enervation caused by sexual irregularities from either repression or depletion. For this condition, alcohol becomes a natural antidote, a soothing remedy, and anaesthesia. In depriving man of this remedy for his pain, *without correcting the cause of his disease* is not only foolish but actually criminal, for it drives men to even deeper levels of abuse accelerating the suicidal pace of the vast horde of the suffering unsexed.

Whiskey, tobacco, opium, stimulating drugs of all sorts, tea, coffee, two-thirds of all foods used by civilized man are employed simply to fill an “aching void”—to satisfy an abnormal appetite, caused by imperfect or defective sexation. So long as the tape worm exists which causes starvation, we cannot expect anything else than that the victim should manifest ravenous hunger, and what sane person is there that would not suggest the removal of the worm rather than a denial of the food demanded by the beast?

All moral reform which deals in repression and prohibition of normal, natural appetites is not only rank foolishness but in the highest degree vicious in its tendency. It is like plastering a boil that needs rather to be lanced—like damming a current that demands only proper diversion.

The moral effect upon the mentality and morality of the race of all this prudish and hypocritical enforcement of pretentious virtue and covert licensing of secret vices is something terrible to contemplate. No longer is there any concep^t of truth or sublimity—no faith in

the good, the true and the beautiful—no belief in divinity nor confidence in humanity—loyalty and patriotism are historical curiosities long since outgrown.

The flower of love that opened so beautifully in the Renaissance, bursting into songs of love and deeds of chivalry in the times of the troubadours, and later into poetry, painting and music, as centuries before the same flower* expanded into noble forms of sculptured art in Greece and Rome—is now fast closing.

The chief art of today is the outgrowth of the flower of finance—graft and the carving of competitors. Love, the genius of poetry, is petrified. Icicles hang upon the eaves and the friezes are frozen stiff upon the temples of art. The masterpieces have been petticoated and pantalooned and the priests again hold sway in the temples as in the days of Quetzacoatl when they stood above the sacrificial stone and piously cut out the hearts of their writhing victims, or like the later Penantes hung their devotees upon cactus-crosses to do penance by slowly dying of starvation. Is the tragedy of the hour less dreadful? What is the social marriage, the monied alliance, the barter of brides for titles, but a tearing out of quivering hearts by the fiat of unholy priests—what is wedlock into whose hot and hideous embrace a million frenzied mothers cast their offspring, but a modern Moloch? And what is unfreedom in love and the repression of natural desire but a species of impalement and slow starvation upon the cruel cross of rigorous custom?

But, bless Heaven! Nature is potent to work out the great problem in spite of all—even if the whole human race become a howling mob of frenzied fanatics bent on self destruction through the abolition of natural law. Every moment there comes the click, click of the scissiors of that fateful Grace presiding over destiny—one by one the maniacs hit the earth with a dull thud. In due season the Great Harvest of Death will be complete. Meanwhile ulterior vital agencies are at work, renovating, reconstructing, reforming.

New Thought has entered the arena. The leaven of liberality is leavening the lump of intolerance. The fight with fanaticism is going forward to a finish. At last

we have won the right and privilege so long denied us of thinking thoughts and uttering them aloud.

Nor is this reform relegated to freaks—to long haired men and short haired women—to spiritists and anarchists, or to those “undesirable citizens,” the red-shirted, bewhiskered, discord-breeding socialists quite outside of the pale of respectability, but the eminently correct, white chokered, groomed and cultured occupants of Chairs in our aristocratic colleges and universities are also catching the spirit of iconoclasm and boldly giving utterance to the most heretical theories and doctrines, not only as relates to religion and science but to morals and society as well. All that was formerly held sacred and to which we young-uns were taught to kowtow without question, is being dissected most mercilessly by these modern professors. The decalogue, the conventions, are subjected to scalpel and probe, and even our sacred Constitution is declared to be little better than a joke or worn-out precedent. The home, the long lauded bulwark of society, is historically discovered to be a relic of barbarism, and so likewise is marriage, dress and nearly everything else embodied in social customs and ethics. All these, the professors solemnly declare, stand a good chance of speedy relegation to the musty shelves of antiquity along with the records of martyrs, monks and melancholy things of yore.

Is it any wonder that the youth, listening to such precepts, from such authoritative sources, do not hesitate to quietly take the “law” into their own hands, committing themselves rather to the higher law of life and nature and daring to set old foggy Custom at defiance. Soon they, too, will sit in the seats of judgment vacated by their elders. Present laws and customs will be repealed. New laws and customs will be instituted. Nature hums quietly at her work and the world moves swiftly on in its course, with never two revolutions quite the same. *O tempora, O mores!*

Think your thoughts, do your work, live your life as you think it should be lived. And it will be a success, no matter how much you may fail in the eyes of the world.

Gems From My Love Letters

You came to me last night in my dreams, sweetheart, just as you so often come—suddenly appearing, with the fond look upon your face that brings always an inrush of silent joy unspeakable. To touch your hand once more, to look again into your eyes, to feel it as reality, is to waken from the sodden death of daily life and live as only I care to live, in the memory of those few matchless hours when we lived in perfect love devotedly trustful, and oblivious of the world.

That was before the entrance into our lives of the spirit of unrest and the demon of distrust—before these cruel genii drove us asunder and, under the promise and pretence of joy, brought misery into our lives—into my life at least, and with it the fierce longing for the presence of you.

I remember, alas! how keenly I remember the day I let you go from me, nay, I will say the truth, the day I drove you away. I was all to blame—all to blame. But I did not realize then how dear you were to me. I did not know how deep the roots of your love had stuck into my heart, but now I know. Ah, it is a pain to think of it!

To you it seemed a light and trivial thing, or was it that you were brave and would not let me see so much as the quiver of a lash? That I have already shed an ocean of tears is nothing, if only I knew that you had shed one. If I but possessed that tear it would be more precious to me than the most costly pearl. It should be my talisman to bring me sometime, somewhere near you once again.

If I only knew you cared—that would be *something*, how shall I ever know?—I may never be able to reach you in this life. My God, you may already have passed beyond! perhaps that is why your spirit comes to me so frequently of late. Perhaps, at last, I have won your pure soul for which I have longed—Oh, *how* I have longed for this!

These dreamland meetings are to me a veritable distillation of joy—a quintessence of ecstasy. Nothing,

save the few fond days of which they are a reminiscence—the days we were together—approaches them, nothing ever has or can.

Yet there is something strange in these dreamland meetings. You seem under a cloud. You never tarry long. Something always draws you away suddenly. Is it that you still find pleasure there? Is it that you have not yet drunk the cup to the dreadful dregs? Does the intoxication, the illusion, still hold you captive?

Hard as it all was and is to me, I realize full well it had to be, you could not remain, you had to go. Something there was to burn out, some fire there was to quench. And so it was with me. But with me it is all over and past, and nothing remains to me but the memory of you, dear one. Your presence in dreamlife is both a hope and a prophecy. Each time you come a little nearer, each time your eyes droop lower and become more confiding. All will yet be forgiven. Some time you will flutter home to me, tired birdling, weary of the world, and I shall gather you to my aching breast and the void will be filled and the abyss forever bridged.

Then I will whisper as I whispered to you last night. "You are my darling, my heart's idol, my soul's peace. With thee alone is happiness and surcease,—thro' all eternity!

Voluntary effort inspired by lofty purpose is the only effort worth while—all other is drudgery, slavery. To secure independence and freedom from enforced labor, and to open opportunities for the consummation of purpose is the loving labor of *The Phalanx*.

✻ ✻ Origin of Woman

According to a Hindoo legend this is the proper origin of woman: Twashtri, the god Vulcan of the Hindoo mythology, created the world, but on his commencing to create woman he discovered that for man he had exhausted all his creative materials, and that not one solid element had been left. This, of course, greatly perplexed Twashtri, and caused him to fall into a profound meditation. When he arose from it he proceeded as follows

He took the roundness of the moon the undulating curve of the serpent, the graceful twist of the creeping plant, the light shivering of the grass-blade and the slenderness of the willow, the velvet of the gentle gaze of the doe, the frolicsomeness of the dancing sunbeam, the tears of the cloud, the inconsistency of the wind, the timidity of the hare, the vanity of the peacock, the hardness of the diamond, the cruelty of the tiger, the chill of the snow, the cackling of the parrot, the cooing of the turtle-dove. All these he mixed together and formed a woman. And he presented her to the man.

[The following oration was written and delivered in a recent contest at Pomona, California, winning the prize of *The Daily Progress*' cup. It is printed in *THE PHALANX* as a specimen of graceful diction and the remarkable thought-power of a sixteen-year-old girl, by permission of the girl herself.]

The Power of Imagination

BY MONICA FLANNERY.

There is a general but erroneous opinion current even amongst the intellectual majority that the Imagination is a faculty belonging exclusively to the realm of poetry and that it bears no connection with the practical scientific every-day world. This is far from true; science and literature are both the direct product of constructive imagination. The scientist's success is due to the imaginative power of deducing from masses the guiding hypothesis. Take for example civil engineering: the builder of massive suspension bridges with their intricate framework of steel and stone, must, as he lays the foundation, be able to see clearly in his mind's eye the bridge as it will appear when a completed whole. Without this power of viewing the whole while moulding a part, he cannot hope to be a successful engineer. This power is imagination. Was it not imagination which suggested to Watts as he dreamily viewed the smoke issuing from the spout of a kettle, the possibility of the

steam engine? Was it not imagination which caused Newton as he watched the apple falling from the tree, to conceive of the laws of gravitation and imagination which led to the discoveries of Galileo? Was not imagination the all-inspiring force which guided Columbus in his discovery of the new world; which preserved the unwavering courage of Magellan in his circumnavigation of the globe? Later was it not imagination which led Stanley and Livingstone into darkest Africa and directed Perry on his dangerous journeys to the land of the midnight sun? Did not imagination produce the printing press, the steamboat and the telegraph? Was it not the chauffeur of the first automobile and is it not now developing and perfecting the flying machines? Who, then, will deny the practicability of imagination?

Imagination has been an important factor in the development of mankind. During the dark ages the imagination of man, oppressed by the bitter struggle for existence, was only at times active. Tyranny and oppression flourished, the masses were crushed beneath the weight of innumerable taxations and progress was almost at a standstill. True, Alfred the Great and Charlemagne endeavored to uplift and ennoble their people by establishing schools and circulating books, but for the most part it was a time of little advancement.

Contrast with this time that of the Renaissance with its glorious productions in architecture, literature, sculpture and science. How broad and general was the play of the imagination. What wonderful achievements resulted in these lines which we cherish today as priceless possessions. It was by the power of imagination that the Sistine Madonna, the Transfiguration and other similar masterpieces were produced.

Again the power of imagination is shown by contrasting the Elizabethan period and the so-called Augustan Age of English literature. The Elizabethan period was the high-water mark of the world's poetry, in which the craving for the beautiful amongst the English people found expression in literary productions which have never been equalled. The imagination of a nation was stirred and stimulated to wonderful achievements. Th

imaginations of men awakened to a new understanding of the beauties of the world around them and their minds were fired with new hopes, new ambitions, new ideals.

"The poet

Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven
And as Imagination bodies forth

The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."

In literature the age brought forth a Shakespeare, a Sidney, a Spenser, a Bacon, a Milton; in exploration a Drake, a Raleigh; in statesmanship a Burleigh and scores of other brilliant minds. It was an age of enthusiasm: the world in every direction seemed to offer new and untold possibilities. Later, during the Augustan Age when the power of the Imagination was disregarded as a worthless tool the tastes and sympathies of the people were deadened to all finer sensibilities and noble ideals. The age was dull, unimaginative, brutal:—it lacked enthusiasm and moral earnestness, because it lacked imaginative comprehension of higher realities. The creative power of the imagination was restrained and stifled by the "Classicists" who despised anything romantic or improbable. They closed their ears to the voice of nature; there were no Shakespeares to sing of

"—doffodils,

That come before the swallow dares, and take

The winds of March with beauty;" nor of

"—violets dim,

But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes."

The general standard of virtue and morality sank to the lowest level in the civilized history of England.

"Imagination is genius:" out of deformity it fashions beauty. It should be developed as diligently and persistently as any other faculty. It should be trained not to master the individual but to serve him, first, because through it our appreciation of the beautiful is heightened and we become more keenly alive to the good and noble qualities of all we see around us even in the commonplace events and associations of every-day life.

So we have Burns, whose soul overflowed with poetic emotion at sight of even a mountain-daisy "crushed beneath the furrough's weight;" a Wordsworth who could say:

"To me the meanest flower that blows, can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

And in our own land a Whittier, the "Quaker Poet," who never went outside of his own little state, had, in imagination visited all lands.

"I know not how in other lands,
The changing seasons come and go,
What splendors fall on Syrian sands,
What purple lights on Alpine snow!
Nor how the pomp of sunrise waits
On Venice at her watery gates;
A dream alone to me is Arno's vale.
And the Alhambra's halls are but a traveller's tale.
Yet, on life's current, he who drifts
Is one with him who rows or sails;
And he who wanders widest lift's
No more of beauty's jealous veils
Than he who from his doorway sees
The miracle of flowers and trees,
Feels the warm Orient in the noonday air,
And from cloud minarets hears the sunset call to
prayer!"

Secondly, through the powers of imagination our minds are broadened; we see beyond the narrow, cramped limits of our small world, our minds open to the opinions of others because, through the influence of the Imagination we are enabled to realize a greater variety and broader scope of ideas than our immediate horizon may contain. Life unfolds its treasures to us and daily becomes more interesting—more worth the living.

The imagination can be cultivated. Efforts are everywhere continually being made by enlightened men and women to foster the power of imagination amongst the ignorant and outcast who are starving for a glimpse of the beautiful. For this reason museums, libraries

and art galleries are erected in the great cities where the poor may find amusement. The Carnegie Institute of Pittsburg was founded for the higher life of the working man. Hull House, situated in the midst of Chicago slums is another example.

So rightly has Swinbourne said:

"To have read the greatest work of any great poet, to have beheld or heard the greatest works of any great painter or musician is a possession added to the best things of life." What may we not gain through books, those most familiar, most accessible children of the imagination. Through reading, we obtain a more general knowledge of other places, times and conditions, and, in this way, do away in large measure with the ignorance and prejudices which prevent right judgment.

Reading creates a taste for good things which results in culture: it raises the standard of the ideal and induces men to lead higher, purer, nobler lives.

The chief aim of poetry is imagination. Robert Ingersoll said, "Imagination has a stage in the brain on which all scenes are represented." Poets are prophets, who, by means of their deep spiritual insight, lift men above the realm of the commonplace into the ideal. It is the poet who "has power on this dark land to lighten it, and power on this dead world to make it live."

How many millions have felt the subtle influence upon their lives of such great creations as Hamlet, Lear, Macbeth! How many have been inspired to higher deeds by the majesty of Milton,—the simplicity of Wordsworth, have been comforted by the mournful cadence of "In Memoriam" or derived a lasting pleasure and benefit from the matchless passages in "The Idylls of the King!"

Is not the imagination infinite? Its power is immeasurable. Like the conscience it cannot be ignored: It is unlimited in its benefits and all-powerful in its results. It is the guiding inspiration of all great achievements.

The woman who makes her own laws must not be classed with the woman who drifts lawlessly."

—*Urania.*

The Well of Life and The Tree of Life

FROM THE FAERY QUEEN.

A combat between the Red Cross Knight and the Dragon.

At the end of the first day the knight is wroth to hurt his enemy seriously. The monster breathes out a "flake of fire" which so sorely scorches him that he would fain cast off his armor.

"Beyond his backe, unweeting where he stood
Of ancient time there was a springing well ,
From which fast trickled forth a silver flood
Full of great virtues, and for med'cine good."

Then he lay over night and in the morning refreshed and strengthened he renewed the combat. He managed to hew off a paw and the better part of the tail of the beast. Again, however, overcome by the deadly fire, he falls, this time at the foot of a tree.

"It's fruit was apples rosy red,
As they in pure vermillion had been dide
And if on it you fedd,
Life eke everlasting did fall."

"From that first tree forth flowed, as from a well
A trickling streame of balme most souvraine
And dainty cleare, which on the ground still fell
And overflowed all the fertile plaine
As it has dewed bene with timely raine,
Life and long health that gracious ointment gave,
And deadly wounds could heale and reare againe
The sinless corpse appointed for the grave,
Into that raine he fell which did from death him save."

The third day he conquered. The beast made toward him with open mouth. He thrusts his sword down into its maw and the long fight is over.

—From Modern Philology.

The likeness presented in this month's issue is that of the editor, Delmar DeForest Bryant, founder of The Order of The Phalanx, and president of The Phalanx Company, incorporated.

Mr. Bryant was born in Franklin, Pa., April 30th, 1858, at 10:10 a.m., with the sun in Aries midheaven and with Cancer rising on the ascendent, the moon being in the fiery sign of Sagittarius.

Born for leadership in any line he essays, the subject of our sketch possesses high ideals, a vivid imagination, with initiative, originality, ambition and capacity for prolonged and unusual effort, yet naturally diffident, retiring in disposition and unassuming in manner.

Mr. Bryant received his early education in a number of different schools and under tutelage of some very excellent teachers, but says that he prizes most the degrees conferred upon him by the Academy of Experience and the College of Hard Knocks.

In the earlier part of his career he distinguished himself as a teacher of mathematics, music, languages and philosophy, establishing and conducting a number of very successful schools in different parts of the country. Later he travelled extensively and became interested in advanced thought and for some years gave his entire attention to the study and teaching of occult science and literature. During this period he became well known through his unique writings which were published under the pseudonym of "Adiramled." He is the author of a number of books.

Mr. Bryant though highly endowed with literary and artistic tastes is also a thorough-going business man, being at the present time at the head of a great industrial enterprise designed as the working out of his ideals and the unfoldment and utilization of certain potentialities whereby eventually an entirely New Order of existence shall be established.—Aline.

The New Order of the Phalanx

At last it has come to pass. It is something that cannot well be explained. At fifty I died and was born again. This is the first year of my new life. I feel just like the kid that I am—have cut a couple of new teeth and can feed myself nicely—can toddle at will without assistance, thank you. I face the future with new ideals and new hopes. Things that I strove for so hard and untiringly in the past incarnation and experience are coming on now with a rush. I am reaping as I sowed, and then some. The New Order of the Phalanx, lo! it is at hand. It was prophecy, it is fact! And what do you really imagine it to be?—a lodge in some vast wilderness or on some distant isle—a place set apart for idiosyncracies—a secret assembly, a school of metaphysics? Not the answer. The New Order is not so much a particular place as it is a particular principle—not so much a new school of thought as a new manner of thinking, of expressing life, of living. Two things were necessary in order to bring such an order into being: First, to awaken the Thought, and Second, to make a place for the thinker in which to elaborate the thought—to work out awakened ideals. Those who have been following my writings for years will not need to be informed concerning this thought, and those who have not should catch on to the tail-board of our Band Wagon as soon as possible, that is, if they care to advance with the movement. Only a few in this world do care, but taken all together,

From Afric's burning deserts

And India's coral strands

there is quite a bunch of us. We are the people who do not believe in the established routine of the race—not in death, not in birth, not in slavery, not in affliction generally. WE BELIEVE IN PERSONAL FREEDOM—FREEDOM IN THOUGHT, FREEDOM IN ACTION—freedom from the tyranny of custom and the limitations imposed by ignorance. In this very month, at the close of my first New Year of Life, a most momentous event has transpired, one bound to be far reaching in its consequences, since it will surely make practical all former dreams concerning this New Order. Permit me to hand you a card. Who can read the handwriting on the wall—who has prevision to foresee the possibilities contained in this simple legend?

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Ability doesn't count; knowledge is useless: experience has no worth without the driving force of optimism. It's the steam that makes all the wheels go round.--it's the sparking plug of the motor.--it starts things.

—Herbert Kaufman.

