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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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COMLY SHOEMAKER

The Phalanx

A JOURNAL OF PHILOSOPHY AND FRIENDSHIP

Vol. II

MAY

No. 5

The discovery of what is true, and the practice of that which is good, are the two most important objects of philosophy.
—Voltaire.

It is a mere and miserable solitude to want true friends, without which the world is but a wilderness.
—Lord Bacon.

We Two

We two make home of any place we go,
We two find joy in any kind of weather;
Or if the earth is clothed in bloom or snow,
If summer days invite or bleak winds blow,
What matters it if we two are together—
We two, we two, make our world, our weather.

We two make banquets of the plainest fare,
In every cup we find the thrill of pleasure;
We hide with wreaths the furrowed brow of care,
And win to smile the set lips of despair;
For us life always moves with lifting measure—
We two, we two, make our joy, our pleasure.

We two find youth renewed with every dawn,
Each day holds something of an unknown glory;
To waste no thought on grief or pleasure gone,
Tricked out like hope, Time leads us on and on,
And thrums upon his harp new song or story—
We two, we two, find the paths of glory.

We two make heaven here on this little earth,
We do not need to wait for realms eternal;
We know the use of tears, know sorrow's worth,
And pain for us is always love's rebirth;
Our paths lead closely by the paths supernal—
We two, we two, we live in love eternal.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A Trip to Imperial Valley

BY ALINE

California, the land of wonders, has nothing more wonderful than its valleys, when once they have been transformed by the hand of man from apparently arid deserts covered with cacti and sage brush into landscapes carpeted with verdure and adorned with a great variety of trees. The soil, under the burning sun, but shifting sand apparently unproductive, once subjected to irrigation, reveals a marvelous inherent richness, producing abundantly every kind of semi-tropical tree, shrub, flower, fruit, vegetable and grass. It is virgin soil, but a virgin that has felt the kiss of God for lo! these ages, and, having long since immaculately conceived, now stands ready to bring forth abundantly at command of man, the son of God—thus enacting once again before the enraptured gaze of shepherds and the wise men, the old, old miracle.

Since the days of '49 that brought thither its thousands of eager prospectors, lured by the yellow dirt, this material transformation of the face of nature has been taking place. The development has proceeded by well-defined stages from the mining to the pastoral, then to the agricultural and on to the manufacturing, which latter stage is only just being entered.

In agriculture splendid advances have been made, which bring forth cries of admiration and surprise from the thousands of tourists that annually visit the Coast. The great ranchos that formerly consisted of thousands upon thousands of acres owned by single individuals whose chief industry was the raising of vast herds of cattle and sheep—such ranches have nearly all been cut up into small farms (still termed "ranches") which are devoted largely to horticulture and fruit raising.

When I say cut up, I do not mean to imply that it is all settled up. In some localities, to be sure, the country is thickly settled, but in other places it has been no more than scratched by a few settlers. California is distinctively a pioneer land. It has attracted

and brought together a civilization remarkably imbued with the spirit of enterprise and achievement. The people of California seem to possess broad aims, high ideals and great imaginative power which, coupled with initiative, courage, faith and fearlessness, lead to undertakings that to the narrow, timid, shrinking mentalities of more conservative places on the map appear little short of marvelous.

One of the most splendid object lessons illustrative of this fact that we have before us in very recent times is the development of the now already famous Imperial Valley.

The country known as Imperial Valley is situated in the southeastern part of the State, adjoining Arizona on the east and Mexico on the south. The valley is really the bed of an ancient inland lake that was, earlier in its geologic history, an inset from the Gulf of California, being, in fact, the old delta of the Colorado River, which gradually filled up at the southernmost extremity in such a manner as to shut out the waters of the gulf and the river thus forming a vast inland sea. In time the waters of this sea evaporated, leaving a great muddy plain that was for ages subjected to the burning rays of the sun and swept by annual trade winds which blew the blistering sands into great heaps, or dunes. Thus moisture was conserved and there sprang up on the sides of these mounds, holding them henceforth in place, those primal desert dwellers, the sage, mesquite and greasewood. In this, from an agricultural viewpoint, very uninviting condition, the early prospector found it.

The valley lies at its lowest point 285 feet below sea level. From the northern part of the valley it gradually rises toward the east and south attaining an altitude a few feet above the level of the sea. Two great channels, one of which was largely cut during the recent inbreak of the Colorado,—the Alamo and New River channels—extend from the southeast to the northwest emptying into the Salton Sea, an inland lake 40 miles long by 12 wide, created by the flooding of these rivers, and maintained at present by the waste

irrigation waters which drain through them. Four years ago this sea was a dry bed, in the middle of which a large salt works was in operation.

The breaking in of the river, the threatened inundation of the entire valley, the sudden formation of this remarkable sea, the stopping of the break through the timely assistance of the Southern Pacific railroad, occurring as it did only two years ago, are too fresh in the mind to need recapitulation.

That which seemed at the time a veritable calamity, and which was such in fact to the few settlers whose holdings lay in the path of this terrible watery serpent, carving a tortuous path a quarter of a mile or more wide and forty feet deep through the entire length of the valley and dumping the dirt of the unfortunate homesteaders all together and irreclaimable at the bottom of the Salton Sink—this seeming calamity proved to be a general blessing since it gave the whole valley a free and efficient system of drainage, to have accomplished which by ordinary methods would have cost millions of dollars and required years of time.

Here was a case of good coming out of evil, or of evil transformed to good. It is singular to note how that the All-good appears continually to employ methods which men account as evil, to accomplish ends which must be recognized as good. It was graft, and graft only that was responsible for this entire catastrophe. Graft it was that caused the installation of a defective retaining wall at the intake of the main ditch, the breaking away of which flooded the valley. To go further back, it was graft that conceived and executed the whole irrigation project by which this valley was reclaimed.

To moralize on the matter, it is Graft that, sitting enthroned as supreme potentate in the land, directs, controls, and executes every one of the vast undertakings which civilize and advance humanity. What shall we say then, that Graft is "good" and admit that our former ideas of goodness were biased by prejudice, or shall we rather say that Graft alone has brains to do,

while the goody-goodies function with vacuum-cells run by pneumatic attachment with only gumption enough to be **done?**

However it is, we better quit howling about its "being antagonistic to the religion of our forefathers and the ethics promulgated by Jefferson and Lincoln" and get wise to the game for our own protection, at least. When once we understand it, then if we constitutionally disapprove, we may successfully throttle it by squelching it first in our individual cosmos.

According to a decision of the supreme court, no individual or corporation has a right to divert water from a free stream, as a river, into artificial canals for the purpose of furnishing the same for irrigation at a price unless such individual or corporation shall first, **AT ITS OWN EXPENSE**, install the entire system for such diversion.

Now the promoters of the Imperial Valley irrigation scheme didn't have the money to work it, but they had something just as good or better—they had brains, and the way they took to get around this ruling so as to make the settler foot all the bills, not only to pay for the installation of the whole irrigation system, but to pay tribute to these wily promoters and their descendents forever, while they sit back and watch the sweat trickle from the brow of the laborer and chuckle as they cut coupons, makes facetious reading for those who have time and disposition to go through a collection of briefs wherein all this history of graft is laid bare.

If out of their plunder the promoters had taken a respectable amount, sufficient to have installed a safe and efficient system, the settler might have forgiven their rapacity. Yet the worst is over and fate has placed Harriman in control, and nothing more is to be feared, for, despite the jibes that are accustomed to be thrust at this little monarch, it can never be said that he does things by halves. He has saved the valley to the settlers for all time to come and it will be to his interest to do everything to develop the resources of the newly acquired province.

Another hardship which this short-skate and whirlwind development company worked upon the settlers was in its hurried and imperfect survey of the lands. These lands belonged to the government, and the boundaries were not properly defined at the time they were opened for settlement. The land grabbers could not wait, however, but filed upon the lands in accordance with the company's survey. Later on the government comes in to rectify things, and it is discovered in some instances that the land one man has been improving belongs to his neighbor, or a part of it, at least. It is rare, however, that any serious discrepancies arise, and the whole matter is now being rapidly and satisfactorily adjusted.

I just returned from a visit to this wonderful valley. It is hard to believe the evidence of the senses, hard to describe the things seen so as to make the story credible. It is like the tale of Aladdin's lamp.

The valley is traversed from north to south by a branch of the Southern Pacific railroad which recently has been completed around through Mexico to Yuma. A new road from San Diego is expected and will doubtless materialize in the near future. This will not only open up the valley to the sea, connecting it with one of the best and most beautiful harbors in the world, but will give it a direct connection with the East, something that will surely enhance its development rapidly.

It is predicted by the inhabitants, who naturally are very enthusiastic over the possibilities of their section, that it will in time become recognized and known as a great winter resort, the climate for eight months of the year being far more equable than anywhere on the coast, in fact, as nearly faultless as possible, having none of the cold rains or fogs which make the California coast winter somewhat disagreeable.

There are several fair-sized and prosperous-looking little towns along the line of the railroad—Brawley, Imperial, El Centro, Heber, Calexico, and last but not least, lying eastward and connected by an interurban railway, the town of Holtville.

Holtville, though at present on a side track, stands a pretty good chance of being on the main line from San Diego when it comes through. It appears to have several natural advantages over other sections of the valley. One is that it is higher, being just at sea level, another that it has a soil of superior quality and a larger body of it than is to be found elsewhere, another that it lies nearer to the source of the water supply, being only about nine miles from the intake, and still another, which appears to me to be one of the greatest advantages of all, and that is its situation on the east side of the Alamo river, by which it will always have a perfect drainage—a thing of great importance in a level country like this.

The soil about Brawley is perhaps equally good, but it is 113 feet below sea level, and the temperature is said to be somewhat higher in summer and lower in winter, though I do not think there can be any great difference in this respect. The growth of vegetation around Holtville and Brawley is something wonderful. One can hardly believe that the trees growing here, eucalypti and cottonwoods, some of which measure a foot in diameter, are but four years old. Every species of tree and shrub seems to thrive here.

Quite extensive and satisfactory experiments have been made with fruit trees, which all grow rapidly and bear abundantly. I saw some fine orange, lemon and grape fruit trees which had made the most rapid growth I have ever seen. Citrus trees here are not troubled with any form of scale, and the fruit ripens several weeks earlier than it does along the coast. Undoubtedly this will eventually become a famous orange growing section like Riverside and Redlands. Orange men from these sections have pronounced the Imperial orange perfect and some are making preparations to put out groves in the valley.

The great industry at present is the growing of alfalfa and the feeding of hogs. Barley is also a splendid crop, growing as high as one's head and yielding abundantly. And this is the crop which the govern-

ment experts said would not thrive at Imperial. The experts surely have something to learn.

Alfalfa is king. It is cut about nine times a year and will net \$75 to \$100 per acre. As the best land can be bought here now for \$100 per acre, this is seen to be a good investment—not much like the returns from a worn out Eastern farm.

An industry of recent development and one that has already reached large proportions is cantaloupe-growing. Thousands of acres are devoted to this culture alone, and hundreds of cars of delicious melons are shipped annually to the Eastern markets, beginning as early as June 1st.

Another new industry that bids fair to be extremely profitable is asparagus. The asparagus grown in this valley is of a very superior quality. Some of it recently shipped East by our company was pronounced the finest flavored of any that had been received. Coming in as it does a few weeks earlier than from any other section, it commands a specially high price in the Eastern markets.

Cabbage is another thing grown to perfection in the valley. I saw car-loads of it going out which was netting the growers \$45 per ton, and the land is said to produce as high as ten tons to the acre.

Grape culture is also a demonstrated success here, there being already many hundreds of acres of grapes in bearing, and a great many more being put out. I saw grape vines two years old as large as those of five or six years' growth in other sections.

A unique industry and one that is attracting considerable attention is the raising of turkeys, which in this dry climate thrive remarkably well, and as they feed on alfalfa and scattering grain from the fields of barley they are raised without much of any expense. Bringing as they do a high price always in the markets, the business is said to be very profitable. About \$8,000 worth of turkeys were sold last year. One lady had over a thousand birds.

Bee culture is another industry that nets handsome returns. The valley is a perfect paradise for horses,

cattle and sheep, which live out of doors all the year round, and remain sleek and fat from the abundance of feed. Horses attain their size here much sooner than elsewhere, and sheep show the highest percentage of increase of any place in the world.

The marvelous fertility and productivity of this wonderful valley is due in great measure to the abundance of the water supply, which is practically limitless. The water-right that goes with the land allows the use of four acre feet of water a year, which ordinarily is twice as much as a grower needs. This water, carrying as it does a vast quantity of river sediment which is continually being deposited on the land, is a perpetual fertilizer in itself. The entire soil is, in fact, made up of this river sediment, down to unknown depths. Wells have been bored 400 or more feet deep and there is in all this distance no change in the formation of the soil—just one solid sedimentary deposit, inexhaustibly rich in mineral elements.

Whence came this wonderful body of land? The answer is easy—is almost within view. Up in Arizona there is to be found that wonderful and far-famed canyon, known as the Grand Canyon, through the bottom of which, thousands of feet from the surface, flows the Colorado river. Geologists tell us that some time the river flowed at the surface and that for countless ages it ate its way into the solid rock and particle by particle carried it in solution depositing it in the basin of this lower inland sea. The time required to build this valley in this marvelous manner defies the calculation of man, even as it transcends the imagination. It makes Genesis read like modern history, and brings the Garden of Eden within a stone's throw of Yosemite and Yellowstone.

While in this valley I beheld the greatest future possibilities and saw that within a few years it was likely to become the garden spot of California, I was most of all struck with the character of the people who have made it what it is and laid the foundation for its future greatness. Without such people with an abiding faith and purpose, and with sufficient energy and enterprise

to go and settle amid those bleak dunes where the hot sands whirled and blistered and venomous reptiles gave forth their warning rattle or crawled neighborly around camp fires and beds at night—without water or food or lumber or supplies of any sort save what were transported at long distances—people who had the imagination to see possibilities and the dauntless courage to work them out to realization—nothing in such a place could ever hope to happen.

First they went in there with many teams of mules, hauling in supplies and living in pitched tents. They hitched their teams to the two ends of a railroad iron and so dragged down the dunes. Once having dislodged the network of mesquite and other roots, the rest was easy. The work of leveling was finished with Fresnoes and a plank finisher.

The dune was subdued and the land lay level, then the Lord of the Winds that had held sway in the desert for so many a day angrily commanded his hosts to whirl the sand away and pile it up as of yore. So it blew great gusts and clouds of dust, blinding the settler and causing him to fear lest his claim might be scattered to the four winds of heaven. Then the great ditch with its net work of laterals was dug and one of its reclaiming arms reached out to him. The welcome water flowed over the land leaving a crust of mud which effectually nailed it down and forever defeated the vengeful purposes of the monarch of the winds. As the Egyptians sow wheat in the mud of the Nile after the retreat of the waters, so the Imperialite sows in the mud left by the water from his ditches, barley and alfalfa, with much the same result. The Imperial valley will duplicate, if indeed it will not excel, the valley of the Nile in productivity. Experiments have been made with Egyptian cotton which is found to make a most splendid growth and yield, and several thousand acres are being put in cotton this year.

Another thing I forgot to mention which bids fair to become an industry of considerable importance in the valley and that is date culture. While date palms thrive everywhere in California, nowhere else in the

State will the date fruit come to maturity outside of this valley. Here with their "head in the sun and feet in the water," as the Arabs say, they attain a perfection rivalled only by Sahara or the Persian Gulf country.

The largest ranch in the valley is owned and operated by a syndicate, the California and Mexican Development Company. Their lands lie on either side of the border, 2000 acres in California and 8000 in Mexico, all under cultivation, 5000 acres being in alfalfa. On this ranch there are 14,000 head of cattle and horses, besides almost innumerable sheep and hogs. They specialize on blooded stock. This company also owns a million more acres of range land further down in Mexico.

Most of the ranches in the valley range from 160 to 320 acres though many are larger. With the advent of more people, these farms will be cut up into smaller holdings and a system of intensive culture will be brought into play as in the older settled portions of the State, and when this is done, phenomenal results will be shown, and the valley will become the veritable garden spot of the country.

It may be of interest to many of our readers to know that our company proposes to make an extensive development in this valley in the near future. One of the first industries will be asparagus growing, for which we are now preparing our seed beds. This will be followed by grape-fruit and other things that shall be proved profitable.

This is, I believe, a great country to "grow up" in. Land is cheap, water is plentiful, transportation good. The only drawback from a residential standpoint is the extreme heat of the summer which lasts about two months. During this time the thermometer frequently goes to 125 in the shade which is certainly warm enough to stay in the shade, yet the very dry atmosphere renders the heat far less oppressive than 100 degrees would be in Chicago or New York. One does not begin to feel the heat here as in a more humid climate, besides the nights are always cool and lovely.

I will add for the relief of timorous ladies who might be frightened out of visiting this lovely valley by my inadvertent reference to snakes, that with the introduction and application of irrigation, the var-mints all disappear. Rattlesnakes were common all over California in the early days and still may be found plentifully up in the mountains and canyons. But such a thing as a rattler in a settled district is never seen or heard. One other pest that is almost universal throughout the western country, the gopher, has not made his appearance in the valley.

El Centro, the capital of the new county of Imperial, is a very thriving and substantially-built town, only two years old. It has two banks, a theatre, three hotels, of which one, "The Oregon," is up-to-date and first-class in every respect. Besides these there are a number of fine business blocks, and the town already has an air and a hum about it that is quite metropolitan.

At the hotel they gave us a room to store our clothes and baggage in, and cots placed out of doors on a screened porch in which to sleep. How delicious was the slumber we enjoyed out in the open! Such balmy, yet cool and deliciously invigorating air I have never breathed anywhere. Those who live in the desert for awhile are said to acquire a fascination for it, and I do not wonder. Catarrh, rheumatism, and a hundred other ailments which torment humanity, likewise blight, rust and scale on vegetation, disappear as by magic, unable to endure the purging ray of Sol. Taken all in all, Imperial Valley is a most magnificent country, and one in which great fortunes are certain to be made.

So free we seem, so fettered fast we are.

—Browning

The public is an old woman; let her maunder mumble.

—Carly

A Birthday Threnody

To Delmar DeForest Bryant,
Born April 30th, 1858.

The alchemists, seers and astrologers of those ancient days, the days in which the Winged Bulls of Nineveh were carved and fashioned from stone and bronze, had a screed that he who was lucky enough to be born on the eleventh day of Taurus would be regenerated in this incarnation and not taste death in earth-life.

Sun enters Taurus April 19th, and is, therefore, eleven days in the Sign of the Bull, the beast of determination and power, that takes to itself wings in the state of regeneration.

The origin of eleven is the two posts or columns of the "Gate of Hercules," typifying the door to regeneration.

Astrologically the sun is nine degrees in Taurus on the 30th day of April. According to the Jewish Cabala, nine is a symbol of "Hidden Wisdom" represented by a veiled lamp. The wisdom here veiled is brought to light by adversity, the result of which is transmutation of materialistic concept into the "liquid diamond" of Divine Love.

At the time of the birth of this Taurean, the moon was riding on the Centaur, the strong, swift running horse, Sagittarius, along side of the archer whose arrows never fall short of the mark.

Here then we have a man who knows not the meaning of defeat, and one who personifies the epigram of the Apostle Paul," He who is led by the Spirit is not under the law, but is a law unto himself."

—By a Friend.

Be not simply good—be good for something.

—Thoreau.

There is an unbelief which grows out of ignorance,
as well as a scepticism which is born of intelligence.

—Ignatius Donnelly.

Caste

People born and reared in a democratic country like the United States are wont to repudiate the idea of caste distinction, grounded as they are in the doctrine that "all men are created equal." And yet, the very ones who hold to this doctrine most tenaciously in theory are the first to ignore and belie it in practice.

Should the social bottle be shaken and its ingredients mixed into a heterogeneous mass, the process of settling and segregation would begin immediately, and you should soon have a dozen different stratas at the bottom—some froth at the top—while a very little of the essential substance would remain in solution.

Status is a question of gravity in society as well as in physics, and it is both unscientific and absurd to expect society to follow some law or principle other than the natural one in determining status.

We sneer at the Hindu with his rigorous notions of caste, and our sympathy goes out to the poor, despised Pariah, the outcast from society, while we feel only contempt for the haughty Brahmin who religiously avoids even meeting one of these low caste persons on the street. We also laugh at the idea held by the Hindus that it is uncleanly or contaminating to eat with persons of a lower caste. And yet, following out our own natural instincts, we put in practice the very same notions. You think there is no such thing as caste in America? Let us see about that.

First, there is the blue-blood aristocracy. Never mind on what the claim of aristocracy is based or how the blue blood got its tinge, whether from unusual success in packing pork, or from having had a Hessian granddaddy who fought for the country against George of Washington—no matter about inspecting the "tree" or the "escutcheon" too closely, we admit that there exists an aristocracy, a recognized "400" (subject to additions), the same being the prototype of myriad small upper-tendoms and swelldoms in every city and town. This class certainly bears all the ear-marks of a caste, and a very exclusive caste at that. It takes a

certain amount of dough and a certain sort of distinction, or some particular pull to be admitted to it. It has its Brahmins, high-chokered and tailor-made, who cater to the upper class and who take good care that they are not besmirched by the contaminating proximity of mediocrity and such. It has its temples, from which, if Jesus Christ entered in overalls, he would be peremptorily ejected.

Secondly, we have the varioloid type of aristocracy, the professional class—apes of the Real Thing—quite a little below the upper-crust, but quite as exclusive, considering themselves “just as good” or a little better than anybody. This class is facetiously referred to as “codfish aristocracy,” probably because it originated in Boston—possibly, too, it may still reside in the environs of Back Bay.

Thirdly, we have the merchant-class—the middleman who is the stomach of the social system, whose function it is to procure the products of labor and pass them on to the upper classes. This class is called the mediocre, or “well-to-do” class, because the people of this class find it **well** to do others rather than to do things themselves. Some of these people try hard to affiliate with the codfish set, and sometimes succeed in doing so.

Fourthly, we come to the laboring class, the producers. This class is numerically larger than all the other classes put together. It embraces the people who actually do the work of the world—laboring in fields to raise the grain and fruit, the cattle, cotton and corn with which to feed and clothe the nations—toiling in workshops to make and fashion the myriad things from the pin to the locomotive, all the things of utility and beauty—brick and mortar, boards and nails, glass and paper—carpets and tapestries, furniture and furnaces—utensils for the cuisine, musical instruments for the drawing room—carriages and caparison, automobiles, yachts—everything made to conduce to the comfort and luxury of the upper classes—all being the direct product of the brain and brawn of the laboring class, the so-called “low-

cumulated in a hundred ways through the schemes of organized charity—all laudable as to motive but abortive as to result, since the element of human nature is not taken into consideration. The dirt-begrimed are doused and dragged out to dry. They are encased in clean clothes, and given a clean place in the clean country and told that hereafter they are to lead clean lives—all very fine, but what happens? These subjects of gratuitous sapoliation never appreciate the treatment given them, in fact, they resent it, and very soon forsake their charity country homes, gravitating right back to their former abodes of dirt and foul smells.

The effort put forth to ameliorate the condition of the uncleanly poor is both thankless and without satisfactory result. It is an error to suppose that these people are always wretched because they are poor. Wretchedness is purely a mental condition and does not exist to any extent among people of this type. Hospital surgeons will testify that people on this plane have far less sensitive nerves, that they endure painful operations with stolid indifference and without anesthesia. Anyone who imagines that dirt and disease, squalor and wretchedness, necessarily go together, should visit the Ghetto, or the Italian quarter, or almost any of the poorer districts of our large cities. There you will see children playing in the alleys and gutters just as fat and healthy and happy as you will see them in more prosperous localities.

I am not speaking of the exceptional cases where enforced poverty, or misfortune has reduced to low levels people naturally born and reared in higher classes, but of the great mass who have never risen, or tried to rise higher, and who never will rise until they have outlived their desire for dirt, which may be in the course of one life, and may be in several. Let the pig wallow in the luxury of the mire, the parlor is no place for it!

Caste is both natural and artificial. Natural caste we have to recognize. Artificial caste only should be done away with. The natural outworking of caste is seen in the formation of the various church sects. The

Presbyterians are a class distinct from the Methodists, and the Methodists from the Baptists. The Salvation Army people and the Christian Scientists each have their distinctive characteristics, and neither could ever train in the other class.

Each nationality is also a class by itself. Bringing two nationalities together does not make them "equal" nor make possible their uniting. For example, the African nation has been brought in close touch with the American, but a great gulf still exists between the two, and is there any sane man that will say it is not a natural gulf or that it should not exist? If so, let him be willing to eat with the negro and to sleep with him, and take him on terms of perfect social relationship. The fact that he revolts at this test proves the insincerity of his doctrine.

An American girl under the spell of an illusion leaves home and travels to Europe to consort with a German baron, an Italian duke or a French prince. Experience in nine cases out of ten proves it to be a mesalliance. Foreign ways are in many respects abhorrent and shocking to American taste and education. Each nation belongs in a class by itself.

The recoil of classes one from the other is both natural and scientific, and nothing is more foolish than to attempt by any sudden or coercive method to bring the classes to the same level. This is where socialism falls down. The capitalistic class is formed like any other, not artificially but naturally. Men are born with a peculiar mentality which makes them capitalists. Granted they may disregard the eighth commandment to achieve success—that is nothing to the case. They are simply constituted so that early religious training does not hypersensitize their conscience and thus interfere with recognized business principles. The laboring class is also formed naturally. It is formed of men who have minds for creating and producing rather than scheming and manipulating. The two kinds of mentalities are entirely distinct and different, and it is absolute nonsense to talk about the laboring class changing places with the capitalistic class, assuming its responsibilities, doing its work. The

capitalist would be just as much at sea in the workshop as the artisan would be in the office.

The great point to recognize is that one class is as good as another IN ITS PLACE, and its place is just where it is. The thing to deplore is where the prejudices of caste operate to prevent or handicap progress in any given line. Where the ideals of America transcend those of Europe or the Orient is in our abolition of artificial barriers to attainment—in freedom of opportunity and the reward of effort regardless of social status.

In India, as I understand it, the laws of caste are so inexorable that a person born in one caste can never, save by some extraordinary act, pass from a lower to a higher caste.

In Europe, that is in monarchical Europe, no person can aspire to nobility, unless his ancestry somehow belonged to the noble class. Whatever constituted, or gave the original endowment of nobility, is a question that it is well perhaps not to look into too closely—but that, again, is another matter, the people there all believe in the superstition of the Divine Right of Royalty. In America, however, the humblest born may come to achieve the very highest honors and distinction accorded to citizens.

In this sense, America is the true land of liberty and opportunity, which is as open to the foreigner as to the native born, and yet—and yet—we show that George III did not put the thumb-screws quite hard enough to our forefathers, for there still runs in our blood a taint of the disease of royalty which manifests itself continually in our disposition not only to rule but to bump our heads to rulers.

The falseness and artificiality of our whole system is due to the ascription of all power to the god Money, whereupon the possessor of money wields undisputed influence and sway. To this we succumb without a protest, we allow it to clutch us, to throw us down, to trample and curse us. We neither dare to raise our voices in resentment or to vindicate what we feel to be our God-given rights and privileges.

Really we have no rights and privileges—we sold them long ago for a mess of pottage—for "our daily bread," which we daily petition the masters to allow us. And they feed us, or permit us to take a small portion of our own food, for the privilege of living and working and serving such brilliant and clever masters!

Now, then, we are reduced to serfdom and we deserve it because of our ignorance and selfishness, our lack of confidence in each other and our unwillingness for all men to enjoy the same measure of freedom. The whole effort today is, not to win success by fair means and superior effort, but by crippling someone's chances. We will not yield one iota of the rights and privileges of competition and hence the survival of the fittest (the smartest).

Competition creates the ruling class—the parasitic class, which lives on the labor of its slaves through a unique system of taxation exactly similar but far more reaching and extraordinary than the "tax on tea" that served once to settle an important controversy with our "mother." Suppose everytime you went into a store to buy an article, the merchant should say, the actual cost of this article is one dollar; I charge 25 cents as my commission for selling it to you, 10 cents must be paid the landlord for the store I occupy, and 65 cents goes to the government to keep up public expenses—and to protect and encourage home manufacture. Here you see you are held up for a dollar above the cost of the article—all to pay the parasites. But you fail to notice it, particularly as all these facts are kept dark, and you are simply told that the price of the article is \$2.00. You pay the price and go on paying it, and thus perpetuate the "system" that forever divides society into two great political classes, the serving class and the served. These divisions are created and maintained largely by money or by brains which manipulate money.

To understand money is to possess it, to fail to understand it is to lose possession of it. The god, Money, has established a new decalogue. The age of money

is a new dispensation. The attempt to worship the God of Israel and at the same time the Golden Calf leads to hypocrisy and confusion. Judging from the acts of the devotees of the Calf, Jehovah is a joke and an antiquated humbug, while the Golden Idol is supreme and strictly up-to-date.

But, if the image be ground to powder and the people taste it thoroughly, which is happening through experience, they will come to their better senses and the old deity in a new garb of truth and justice will again rise supreme and be reinstated in the hearts of men whereupon all artificial caste distinctions will be utterly demolished. The masters will serve! No longer will anything be deemed unclean—to the pure all things are pure. Everything will be considered right as it is. There will be no unrespectable thing in the whole earth. Each will be good and proper in its place. It will be as honorable to sit at the foot of the throne as upon it—in fact, all temporal, artificial thrones, will be abolished and obliterated, save the mighty throne of the human mind, Intellect, which will ever be recognized, admired and emulated.

Who?

Through The Phalanx, I am endeavoring all the while to define my position and set forth the true ideal as reflected in my consciousness. Only a few, however, seem able to apprehend the real meaning of these tenets. I expect to be constantly misunderstood and misquoted. For it does go so hard against the grain of the mind calloused by prejudice and warped by religious bias to hear one word said contrary to "cherished doctrines," which more often are cherished delusions.

Cannot you, Oh! mortal Soul, wake up to perceive that religion is purely a matter of geography, and morality simply a question of education? How is it that no two people nor yet two individuals think alike on these questions? How is it that religions are diametrically opposed to each other? How can you go

on believing that your God is superior or essentially different from other gods? Alas! If you are still enmeshed in the fanaticism and dogmas of religious belief, I cannot talk to you. You had best retire from the sound of my voice for I shall only give you pain and disquietude, shall cause you to gnash your teeth and howl, "Crucify him! crucify him!"

I speak to those who have gotten out of these foolish trammels, those who are willing, nay, eager, to go to Nature and learn the truth. Where else in the universe should we go? There is no other teacher—no other precedent.

And what does nature teach more emphatically than the principle and right of individual liberty? Cannot you see that this principle, or right, is recognized more and more clearly along the line of the species up to man, and that he alone, more stupid than the ass, more blind than the bat, obstinately refuses to recognize his own birthright, or rather refuses to allow that others shall have the right to recognize it?

It is not, then, that he is so ignorant, but that he is so selfish, wishing to secure the fruits of freedom, but imagining that he cannot get enough without in some way depriving others—in a word, without getting a corner on personal liberty.

Because I affirm that Woman as the mother of the race should be free and be given the same right of initiative that is exercised by the birds and beasts in the choice of the mate who is to cooperate with her in the divine-human work of creation—because I deny that Man has any right to bind her and, for the mere sake of his own inhuman and selfish gratification, hold her in hateful bondage against her will to give birth to degenerates, fools and monstrosities, thus yielding up her precious life a sacrifice to his lust and caprice—because of this I am called "Mormon" and "free-lover!"

A word in defense of Mormonism. How can any thinking man or woman fail to perceive that the prevalent promiscuity of our present society is but another and worse form of polygamy than that practiced by the

Mormons before its suppression by the federal government? If we need a proof of this, and a good object lesson besides, we have but to compare the state of morality of Salt Lake city under Gentile dispensation with what it was under that of the Mormon elders.

And as to free love, of course love is free, must be free **because it cannot be bound**. Nature shows us that love is but a high form of attraction existing **only between two**. The bi-unity, then, is the ideal, and the perfected marriage of the twain the only scientific realization. **I would have love free for no other purpose than to come into this realization!**

How completely do people tied up to religious tenets get twisted as to the truth of things—how distorted the view through the theologic lens! It is the religious element, the bound and the repressed, **not** the secular element, the free and satisfied, who break loose into all manner of unnatural indulgences, but they do it strictly under cover, and in some erratic way, keeping only the clean side of the platter towards the public. These are the type of hypoerites that Christ inveighed against—the “whited sepulchres”—and the church today is fairly lousy with ’em.

Religion is used by this sort of people as a cloak for their personal depravity, and respectability as a mask for their evil deeds. Whenever you find them openly attacking a specific form of vice, or siccing the police after it, rest assured it is the **very thing** they are practicing most strenuously in their own homes (or other homes)—but all in secret, under the pretense of legality and the justification of divine license!

Out upon this hypocrisy, the curse of the world! It stands in the pulpit and occupies chairs in institutions of learning, sits on the judicial bench, and makes up the grand jury. Its work is to censure and judge, to blast and defame, to condemn and execute. It has trampled out the light of a thousand lives and caused all the misery that ever befell the race of Adam—and the Woman.

WHO, THEN, CAN BE FOUND TO STAND AGAINST IT?

We take great pleasure this month in presenting the likeness of our esteemed associate, Mr. Comly Shoemaker, Vice-President of The Phalanx Company and general Eastern sales-manager.

Mr. Shoemaker was born February 25, 1873, at 3:40 A. M., in the City of Brotherly Love. He belongs to one of the oldest and best known Quaker families, of which he is justly proud. He received a most excellent literary and commercial education, graduating from Friends' High School in 1889, and from Business College in 1890. This was supplemented by a thorough, practical business training and experience, in his connection with a prominent banking institution, The Land Title and Trust Company of Philadelphia, which he left in 1906 to become Registrar of The Philadelphia Dental College.

His unusual ability in the management and direction of affairs soon brought recognition, and he received a call to the superintendency of The Samaritan and Garretson Hospitals, in which position he acquitted himself with great honor and credit. His work also attracted the attention of the celebrated Russell H. Conwell, with whom he became advisory associate in the management of Temple College.

For many years Mr. Shoemaker has been a profound student of occult science. Being born in the luminous sign of Pisces, sun at the zenith, with an heritage of the Gift of Prophecy, his mind trends normally towards the inspirational and the imaginative. Little wonder, then, that he listened to the irresistible Voice and was drawn into the Charmed Circle of the Higher Revelation, or that he felt the cosmic urge to step outward and upward into the freer and broader life—the life offering the greatest opportunity for individual unfoldment. Mr. Shoemaker resigned his hospital position on July 1st, 1908, to devote his services to The Phalanx Company.

The subject of our sketch is a man of strong personality, an enthusiast and optimist, of indefatigable energy and limitless resource, who knows not the word, fail, and, like Midas, has power to create success from whatever he touches. In attracting and securing the interest and assistance of a man of this type The Phalanx Company is certainly to be congratulated.

The Order of the Phalanx

Up to the present time all allusions to The Order of The Phalanx have been more or less vague and mysterious, simply it was not quite clear how the IDEAL of such an order was to be brought to realization. I have arrived at the point where I may discuss more freely, and with more assurance the plans and possibilities of this Order.

I have used the term "order" advisedly, since it expresses natural or divine sequence, as opposed to arbitrary law, custom or institution. The "Order" of The Phalanx might mean a society or it might mean a rule or disposition of The Phalanx. Thus the term in itself is somewhat ambiguous. It is desirable that its full and actual meaning be made manifest, but this cannot be done by a definition—it demands a work, which is the very thing being accomplished.

It was necessary first that The Phalanx be **formed**—that is have in it the **proper material**—men of metal, able and fearless and free. It was necessary next that an **orderly** method of action be determined upon and that the forces be properly equipped to carry out the plan.

To accomplish all this has required deep thought and combined effort on the part of those minds whose sole aim was the achievement of the grand ideal, PERSONAL LIBERTY.

The foundation has been well laid. The quality of every timber in the structure has been thoroughly **tested**, and all weak or inefficient material has been eliminated. Everything has been weighed in the balance, and if found wanting, has been rejected.

All effort at co-operation that is not founded on self-interest must fail, since Self is the center of each soul's sphere. But the greatest lesson that Self can learn is that its highest and best interest is attained by **service to other selves**, while the gravest error that it can commit is to ignore the interests of others. There is an infallible law of compensation by which the Self is brought in time to this understanding.

The chemist of love
Will this perishing mould.
Were it made out of mire,
Transmute into gold.

—Hafiz.

