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# The PHALANX

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VOL. 2

NO. 8

August, 1909

# The Phalanx

A JOURNAL OF PHILOSOPHY AND FRIENDSHIP

Issued by the Editors of the Phalanx, WILLIAM DEWEY & L. BRYANT  
going on all night to find the way to the hall through  
and the path out.

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

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Vol. II

AUGUST

No. 8

"Philosophy would solidly be established if men would more carefully distinguish those things that they know from those that they ignore."—Lord Bacon.

"The finest friendships have been formed in mutual adversity; as iron is most strongly united by the fiercest flame."—Colton.

## The Search for a Soul Mate

I wander amid the city's vast throng,  
Scanning the faces of all that pass,  
Looking with eagerness, gazing so long  
Into the surging and swaying mass  
That moves like phantoms in a dream world by  
Seeking for something I ne'er can descry,  
The mate of my soul—Oh, where art thou?

I travel afar cross desert and plain,  
And plunge into forests gloomy and wide,  
Scale high mountain peaks with toil and pain,  
Exploring deep caverns where aught could hide,  
Traversing the broad sea's boundless expanse,  
Hoping, believing, to find it, perchance,  
The mate of my soul—Oh, where art thou?

Once I looked up and one stood before,  
Soul seemed to know and to recognize,  
Heart spoke and said that the search was o'er,  
Oh, when was love ever known to be wise?  
I dwelt in sweet heaven a single day,  
When up rose my lover and went away,  
The mate of my soul—Oh, where art thou?

Again one bright springtide another came,  
With ecstatic bliss my whole being thrilled,  
In the end, alas! 'twas all just the same,  
The cup was low-drained which longing had filled,—  
Parched are the lips, delirious I pine  
For one quenching draught from that fount divine,  
The mate of my soul—Oh, where art thou?

So year after year, a wanderer I roam,  
Like a billow mad-tossed on life's sentient sea,  
'Mid flotsam and jetsam and froth and foam,  
Yet the trial is making a god of me—  
Each failure brings strength, each tear brings a joy,  
Memory's weaving a mind-stuff naught can destroy,  
The mate of my soul—Oh, there art thou!

I do not regret, repent or repine,  
Lips that were pressed and love that was tasted,  
Have brought me thus nearer to that which is mine,  
Experience enjoyed can never be wasted,  
In sounding the shallows of the real  
I come to the deeps of my own ideal,  
The mate of my soul—Oh, here art thou!

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## The Gospel of Rest

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I was born with a perfect mania for work. My paternal grandfather and more particularly my maternal grandmother were regular drivers—thoroughly committed to the gospel of labor, and infusing into both my parents very much of their own spirit of indefatigable exertion. My mother especially, like her mother before her, was what might be termed a constitutional slave to work. She rose early in the morning and worked ceaselessly till night. When every necessary thing was accomplished she immediately set to work to make more work for herself. She was a woman of very strong constitution and from her I inherited my own powers of endurance and also something of this work-mania.

In consequence of this inborn impelling energy I have lived a very active, restless life, always chafing under enforced idleness and never quite as satisfied as when plunged into affairs up to my neck. But after years of this sort of thing, having been forced by conditions and circumstances to spend some time in introspection I have awakened to a new understanding of life, and perceive that work, though held up as the ideal, and a most honorable thing, is really just what the Lord pronounced it to be in the beginning—a curse.

It is said that the capacity to work is the one thing which more than anything else differentiates man from the lower animals. This is only partially true. Many animals, particularly certain insects, are ceaseless workers. The higher we go in the scale of evolution towards man, the less evidence we find of deliberate or voluntary exertion. Animals, like the horse, the cow, the dog, the elephant, never work unless impressed into service by man. They simply feed from the provident hand of nature and make no future provision. The simian tribes are the same (what could be more work-free than a band of monkeys?) and so with the primitive races of men—they are all distinctly idlers.

It is only with the awakening of acquisitiveness and the notion of property-rights that man really goes to work like a slave—a slave to his own greed, or to apparent necessity. When the right to take what he will freely from the bounty of nature is denied him, right there and then is developed the bud of device, craft, and strategy which blossoms later on in the achievements of modern civilization.

This primal right, privilege or possibility of relying upon nature for support has not been rendered nugatory by the rivalry of man altogether. Adverse climatic conditions have played a great part in the unfoldment of forethought and the self-preservative instinct.

The necessity for work seems very apparent at a certain stage of human development—not only racially, but individually considered. But there is no one who looks upon work as the ultimate ideal, except,

perhaps, the socialist, and he usually believes his theory in practice.

Everyone working is looking forward to a time and a condition where he can cease working altogether and "take life easy." The thousand and one methods adopted by men and women to evade work—from popping corn to preaching—from petite larceny to legalized graft—from the Molin Rouge to matrimony—only go to prove that people despise labor and enjoy leisure—and enjoyment is the ideal after all.

Work is a sort of purgatory that must be passed through in order to reach the heaven of rest beyond. Nobody pictures a heaven of work.

Work is simply a mental belief—an inherited belief—which, when the individual has worked through it, disappears normally.

Yonder on the corner sits an old woman along in the seventies, selling papers. She has been there to my knowledge for ten years, older inhabitants say it has been more than thirty. She did not always sit and croon as she now does, and reach up her papers to the passersby with a haggish leer of a smile. Time was when she scurried through the streets and into the thickest crowds, much to the discomfiture of the newsboys—looking for pennies, pennies which one by one were dropped and disappeared somewhere within the folds of her faded skirt. She lives in a wretched hovel back of town. Rumor says she has a buried treasure there and that she has been burglarized several times, but she is too smart for thieves. She has the "bank account" all right in a bank that will not break or default and might now be living comfortably and at ease, but she will never cease her old occupation.

Anon I hear a cry in the alley, "Ragz und bottles! Ragz und bottles!" Everyday for years the same wheezy, guttural cry. To follow the cry for a day would take you many weary miles and through many detestable places. At night you would come to the home at the wharf, where the merchant turns in wearily. There you would see his wife, fat and greasy, on a pile of rags, with five dirty children of various ages



down to a tousled-headed babe—sorting, sorting, sorting—rags, bottles, shoes, old clothing, and junk. It is late in the evening. The woman hears the familiar sound of the decrepit horse approaching—she leaves the children sorting and goes to prepare the *Abend Mahl*. This is *their* life, they know no other way to live.

Yesterday I met a man walking on the railroad. I have seen pack mules and many human pack horses, but I never saw anything to equal this. You could not accuse the man of being a "Weary-Willie" though his dress might betoken the "profesh." He looked more like a smuggler, or a horseless house-mover.

He certainly had all that belonged to him, and possibly more. On his back were two huge bundles, strung from his neck was a large roll of bedding. On his arms were hung other bundles and packages, and in either hand he carried heavy buckets. He staggered along beneath his load, the thermometer at 110, and perspiration pouring down his face in streams. I stood and watched him. What a perfect picture of humanity in miniature—of the laboring class—loaded to earth, crawling from place to place—utterly needless, utterly useless. Every hour there passes along this line an electric car. For two bits the man could have been transported to the town for which he was headed ten miles away, and had all his baggage carried free. Are such people *worth* our worry? One incarnation is not sufficient to bring them to understand the delusion of toil.

The majority of people get the erroneous notion that the way to get out of work is to work harder. This is not true—it is to *think* harder. Now thinking may be called a kind of work, and ordinary thinking is work, but a superior kind of work. It leads to emancipation from physical toil and ultimately to the ideal—the power to reflect.

All effort both physical and mental is for the purpose of developing the mind to a point and condition where it is able to reflect the Universal Thought and become thus one with it.

There are two distinct mental phenomena to be observed, perception and conception, the one being active, a form of exertion, the other passive, with no exertion—one depletes, the other reinforces.

All labor, as we know it, is destructive of the laborer, tearing down the constitution and weakening the life-forces, little by little. Every disease that afflicts humanity, nearly, is traceable to work—death itself is the penalty man pays for subjecting his mind and body to the strain of work. Everybody who dies a natural death is worked to death. To be sure, the majority of people regard labor as a necessary fact and factor of life, and likewise look upon death as necessary and inevitable. But is it so? Have we not abundant proof both in nature and revelation (the deductions of the wise) that life is deathless and subject to eternal change and renewal?

It has been said authoritatively that "the last enemy to be overcome is death." There is, without doubt, a vital, restorative, regenerative potency in nature, which, if discovered and utilized, would make man physically immortal and unchangeable (within limits) at his own volition.

How is he ever to discover this Magic Arcanum? Will he do it by toiling in mines and factories and on farms for the pitiful symbol of wealth that crumbles and perishes at a touch? Will he do it poring over ledgers in the counting house, in libraries over musty volumes, or in laboratories over microbes and bacilli? Will he do it in constructing railways, in building ships, and erecting lofty edifices? Will he do it by enacting laws for men's conduct, directing statescraft or commanding armies? Will he do it through any one of the thousand customary avocations of men? He certainly will not—not in one incarnation—he does not expect to—is not even aware that he can. Acquisitiveness and pride drive him on and on—he accumulates and accumulates—every pound of wealth is a pound of weight to load and break him down mentally and physically. This is what Jesus meant when he said to the young man, "Leave all and follow me!"



Look at the wonderful constitution of man—how noble a work it is, and how admirable! But how much thought is given by man, ordinarily to it—to himself? While every act he performs may be termed selfish—for himself—yet ignorantly he neglects to do the things that would be of greatest benefit and deliberately does the things of greatest injury to himself.

He is actuated altogether by sensation and desire. When he feels the pangs of hunger, he gulps down anything and everything which goes by the name of food, without thought of its adaptability to his physical requirements. When he is apprised by an itching of the skin that he needs a bath, he takes a plunge. He must in all cases be caused pain or discomfort before he will act. He breathes all airs, and drinks all waters, to say nothing of the myriad artificial beverages concocted to tickle his throat—in fact generally speaking, he is a creature that thinks very little of himself outside of the quickest and crudest way to satisfy his appetites—his chief desire after that being to disfigure his form with fantastic attire and strut before his fellows to arouse their envy or receive their adulation.

It has been conceded by the wise men of all ages that the proper study of mankind is man, yet the admonition, "Know thyself," remains unheeded. The thing that the masses struggle, sweat and starve to obtain—rest—is a thing to be demonstrated. Do it now! Claim it! It is yours! But listen: The secret of its attainment lies in the unloading of burdens. All burdens have been voluntarily assumed—they can be voluntarily relinquished. Sometimes we have carried them so long that they have cut into and become imbedded in our flesh and seem to be a very part of us. Often we become so habituated to them that we are lost and miserable without them and long to take them up again—how often this happens! But if our "eye be single," if we have *the real aim to be free of the bondage of work*, we shall find a way to become free.

The abolition of pride—the simple life—this gives us freedom from drudgery and enables us to learn to

utilize the finer forces and arrive at the goal by the path of least resistance. This "straight and narrow path" of renunciation is by no means the jagged, sorrowful and bleeding path it has been pictured to be, for renunciation means giving up only those things which are actual hindrances and impediments to our progress.

Viewed in proper light, the natural desires of men and women for personal adornment, for amusement and even for dissipation—all decried by religious teachers as "evil"—are really evolutionary factors in bringing humanity along up and into the right path. A woman who spends half her time primping before the glass is called frivolous,—perhaps so, but the *idea* is working within her mind which impels her to beautify herself. This idea is good and perfect, will lead to perfection, and will bring her to know and understand how eventually to transform herself into a radiant being. A man who habitually attends the races, ball games, card parties and theatres is called an idler and yet he is choosing a way to protect his mind as well as his body from the disintegrating effects of toil.

Nature never makes a mistake. Each one may be said to have been given a disposition to do just what is best for them, nor can anyone do differently from what he is doing at any given moment. Every act is the inevitable sequence of a series of past causes. The present is not ours to control,—only the future can we mould.

We might all just as well face the matter honestly and confess that work with us is a theory which we care to put in practice as little as possible—save a few monomaniacs like myself, who have an inherited passion for doing things continually. The doctrine of work is a useful part of present day education and accords admirably with the idea and principle of our social system, which is to work the other fellow. We teach our children to work that they may support us, and they in turn teach their children the same and are supported by them. So, also, capital extols labor, prating of its dignity and honor, thereby securing a more satisfactory service. The church resorts to the

same tactics. But, the question may be pertinently asked, If labor is so "dignified" and so honorable" a thing, why don't the bosses and preachers get into jeans and prove the proposition? No, they prefer to titillate the other fellow's vanity—making the caparisoned steed step more proudly in order that he ignore the weight of his rider.

One might say the riders are also obeying the instinct of self-preservation. They are, but in the wrong way. The greatest, if not the only, evil in the world is to lay a burden upon the brother, or put an obstacle in his way of advancement. To hypnotize him by the specious sophistry of "honest labor" in order to wring out his best life's blood is not only cruel but criminal.

The way to get out of hard work is to begin thinking, and to master some easier work—all the time striving to subdue abnormal and extravagant desires, say of the stomach and of pride, which place continual and useless burdens upon us.

It is theoretically demonstrable that an ideal society **could** be so regulated that two hours labor from each member would be sufficient to support everyone in comfort and comparative ease, but in society composed of mixed and heterogeneous elements, all of which are more or less selfish, grasping, ignorant and vicious no such state or result is thinkable.

There is a wrong and a right selfishness. The wrong selfishness is shown in the enslavement of another by any means whatsoever, so that his labors may contribute to our personal enjoyment, or the hard refusal to consider the needs of an unfortunate brother and extend him a helping hand in distress. The right selfishness is one's love and devotion to the Inner Self—the real I—which impels to strive for self improvement in every possible way.

We cannot possibly give forth to others until we have received of the bounty of this inner Light—"He feedeth me"—Blessed is the man who *finds himself*, who is devoted to himself—for such alone becomes the Master of Life!



## Seed

“And some fell by the wayside.”

Ever since the alarming calculations of Malthus, certain people have risen from time to time to sound a note of warning lest the human race should become extinct. Particularly do the two most prominent parasitic classes—the priests and the politicians contemplate with fear and trembling any and all evidences of a diminishing birth-rate.

“The New World” a prominent Catholic organ of Chicago came out in an article some time ago, with the following significant observation:

“Sociological returns that cannot be called in question point unmistakably to the revival in our midst of theories and practices diametrically opposed to the fundamental tests of Christianity. To take only the birth statistics gives one food for saddening reflection and forebodings. A decline in the birth-rate has been very noticeable in the United Kingdom since 1891, the year in which Board School Education celebrated its twenty-first birthday. Race-suicide, the bane of pagan Rome, is today alarmingly common in spite of the plain-spoken and vehement denunciations hurled against it, not only by the clergy but also by the laity, in legislative assemblies as well as from the pulpit. The evil is deep-seated in the undying forces of human selfishness, *and the situation is serious in the eyes both of churchmen and politicians.* Serious it undoubtedly is, for this recrudescence of an unnatural crime, this selling the soul for a mere animal gratification, threatens the very existence of both Church and State.”

In the current September number of “The Cosmopolitan” still another view of the situation is presented by Dr. Henry Koplik, in an article entitled, “The Sacrifice of the Innocents.”

“Six million babies dead in America every ten years for the past half-century; thirty million American homes desolate; thirty million mothers suffering the pangs of childbirth only to be deprived of their babies before they have spoken their first word or taken their

first step. Today this is still the appalling toll which is demanded of American motherhood. Think of it! One baby in five marked for sacrifice before it is born."

In view of these startling statistics, the Doctor propounds a number of pertinent questions among which are the following:

"Is there any more vital question to you than to know what is being done to check this stupendous sacrifice? Is the fault of this sacrifice partly your own? Is your family too big? Are you sacrificing health to numbers? are you justified in behalf of your children in limiting numbers in favor of health? Is race suicide justified in your home? What are the factors?"

A proper discussion of this subject takes us beyond the point where ecclesiastic brain-cells are capable of acting, and into a realm which the average scientist of today will regard as wholly visionary.

It is useless to attempt argument with a class of men schooled from infancy in the sophistries of religion, whose whole life is made up of conformities and hypocrisies, who place an anathema on Free Thought and cry out against independent research of any kind whatsoever. Their little god in a glass-case must be jealously guarded lest it be jarred from its shaky pedestal and broken in fragments, and the hocus-pocus of religious mystery be openly revealed.

What do the clergy know of life and its issues? Has not their whole thought and training been given to death and vaporings of a life beyond? How does the clergy look upon woman, the author and finisher of human life? Formerly they regarded her as a devil created to tempt man and cause him to "fall," meaning to do the one only thing *possible* to preserve the race!

Her primal reputation has pursued her and the vicegerents of the Almighty have taken it in hand to perpetuate the punishment inflicted upon Eve for her alleged seduction of poor old Adam. They have subjugated woman, they have humbled her. They have decreed that she become a "vessel of wrath unto the Lord," and that in order to expiate her heinous trans-

gression she be bound eternally on the Iron Wheel of man's lust—unmurmuringly to conceive and bring forth whatever was thrust upon her—the only ideal held up to her for centuries being “to increase and multiply and replenish the earth!”—which she faithfully *did* with the vilest and wretchedest race of reprobates that ever cursed the fair earth—demons in human form that slaughtered each other in heaps,—devils that gloated in cruelty and madness, over unspeakable crimes.

The priests, so far as history recites, have never afforded humanity one single ray of enlightenment concerning the subject of reproduction. Thieves were pardoned, imbeciles, ignored—were encouraged to marry and reproduce. They might be diseased, they might be crippled, they might be mental or physical wrecks, but *none* of these conditions were ever taken into consideration and the priest never hesitated to set his divine signet and seal on martial mesalliances, demanding only as tithe that the children born should be baptised into the church.

Progeny and ignorance!—the two things of greatest import to the perpetuation of the Mother Church. It is too dreadful, and, in the light of the twentieth century, it would seem too antiquated and outgrown a system to be worth even the breath of intelligent criticism and repudiation, and yet millions of human beings are still struggling in that same mire of superstition, held down by the iron heel of fear, trembling beneath the upraised lash of a priesthood as imperious, as arrogant, as intolerant as ever—only the claws are hidden deeper in soft paws, and the snarl is toned to a purr.

It is a well observed fact that only one child in a family of, say eleven, is normally strong and bright—but that is the very one the church is *not* interested in (it is likely to prove an infidel) it wants the ten weaklings—numbers count!

So marriage as a means to propagation is held up by the Church as the Great Virtue and the ideal of life. To even *suggest* the thought of regulating the progeny is deemed an offense and to openly specify a method is



held to be a crime—which only shows the State to be but an echo of the Church.

The State has uses for men also—and here again numbers are desirable—yet, it *seems*, if the proper view were taken of the subject, it would be clearly recognized that one strong, capable man is of more advantage to the State than forty weaklings (that might not be true in the Church)—only that under the *present* spoils system the ignorant goose produces as good a crop of feathers as the wise duck—and is more easily plucked—hence the economic advisability of hatching *all* the eggs, good, bad and indifferent.

But an evil system kills itself, showing the good God to be operative at the center of all action. The very thing that the Church is so frantically decrying as “race suicide” is only a natural result of selection and the “survival of the fittest.” A tree that starts out bearing heavily will bear itself to death or else soon become barren. moreover, the fruit of the heavily laden and unthinned trees will be small, disease-infected and worm-eaten. So it is in human society. Nature regulates the matter, producing fewer and better children as the world advances to a plane remote from the White Rat and Guinea Pig stage, which is about as far as the Church has got.

Insects and animals that are short-lived or defenseless propagate profusely in order that some few of the species may survive—nature takes no chances. As the species becomes stronger and able to maintain its position in nature, the number of normal progeny diminishes.

It is exactly so in the human family. The primitive man, the savage, normally short-lived, being unable to cope with the destructive forces of nature and guard against accidents, propagates without thought of restriction, but just as soon as man is able to dominate nature and assume a place of mental power, he begins instinctively to regulate propagation.

It is sheer foolishness to ascribe this curtailing instinct to “increased selfishness” or to the “recrudescence of an unnatural crime.” For, if sexual gratification be classed as “an unnatural crime,” the ignorant

boor, the wretched slum-dweller and the poorer class generally, who, believing themselves divinely licensed, place no curb or limit on sexuality or propagation, certainly are to be classed as the *basest* of all "unnatural criminals."

Can one in a million of these be found who restricts sexuality to the *needs* of propagation? Can one in a million be found as "pure" or true to nature as a dog or horse or any other beast? *Why* do we insult the beast by calling a man one? He is sexually lower (or "so different"), from any beast, since he wilfully violates every observed law or precedent of nature. He outrages the sanctity of maternity and looks upon the post-natal period as a wolf might regard the fold—with flaming eyes and outstretched tongue.

And what has the Church to say to all this marital profligacy, this villainous outraging of nature, this deliberate inviting of God's lightning to strike death to the present and pass on even unto the third and fourth generation?—nothing! The priest has already sanctioned and spread his hands over it—he has had his fee—and he stands with outstretched arms above the christening font and cries: "Woe, woe, betide, if ye bring me not infants by the score—and *other* fees!"

But we will leave the priest and his grave-yard and address a few words to people of thought and imagination—those who have "ears to hear" and unstop them.

The spiritual principle at the base of all life phenomena is expressible as "Seed"—"whose *seed is in itself*." One form of life exists through appropriation of the seminal quality, or essence, of other lives. This thought will be made clearer by reflecting that the larger part of our foods are made up of seeds—all the cereals, nuts, eggs, etc. But the term "seed" is capable of usage in a far more extended sense to embrace the vital principle of every *cell*, which virtually is a seed.

We live, then, in our present form by simply appropriating the vital seed, or germinal principle, in fruits, nuts, roots, flesh—whatever we eat. The cell principle, or seed, is an entity. It is a little world, a being, a primal life-form, a vital sphere co-ordinated of positive

and negative—male and female—forces and is essentially *divine* as it emanates from, and is an integral part of the Great Universal Being.

These cells which we derive from nature are in relation to the human organism inert and unassimilable until they are revitalized and re clothed—*raised* and adapted to their new sphere of activity by the various alchemical processes of the system.

The vitalization and re clothing is the work of the inner spiritual potency of man, which in its highest expression is sexual and magnetic. Man has the power and woman has the power, each within the body, as an inheritance from the biune potency which originally formed it and set it in action, of vitalizing these inert seed-cells to a degree where they spontaneously form themselves into the necessary tissues of flesh, bone, muscle, blood and nerve. But the vitalization is only temporary, ephemeral,—“Give us this day our daily bread,” without which there is lacking the necessary replenishment, and the seeds shrivel, die and pass away, falling by the wayside, to come up through other forms again. Life is a question of eternal renewal. Each and every action is but the conversion of some force, in turn co-related to another force and going back to the origin of all known force—the sun.

Nowhere in nature is “caste” more noticeable than among the cells. Some cells occupy lowly positions—they are the workers and scavengers—while others distil the essence of thought and nerve, resulting in the finest, most delicate activities. There are certain cells which are as far above the ordinary structural cells in degree and efficiency as the stars are above the glow worm.

These are the cells, or seeds, of life transmission containing the spermatozoa and ova. They exhibit their divine consciousness in their capability of attraction and fusion, whereby a nucleus is created for the centering of a vast number of cells—a multi-cellular organism, individual, automatic and self-governing. But in all this process of nature the parent, especially the mother, must sacrifice and contribute a large part



of her seminal vitality. The child feeds upon the mother. For this reason she is regarded as "the lamb slain from the foundation of the world," (though this occult expression really has reference to the feminine essence of life which is continually seized upon and devoured by the masculine—everywhere throughout nature).

This, however, is not the real cause of death and dissolution, though it often hastens or precipitates it, Child-bearing in its present stage can hardly be looked upon as anything but a curse upon womankind.

And if woman herself *knew the truth*—if she could grasp the real *mystery* of her being, and had the power to work out her knowledge through several generations, she might create a race that would not taste death, and the mystery of both life and death would thus be solved.

Methinks I hear a thousand eager voices demanding to know the secret—I listen more closely. No, I hear only perhaps a single voice above the babble of doubt and dissent. Nobody believes this—to none can it come—save to him or her to whom it is given to understand. Everybody will exclaim: "Show us the way, prove it unto us, and we will believe!" Those who have found the path have *believed* in its existence *long before* the actual discovery. It was this belief alone—this faith in the unseen and the unknown—which at last *brought* them to the desired goal.

The fundamental secret is so simple that if it were put in words sufficient to express it, the world would reject it with derision. Trained as people are at the present time, hardly one in a million could be found true enough and brave enough to make the demonstration required.

And yet there is hardly a step in the whole process—after the door is opened—that is not strewn with roses. Jealous sages have pictured the path as a subterranean road, beset with dragons and reptiles, and leading to torture chambers, and crypts of terror, but I assure you, it is nothing of the sort. The trial is made all of it before entering. Once on the way all is joy and peace.

The trial lies in renunciation—of pride and lust. It is a work of silence—absolute silence. So long as one preserves the *faintest inclination* to reveal the truth to *one living soul*, it means that some roots of pride still remain—and *never* will the truth be brought to the conscience of such a one.

When I speak of renunciation I mean that a man or woman must be prepared to give up what is commonly called “the world,”—family, home, wife, children, friends, society, property—everything that binds him and divides his thought and effort.

Do not imagine it to be any form of religious delusion like the “Doukaboores” or the “Holy Rollers” who deliberately burn all their worldly effects and start out bare-footed to find Jesus. It is *not* “Jesus,” but something of which Jesus is the sign and symbol, known to few, exceedingly difficult to find, and requiring a long search.

When found it will prove to be the “Savior”—your savior, in fact. It may be defined as the field in which you implant your Immortal seed, in such a manner that they will spring up into eternal life and re-clothe your mortal body—nay reconstruct it of an imperishable material.

Never can I hope to make myself understood! Dull are the ear into which I speak! But, if I spoke more plainly, then those infernal legions of the lower orders, represented by Church and State, would furiously seize and rend me, for at one stroke I should level churches and legislative halls and do away with the necessity of religion and legislation forever.

“Away with him, crucify him!—Great is Diana, the god of the Ephesians!”—They will be maddened to learn that no longer will there be forthcoming victims for their altars and battlefields, for in the New Era of Revelation the Church and State will have utterly lost their *raison d’être*, and become as mists and miasmas dispelled by the rising sun.

## Indian Magic

A few years ago I made the acquaintance of a gentleman who had traveled all over the world and had lived for several years in India, making a study of the language and interesting himself in the habits and beliefs of the people. He said one day, apropos of psychic phenomena:

"I confidently believe the time is near at hand when that which is known today as occult science shall not be looked upon as a mystery defying the honest investigation of intelligent minds."

That was at least fifteen years ago. Today there is widespread and increasing interest in the subject. Unfortunately, I have had no personal experience, but the gentleman mentioned told me many almost unbelievable stories, happenings that he had witnessed during his stay in India, the home of the occult.

"There is," he said, "a difference between the lowest and highest order of Hindoo teachers. Caste is as certain among them as between the various classes of the people at large. But one thing they have in common—secrecy. The lower order has no power to accomplish that which seems to be the natural outcome of the asceticism of the other.

The highest class of priests, the Yoghi and Rishis, are what may be termed esoteric initiates, and teach only to their disciples the way to acquire the power that is the wonder of western minds. There is no doubt that hypnotic influence plays a part, but does not by any means explain the truly marvelous things that I have seen and heard.

"You are accustomed to the wonderful tricks upon the stage, tricks purporting to be the conjurings of India fakirs. They are performed with all accessories and lowered lights. In no way are they comparable to the miraculous feats performed by even the lower order, the fakers and pundits, the men who make a living by such.

"In broad daylight in the streets and public squares of cities they give these performances. They have no



assistants, are half-naked, and their stock in trade consists merely of a couple of sticks and perhaps half of a cocoanut shell. There is no objection to the crowd standing close about them.

"In the midst of an open square I saw one of these men pour a continuous stream of water from a shell; not a cupful, but enough to fill several large buckets. That is hard for you to believe, but it is as nothing to the achievements of those of higher caste.

"Even between those of the lower order there is a difference, the pundits outranking the fakers. The former are called wise men, and are bright and well informed. Many of their feats cannot be performed by the fakers, who are generally of a much lower order of intelligence.

"Their connection lies in the fact that their living is made in this way. This is contrary to the belief of the higher class, who are veritable teachers and use their powers only for the purpose of drawing the crowds together and to emphasize some truth. One of the most beautiful sermons I have ever heard preached was by a Rishis, a hermit priest, just before a wonderful manifestation of his gift.

"Attracted by a crowd in one of the lesser-known cities of the western coast, I paused, an interested and curious spectator. I had long hoped to witness some of the feats of these 'adepts of a higher science,' but had hitherto not been fortunate.

"In our western speech it would be called a trick. In reality it was an illusion so perfect that I, as well as others, can give no explanation of it.

"The crowd had gathered in the center of a large square. There were many persons, and after addressing them, the Yoghi took a rope, one end of which he held, the other he threw far up into the air. I followed it with my eyes, wondering a little as to the length of time it would take to fall back to the earth. To my surprise it remained where it had been thrown, as if upheld by the branch of a tree, although none were near us.

"The Yoghi loosed the rope from the other hand. It still hung suspended and, to all appearance, taut. This

was in itself amazing, but with a little jump the man caught the end which he had just released and which hung about five feet from the ground. Hand over hand he climbed until nothing could be seen but the speck of white wound around his head. Then the glare of the Indian sky made me lower my eyes. When I again raised them he had completely disappeared.

"I could scarcely believe my senses, yet each one of that hundred or so of persons had seen what I had seen."

He laughed a little.

"I could talk on forever of my eastern experiences," he continued, "but I do not care to weary you. Nevertheless I will give you one other example—what the Roman Catholic priests of India call the work of the devil—what they say is a sin to witness. In their sight the Yoghi and Rishis are emissaries of His Satanic Majesty.

"This took place in the public square in Agra, in the north of India. We were of the multitude of turbaned beings that had gathered there. In the center of the large circle stood a man whose face was the most intelligent I have ever seen. As is usual with these prophets, he prefaced his acts with a few words in reference to the future life.

"When he had finished he bent and dug a hole at his feet perhaps six inches deep. In this he placed a mango, a tropical fruit, covered it with earth and pressed his foot hard upon it. For perhaps twenty minutes we watched intently, but there was no shoot of green, no tender leaves broke through the ground. Instead, there was a faint shadow as of a tree trunk.

"This grew more and more distinct until a tree of great height was within view not twenty yards from where my friend and I were standing. It was in full leaf and heavily fruited. But there was one peculiarity. It stood rigid. Not a leaf moved. Not a shadow was cast upon the ground, although India's sun was blazing down upon our heads.

"Impelled by curiosity, I approached closer, close enough to feel the bark and span the trunk, which

was at last two feet in thickness. The Rishis, for the man was of the hermit class, made no objection, but, instead, addressed the multitude before him. For at least half an hour he preached to them as I stood near the tree.

“When he had finished his discourse, curiosity still unsatisfied, I placed my foot upon the trunk and easily climbed some distance. As I slid to the ground, the tree slowly disappeared, although within touch of my hand. The priest, who had watched me with a slight smile, stooped and opened the earth at his feet, taking therefrom the mango he had planted a short time before. He handed it to me, and I found, upon examination, that it was unripe—just an ordinary green fruit.”  
—Baltimore Sun.



# The Order of the Phalanx

I have received some splendid help this month from thoughts and suggestions which have been sent in to me. While I may not always print these verbatim, the reader will note them cropping out here and there. Though run through my mill and bearing the imprint of my own mint, the coin is yours and I return it to you with joy and thanks.

What do you suppose I am doing this month? You never could guess. I am away up in the central part of the state "switching" for water. Would you believe anyone of good-sense could be affected with such a superstition? But everyone here has "got it." The thing succeeds so often, and fails when ignored so frequently, that nearly all the natives have come to believe solemnly in "switching."

I'll tell you how we go about it. We select the forked branch of a peach limb, and cut it some three or four inches below the fork, clipping the fork to convenient length for handling. Then we grasp both prongs, one in either hand, bring the stem point sky-ward, and walk slowly up and down in the vicinity of, where we desire to place a well, and, strange to relate! when we pass directly over a subterranean stream of water, the switch begins to writhe and the pointer turns to earth violently.

There be those still who pooh-pooh the idea of it, saying that as the whole country is underlaid with water anyway, the "switching magician" can hardly fail to locate it. This is only partially true. While water is abundant in most places, many who ignored the aid of the professional "switcher" have failed to find it.

The price for "switching out" a well is \$5.00, which may account somewhat for the tenacity with which the profession clings to the superstition, and magnifies its merit.

We have had a fine well "switched out," in which we are installing a water system to supply the large orange grove which we are putting out at this place. Just a few rods from this well, another man tried six times and failed to find water. The seventh time he "switched" and struck it!

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than your philosophy hath dreamed of."

Love! fantastic pow'r! that is afraid  
To stir abroad till watchfulness is laid,  
Undaunted then o'er cliffs and valleys strays,  
And leads its vot'ries safe through pathless ways.

— Prior.

