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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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HARRY A. JAMISON

The Phalanx

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Vol. II

JUNE

No. 6

"Oppression makes the wise man mad."

—Robert Browning.

"Oh! Friendship. Thou divine alchemist, that man should ever profane thee."—Douglass Jerrold.

Flat Lux

"Let there be light;" Creation's dawning broke
At God's command, dividing Night and Day.
"Let there be light;" the mandate that he spoke
Endures on earth till night be swept away.

Creative light! It pulses everywhere—
In sky, in sea, in flame, in mother earth—
It breathes in wind, builds temples in the air—
Its sovereign throne is Man! Lend thou it birth!

O Man—thou motherest the Sacred Flame!
The Lamp of Truth is hid within thy heart!
Feed it with oil of Love, till thy whole frame
Is lighted, and it proves thy compass, chart!

Let there be light! Tear off the somber veil
That shades the Truth, perverts it, till it seems
A phantom candle, flickering and frail,
To be extinguished soon,—a thing of dreams.

If thou didst even dream of Truth, awake!
Take just one step, though all about is night!
Be brave, be strong, be true; the effort make!
Speak that creative word;—"Let there be light."

"And there was light—God saw it—it was good!"
So God makes men of Light and action, who
Move forth to do the deeds of Brotherhood,
A Sun of men, His image strong, pure, true.

—Ariel.

To the Front

BY THEODOSIA.

There is a large body of people who have grown to a consciousness that has put the Orthodox (ordained) minister out of their lives. They have found themselves, and KNOW that God (spirit) is a moving force within, which no one but themselves can invite or hinder. They have learned that love is a divine and fruitful thing that cannot be counterfeited no more than can the attraction between chlorine and sodium.

In fact, they have learned that love, the attraction of sex, is a chemical attraction. If there is a true chemism, or mix, a man and woman will remain together, each growing more beautiful, more satisfied, each growing into a more ideal character. If there is not a true attraction, there is born hate, a destructive force, which weakens one or the other, in which case it is an injury to soul growth not to separate.

I say we have put the orthodox churchman out of our lives. He is absolutely an incubus to the man who *thinks*—to the man who can go out into the world of Natural Things and find God for himself. Why, therefore, do we still call upon him to bless that which can only bless itself? Why do we ask him at a momentous time to *join indissolubly* that which perhaps cannot be joined?

The Spiritualists sometime ago, realizing that knowledge had come to many which the Church could not assimilate, have, as an order, ordained their own ministers, and today have those in their ranks who bless them in their assuming of marital (mars) relations.

We, being not Spiritualists, but Spiritists, go a step farther than the Spiritualist and ask ourselves this: We, being desirous of the greatest love, the greatest happiness, the greatest progress to ourselves, and feeling that the true of the individual establishes the true of the whole humanity, ask—Cannot we at this momentous time of our life dispense with the office of an interloper and *consecrate ourselves* to the best we can conceive of? Is not the relation itself a consecration?

Feeling the sanctity of real comradeship, of a true help-meet, who is more fit than the man who *finds* this "meet" to say when it shall commence, when it shall cease?

"When man shall rise to manhood's destiny,
When our slow toddling race shall be full grown,
Deep in each human heart a chamber lone
Of Holies, holiest shall builded be;
And each man for himself must hold the key,
Each man must kindle his own altar fires,
Each burn an offering of his own desires,
And at each, at last, his own High Priest shall be."

Is not this a prophecy? Is not this the prerogative of the Free Man? We mean free in the highest sense. Freedom to be one's best. To be the Real Man. Must the Christ always be buffeted by the masses?

"O, jealous, wanton, ill-conceited world! How little dost thou understand the deep significance and potency of love! Thou hast defiled thyself with gross perversions till purity of love is but a jest, or reckoned as the fantasy of fools."

We, who believe in True Love, true in the most absolute sense, feel that the time is come when this Truth and Freedom should be expressed in our living—and to that end we would lay aside the vestments of Church and State and bespeak for ourselves the sympathy and understanding of all men as we go forward toward the Ideal—"O, thou Ideal, thou only art real!"

We who believe in reincarnation know that to many souls is given the possibility at this time of crowding into their lives experiences which hasten their soul's ripeness. It is a time of fulfilment.

In this month of April of this year, nineteen hundred and nine, in the city in which I live, a city of seventy-five thousand souls, within a week's time were found hidden under the culvert and in rubbish heaps the dead bodies of four new-born babes, whose little lives had been flicked out to satisfy—what?—Church and State! "It just happened"—yes, but underneath the current of our days it flows steadily—this dark tragedy that has almost ceased to make us shudder at its touch, for we do touch it continuously.

To one crime (?) the crime of sex-desire (?) is being constantly added another—murder. Is Church and State satisfied?—not so! The Church laments, the State attempts to bind more closely by exclusion. Emerson says, "When we become exclusionist we close to ourselves heaven."

But *does* the State or Church bind? Ask yourselves, you men and women who resolve and set bounds to creative force. Sex is a Creative Force, to be best used but when in the nature of things it cannot vibrate to *our* conception of high, should an unfolding soul be put under an anathema that leads it to a worse crime? I think all of our law-makers agree that murder is a worse crime than "illicit love."

After all, is any one bound but those that bind themselves to High Living? All things decay and change. The Church today is a lifeless thing. The real vital thought has gone past the Church's knowledge and is making for something better than the orthodox mind (the mind that is still attached to leading strings) can comprehend. Shall we forever bind the grown man to the child's estate of being set in a corner and told to "keep still?"—Not so, Brothers!

The world does grow. The old ideals are becoming reality to a few at least, and they are pushing on to higher ideals, to more practical.

The world today is most woefully confusing Church-ianity and Christianity. Christianity is a true understanding of the needs of the individual which leads men to say as did the Christ, "Go, and sin no more." In our language of today it would be, "I forgive you as I hope to be forgiven—Be stronger, find higher ideals!"

We are not so much an organization as an association—an association willing to put ourselves in the other fellow's place—willing to extend good-fellowship to every soul. We are not only claiming affinization with the heathen in Africa, but also with the heathen at home, knowing that Spirit is an *undividable thing*.

"A sacred kinship which I would not forego binds me to all that breathes." We are the Whole Thing!

We have the flexible uplift of mind that can resolve itself not only into the participant of any particular game but into the "rooter" as well.

The one who can inspire to better effort by saying, "Well done, Old Boy!" We feel, we want to feel, you are doing your best: " 'Rah! 'Rah! We'll all of us win out yet 'Rah! 'Rah! Good fellows are we and we love the Game—the game of life."

Don't waste any time belaboring the cause of your troubles—you're the trouble.

--The Business Philosopher.

Hindu Friendship

The following beautiful story illustrative of true friendship has been related to me by Shri Chhotalal Jivanlal, of Baroda, India:

Two friends were traveling together on foot. One night they took shelter under a tree in a forest in which there were many beasts of prey, so that it was not safe for both to go to sleep, therefore they resolved to sleep by turns, one the first part of the night and the other the last.

While the first one was watching his sleeping companion, a bird spoke to its mate on the tree. Having a knowledge of the language of birds, he understood what was being said.

The bird said that a cobra would come to bite the sleeping person exactly at twelve o'clock, but if the one awake would give the cobra one-half ounce of blood from the chest of the sleeper he would be saved.

The waking person made up his mind to act accordingly. When the cobra came, he begged of him not to bite the sleeping person, promising him that he would be given the required quantity of blood from his chest.

The waking person then sat upon the chest of his friend and with the point of his weapon, began to cut it open. The sleeping person awoke at the first touch of the weapon and opened his eyes, but when he saw his friend sitting upon his chest and doing this act, he

immediately closed his eyes again and, without speaking a single syllable, allowed his friend to go on cutting open the chest.

The cobra was satisfied and went away, the wound was dressed and the friend again commenced his watch. When his watch was finished, he awakened his friend and slept in turn.

On the following morning, both friends again commenced their journey. The one who had cut open the chest thought that his companion would surely ask some explanation about the night's affair, but he put no question.

Hour after hour passed, and still no explanation was sought. At last, unable to restrain himself, the friend asked his companion how it was that he cared not to seek explanation concerning what had happened, since it must have appeared like an attempt to murder and possess himself of the wealth of the other.

The friend replied that he had no reason to so much as suspect the other's motive. He knew that he was his friend and when he saw him sitting there on his chest and opening it with a weapon, he was satisfied that it was being done for his welfare and therefore he had not sought any explanation.

Moral: The actions of a true friend may outwardly seem to be false, yet they can originate only from the motive to enhance the welfare of the other.

Anchorage is what most people pray for, when what we really need is God's great open sea.

—Hubbard.

The Town of Taft

The wickedest town in Montana is named Taft, and is said to have been recently reclaimed through the evangelical labors of a certain Y. M. C. A. man, who has succeeded in making such a "hit" with the inhabitants, consisting mainly of miners and cowboys, that they have left off gambling, cut out their booze and actually begun to save money.

This is looked upon as a miracle—nothing of the kind, similar “reformations” follow in the wake of every itinerant promulgator of the gospel. Gamblers and drunkards belong as a class to the emotional type and thus are easy subjects to be worked upon by evangelical hypnotizers. Then, again, they find religion a new stimulus—a sort of agreeable nerve-tonic.

At the bottom of all such reform is to be found not only emotionalism but superstition and the most appealing part of the program is the one that caters to man’s natural disposition to shirk responsibility: “Jesus paid it all.” “Saved by the blood of the Lamb!”

Undoubtedly the belief in the doctrine of vicarious atonement is a very comforting and acceptable one to people on a certain mental plane, and thus serves to popularize the Christian religion; but the dissemination of such a belief among the masses, making faith in a dead Savior of more consequence than pure thoughts and wholesome deeds, unquestionably works great mischief, in that it leads to moral laxity and stimulates nearly every form of evil.

To be consistent, the Church ought never to say anything about morality or good works. If the death of Jesus constituted the atonement and belief on the name of Jesus salvation, as all the preachers preach, then why all this fuss about charity and foreign missions—or about goodness and character?

But Christianity, that is to say theological Christianity, is never consistent. It is, indeed, fortunate for the spread of the doctrine that the Crucifixion itself is an act of the remote past. If so blood curdling an event were recent, or if it were to take place at some future time, no person with any humane sense, or in fact *any* sense, could be found to accept salvation on any such infamous terms as the slaughter of an innocent man.

The idea is abhorrent and repulsive. But since the thing happened thousands of years ago, being, as claimed, a purely voluntary act on the part of the Savior—since the sacrifice is accomplished, and especi-

ally since Jesus is reputed to have come through the ordeal more alive and glorious than ever, winning as prize the poor sinner's pardon from every possible transgression, why, it is made to appear foolish, nay *ungrateful*, not to accept this salvation, especially when so little is asked—simply belief in the miracle.

What a really witty and wily scheme it is, after all, bearing plainly as it does the thumb-marks of a priest-craft who ever have been past masters in the art of playing upon human weaknesses and credulity—this scheme of soul salvation.

First there had to be postulated, or assumed, a something called *evil*—transgression. Transgression involved the idea of law and law demanded a lawgiver. Then there had to be assumed a lawgiver, or God, who necessarily had to make man faulty, endowing him with certain propensities to do certain things contrary to the lawgiver's own notions of right, in order that he should become a violator of the divine law, and amenable to divine punishment.

But man liked to do these things—it was his nature to do them—and nothing could be more desirable than that the punishment due him from an angry god should somehow be remitted.

Here the priest stepped in as middleman and through the scheme, called religion, devised a way for the sinful and accursed man to go on doing as he pleased and at the same time escape the imposed penalty of the outraged deity.

The penalty, however, was not to be actually remitted for God “with whom is no variableness” is inexorable—it was shifted from the shoulders of the one who, according to all human notions of reason and justice, *ought* to bear it, to another, who had no reason for shouldering it except his personal desire to do so, caused by the unusual magnanimity of his nature.

The whole scheme of “salvation” is so childish, so ridiculous, so monstrous, that it seems strange any thinking person could ever accept it, and yet it exactly fits the mentality of the masses, by whom it is swallowed seriously, like the Holy Host.

The acceptance of such a doctrine is certainly proof of mental incapacity and moral unbalance, for it is a most pernicious and damnable doctrine, taking away as it does the idea of personal responsibility, and thus engendering evil thoughts and actions.

A criminal lawyer, discussing recently a singular murder case where a man was suspected of having killed his wife said to me, "If the man is a Catholic, it will add much to the probability of his having done the deed." And he went on to say that many crimes of this nature were committed by Catholics, because they were taught that their priests had absolute power to remit sin, that a man might commit so heinous a crime as to murder a wife and, if he but confessed to the priest, he could receive absolution, and, if the law did not overtake him, could live to the end of his days a perfectly respectable citizen.

Whereas, if he sought to obtain a divorce from his wife, and did obtain it, he would, by the law of the Church, be eternally damned, since the Church does not permit divorce. Or again, the man might go on preserving the outward semblance of matrimony and hold another woman in a state of concubinage, receiving pardon for his offense by the Church, and remain respectable.

This is a more extreme carrying out of the principle of vicarious atonement than is allowed in Protestantism, but is perfectly consistent with the doctrine itself. Catholicism is ever consistent—it adheres to its dogmas and follows its precedents. Protestantism is never consistent—its practices rarely conform to its professions.

A religion of this type, based fundamentally on the doctrine of atonement, finds expression in every conceivable form of insincerity, hypocrisy, dishonesty and crime. It creates caste, class distinction, race prejudice, social sinfulness—greed, graft, tommyrot and Taft (Montana).

"Jesus paid it all!" "Pray for us!"

The cautious seldom err.

—Confucius.

"True"

BY ALINE.

It happened in the dining car of "The Limited." I was contentedly munching my toast and sipping the delicious cocoa, basking in the sunlight of affectionate eyes and musing on how beautiful love made life, and how it transformed the whole grey earth into a multi-colored paradise, when *he* came in and sat opposite—then *she* came and sat beside him.

He was fat and florid and fifty over, she was petite and pinched and puckered and perhaps ten years sooner. His smooth, rotund face bore a smirk of self-satisfaction that had the similitude of a smile, while his little piggy eyes bagged beneath, and had a hardened squint. On her creased and deeply furrowed face the lines of prolonged petulance drew down the corners of a mouth once pretty, while dark rings of settled hopelessness encircled the large, luminous eyes.

Scanning the menu for some five minutes, he ejaculated: "*I'm a-goin' to hev rolls and coffee fur mine, you write that down.*" handing her the stub of a lead pencil. She obeyed and then glanced timorously and despairingly at the card whereon fried eggs were listed at forty cents and beefsteak at ninety. Finally she compromised with a dish of strawberries, at "two-bits," and a cup of coffee for a dime.

The meal proceeded in silence, save for the crunching and smacking of him that ate, and once the noise of a knife which she dropped.

The atmosphere that had been redolent and rosy a few moments before now became cheerless and chilly—the chocolate turned to mud and the cream soured. My breakfast was spoiled—and my dream of love was o'er. Here before me sat the fac-simile and living-presentment of the Real Thing, viz., matrimony as perpetrated—two human beings tied to each other "for better or worse"—chiefly for the worse—"till death do them part!"

They had remained, these people, true to their vows—neither had dared to dream of co-respondents or conjugal readjustments—neither had ever so much as

questioned the incongruity of the situation in which they found themselves placed—it was simply the inevitable.

Though life was a bitter pill to them, they gulped it down—satisfied to remain dissatisfied—life-long markers to self-imposed duty and belief in the inexorableness of the divinely-ordained institution of marriage. He, by his innate uncouthness, had long since filled her soul with unutterable disgust—and she by her settled crankiness, unresponsiveness and obduracy had become a veritable thorn in his hide.

He could not understand her, and she did not desire to understand him. There was a natural, unbridgable abyss between them. They were exact antipodes of type and temperament and evidently had not one taste or talent in common.

He should have married an Irish washerwoman—she a Presbyterian clergyman—it seemed so—and yet they had struggled on for years together, and would go on struggling till the struggles of one of them at least were over—each standing directly in the light of the other, each blocking the realization of the other's ideals—both victims to fate, bound to a fetish.

She preferred her life, miserable as it was with this man, to the awful thought of "what people would say," and the other more dreadful thought of *how* she could ever make her living out in the cold world alone.

He preferred his life with her, barren as it was of pleasure to him, because it was the line of least resistance and least inconvenience. She was a woman—that sufficed, besides, what would the members of his lodge say and do to him if ever he deserted?

But I am presuming quite too much in supposing that any such wild-eyed infidelity ever stared them in the face or any such hair-brained notions ever flitted across the mirrors of their minds—they doubtless never dared to think of a change.

So she will go on tormenting him and he torturing her, and they will remain *true* to the end—till death puts one of the living corpses out of sight, and the

of marrying again. The idea of re-marriage amongst the higher castes is not our own, but comes after English education. Our wives have a god-like reverence for their husbands and thus they elevate them. A man getting two dollars a month here is happier with his wife and children than a rich man in America or Europe. We need education of women, and if we get it after our own Indian system, we shall produce a true wife in every home."

This is very interesting, indeed. It shows how widely different the thought-concept of one people can be from another, and yet you will find plenty of people in America and Europe who hold to the very same opinions that are expressed by my Indian friend. And in the early Puritan days in this country, the conditions now existing in India were pretty nearly reproduced, and were at that period well-nigh universal. Only since woman has begun to think for herself and develop her mind along the same or similar lines that man develops his has this wonderful change in social sentiment been wrought. Man did not make it, woman has *forced* it.

Like all incipient reforms, this one has in some ways gone to absurd and undesirable lengths. Education, from an economic viewpoint, simply takes the place in the modern world of the weapons with which the primitive man secured his food and builded his hut.

Man as the home-builder and provider requires the necessary tools and weapons—otherwise education. Woman, if she is provided for by the man, which from remotest times has been the custom, does not so much need to trouble herself about education, therefore, for a long time she neglected it.

But, after all, what really constitutes education? My friend speaks as if he were on a "higher level" from the fact that he can read and write and his wife cannot. Can he cook and sew? Does it not require much time and the exercise of as much brain force to perfect herself in these domestic arts as to learn letters?

I know several women quite ignorant of books who in many ways are vastly superior to their educated husbands. They have better judgment, more sense and discretion, and are really more capable of taking care of a family than their lords and masters.

Learning is a superficial accomplishment at best, and mere book learning is rapidly being displaced or supplemented in our leading schools and colleges by more practical learning—acquiring the art of *doing things*.

Woman in the first flush of her emancipation sailed out of the kitchen and on to the platform—she neglected her babies for a chance at the ballot. This was one of the absurd lengths—the pendulum swinging to the opposite end of the arc.

But the dear, sweet woman, who, after all that is said and done, desires more than anything a home and the loyal affection and support of a husband, soon found she had voluntarily broken up the home and lost her husband—then she repented and sought again his favor by burning her fingers some more, over the stew-pan.

But she is not the same docile, self-abnegated creature she was before. She has been touched by a higher force and thrilled with a new energy, and do you think the *man* does not *benefit* by this? And if he is unable to perceive the benefit of such a companion who can think his thoughts and act as guide and conseller to him in his daily affairs, then there is one to come who *will* benefit—the *child*.

I have no doubt in the world, but that the Indian woman, physically perfect as she must be, free from all the slavish notions of idiotic dress deformity and certain deplorable dissipations to which the American and continental women are addicted, is able to produce normally a vastly more perfect type of child than the latter. My personal knowledge of the mental caliber and moral fibre of the Hindu people convinces me that this is true.

I have no doubt, also, that our American women could learn very valuable lessons from these Indian

women. Love implies devotion and respect and such love is indeed rare in the American home. The native Indian woman possesses this ideal affection probably in a higher degree than the American.

The average American girl has a few romantic notions in her head, but at heart she is eminently selfish. She wants a man for his money. In other words, she wants the money and she wants to give as little of herself as possible in return and she frequently does give so little that her husband finds home a comfortless place in comparison to his cosy club or the gilded cage of some courtesan. If she already *has* money she will buy a man with a title, not because she cares for the man, but simply to gratify her vanity, to be called princess, countess or duchess.

These are crying facts that constitute an arraignment of American womanhood, and they must be faced. The American woman from her Puritan heritage and her superficial social training rarely comes to understand what it is that constitutes an ideal wife, and she lives and dies, often despairing and disgruntled, without becoming wise to her deficiencies.

Meanwhile, the condition of fixed iciness that exists between her and her husband produces a vein of frigidity in the offspring, culminating in a constitutional chilliness and producing a cold-blooded, mercenary, *practical* race of money-getters, for whom the words romance, poetry, ideality and love have a hollow sound and are quite meaningless.

I say the women are more to blame for this than the men, because they come before—they *make* the men what they are. And they have power to hold them and mould them if they will.

A man who has lived many years in a certain Southern state tells me that the social status there is something extraordinary, to say the least, that the majority of white girls in that locality grow up to spinsterhood because the white men have no desire for them, preferring from choice the companionship of the negro women. While this may appear on the face of it like utter depravity on the part of these men, yet it is per-

fectly comprehensible to a student of nature why it should be so. The negro girls are naturally more amorous and yield more—call it “physical” if you will—*responsive* enjoyment than their colder-blooded and conventional white sisters.

This is the secret and explanation of the whole business. And see how it works out. Nature always takes queer cuts to arrive at special ends. Say what you will and hold up your hands in holy horror as you may, the “yaller nigger” is becoming more and more in evidence and is a vast improvement on the black, shiny native of the old slave states. He is, in fact, a strong, keen, intelligent specimen of humanity. He is no longer the obsequious “Yas, massa,” style of a darky. He may serve you, but you must treat him like a gentleman, for does not the blood of a gentleman run in his veins?

However, returning to India, let me say that a law or custom in any country that forbids divorce, or the remarriage of widows or that advocates child-marriage needs revision, just as the former custom of burning widows on the funeral pyre with the deceased husband needed revision, and it will come about in India and elsewhere, when the time is right.

I would never advocate divorce simply because two people have different accomplishments. This very fact might even make them more suited to each other. Again, a prince might marry a beggar and she prove to be the superior of her husband—it has happened. Education, titles, caste, social status—all these things are purely superficial—things acquired or instituted by man—things displaying frequently more vanity than value.

The *soul-quality*, that's the thing to consider. Are the husband and wife by nature *congenial*?—if so, the relation is ideal and true. No education, no law, no custom, no duteous devotion, no slavish worship, can *make* congeniality in conjugality—it exists as an in-born quality between certain men and women and is in itself a test and proof that they have reached and occupy the same plane of unfoldment.

I am now speaking scientifically—not sentimentally. I am searching for the truth, and I follow it regardless of where it may lead or what others may think or say or do about it.

Some day, in some incarnation, you too will hear the Voice as I have heard it, bidding you throw down the gauntlet to opinion and, scorning repute, stand forth on the jutting rock of reason, independent and alone, holding aloft fearlessly and defiantly the sword of truth and dare the world to stand with you.

DELMAR.

Not in the clamor of the crowded street,
Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng.
But in ourselves, our triumphs and defeats.

—Longfellow



Correction: The biographical sketch which appeared in the March issue did not, it seems, fit the portrait. The picture was that of Ishverbhai Jivabhai, but the sketch was that of Jugalbhai Ishverbhai, his son. The sketch itself, I believe, erred only in stating the location of the weaving mills at Ahmedabad, when they are at Viramgam, India.

Bro. Ishverbhai, subject of the portrait, was formerly an agent in the salt department from which service he retired some ten years ago. He is an active member of the brotherhood named *Shreyas-sadhhak-adhhi-kari-varga*. He is a man of very benevolent nature, helping everyone who approaches him in need either with his purse or with some required advice. He obliges everybody. To do good to others on all occasions is his motto. He takes great and active interest in the business of The Phalanx and acts in the capacity of corresponding secretary in India.

Belief is a legacy, something inherited—an echo, and often the echo of an echo.

—Elbert Hubbard.

Views of One

The San Francisco Examiner, of January 30, prints the following interview with Upton Sinclair, the well-known author of "The Jungle":

"When my wife and I fell in love with each other we talked the whole marriage business over very conscientiously. We both of us hated the idea of being tied together by either a religious or a legal ceremony, and we tried to make up our minds to set the right kind of example to the world.

"But we knew that Mrs. Sinclair's father and mother would go raving crazy if we did what our conscientiousness told us was right. So, to ease their minds, we let someone mumble a few words over us and made them happy.

"We were young and foolish then and now we have seen the world and know a great many married people—so we are a good deal ashamed of being married ourselves.

"Why am I so prejudiced against marriage? Why shouldn't I be prejudiced against it—why shouldn't I be prejudiced? Marriage in this day is nothing but legalized slavery. That's the most polite word to call it—slavery.

"The man owns the woman. He buys a lovely blonde for half a million. This gorgeous brunette on the bargain counter today—\$20,000 a year will buy her. That's what it all means, this display and parade and music and feasting and flowers. Every woman with a daughter is a match maker and she is looking for bargains, too.

"Women will never marry for love and for love alone until they become economically independent.

"The marriage of today is worse than a farce—it is a hideous tragedy.

"How many happy married people do you know? About one couple in ten thousand.

"Marriage—ough! It really isn't a subject to be discussed at the table."

"But if all these people you speak of were not married to each other, Mr. Sinclair—only just living to-

gether, without a ceremony—do you think they would be happier then?" his listener ventured.

"They wouldn't live together. When they got tired they'd quit."

"I can't see it that way," said the listener.

"Perhaps," answered Mr. Sinclair calmly.

It does not matter where I come from and where I go to. I know one thing: that I am in this life now, and I will live it.

✥ ✥

Anything strong and true and deep is never immoral.

✥ ✥

The land that produces beautiful flowers and luscious fruits will also produce noble men and women. And in the production of finest flowers and fruits man finds his own soul.

—Aristotle.

✥ ✥

We must work incessantly. It is the only way we can express ourselves. The ignorant man toils because he knows no better way. His eyes are fixed upon the ground. He does not know that above him, if he would only raise his eyes, the angel holds the crown of stars.

We can work like a master or like a slave. All the gigantic souls the world has ever produced have been tremendous workers. They have been the pioneers, the pathfinders, the saviors, who gave their all that the world might be benefited by their having lived.

—Exchange.

We present this month a portrait of our distinguished comrade and co-worker, Mr. Harry A. Jamison, Secretary and Treasurer of The Phalanx Company. Mr. Jamison was born December 16th, 1873, at 7:50 A.M., near the city of Philadelphia, where he has spent most of his life.

Eight years ago the writer received from Mr. Jamison, then an entire stranger, a written request for a Character Reading from his name. Something in the name and its "aura" impressed me to write the following:

"You are a man of much caution and reserve, high-strung, energetic temperament—rather aggressive and markedly intense in all desires—large sympathies, great executive force.

"Your field is the accumulation of wealth—always looking out for emergencies and always ready for them.

"You are devoted and loyal to your interests—are a true friend and can 'love like a house a-fire.'"

After a long and intimate personal acquaintance I find that this will stand for biography, hence its insertion here.

Mr. Jamison's early life was spent on a farm, which is the place celebrated as the origin of nearly all good and great men. He is a High School and Commercial College graduate and also a graduate of The Sheldon School of Scientific Salesmanship a member of the International Accountants' Society of Detroit, Michigan, and The Business Science Club of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

He entered active business life at the age of 18 in Philadelphia with David Bentley & Co., Wholesale Stationers, his next position was with W. P. West & Son, Dry Goods Importers and Commission Merchants, whose employ he left to accept a position with Dewey & Eakins, Printers & Blank Book Makers, with whom he remained for 14 years, resigning in June, 1908, to devote his time and services to The Phalanx Company.

He has held many responsible positions in the accounting, financial and selling departments, through which he has attained a practical mastery of the various technicalities of business.

He was born in the sign of Sagittarius, with Capricorn on the ascendant and with Saturn rising, which is indicative of unusual financial ability presaging eminent success in monetary affairs. He is a true Sagittarian in that he always hits the mark aimed at—moreover, he aims high. His strict integrity, painstaking method, and indefatigable energy, coupled with his profound knowledge of accounting and commercial practice generally, make him not only eminently fitted for the position he holds, but absolutely indispensable to the Company.

Mr. Jamison also holds two diplomas from Wagner Institute for courses in Chemistry under the celebrated chemist Dr. Henry S. Lefman and has been for many years a deep student of Life and its mysteries, and through this study was attracted into the Charmed Circle. Thus he eagerly obeyed the call to take a position of command in the Phalanx forces, perceiving in this work the advancement and ultimate fruition of his higher ideals along the lines of personal freedom and growth.

The Order of the Phalanx

"Behold, the mellow light that floods the eastern sky. In signs of praise both heaven and earth unite. And from the four-fold manifested powers a chant of love ariseth, both from the flaming fire and flowing water, and from sweet-smelling earth and rushing wind.

"Hark! . . . from the deep unfathomable vortex of that golden light in *which the Victor bathes*, all *nature's* *wordless* voice in thousand tones ariseth to proclaim:
JOY UNTO YOU, O MEN OF MYALBA.

A PILGRIM HATH RETURNED BACK FROM THE OTHER SHORE,
A NEW ARHAN IS BORN.

PEACE TO ALL BEINGS."

* * * * *

The Song that through infinite ages has been sung in the Silence, its tones caught up in rare moments by poets and prophets, sages and seers, who wandered afar into the depths of the forest, in dark caves and upon high hilltops to listen—this Song is about to sing forth in the heart of a new-born World, welling up therein as a sea of most ravishing melody, whose rippling cadences lave the shores of dull consciousness, till mortals forget sorrows in blissful entrancement.

And I hear voices loud and strong,
Many are beginning to catch the song,
To hum the theme as in a dream,
To feel the thrill it doth instill,
Awakening Truth that shall fulfil—

Nearer and clearer the chorus rings,
Sweeter, completer, the song it sings,
Hallelujah to Love in perennial paeons!
Hallelujah to Life for a thousand eons!

Life is too short to waste
In critic peep or cynic bark.
Quarrel or reprimand:
'Twill soon be dark:
Up! mind thine own aim, and
God speed the mark!

— Emerson

