

The Phalanx

A JOURNAL OF PHILOSOPHY AND FRIENDSHIP

"It is a good thing to be rich, and a good thing to be strong, but it is a better thing to be beloved of many friends."—Euripides.

The Phalanx, Monthly. - - Subscription Price, \$1.00 per Year.

Edited and published in the interest of FREEDOM and TRUTH

by DELMAR DE FOREST BRYANT

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My Creed.

Let others frame their creeds—mine is to work;
To do my best, however far it fall
Below the keener craft of stronger hands;
To be myself, full-hearted, free and true
To what my own soul sees below, above;
To think my own thought straight out from the heart;
To feel and be, and never stop to ask:
"Do all men so? Is this the world's highway?"
To look unflinchingly in the face of life
As eagles look upon the noonday sun;
To cut my own path through primeval woods;
To lay my own course by the polar star
Across the trackless plains and mountains vast;
To seek, not follow, ever till the end.
And for the rest—bare-handed have I come
Into this world, I know not whence or why.
Bare-handed and alone and unafraid,
With heart of fire and eyes that question still,
Will I go forth into the wide Beyond,
As went the men who bore my blood of old
To Eblis or Valhalla, nothing loath.

Sharlot M. Hall.

Aquarius.

The Solar Sign of Aquarius is Astrological ruler from about the 20th of the present month to the 20th of the next. We begin our journalistic year in Aquarius for the reason that this is the beginning of the Aquarian Age, to continue for the next 2000 years—the age when New Truth is to be poured out by the “Water Bearer” upon all the Earth, and New Signs to illumine the sky. Aquarius being an air sign, this is destined to become an age of wonderful inventions and discoveries relating to air. There is to be a renaissance of the Art of Alchemy, lost to the world by the sinking of Atlantis in a former age. The planet Uranus is ruler of Aquarius, which brings into constant play new and powerful magnetic forces, and activities that will tremendously affect the destiny of mankind.

The ideal color of the Uranian Light is an indescribable transparent brilliancy in effect somewhat like Radium, and is symbolled by the white cover of this Journal.

Greeting.

Smoothly may we navigate,
Shunning the rocks of adverse fate;
For failures past let compensate
Successes of Nineteen Hundred Eight—
And let us march right up to date.

Happy New Year to old friends and to new! This, no doubt, is a surprise to you, and is about as much of a surprise to us. The fact is, our successes have been so pronounced, and we are so filled to overflowing with gratitude that we just HAD to ring the bell and reopen the Temple, closed now, lo! these three long years.

We discontinued services at the time, not because we had nothing to say, but because we had really no time to say it. But you cannot dam a flowing stream forever, nor can Inspiration's fount be checked for aye, though we must steal time to give the oracle utterance.

Another thing, we received so many hundreds of requests and entreaties from our former subscribers and friends to resume publication, that we felt impelled to yield to the suggestion, but we wish to assure you that in so doing the pleasure is not wholly yours.

And what are we going to discuss, and what are we going to do? Well, we have hardly time to give more than a hint of it all in this issue, which is, indeed, a very impromptu affair, conceived in a moment, born in an hour, and executed in a day.

In the present publication we shall aim, as heretofore, not to cater to the masses in order to be "popular," but rather to reach out for those who have inclination and ability to think, and who, like ourselves, possess a burning desire to know more of the Truth of Life. Owing to the nature of the things which lie nearest our heart, and which seem most natural for us to talk about, we expect our audience to be comparatively small, yet we have the satisfaction of knowing that it will be very select.

We wish beforehand to beg the indulgence of our many friends and readers, especially the critics, for any and all short-comings and long-goings and for whatever crudities in expression or style that may appear in our writing.

Every word has to be written hurriedly at night or at catch moments in the field. We are practically the Editor in Jeans—and proud of it. If you should visit our plantations, you are likely to find us qualifying.

And now one thing do *NOT* expect, and that is, personal communications on any subject whatever. For three long years at one time we chained ourselves to a desk and religiously answered every letter received—business letters, love letters, josh letters, all sorts of letters. And it broke us down, and nearly broke us up. It don't pay. Save your time and ours by writing as briefly as possible. Later on, when our Wise Man arrives, we may open a Query Department. At present we shall be unable to answer questions—it takes all the ingenuity we possess to ask them—that's the fool's part—get wise and find the answer!

Another thing, we shall be unable to make any *dates*.

Have no time to entertain or be entertained. Therefore, kindly accept our perpetual regrets.

The subscription price to this Journal will be One Dollar; subscribers to former publications, who did not get their full subscription may, if they desire, deduct from the Dollar all that is coming to them, and we will endeavor to make good in the new issue, which in a way, is designed as a continuation of the old under a new caption, but with vastly improved resources, aims and prospects.

We are going to start in as a First Class publication, and pay our passage to Uncle Sam, who undoubtedly "needs it in his business" to enlarge our coast defenses, etc. Most publications manage to take advantage of the subsidized second-class rate, but in order to do it they are obliged to conform to certain arbitrary rules and restrictions, frequently losing their heads under the semistar of a capricious officialism. We are willing to *pay* for the privilege of being *free*. We "render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and unto God the things that are God's."

Now let us hear how *you* like us in the New Dress. Really we do feel quite proud of our clothes, even if we did hustle them on, and though aware that our hat may not be on quite straight. We may primp a little more *next* time. Congratulations are in order, and we can *stand* an occasional roast, but no taffy, please. Whatever you send us, DON'T forget the dollar—that is the *only* symbol of righteousness that passes current on the Coast. If you like the paper, pass it along, but don't try to *INDUCE* anyone to subscribe and don't waste money subscribing for anyone else. *That which appeals to us, alone belongs to us and is of value.*

The principle of Love is never impure in ANY surrounding—it is the Divine Ray reaching down into the soil.

The church-bell murmured EVER, that of the donjon, NEVER; but at the same time, a mighty voice spoke louder in his heart. That voice said: ONE DAY. And that was the voice of God.—*Michelet*.

The Phalanx.

DEFINITIONS

1. A body of troops or men in close array, or any number of people distinguished for firmness and solidity of union.

2. A society or association of members organized upon the plan of Fourier.

3. A unique force, known only to the highest adepts, developed by a certain combination of occult elements, the result of which is perfect physical strength and potencies undreamed of by modern science.

There were several different arrangements of the Phalanx peculiar to the different Grecian states, but the most celebrated was that invented by Philip of Macedon. Polybius describes this as a square battail of pikemen, consisting of sixteen in flank and five hundred in front, the soldiers standing so close together that the pikes of the fifth rank were extended three feet beyond the front of the battail. Such a body of soldiers moving solidly against an enemy was calculated to inspire terror and lead to route.

During the first French revolution there was born at Benancon, France, Apr. 7, 1772, one Charles Fourier, who, being of a benevolent disposition, powerfully affected by the general unrest of the period, was led to devise a scheme for the amelioration of social conditions. His scheme was called a "Phalanx," consisting of some 400 families who should live together, combining their labor upon a certain district of land. The buying and selling for the entire community was to be managed by a single member, thus eliminating all peddlers, merchants and middlemen. Capital brought into the concern by the various members was not confiscated, but paid interest upon. All labor was placed upon an equitable profit-sharing basis and each member remunerated according to his effort. To each and every member was allotted a subsistence portion, but above this the profits of labor were divided among the workers, each of whom was free to spend his part as he saw fit.

Fourier died in 1837, regarded by press and public

alike as a visionary. An unsuccessful attempt was made in 1852 to form an industrial colony on Fourier's plan.

Such in brief is the history of Fourierism and the Phalanx. It will be recognized that Fourier was really the pioneer of co-operation, and the thought-seed sown by his mind at that time scattered far and wide, taking root in many places where its origin was unknown, and other leaders received credit for the idea.

In Fourierism and the Phalanx we find the germ of a great truth. It is our purpose to plant this germ in a new soil, where, growing under the sunlight of wisdom and stimulated by the dew of faith, it shall reach a degree of height and a splendor of efflorescence hitherto unattained, and doubtless undreamed of by the pioneer, Fourier.

The PHALANX is the synonym of strength and impregnability, expressing power in union. It is the purpose of this Journal to present the ideal of Co-operation from every standpoint—sociological, psychological, physiological—as well as to record the growth and development of the "Phalanx," an organization of co-workers and co-thinkers.

The PHALANX, being an expression of the most advanced thought along the line of co-operative effort in its relation to individual growth and social development, will serve as an uplift and inspiration to those who are struggling to gain a firmer foothold and a surer step in the slippery ascent of Progress Peak.

Is it not strange how that men clamor for peace while preparing for war? The law of nature is apparently a law of destruction. Is it inevitable that humanity shall come under this law, or has it power to rise above it? It is certain that Truth unsheathes a sword which does not rest in the scabbard till justice is established, but shall injustice ever reign? Is the universal law a law of death? Is mankind obeying a fatalistic impulse in eternally destroying himself and his kindred? It is a mighty problem, one that involves the question not only of human rights but of human destiny—the limitation of the Will, the potency of Wisdom. On it hang the

issues of life and death; happiness and sorrow, hope and despair, hang in the balance of its solution.

There are, we believe, thousands of earnest men and women in the world, eager to get at the solution of this great problem. Let them come to our Council and sit around our Campfire, and as we pass the Pipe of Peace, we will talk it over together. It may be we shall be able to discover a peaceful solution; if so, we can then joyfully betake ourselves to our Wigwams—or to the green fields and pleasant forests—there to dwell in peace and serenity, roaming the Happy Hunting Grounds of earth forever; but, if we find it must be war, then we will seize pike and shield and take our places in the file of the "Phalanx," mastering manoevers in the field of Action. Whate'er betides, it is well for us who are of one mind to stand together. In union alone there is strength.

The "Phalanx" is not to be organized for dress parade or for tournament display, but for actual service in the field. Its standard is Freedom, its slogan, Truth. Those who desire freedom and are not afraid of the truth will be with us.

Careful attention will be given to the selection of proper leaders and standard bearers of the PHALANX. These naturally must be warriors tried and true. When these are found, and the Phalanx formed according to our ideals, it will become a force irresistible. Now for the volunteers.

Avoid all conversation with the multitude, or common people, for I would not have thee subject to envy much less to be ridiculed unto the many.

For the like always takes to itself that which is like, but the unlike never agrees with the unlike. Such discourses as these have few auditors, and peradventure will have few, but they will have something peculiar unto themselves.

They do rather sharpen and whet evil men to their maliciousness, therefore it behooveth to avoid the multitude and take heed of them as not understanding the virtue and power of the things that are said.—*Divine Pymander*.

A Brief History of the Crimson Winter Rhubarb Industry.

It was in December, two years ago, that our attention was called to Crimson Winter Rhubarb. We first saw it growing in the gardens of Theodosia B. Shepherd, the well-known florist at Ventura. It was an unusual and striking sight. We had been accustomed to seeing Rhubarb, or "pie-plant," as it is called in the East, lose its leaves and die down in winter, but here were great green bunches of it, growing as luxuriantly as in June.

Mrs. Shepherd explained to us the characteristics of this special variety of Rhubarb, and presented such an array of facts relative to its culture and commercial possibilities that we became very much interested.

She, it seems, had obtained her first stock from Mr. Luther Burbank, who originated the variety by a cross between an Australian rhubarb and a native California desert plant of allied species. By this hybridization, a plant was produced that not only grew luxuriantly in winter, but had a deep root system, enabling it to withstand the heat and drought of our summers. Moreover, the color and quality of the stalks were very greatly improved by the cross. Mrs. Shepherd further improved the variety by careful selection, and later introduced it to the notice of growers, several of whom proceeded to experiment with it in a small way.

Mr. Burbank had already set his seal of approval on the culture, predicting that it would sometime become an established industry and a great commercial success. He had at the outset, it appears, taken pains to write personal letters to a large number of leading nurserymen in relation to it, setting forth its merits, etc., but, as an example of uncourteous apathy on the part of a class that one would naturally suppose to be somewhat enterprising and progressive, be it known that not *one* of these letters ever brought so much as a reply.

We afterwards, however, found a very enthusiastic grower in the person of Mr. J. B. Wagner of Pasadena, Cal., who had for a number of years been following up Mr. Burbank's suggestions, and had not only improved

the original stock of the Crimson Winter, but had originated a number of other varieties.

Mr. Wagner informed us that he had been furnishing a great many small growers with plants, but that no one as yet had taken the matter seriously enough to go into the business on a scale of sufficient magnitude to ensure a commercial success.

One, and perhaps the only reason for this—aside from the fact, as appears from the above incident in Mr. Burbank's experience that all growers get very much into a rut—has been that nearly every "white man" in California is interested in fruit raising—the orange business, especially, being a sort of craze with people here. The entire vegetable business, although demonstrably very profitably, has passed largely into the hands of the Chinese and Japanese, and for that reason seems to have "lost caste" with other people.

Large syndicates, however, are now extensively engaged in raising sugar beets, and quite recently the celery business has become a wonderful success, and California is now shipping hundreds of cars of celery every season to the eastern markets. Yet for decades the lands upon which these industries are now so extensively developed were considered fit only for pasturage, or, as in the case of celery peat lands, absolutely worthless.

After collating all the possible facts relative to rhubarb culture in California, the writer made a trip east in order to investigate the market conditions, especially in Chicago, which is the great distributing center for the east and south. It was found that the market there was almost empty, and that the demand for this product during several months in the winter and early spring was very great. The commission men stated that they had been "calling up California" for rhubarb in car lots for years, but the goods had never been forthcoming.

"Why," said one of the leading dealers of South Water Street, "don't *some* of you enterprising chaps get busy and raise us some rhubarb?"

"What is your idea," we asked, "as to the amount the Chicago market would take?"

"Well," he replied, "we *believe* we could handle a car a day for a hundred days. But we would have to

be *sure* that we could have the goods to deliver, for it takes time and money to work up a trade of this kind, and we cannot afford to do it for a small quantity of produce. But if you will furnish the rhubarb in car-load lots and keep it coming, we will see that it is marketed all right."

This certainly sounded encouraging. We ascertained that the prevailing price on the street at wholesale was about 5 cents per pound, at which rate it was easy to figure that there was a fortune in raising rhubarb.

Returning to California, we began laying plans for going into the culture of rhubarb on a large scale. It was our policy to keep as quiet as possible about what we intended doing, for the reason that Californians are *very* imitative. If they see anyone branching out into a new industry, they first become exceedingly curious, and then, if there is *any show* of success, they all jump into it.

A fine body of land was secured, and a field of some ten acres set out. This was in March of last year.

Being right on the ground and giving the business our personal attention, and managing it economically and judiciously, we shall be able to get everything out of it that there is in it. The prospects are certainly very encouraging.

Many careful estimates as to the probable returns from this industry have been made. Growers are unanimous in declaring that a thousand dollars per acre annually is a conservative estimate. We ourselves have already made some actual tests. We have plants only a year from the seed, from which we have taken as much as three pounds at a picking. Certainly, we can estimate three pickings from the plant during the winter, which would make nine pounds. We have seen plants in Mr. Wagner's fields that would easily produce ten pounds at a picking, but there will be many plants that will fall below this, so let us say that each plant will average 10 pounds of marketable stalks during the entire season. This, we think, would be a little too high for the first year, but not high enough for the second.

Now we are setting 5000 plants to the acre, that, according to the above calculation, would be 50,000 lbs. of

stalks which at 3 cts. per pound would amount to \$1500. The price has always run away above this, not less than 5 cts. per lb., and Mrs. Shepherd sold hers as high as 7 and 10 cts. But, allowing for low markets, and for unexpected expenses, it is evident that the income is sufficiently great to justify all expectations.

Mrs. Shepherd estimated a yield of from 7 to 10 tons per acre, but she set only 3,000 plants, whereas we set 5,000, nearly twice the number, so that it will be seen that our former estimate of the profits at 50 to 100 per cent annually are by no means out of the way.

It is too early for us to give definite figures on the cost of production, but we do not see how this could well run on an average beyond \$100 per acre annually. We have, to be sure, gone somewhat beyond this the first year, as we have believed it good policy to spare no expense in the way of fertilizing and culture to give the young plants a fine start.

Another and important side-industry likely to develop is the raising of young plants from seed for sale to growers. If our industry increases, as we have every reason to believe it will, this will become an important branch of the business. As much as \$5,000 worth of young plants for setting can be raised in a season on an acre of ground. It depends, of course, on the demand for plants as to how profitable this part of the industry will become.

Work is now being pushed on our various plantations, and a year from this time we hope to be able to begin shipment. While a great quantity of stalks grow the first year, they are mostly very tender, and it injures the young roots and sets them back to pull the stalks too closely. The second year from setting, the crop should be in prime condition, and by careful culture and occasional subdivision of roots, as recommended by Mr. Burbank, it may be grown without replanting indefinitely.

Inside of the year we expect to have over a hundred acres in rhubarb, which will be by far the largest plantation in the State. We have limited our present output to 150 acres, but of course will extend this, if we find the market will take it.

"Sunshine Place," where our rhubarb plantation is located, is in the city limits of Pomona, about a mile east of the center of the city. It is already becoming quite a "show-place" and is visited by hundreds of people, who have never seen such a field of rhubarb before.

On the opposite page is a cut from a photograph taken of this field in October. It was then just starting to revive after the hot summer months, during which we aim to let it rest as much as possible, though it grows perpetually, and only needs plenty of water to mature a perfect crop in midsummer. From October to May it grows luxuriantly from the winter rains that continue during this period—differing in this respect from any other variety of rhubarb, this winter crop being the great point in its favor.

Whenever the eastern people get a taste of our rhubarb, we predict that they will not be able to get enough of it, so great is its superiority over anything of the sort that can be raised in the east or south.

The culture of this variety of rhubarb being limited practically to the frostless belts of California, it is hard to see how it can ever be overdone. We have every reason to believe that it will grow and develop into a tremendously profitable industry.

D. D. BRYANT.

The only real producers of wealth in the world are those who, as miners, discover and bring to light the hidden stores of nature, and those who, as agriculturists, co-operate with nature, assisting her to bring forth her treasures more abundantly.

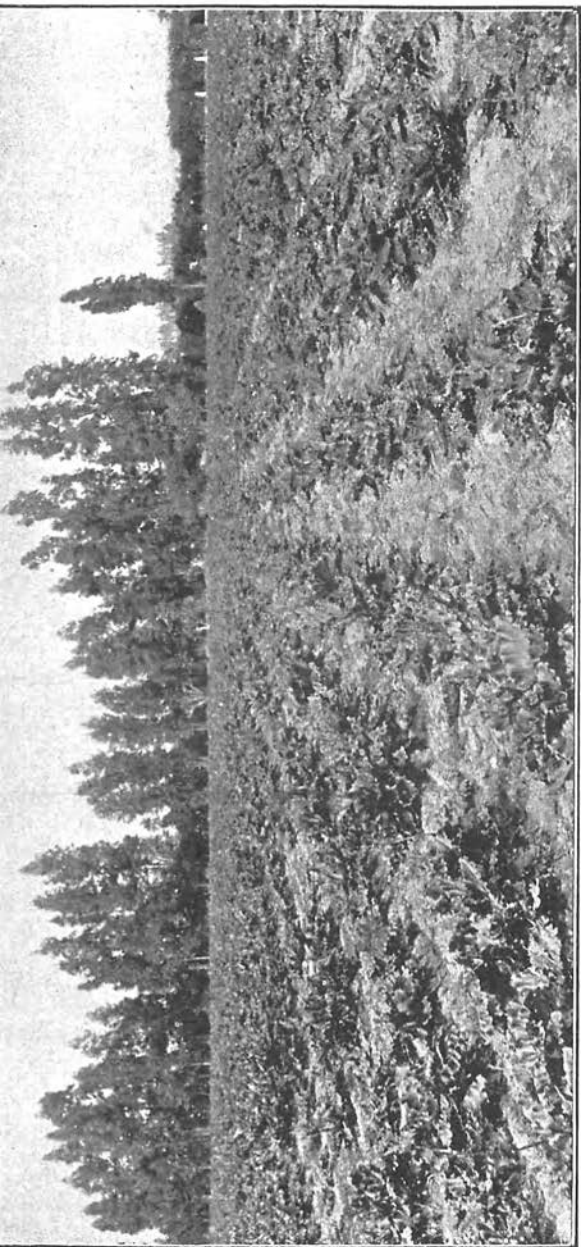
Some Letters.

Santa Rosa, California,
October 28, 1907.

Mr. D. D. Bryant,
Pomona, California.

MY DEAR SIR:—

In reply to your letter of October 26th, I think you have not the least shadow of doubt if your soil and con-



CRIMSON WINTER RHUBARB FIELD
Pomona, California

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

ditions are right, and I think they are at Pomona, for making the growing of Crimson Winter Rhubarb a commercial success.

It will ship anywhere almost, and if Crimson Winter Rhubarb will not pay better than anything else grown on the soil, then I am mistaken.

The rhubarb plants do even better when divided every two or three years. The Giant is a splendid variety and I should get into that as fast as possible. I have several newer ones of better flavor and better habit of which I offer full stock and control at \$100 to \$300 for each new variety complete. These are all new and fine ones.

Yours very truly,
LUTHER BURBANK.

* * *

Ventura, Cal., Oct. 28th, 1907.

Mr. D. D. Bryant,
Pomona, Cal.

DEAR SIR:—

We consider that the growing of CRIMSON WINTER RHUBARB will become one of the greatest industries of Southern California. Several growers in this vicinity have increased their acreage this year and claim that they have found a market in the East. We only ship the stems to the home markets, as our business is in the plants and seed, and we were satisfied with the results of last season's shipments. We believe that as this Rhubarb becomes known, that it will displace the ordinary varieties in the markets. Let anyone compare the two and judge for himself—the beautiful color and delicious flavor, and the absence of strings, should convince anyone of its superiority. The bulk of the crop comes in at the season when fresh fruit and vegetables are hardly obtainable. A Rhubarb Association should be formed to ship East in carload lots, as the home market cannot be depended on for any great amount. The plants and seed we send out are from the best pedigreed plants, and we received a gold medal at the Lewis and Clark Exposition on our exhibition.

Very truly yours,
THEODOSIA B. SHEPHERD & Co.,
per W. H. Francis, Mngr.

Pasadena, Cal., Nov. 1, 1907.

Mr. D. D. Bryant, Pomona, Calif.

DEAR SIR:—

On arrival home from Coachella Country, where I have been investigating the new spineless cactus proposition and looking up the Rhubarb possibilities of the Imperial section, I find yours of the 26th ult. on my desk.

Regarding the Rhubarb in that section (Coachella), in a couple of instances it is doing fine—this where they irrigated twice a week, which I fear is going to make it too expensive, unless they do with less water after first year.

However, in all other sections I have visited including Pomona, Chino, San Bernardino, Covina, Whittier, Norwalk, Artesia, Fullerton, Gardena, Compton, Burbank, Saticoy, Ventura, etc., they are looking FINE, and proving fully up to my hopes and claims in the past, viz: **THE BEST PAYING CROP EVER INTRODUCED IN THIS OR ANY OTHER COUNTRY**—bringing returns within six months from planting that are simply astonishing in some instances, netting the grower as high as \$400 from ½ acre first year planting; this, too, sold locally in Los Angeles at four to five cents per pound, where, had there been enough of it to make a car to ship East, it would have more than doubled that amount.

Regarding outlook for the future of Rhubarb for shipping East, during the winter it is certainly fine—even better than I had hoped. I spent three months last summer with my family touring the East, visited 30 states, Canada and Mexico, from San Francisco to Portland, Me., etc., etc. Visited every prominent city in the East and investigated fully Rhubarb prospects. In every case they will take it during winter in car lots. Around Detroit and Boston they grow it in cellars and hot-houses by forcing for winter use—this brings from 40 to 75 cts. per pound. Of course it can only be grown to limited extent in this way; when we can supply it in large quantities they will go out of business, as it costs about 15 cts. to force.

During last of July, when in Boston, Philadelphia, New Jersey and Washington, the common Rhubarb was selling at wholesale at 3 cts. per lb. It brings there early

in the spring from 9 to 13 cts. per lb. They tell me it is the best paying crop they have, yielding from \$500 to \$1000 per acre. 25 years ago it was little grown, today there are thousands of acres planted and it is as staple a crop as corn, beets, etc., with truck gardeners.

For culinary purposes, the winter sort we grow here is vastly superior to anything they can grow in the East. This fact is backed up by almost every one who has ever tried it.

Our canneries here are now using it for canning and jell purposes. The cannery at Los Angeles took all they could get in bulk last summer. A Mr. C. R. Harris of Norwalk planted some last May. He sold TWO pickings from this last summer, less than 6 months from planting to the cannery in Los Angeles at 1½c. per pound. It netted him over \$150 per acre. He has another fine crop ready to gather, which will bring from 4c to 5c. in Los Angeles. At this rate he will probably get fully \$1000 per acre first year.

I sold to the Webber Bussell Canning Co. of Seattle, Wash., 10,000 plants last spring for canning purposes. They intend putting out a lot more next spring. I fear the climate is not favorable there for winter growth. However, they say they have to have the goods. The Huntington Beach Canning and Pickle Co. was making queries for plants. At that time I could not supply them; don't know if they secured any or not.

Yes, by all means, it is one of these opportunities seldom arising, where one can get in on a good thing and make a stake quickly, and with the assurance of it never being overdone. The fact is there is little hope of it ever being made a success in wetter Northern sections or places like San Joaquin Valley, as conditions are not favorable. It is destined to be confined principally to more favorable sections of Southern California, or in the Northern section where the orange thrives.

POMONA is surely a favored spot for it. Both you and your friends make a fatal mistake if you fail to put out all you can of it. I have sent out about 20,000 plants last ten days. This is a fine time to plant. Kindly let me hear from you. I remain, yours respectfully,

J. B. WAGNER.

Dewey & Eakins, Printers,
1004 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. D. D. Bryant,
Pomona, California.

DEAR SIR:—

I have been intending to write you ever since returning from my trip through the South and West, and take this opportunity for doing so.

I was very much pleased to note the prosperity of the country in general and the immense crops in particular.

I never saw anything like it, the only complaint seemed to be that the railroads were not able to handle the business fast enough.

It was an inspiring sight and speaks well for the country's prosperity, for it is on the wealth produced from the land that real prosperity depends.

Regarding my stay at Pomona, I want to thank you for your kindness and courtesy shown me while there.

As an investor, I was very much interested in your Rhubarb Industry and am both pleased and gratified at the splendid progress being made under your personal supervision and the energy with which the work is being pushed.

From your description of the development work I, of course, expected to find that considerable progress had been made, but after seeing and investigating for myself I found that it far exceeded my expectations.

Although I traveled over a large section of the State of California, traversing nearly its whole length and stopping at many places, I say frankly that I found no location that I liked so well as Pomona.

With three railroads connecting it with those great markets of New York, Philadelphia, New Orleans, Chicago, Salt Lake and San Francisco, the shipping facilities could hardly be equalled, to say nothing of being within a few miles of Los Angeles and the Pacific Coast.

Besides these advantages it possesses many others. The delightful climate, abundant supply of good water, fertile soil, well-kept vineyards, and acre after acre of beautiful and productive orange groves.

It speaks well for your judgment that you picked out such an advantageous location.

You surely deserve commendation for the zeal and industry you have displayed in making the undertaking a success.

I extend to you my best wishes and will be glad to do anything I can to aid you in any way.

Yours sincerely,

HARRY A. JAMISON.

* * *

The Samaritan Hospital,
Broad & Ontario Sts.,
Philadelphia, Pa.,

Office of the Superintendent.

Nov. 7, 1907.

Mr. D. D. Bryant,

Pomona, California.

DEAR SIR:—

Ever since my return from my trip to California, I have had it in my mind to write and thank you for the courtesies shown me while at Pomona, and the opportunities given me to thoroughly investigate the management of your companies, financially and otherwise, and the work which has been done.

I am free to confess that I was not only satisfied, but more than surprised at the extensiveness of, and the progress which has been made in the Crimson Winter Rhubarb proposition. When I invested in this proposition last year, after having read your little book, "A Proposition of Value to Investors," I became greatly interested in the culture, and have eagerly read what Luther Burbank and other specialists have said in favor of this special culture.

As I became more largely interested in your companies, and as I heard from you from time to time of the work which was being done, I resolved to see for myself, hence my trip out this summer.

I was hardly prepared for what I saw, however, for there I found nearly one hundred acres under cultivation, with more land being prepared, the rhubarb being of the finest quality and variety and in an advanced state of development nearly ready for cutting, with a complete system of cement water pipe lines already installed and in use for irrigating all of the land.

The land, as land itself, strikes me as being a fine

proposition. How you ever succeeded in getting bodies of such fine land on main streets, and all within the city limits of Pomona, is more than I can understand.

The location of Pomona, with three trunk lines, the Southern Pacific, the Santa Fe, and the Salt Lake passing through it, and its close proximity to Los Angeles and the coast, makes the facilities for transportation and shipment of the products of your plantations ideal.

I think you have the best proposition I have seen. I have induced a number of my friends to invest, as you know, and the only regret I have is that I am unable, at this time, to take a larger interest in the scheme. I am glad that I was wise enough to invest what I did, and to add to it, for I look upon my investment as a nest egg, or saving fund, which I know will yield me a very much larger return than any other investment I can possibly make.

The one reason why I feel sure of this thing is because you are giving it your own personal attention—looking after the smallest details—and not leaving these in the hands of others. I congratulate you and the investors of this company on the excellent and aggressive management of the work, which leaves nothing to be desired.

While I know that you do not need it, yet if any investor here in the East, or in the West either, for that matter, should desire to know anything about this proposition, I shall always be glad to state what I know.

Yours for success,
COMLY SHOEMAKER.

Honor.

Honor, like every other moral sense, is developed in the individual and in the race from purely selfish instincts, self-preservation—fear. Self-preservation suggested to the animal man the necessity of seizing and fortifying certain domains to enable him to utilize their natural productions as a means of subsistence, and fear caused the acquiescence of others and restrained them from trespass.

For ages, superior physical prowess thus held the land

and forced recognition to its right of occupancy. A dispute over this right meant war, and to the victor belonged the spoils.

Had this primal law of "might makes right" continued in force without the development in the race of a higher principle, there might be but a single tribe left on earth today, and that a very savage one.

But the same self-interest of the conqueror suggested enslavement instead of slaughter, and just at this point the blood of nations was staunched and the terrible wound that had so long lacerated the world and bled it to the point of extermination had a chance to heal. Life was spared at last and it remained only for conditions to so adjust themselves that it would be endurable.

The slave strengthened the master in his defences and was thereby himself defended, and here we find the first recognition of mutuality and co-operation. In this relation a new spark was lighted in the human soul—Sympathy, which fanned by desire, burst finally into the flame of fraternity, thus consuming its own fuel of fear and selfishness and transforming it into glowing coals of love and altruism.

We have but to look about us among society and peoples to see this evolution working out at every stage, showing conclusively that creation is ever beginning and progression never ending.

We see what are considered as the most advanced and civilized nations reaching out, like the early savages, to take possession of some island or other piece of land that is regarded as desirable. We see these stronger nations sending troops to slaughter or enslave the occupants of the coveted lands, in order to dispossess them and appropriate the wealth and utilities that, by the right of prior occupation, belong to the inhabitants. It would seem by this that nations do not progress, and that the sense of Honor in them is never born.

But we must not judge the nation by such acts, which proceed from the will of the more powerful majority, this being represented always by the lowest and least developed element—savage incarnations, in fact. Opposed to this with all its force, spiritually much more powerful and destined to be triumphant, is the more in-

telligent minority—advanced minds, to whom all forms of brutality and inhumanity are alike abhorrent.

A free government founded on the will of the majority is an anomaly, since the majority are least capable of either self-government or of governing. And for the wiser minority to be forced to submit to such government, that is to say, mis-government, means a paralysis of progress.

Only when an individual listens to wisdom does his progress begin in earnest. So long as he doggedly insists on treading the weary round of experience on the lower decks, his progress will be like the chipmunk's or chimpanzee's, hardly perceptible in a single life. The same is true of nations. Only as they follow the accumulated experience of the past—and this can only be understood and applied by the wisest men, the most advanced souls—can they make rapid or unusual advancement.

But in all this contention we perceive a profounder purpose. Human wisdom is by no means infallible. It needs expansion, needs to go beyond itself, and this struggle to advance the ideal and at the same time to guard against the encroachments of the foxes and hyenas prowling about for prey accomplishes this purpose.

The birth and life of a nation is a miniature of Nature's method, and a revelation of the cosmic law. So, too, the history of the man epitomizes the history of the nation.

Childhood is the period noted for innocence and trustfulness. In youth, deception develops. In manhood, all inherent trickery shows forth. So in pioneer days, you find men innocent of wrong-doing transacting business upon faith and confidence. Their word is their bond, not to be violated or broken. In a few years, in the adolescent period when men begin to be more "civilized," selfishness leads them to cheat and take undue advantage of one another. As safeguards, contracts are devised—notes, mortgages, etc. Merging into manhood, greed is full-grown, and legal adjustment becomes a necessity.

The little pig is satisfied with its own little pull, and lays along accomodatingly; the shoat wrankles over the

rations, yet divides a little; but the great hog climbs into the trough, monopolizes the food-supply, and savagely forces the other members of the pen into a corner.

Note the sequence: First the faith, then the bond, then the law—the lawyer, the court, the jail—all to maintain the standard of Honor.

At this juncture we awake to the alarming discovery that the custodians of our Sacred Image of Honor, the lawyers and the courts, have deliberately entered the Holy of Holies and taken away the relic, which for ages has set there, facing the East. Decapitating it, they have affixed in place a rubber head, which by pushing a button can be turned every way and caused to assume any sort of countenance.

Pictures of this new and strange god are inserted in all the papers that circulate among the people, so that one sees the image one way, another another way, and each according to his particular point of view. For this reason there can no longer be said to be any fixed standard of honor in the land.

In these days of commercial piracy, where all but the big bucaners are being forced off the sea of industry, it appears as if honor were dead and that every man's hand were turned against his bother, all being engaged in a conscienceless struggle for supremacy, but it is not really so.

The scum rises always to the top and is most conspicuous. Beneath are deep pure waters and strong currents. The world is full of noble men and women with lofty ideals and purposes, whose word, like that of our forefathers, is as good as a warranty deed.

And there is honor among thieves. And the way to bring it out is to BE honorable—to “give every man a square deal.” A good example is more catching than a bad one. This is a matter of individual development. We must not wait for our neighbors to begin.

The first thing to learn in this connection is that it PAYS to be honest. We should not be blinded by the fatal error that accumulation necessarily means success. If it can be shown that men like Rockefeller have gained their wealth dishonorably, then it is demonstrable that their lives are stupendous failures.

There is nothing too good for Honor, no sacrifice is too great to make in its support. Solomon was aware of that when he said that "a good name was rather to be chosen than great riches." I suspect he knew that GREAT wealth was incompatible with honor, and consequently with a good name.

While the approval of our fellows is well worth seeking, there is a higher step. TO DO RIGHT FOR RIGHT'S SAKE. To do the honorable thing without thought of even the reward of any approbation. This is the action that proceeds from a well-formed character. It is the action that forms more character.

"Nihil est opertum quod non revelabitur, et occultum quod non scietur."

"The time has come when that which was muttered in darkness may be declared plainly in the full face of day, and when that which was whispered in the ear can be proclaimed on the house-top. The tremendous secrets of Spiritual Alchemy are about to surrender at discretion to the searching investigations of the sympathetic and impartial student at work in the cause of Truth. On the faith of a follower of Hermes, I can promise that nothing shall be held back from the true Sons of Doctrine, the sincere seekers after LIGHT, who are prepared to approach the Supreme Arcana of the psychic world with a clean heart and an earnest aim."
—*Edward Arthur Waite.*

If the flower only dies to be born again, why should not the human soul, this flower of the world, live again?
—*Michelet.*

The kingdom of God can come only when Two shall be One, and the Man as the Woman.—*Clement.*