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EXCERPTS FROM THE
CRATER OF GOLD

A Mysterious Manuscript

BY

J. CALVIN MITCHELL

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PUBLISHED BY THE
CRATER OF GOLD PUBLISHING CO.
4016 N. PAULINA ST.
CHICAGO, ILL.

PS 3525
194 E9

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THE CRATER OF GOLD PUB. CO.



PRINTED AND BOUND BY
W. B. CONKEY COMPANY
HAMMOND - INDIANA

ILLUSTRATED BY
M. H. NATWICK

OCT 14 1918

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no. 1

PREFACE

The author of the extravaganza, **THE CRATER OF GOLD**, pictures nature as the teacher of truth, gives personal experiences in the struggle of life, advances scientific propositions and prophecies, theorizes on the science of government, and closes by holding out the Absolute Faith to all and a plea for the universal brotherhood of man. There is no intention to mislead or tear down, but to build, and establish the truth in its simplicity.

THE AUTHOR.

Much of **THE CRATER OF GOLD** is drawn from actual events in life.

Many of the characters have not been allowed to talk as strong as did their prototypes and some have been choked out. Archy Umbrage was taken by the throat and choked till he was blue in the face, but he just would spit out what he had to say.

The Old Man of the Crater said much more than appears in this volume.

If any of the characters insult you, talk to them kindly and they will forgive you—for so they have been instructed.

THE CRATER OF GOLD, unhampered by parties, precedents or dogmas, is a warm range that turns out flapjacks of Truth hot from the griddle aimed at the inconsistencies of mankind.

THE PUBLISHER.

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PITIFUL MAN

Did you ever in your life
Realize how weak is man,
Sadly pitiful in the strife
Of life's short span?

Most any day my time may come
To give up life and work no more;
The mind at rest, it will be dumb,
All toil and fret will then be o'er,
All worry o'er financial loss,
Or falseness of pretending frien'
No more will vex or make me cross,
No more I'll suffer pain again.

No more I'll have to work so hard
To get a bite to eat each day,
No more I'll have to vice discard
Or watch the tricksters in their play.
Then I'll be free from cheating deals
To take the coin away from me,
No more I'll know just how one feels
When cheated out of property.

Then back to God the soul returns,
We know not how or why it may,
But as the human heart so yearns,
We hope, believe and pray that way.
And back to earth from whence it came
The body goes—to end the story,
It mingles with the elements
In Nature's restless lab'ratory.

Did you ever in your life
Realize how weak is man,
Sadly pitiful in the strife
Of life's short span?

AN AIR CASTLE

INTRODUCTION TO "THE CRATER OF GOLD"

"What is the matter, Mr. Zackley? You have ceased dictating for five minutes and have been staring at the ceiling."

"I was just thinking," said Mr. Z. to his steno.

"I hope you are not ill. I must say I fear you are in some difficulty and make free to offer my assistance if there is anything that I can do for you."

To explain, this conversation took place in the real estate and loan office of K. Zackley & Co. at Glenden, California, 1917.

Though the office sign was K. Zackley & Co., and all business papers were signed K. Zackley & Co., no one had ever known how or why the "Co." was used, as K. Zackley was to all appearances the proprietor and sole owner of the business.

Miss Ainie Bonner had been the stenographer in this office for one year.

Though her stipulated wages were only \$15 per week, Mr. Z., without explaining, had paid her \$30 per week. Her father, Robert Bonner, came from Scotland some forty years back when a young man. He was successful in amassing a considerable fortune, but not until past forty

did he think of marriage. A charming widow, Mrs. Richmond, a relict of an army officer, struck his fancy and he built for her the palatial residence which is the home of Mrs. Bonner and her daughter.

When Ainie was a baby the question of a name for her became an all important problem to the Bonners. The baby must have a name. As usual Mr. Bonner, when deeply moved, fell back on the Scotch dialect.

“She’s oor ain ainie wee tot—ain ainie. Mither, we name her Ainie.”

“No one was ever named ‘Ainie,’ said Mrs. Bonner.

“That’s just it, she is something new in this world and deserves a new name. Why handicap her with Mary, Jeanie, Anne or any such name that is the name of thousands. Let her name be Ainie, oor ain Ainie.” said Mr. Bonner and so she was named Ainie Bonner.

Before the big war commenced, Mr. Bonner had a few thousand in loose change and a desire to make a haul before he died, caused him to attend a town lot sale in a new town in Canada. The town he selected had such a promise for the future that he had no doubt but what such an investment would win. He bought so many lots one-fourth down, the balance to be paid in three equal annual installments, that it became necessary for him to mortgage his home and all his property to secure money for subsequent payments.

The price of his lots in the new town at first advanced rapidly, which was very encouraging to Mr. Bonner to spare no exertion of his necessary to hold on to his lots until a great fortune was realized. The new town incurred much bonded indebtedness to build water works, sewers and street improvements, a financial flurry and the big war all combined to cause a slump in prices, and so many speculators who had taken on more than they could carry were compelled to throw their lots onto a falling market, that there was a total stagnation in the sale of their lots.

Mr. Bonner was unable to get the money for the last payments and his lots were taken from him. Now discouraged and heavily in debt, Mr. Bonner suffered as only those suffer who see ruin staring them in the face, and to add to the misfortune of this family, he took sick and died, pneumonia the doctors said, but the general verdict was that he died of a broken heart.

Mrs. Bonner was helpless with grief and unable to have any idea how they were ever to be able to live or save anything from the wreck. She worried more on account of Ainie's future than she regarded her own welfare.

Ainie investigated their affairs and found sufficient property to bring a yearly rental of \$2,000, which was plastered with mortgages amounting to \$25,000. This called for a yearly interest of \$1,500. She had learned stenography and typewriting and resolved to get a job of work and possibly make a living and slowly pay off these

mortgages. That is why we now find her at work in the office of K. Zackley & Co. at the time of the conversation noted at the beginning of this story.

K. Zackley was a quiet, strictly business man, rather fair complexion, jet black hair, dark grayish piercing eyes. He had an appearance of sagacity and business judgment superior to most men. He was of athletic build, over six feet in height and tipped the scales at nearly 200 pounds.

He might have been a favorite among the ladies, but he had disregarded society and attended to business, always business, living a bachelor life, rooming and boarding at the Glenden Hotel. He was nearly 35 and not egotistic enough to push himself into the notice of the ladies. The ladies had never appealed to him. They were too uncertain, too frivolous, too past understanding. He feared that intimacy with the fair sex might lead to complications, so he stuck strictly to his business.

But this young lady stenographer had shown him that there are women who are not frivolous, designing creatures, but that are as true as steel, kind hearted and ever desiring to do just what is right.

Ainie's gentle, honest eyes penetrated to his heart. Her kind treatment of old and young, rich and poor, with no pretensions of superiority, but just is if she were only one among many of suffering humanity, had convinced Mr. Z. that a good woman is a blessing to the world. He

admitted to himself that he loved Ainie—no doubt of it—but he thought, “I am thirty-five, she is only twenty. She is beautiful, pure as the white snow. I cannot win her so I will never let her know, but an unseen hand will always be ready to assist if she is ever in need.”

He was extremely reticent in regard to his business affairs, or his many acts of generosity. He never told any one about how much money he was worth or bragged about wonderful things which he had done. He was a heavy contributor to all charity funds. Many poor people had their rent paid by some hidden hand and no one knew whence the money came. Some of Ainie’s renters had notified her that they could not pay, and must move, but no one had ever been compelled to move, the rent was always paid.

Ainie had become convinced that the hidden hand was no other than that of her employer. All this worked on her imagination. She had been treated so kindly and liberally by her employer that ere she was aware she confessed to herself, “I love Mr. Zackley, but I have no chance to win his love. He is above me and only treats me kindly as he is treating all poor people here in Glenden.” She thought “I must not let him know that I love him and continue to make good in my work. He is a wonderful man. Time will tell.”

So these two, man and woman, who loved each other with a love that was more than love, for it was reverence for each other, sat in the same

office one year after Ainie had been forced to condescend to the onerous duties of a common stenographer in a real estate office.

“Oh, no, I am in no trouble,” said Mr. Z., “except I—have made—a great discovery.”

“Have you discovered something that will destroy the German submarines?”

“No and yes. It may be the means, in time, that will put an end to all warfare if what I have discovered is true.”

“It must be true if you have discovered it. Is it a secret or can you trust me?”

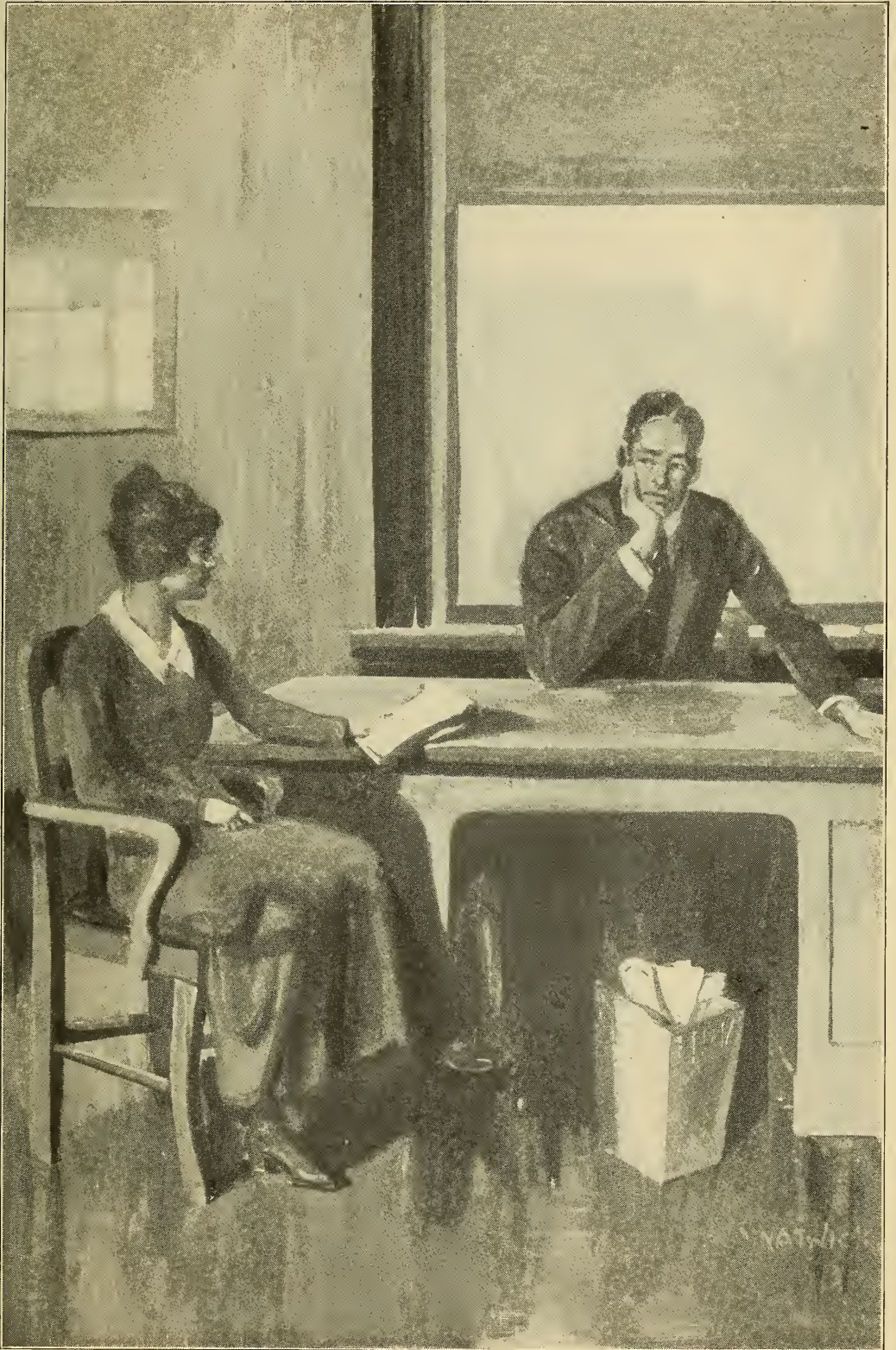
“That was just what I have been thinking about. What I have in mind I fear to tell any one. If what I have discovered is true, I will need much help. I know of no one I am more willing to trust than you, Ainie.”

This confession caused Ainie’s eyes to sparkle with a new-found joy—a fleeting impression that she, only his steno, might be the winner of this man’s love.

“It is a long story, Ainie, I hardly know how to tell it, and it may be of no interest to you. What I do tell is in confidence that you will keep it as a profound secret.”

Ainie’s curiosity was getting the better of her, but she held down her impatience and settled back in her chair and assumed an air of strict attention.

Mr. Z. said: “To begin with, four years ago an old prospector came to the Glenden Hotel. He was ailing and soon became bedfast. I visited him in his room and saw to it that he was well



I—have made—a great discovery.—Page 12

supplied with nurses, doctors and delicacies. He was non-communicative but very considerate and thankful for the attentions that were given him.

“One day he sent for me and after being propped up on his pillows in almost a sitting posture he informed me that he did not expect to live long and that he was in need of some one whom he could trust, and that he had intuitively selected me to carry out his plans.

“The landlord and a notary were called in and this man made an acknowledged statement which turned over to me all his effects and named me to carry out all settlements of his sickness and funeral expenses. He wanted his body cremated and the ashes scattered upon the public lawn in order that the substance of his body would be returned to the economy of nature at once.

“When we were alone, he showed me a manuscript which he said contained important information. He said to preserve the original manuscript, for only in it would be found the information that would set the world free from debt, superstition, envy, unjust government, and foolish customs.

“The next day he passed away. I carried out his instructions to the letter. He had plenty of money on his person to pay all expenses and to spare.

“I brought all his effects and the manuscript here and locked them up in a closet by themselves and there they remain.

“This story may be tiresome to you, Ainie,” interjected Mr. Z.

“Oh no,” said Ainie, “I am anxious to hear it all. May I take it down and type it at my leisure?”

“Yes, you may do so. I expect you to be my sole confident for some time.

“Well, this prospector had written a long letter of instructions in which he divulged the information that he had several million dollars in certain banks which had been made payable to the order of K. Zackley & Company, for me to use in charitable undertakings and for carrying out the development of what was to be found in the manuscript. This fortune was made a sacred trust and I was the sole trustee with full power to use my discretion in its expenditure.

“‘Let him who would know investigate, ponder, and scrutinize with diligence,’ ‘If ye seek not, ye cannot find,’ are some of the sentences from this letter.

“I unrolled the manuscript. At the top it read ‘The Crater of Gold.’ Enclosed within I found another letter written by the prospector, an explanation of how he had come into possession of the ‘Crater of Gold’ manuscript. It was signed ‘J. Calvin.’

“This letter said that in one of his prospecting trips, he had wandered up a deep canyon to an almost perpendicular wall of a low mountain that was unscalable. Here he concluded to camp for a few days, and while gathering some brush for a fire, he uncovered what at first he took for a cave, but which proved to be a subterranean pas-

sage. With his pack burros he ventured in on an adventure that tested his mettle, but determined to solve the mystery, he trudged on for about one mile, when he came out into a circular pit, the crater of a long extinct volcano. He discovered a stone dwelling where dwelt a very old man. The old man made him welcome but he was much surprised that any one had found the way into his retreat. He reasoned that the stranger's visit was a Divine Providence.

"Mr. Calvin was at this crater home but a few days when the old man was taken seriously ill. When near death he confided in Mr. Calvin and turned over to him a huge bunch of manuscripts with the instructions to publish the same whenever it seemed advisable for the benefit of the world. The old man died and Mr. Calvin placed his body in a tomb which had been hewn in the solid rock.

"Now, this Calvin is the prospector that died in the hotel here four years ago, and you know as much as I do about the origin of this writing which contains that which has led me to the great discovery.

"It has been kept secret because Mr. Calvin was very insistent that no attempt be made to find out his antecedents and requested that everything in connection with him and his demise be kept secret and nothing sent to the papers for publication. His letter explained that his name was not Calvin, but that there was nothing in a name.

“It made no difference to him whether his name as Calvin, or any other name, survived or not. The important thing was to leave in the world that spirit, writing, invention, or information that would best tend to the evolution of man, ameliorating conditions and alleviating the suffering of humanity.

“He desired no honors for himself. ‘What good can honors do me after I am dead? It is the living now and in time to come that have to suffer for the misdeeds of man, not the dead. The dead feel no pain. It is the living of the future who will be benefited by the information to be found in the manuscript if you decipher its message.’”

“Oh, Mr. Zackley, excuse me! Then you have deciphered this message and you are now about ready to give to the world a great revelation?” broke in Ainie.

“Yes, I have found in what in itself is a most remarkable story, a cipher message which interprets the true meaning of this writing and gives information, if true, will free the world from debt, and bring to pass a mighty evolution in the affairs of man.”

Here Mr. Zackley unlocked the private closet and brought out the original MS. just as it had been turned over to him and proceeded to show Ainie how in certain lines on each page some word was written more vertical than the other words, and by finding and arranging these words in order the sentence developed “Search that the

truth may be given to the world when Providence so directs.”

Ainie was peering over Mr. Z's. shoulder and gazing with awe at the MS. and the sentence thus brought out.

“When I discovered this I had no doubt but what I had found the key to the hidden message. I was disappointed. The vertical words are found no more.

“I read this writing hundreds of times. I studied every page, line and word, trying to find a clue that would lead me to decipher the message, the existence of which I had no doubt. I tried every fifth word, then every seventh word, everything I could think of until I was discouraged and gave up in despair, but the idea of unravelling this enigma got the better of me. I dreamed about it. I prayed to High Heaven for light. I was imbued with the intense feeling that some way I was destined to bring to the knowledge of man, an understanding that would make a new epoch in the history of man's struggles. I knew not what, but I must find this message and so I prayed and pondered. All my spare time I spent in my private room pondering over the strange mystery.

“At last I noted that some of the t's were crossed with a pronounced downward slant. I picked out the words thus marked, but they made no meaning. I tried the first and last words in these lines and so on with no success. I tried the next to the last word and to my unspeakable joy

the enigma was solved. The great mystery was revealed and now I am inclined to believe that I am the instrument in the hands of Providence to carry out what has been planned by the old man of 'The Crater of Gold' and J. Calvin, his messenger.

"This message tells of the existence of a great mass of pure gold and directs the way to find it. It estimates that there are millions of tons of pure gold in this crater. It reasons that the specific gravity of gold causes it to sink to near the earth's center and that there is an immense amount of it here which accounts for the great density of the earth; that at this particular place the eruption came from the center of the earth and this pure gold was squeezed out. Some will say gold is never found in a volcanic crater, but let me tell you, gold is where you find it."

"Why did not these men give this information in plain language instead of leaving it so dark that it might have never been known?" asked Ainie.

"They both believed in Divine Providence, and had faith that they were doing the will of the Most High. They both believed that man would receive the truth in regard to all things as fast as he was capable of understanding and that He who doeth all things well, would bring forth all things needed in the evolution of man.

"Well, Ainie, you see what I meant by my great discovery, and you may contemplate the awful changes that will come to this world if this

message is true. You may take this afternoon for rest. Tomorrow I have more to tell you."

Ainie's curiosity was satisfied. She had no faith in the mass of gold proposition. She thought that "The Crater of Gold" was a symbolic writing representing nature as the teacher of truth, that canyons referred to creeds, prospecting to investigation, and debris was a symbol of assumed revelations that hinder mankind from accepting the truth when proven. She hastened home for lunch. When she reached home the mail had been delivered. She noticed a large, well stuffed envelope and picked it up. The address showed it was from her bank. It was too thick for a bank statement, a dun for the interest then due on the Bonner mortgage would be no thicker than an invitation to a society event. "What is it?" She hastily tore open the envelope, disclosing to view the whole bundle of cancelled notes and mortgages released, that were signed: "Robert Bonner, Jeanie Bonner, his wife." There was the stamp "Paid" on the notes, and written across the mortgages "Released" staring her in the face. "No doubt of it! It is no dream! I am wide awake," she thought. "Paid by whom? K. Zackley, of course."

She blushed with shame to think that she was the object of charity. She called her mother and explained it all. Mrs. Bonner stared at the notes and mortgages bewildered and sank limply into a chair and moaned, "Dear Ainie, how have you ever been able to pay this great debt?"

Ainie told her that some one had done it secretly and as she suspected her employer, it was best that nothing be said, as "People will talk, and talk too much."

Ainie enquired at the bank that afternoon as to her bank balance. She was received with much respect and informed that her balance was \$1,579.25. The president of the bank, I. L. Gotrocks, was so profuse in his reception of her that she was disgusted with such sycophancy. She realized how different is the treatment accorded the well-to-do as compared to the cold reception given to one in adversity. She was the same Ainie now as she was while she was scrimping to save her money, wearing her old garments and hats. Gotrocks thought Ainie had raised the money and she was careful to give him no reason to think otherwise. She checked out a hundred dollars and left the bank to make purchases of much needed dresses and hats to take the place of the old ones for herself and mother.

She mused on life. Something wrong in a system that caused business men to toady and kowtow to one with money, however insignificant that person might be, and to disregard those without money, however talented. She knew such was the case from experience. "I am the same Ainie now as then, but now I will be received with open arms where before I have been ignored," she thought.

That evening she found her mother light hearted and cheery, her eyes shining with love for her child and questioning how such a great debt could be paid so secretly.

After supper Ainie requested her mother to listen to her for a short time. "I want your advise, mother," she said. Her mother sat in her easy chair listening as only a fond mother can whose only care is the welfare of her child. "Mother, I have fallen in love with Mr. Zackley. I could not help it. As I have thought I had no chance to win his love and did not wish to embarrass our relations, I have in no way given him any reason to suspect that I loved him, but now that he has paid our debts, I fear to return to the office. I might give way to tears, reveal my love and be humiliated. Mother, I want your advice, and I will do just as you say."

"My dear child," said Mrs. Bonner, "you are sweet and sincere. You have been doing your work so well that it may be that Mr. Zackley has fallen in love with you and this may account for his liberal use of money. Being an honorable man, he is afraid to venture to declare himself for fear of a refusal. Such men would rather face a cannon's mouth than a thundering 'No' from a woman. You have given him no reason to assume that you care for him."

"If you love him, my advice is that you go back to the office tomorrow and do not act so formal. Place your hand on his arm carelessly, let a little love light shine in your eyes and say in a cheerful voice, 'I am ready for work again, Mr. Zackley.' Instead of cultivating a stiff demeanor, assume a companionable attitude. This will break the ice. If Mr. Zackley, as I suspect, has serious

intentions, he will meet you half way and soon both of you will be happy in each other's love.

"Your father acted very much the same. Honorable men are not bold to declare their love. He! Ho! Ho! I had to bring your father to his senses. Act your part. Let him see that you are not afraid to touch him. Let him know that you trust him. If you fail, no harm will be done."

The next morning Ainie arrived at the office on time, determined to play her part. "Of course, mother would advise her right." Mr. Zackley welcomed her with a cheery "Good morning." Ainie replied, "Good morning, Mr. Zackley. You are looking fine." She put her hat away and tripped over to her employer, placed her hand on his arm and said, "Well, Mr. Zackley, my rest has done me good. I am ready for work again."

This friendly action of Ainie's touched Mr. Zackley to the heart. He could hardly control his desire to then and there have done with it and declare his love, but such men control themselves until they feel sure of success. The touch of her hand caused him such exquisite thrills of pleasure that he was reluctant to speak for fear of driving that little hand from his arm. As he did not answer but just sat and gazed, Ainie took her seat in front of the typewriter, facing her employer and awaited his pleasure.

He dropped his head in thought and then questioningly said, "I have had a vision, reverie, or dream which I want to dictate to you. I have not built air castles since I was a lad. Then I

used to build air castles of wonderful things that I would do. This may be only an air castle, let the title be

AN AIR CASTLE

A few hours dictation for the "Air Castle" and several business letters dispatched, and Ainie was on her way home again. She was very happy. She had seen enough now to know she would land her fish. She planned how she would continue to let out the reel or pull in fast on the line until her fish was landed. She thought the proposal would be blurted out with such vehemence that it would require all her tact to accept without being too precipitate.

You know young ladies spend much time figuring out how to accept without showing haste and often after they are sure of their game, they take great pleasure in tantalizing the poor boob. Beware, Ainie, this strong, diffident man might take your dally for a refusal. You know that he is not egotistic enough to presume upon his worthiness. Ainie, take it from me, you had better make sure at your first opportunity.

When she reached the palatial residence which was her home indeed, free and unincumbered, she found an invitation for her and her mother to attend a social at the home of banker Gotrocks that evening.

Her mother was delighted to be able again to attend such functions, Ainie cared little about it, as her mind was occupied with air castles about

the great things she would do and how happy she would be with the man of her choice.

However, she accompanied her mother to this society event and took part in the dancing. Her face radiated the joy that she felt, which made her appear very beautiful and she was easily the most sought young lady at this fastidious gathering.

The cashier of Gotrock's bank, Wm. Felter, tried to monopolize her attentions, danced with her repeatedly and escorted her to the banquet. After the banquet, he prevailed on her to visit the conservatory to "hold communion with the flowers" as he said with an air of lofty sentiment. Though Ainie kept her distance and gave Mr. Felter no possible excuse for silly love making, he asked her to be seated and popped himself down by her side and tried to take both her hands in his. She gently removed her hands to a place of safety, and gradually moved over in her seat as he nudged closer to her. She tried not to appear to understand his movements. Undaunted, Mr. Felter got down on his knees and poured out a woeful story of eternal love. She knew that he had lied and that he was attracted by his desire to show off, or further his financial success. Ainie despised his pretensions, and begged to return to the parlor. "Mother will want to go home soon," she said. "Mr. Felter, it is impossible for me to give you any encouragement. I am sorry, but you will soon find another." Mr. Felter was only performing his most effective style of flirting

and he was of such temperament that it was no difficult matter for him to return to the parlor highly elated with the idea that he had beat all the other young fellows to it, he strutted in with a lordly bearing and viewed the other nincompoops with a lofty air of superiority.

Ainie was disgusted with these shallow, society egotists and could but see the contrast between them and her ideal of a "man," a manly man who meant what he said and said what he meant, a man who under no consideration would prove false to a trust and ever before her mental gaze was the image of her employer, as the one who filled the specifications.

After a few days of congenial work and friendly chats in which Mr. Zackley had been on the edge of a declaration of his love several times, the Air Castle was finished, all typed and edited as thoroughly as could be done in a newspaper editor's office.

Ainie in a rich, mellow tone of voice, read the composition to her employer as follows:

AN AIR CASTLE

"It was along in June. I had become tired of office drill and business in general. I left this office in your charge, Ainie, and announced that I was off to the mountains for a vacation.

"I put into my suit case such articles as I needed to follow out the instructions given in this cipher message including a transit, and left

Glenden on the train. In due time I landed at the mountain town in Arizona, near the Mexican border, designated in the directions given to find the mass of pure gold.

“Here I bought a sure footed horse and hired two Mexican sheep men with their burros to assist me. We loaded these pack burros with a good supply of grub and camping outfit. We struck out in an easterly direction over a mountainous trail. I kept a close outlook and after a few miles of travel, we came to a reddish mass of rock standing up in perpendicular layers, as if the strata of the earth had been blown up and set on edge. I examined this, apparently prospecting. As I expected, there were the marks which notified me I must get out the transit and determine a course 24° North of East over a rough, rocky, mountainous expanse.

“We kept the course for several hours and came to a deep canyon in which we found a small stream of pure mountain water as noted. We were quite tired and I gave my men orders to pitch camp.

“These Mexicans thought ‘Another foolish city chap out on a prospecting trip.’ They cared little what I did. They watched me wander up the canyon with a wink, ‘There goes a tenderfoot who will soon tire of these rocks.’

“I wandered on and soon came to a place where two canyons joined, one bearing to the right, the other to the left. Here I looked for a lone pine among the junipers, located on the point of land

jutting down between these canyons. Sure enough the pine was there towering far above the junipers. On a ledge near this pine, I found an image of a human hand pointing up the left hand canyon, carved in the solid rock.

“I was getting restless to see the end of this mystery. I struck up the left hand canyon as fast as I could urge my horse forward, without thinking of supper or having any fear. On I went for an hour, the low steep mountain appeared in sight, and just at dusk I reached the perpendicular wall and found hidden by brush an entrance into this wall. I had located ‘The Crater of Gold’ without a doubt.

“How I wanted to go on! A hungry gnawing in my stomach urged me to turn back. ‘Plenty time tomorrow,’ I thought. It was night, but the moon was shining bright. ‘Good old friend, Moon, you will light me back to camp,’ I said aloud.

“Well, I got back to camp about nine o’clock. The Mexicans had supposed that I was lost and had a big fire going in an old dead juniper to show me the location of our camp. I allowed them to think I had been lost to allay all suspicions.

“I ate some supper and soon lay down to sleep. My mind was stirred up with imaginations and calculations of what great things I would be able to do. I lay awake for hours. I prayed as I never prayed before. I prayed for Divine guidance. I prayed for strength and courage to carry out

my intentions to the betterment of man. Along in the late hours of the night, I fell asleep and rested quite well though disturbed by visionary dreams.

“I was awakened the next morning by my men for breakfast. The sun was shining bright. I ate my meal and then informed my men that I wished to remain in the canyon for a few days but would not need their services. I bought their burros and paid them for what they had done.

“They took it all as a common occurrence, wished me success, bade me good bye and departed. I waited till they were out of sight. I made sure that they were gone. Then I broke camp, loaded up my stock, and made my way to the stone wall. I cleared away the debris that choked up the entrance and led the horse into the passage. The burros followed just like dogs that cannot be driven back. My faith was sure. I had no fear but what all would end according to instructions.

“After traveling about a mile in this subterranean passage into the mountain, I came out into a circular pit or crater. There was the stone dwelling! The old man’s tomb! I found the great mass of pure gold, and a pile of thousands of tons of gold nuggets gathered together by some one, possibly the old gentleman who had lived there so long. There was the gold! Enough to pay all the debts of the world a hundred times. I can buy all the railroads, all the bonds and stocks!

“I will own the world! A titantic undertaking to accomplish which will test my ability, for if the capitalists learn of this mass of gold, they will raise a hue and cry and the law makers of the world will demonetize gold. My work must be done secretly.

“I soon formulated my plans to own the world. I would get a large force sworn to secrecy. I would have secret agents to travel all over the world visiting the banks and big money centers to contract options on land, estates, bonds, stocks and mortgages of all kinds, paying one per cent down, the balance to be paid any time within a year.

“I got my pencil and figured it out in avoirdupois weight, 7,000 grains to the pound, 23.22 grains of pure gold to the dollar, approximately \$300 to a pound, one and two-thirds tons to a \$1,000,000. $1666\frac{2}{3}$ tons in \$1,000,000,000.* It would take \$200,000,000,000 to pay all the debts of the world. I would need at least \$100,000,000,000 to buy a controlling interest in big business. The first year of my work would call for \$300,000,000,000. As they are one and two-thirds thousand tons of pure gold in \$1,000,000,000, \$300,000,000,000 would weigh 500,000 tons. This would make 25,000 car loads 20 tons to a car, a train load 160 miles in length.

“I found that a cubic foot of gold weighed

* NOTE.—If calculated on the basis of coined or standard gold, the results would be $\frac{1}{9}$ greater or $12\frac{3}{27}$ tons to the \$1,000,000.
—Author.

nearly 1,200 pounds. Then a space of $1\frac{2}{3}$ cubic feet would hold one ton. I wanted a warehouse at the railroad station to hold \$180,000,000,000 as a working capital. This sum in pure gold would weigh 300,000 tons. Each ton of gold would occupy $1\frac{2}{3}$ cubic feet. This sum would occupy 500,000 cubic feet of space. A warehouse 100x500 feet and filled to a depth of 10 feet would hold this amount.*

“I got back to the city as quick as I could. I found a stamping machine that could be adjusted to stamp out this pure gold into bricks 4x4x9 inches. Each brick would weigh 100 pounds, or 20 bricks to the ton. This machine would stamp out 10,000 tons a day. I bought narrow gauge rails for a double track tram-way from the crater to the warehouse, brick for building and ordered 100 cars, each to carry six tons, to develop a copper property, I claimed, to prevent inquisitiveness. I now proceeded to engage my secret agents, all sworn to eternal secrecy, to travel all over the United States and the world, to secure options. I worked rapidly and selected 1,000 workmen under oath to say nothing about my business. This force I put to work building double track tram-ways and warehouse. Within a month the work was done. During the same time my agents had wonderful success in securing

* NOTE.— $2\frac{7}{8}$ cu. ft. of pure gold weighs 3298.611 $\frac{1}{9}$ lbs. instead of $1\frac{2}{3}$ tons (3333.33 lbs.) and is \$994,412.50. The warehouse 100x500x10 ft. would hold \$178,994,250,000.00 in pure, gold—\$1,005,750,000.00 short of \$180,000,000,000.00. $1\frac{2}{3}$ cu. ft. of pure gold weighs 1979 $\frac{1}{6}$ lbs., 20 $\frac{5}{6}$ lbs. short of a ton.—*Author.*

options on a controlling interest in the stocks of all railroads and other syndicates including great land estates, Miller & Lux and others.

“Up to this time the entrance to the crater had been kept hidden, but now I took all the men up to this entrance, the obstructions were removed and the most surprised crowd of men you ever saw marched through the passage to the mass of gold. I explained my intentions of buying the world, pay off all the debts and form a ‘Foundation’ with all this property to be used in the interest of all the people for all time. I made it plain why nothing should be told until the exchange deals were consummated. I promised each man a home or 160 acres of land wherever it suited him. I explained that each would be required to pay 4% tax into the Foundation, but that from this any other taxes would be subtracted, i. e., their total tax should not exceed 4%.

“Everything worked fine. We got out 5,000 to 10,000 tons of gold a day and in less than two months the warehouse at the station was filled. \$180,000,000,000 ready for options. A good working capital.

“I had secretly turned over to the Government \$5,000,000,000 for coinage and had received gold certificates in payment. In large sums I deposited this in banks all over the world for the use of my secret agents, who by this time had secured options that would require over \$200,000,000,000. In this work they had spent over \$3,000,000,000 in expenses and first payments

upon options secured. This great addition to the money of the world had caused prices to double, that is the purchasing power of gold had depreciated rapidly, not that the value of property had increased.

“No one was able to understand what was the matter, and as is always the case, the pay of labor was not advanced in proportion to the depreciation in the purchasing power of the pay. There was much contention, much fault finding with the Government, strikes, disturbances and the use of soldiers to suppress riots.

“It appalled me to contemplate what an upheaval would come when I had thrown into circulation \$300,000,000,000. It was plain to see that a twenty-dollar gold piece would then buy no more than ten cents would buy now. A day’s work would pay off a \$1,000 mortgage then.

“Man must invent a new medium of exchange. It is up to man to find an unfluctuating standard of value on such a basis as will best prevent capitalistic control and speculations and give labor full credit for its product.

“Thus far labor and capital were battling away, each trying to get the better of the other under a hog-and-dog system—a battle royal in which the weak and poor unfortunates were crowded to unbearable conditions by the strong and cunning.

“Representatives to make laws for the people had failed. Represent the people, bosh! These legislators of the world represent their masters,

the intrenched capitalistic interests. So I reasoned, but the great task of shipping all this gold to all parts of the world stared me in the face.

“I must get busy and get this first batch of options paid before these sleeping moneybags wake up and block my game.

“The big war was over. The cause of Liberty had triumphed and all nations had formed a compact to disarm and to submit all differences to an international tribunal, and I easily arranged with the railroad magnates for the continuous use of 5,000 freight cars for six months at the rate of 500 empties brought in and 500 loads taken out each day.

“By this time I had increased my force to 2,000 men in order to keep a constant stream of gold on the move from the crater to the warehouse, and from the warehouse to the payment of my obligations. I sent ten men with each trainload of fifty cars to guard the valuable cargo until delivered to the consignee. Each train took about one-half a billion dollars and with ten trains, of fifty carloads each, out each day, I succeeded in shipping about \$5,000,000,000 a day.

“It only takes a layer of gold four feet wide and twenty-five feet long and four inches thick to make a car load of twenty tons, and this covered with sheet iron nailed to the floor of the car prevented discovery of the nature of the shipment.

“Within one month I had all my land, railway and syndicate stock options paid and was

the controlling owner of a vast property. I did not care then if a car load or a train load of gold were stolen.

“Prices of all commodities had gone sailing upwards, and, as an example, wheat was \$100 per bushel, eggs \$25 per dozen—everything in proportion. The country was in a great furore of labor troubles—politics raging, newspapers filled with theories and scathing denunciations of K. Zackley for bringing on such a catastrophe as paying the debts of the world had brought, and lurid appeals to Congress to demonetize gold. All the wise men were dumfounded. Thousands of suits for damage were brought against me in all parts of the country.

“Rosenpelter was President of the United States. I was forthwith ordered to the White House. I went and found the President a very nice gentleman, and condescended to shake hands with him. I explained fully that since the debtors of the world only owed so much gold, and that when the creditors received this amount of gold they got all that was due them, if the value of gold had depreciated, the debtors were not to blame.

“I gave the President an outline of what should be done and rejoiced that it was now possible for this mismanaged planet to institute a system of government that would remove envy and crime from the hearts of the people and establish justice on the earth. I told him that all people were naturally good, but that ages of

capitalistic misrule and greed had perverted many; still if given a square deal, they would naturally do right; that the animal struggle for the mastery in all lines had caused many a good man to yield to bribe temptations, but that they were only victims of a vicious and unjust system, and not to be blamed—the system had made them what they were.

“Mr. Rosenpelter’s eyes lighted up with understanding. He brought his fist down on the desk, and said, ‘Bully! I see it all now. You must go before Congress and show them what to do. These wise Congressmen are only wise in their own conceit, wise in routine and known quantities, but just as soon as a new condition confronts them, they are a puny, inefficient bunch of lobsters, with weasel words and weasel understandings.’

“I was paying my men with day labor certificates. A certificate for one day’s work—eight hours of common labor—I called a ‘Daylor.’ Each daylor was guaranteed to buy at least 100 pounds of flour, 5 bushels of potatoes, 30 pounds of meat, and other things in proportion, at my stores. A daylor was now exchanging for \$200 in gold and no doubt would soon bring \$1,000.

“I laid my plans before Congress and agreed to turn over all my property to the Commonwealth if my plans were accepted and ratified by the States.

“It was not without much debate and threatening opposition that any resolution could be

brought to a vote. To get the thing started, I had Senator Blowhard, the leader of the Progressives in Congress, to push to a vote a resolution which provided that each party select an Initiative Committee of ten men to prepare their party's proposal of a new form of government for the government of the country. This carried and the work commenced. The proposals were all to be published and distributed to the people in time to hold a general constitutional election on June 4th following. A majority vote was required to ratify the new law.

"The Progressives and Socialists committees harmonized their efforts and called me to assist them in preparing a Constitution, Code of Laws and a Code of Law Procedure for the Commonwealth of America.

"This proposal ignored the rights of States, and instead of forty-eight State laws, United States law, common law and city ordinances, a multiplicity of systems of law and law procedure, a tangled mess in mongrel Latin to harass a long-suffering people, and require a host of lawyers and judges to handle litigation and interpret all these jungled laws, we proposed one law for the whole country in simple American. This law was made so plain that any one could be his or her own lawyer. Under this plan, lawyers could not twist the law to cover up the tracks of the soulless corporations in their nefarious and outrageous speculations and exploitations of the resources of the people.

“This constitution provided in part that the executive department of the Government shall consist of an Executive Council of ten men; that the Legislative Department shall consist of party initiative commissions to propose laws to be submitted to a vote of the people; that the Judicial Department shall consist of a supreme judiciary of ten men and United States district judges; that an Utility Department shall be instituted and that the supervisors of the utility departments of the Government shall constitute the Utility Board.

“All legislatures were abolished. All executive officers or public servants, as they were called, must be elected by the people. All other positions were filled by competitive examinations and judged by the performance of their duties.

“It provided for an Inspection Board of ten men authorized to examine the books and proceedings of any public servant, high or low.

The Code of Law provided that the Commonwealth shall engage in all kinds of business and public ownership of utilities, but should not interfere with private enterprise; that every laborer shall be given work and not be compelled to spend half his time with a roll of blankets on his back looking for work; that public dispensaries shall be established in every town that shall furnish the people with the necessaries of life at cost (this would regulate the speculating syndicates automatically); that the sale of all drugs, narcotics and alcoholic stimulants shall be under

Government control; that diseased persons whose disease threaten the health of posterity shall be quarantined until cured; that sanitariums shall be maintained for the free treatment of all diseased and disabled persons in need of such treatment; that no one shall be prosecuted for crime, but that persons with perverted intellects shall be detained on detention farms and in schools for teaching and reform; that Commonwealth schools shall be maintained for the instruction of Commonwealth employees; that eight hours of common labor shall be the unit of value; that all citizens of the Commonwealth, irrespective of sex or color, shall have the right of suffrage, and many other useful provisions.

“The Democrats, standpat Republicans and Conservatives united. They proposed the old Constitution with a few changes, demonetized gold and remonetized silver.

“These two plans were printed by the millions and distributed. Candidates for all offices provided in these plans were named, and the most exciting campaign in our history raged with fury.

“The Conservatives felt sure of victory. They banked heavily on the influence of ‘Old Custom’ and the prestige of our grand old Constitution that was born in the stress and storm of the formation of the Republic.

“The Progressives had named Rosenpelter and nine other far-seeing men for the Supreme Council and used much tact in the selection of all candidates for all other positions of trust.

“The contest was bitter. Capitalists were determined not to lose their grip upon the throat of Labor and Humanity; but as the campaign progressed many great and good men and women saw the *Light* of the better day for the human race. The people had suffered long enough from misrule and bloody wars, and to cut it short, the great reform won. The Commonwealth of America, a new form of government, was established.

“I turned over all my property to the new Government, so it was out of debt. It was owner, in the name of the whole people, of the railroads, telegraph and telephone lines, big business, and broad acres of land. Land in five to forty acre tracts was rented to poor citizens at a 4 per cent rental. Many of the large estates were used to employ the surplus labor.

“Everything moved along smoothly, much better than had been expected by the most sanguine.

“I had been elected Chief Inspector with a salary of 100 daylors per day and free transportation to all parts of the Commonwealth. I was overwhelmed with telegrams and letters thanking me for what I had done, or inviting me to other countries.

“My strenuous work over for a time, my thoughts turned back to Glenden where there was a young lady I loved—nay, worshiped.”

Ainie had no doubt but what she was the young lady, but she desired to bide the time when she

felt sure Mr. Zackley would declare himself. She read over this without betraying her emotion.

"I took a fast train for the West. On my trip I was hailed everywhere by great crowds as the 'Savior of the World.' I assured them that I was a very common man whose only desire was to do that which would ameliorate the suffering of mankind forever and make earth a fit place to live and raise children.

"When I reached Glenden I called on my young lady friend and confessed my undying love for her. She graciously accepted my proffer of marriage. We married and together we traveled inspecting the workings of the new régime. We traveled all over Europe, Asia, Africa and the islands and were everywhere received with great honor and proclaimed the 'King and Queen' of earth. All nations took our system for a pattern and all peoples were brothers indeed.

"A fly got busy buzzing around my head and face until it brought me to my senses. I gave a few vicious swipes and tried to kill the pesky critter. I jumped up, rubbed my head and sank down in my office chair, to finish some private instructions to a party whom I expect to attend to my business while I take a much needed rest."

Ainie had finished her reading. She dropped the manuscript on her desk and looked straight into her employer's eyes. She was filled with overpowering love for him, and possibly her eyes conveyed an inkling of the truth to the mind of her lover. He shuffled restlessly in his chair and

broke the silence by saying, "Ainie"—then hesitated.

Ainie nerved herself to hear a proposal. She thought, "It is coming now," but Mr. Zackley with diffidence continued, "Wh—what do you think of my air-castle?"

Poor, disappointed Ainie! She blushed with shame, and turned pale with the thought, "My hopes are only air-castles after all," but she rallied and replied, "It is wonderful, Mr. Zackley." Then, with the intention of encouraging her timid lover, she made bold to say, "If there were some real love affair to add to this air-castle, it would make a great picture for the movies."

Mr. Z.: "Yes, if it could be produced on the screens, it would make a vivid illustration of the huge burden of indebtedness that is laid on the back of Labor for the ages to come."

Ainie: "Such instruction or refined pictures of sentiment would be better for the young than the trash now prevailing. I am disgusted with the picture shows with their blood, slang and rough stuff."

"For a certain reason, I will make a confidential confession to you, Ainie," slowly announced Mr. Z.

Ainie's heart jumped and pounded away at a furious rate. She fortified herself for the trying ordeal of properly replying to a proposal from her loved one.

Mr. Zackley continued: "My real name is not Zackley. I was raised in a quiet, religious

neighborhood back in Illinois. I was the only child of well-to-do parents who took great pride in me. They paid my way through the university. I graduated with honors, under my right name, Ebenezer Gootsop. My college education caused me much trouble. I had imbibed the philosophy of Spencer, Huxley and Darwin, and I was an avowed agnostic when I returned home. My mother wept bitter tears and my father rebuked me in scathing terms—still I was the more confirmed in my ideas.

“In a speech at the town-hall, I condemned all orthodox churches and pronounced all religions ‘species of insanity,’ so on I went. For this I was ostracized and mistreated by my good neighbors. Some Nemesis seemed to interfere with my undertakings. I failed. I was a failure! My parents passed away in my twenty-eighth year, and as I had no close relatives, I resolved to leave the old home and neighborhood, change my name and never again engage in the discussion of abstruse questions.

“A wag suggested that if he had my name he would hock it and lose the ticket.

“Well, I sold out and came West and settled here and ever since I have been as silent as the grave in regard to my beliefs.

“When a lad, I was in the habit of mispronouncing words in casual slang conversations, as ‘kersackley’ for ‘exactly.’ In my musing to select a new name, I said to myself, ‘I want a name different from any one else in the world; then fol-

lowed the 'Kerzackley.' 'K. Zackley,' I repeated. 'That's it. K. Zackley is my name.'

"Though I do not accept the old legends from the ages of the past, I do recognize a Supreme Ruler, an unchangeable power that rules the universe. My experiences of late years have proven to me that there is a mysterious power that comes to those who submit humbly to the inevitable and pray for Divine guidance. Such people are more liable to lead moral lives than those who depend upon their scientific logic.

"I believe that if children were allowed to grow up with no teaching, their moral sense would be on a par with chickens and pigs.

"As all are born into this world inheriting their traits of character from the ages of the past and are surrounded with environments over which they have no control that make them what they are, none are to blame for what they are. This being the case, my religion is to treat all people with charity, regardless of color, race, condition or belief," and so on, Mr. Zackley explained his spiritual condition. He wanted Ainie to understand him in his true light. He was sincere, and there must be no reservations on his part.

Ainie replied, "I have absolute faith that the constancy of nature is emblematic of the attributes of the Most High; that what happens always did and always will happen, conditions being the same; that we cause our own suffering by the disobedience of the laws of our creation; that religions are evolutions of the spiritual in

man; that true Christianity is based on deeds and rewards according, and is the highest spiritual evolution taught to man," and so on she explained her beliefs.

This opened the eyes of our hero. He thought, "We are real soulmates." He squared himself for the desperate plunge, win or lose.

"When I was a little fellow, I met a little neighbor girl in the lane. She had an apple and I had an orange. I thought that I would like to trade my orange for her apple, and she thought (learned after) that she would like to trade her apple for my orange, but we both were so bashful that we ran by each other without making our wishes known. I have often thought that there are many sad disappointments in this life just because people fail to make known their desires. I have been trying for months to nurse my courage to the sticking point. Now, win or lose, I will tell you that I love you! I know that I am not worthy to ask so much of you, but I want you to be my wife."

Ainie's joy was too great for utterance. With tears streaming down her cheeks, she stepped over to this big manly man, put her arms around his neck, nestled up close to his bosom and whispered, "If you love me half as much as I love you, we will be the happiest people in the world."

Mr. Zackley was not slow in clasping his arms tight around this lovely woman—not a word—just unalloyed bliss. With his arms around his darling prize, he led the way to a settee. There

they sat for a friendly chat with many a smile and laugh about how foolish they both had been. They talked for an hour, which to them seemed only a few minutes.

Mr. Z. came to a decision. "I need a rest from this old office. Tomorrow I intended to be on my way to Arizona in quest of the 'Crater of Gold.' Let's get busy, call on a minister, and we'll both be off for Arizona in the morning for our honeymoon."

"I always expected when I married I would have time to make preparations for such a momentous event. I have no trousseau ready, but I am willing to leave it all to my mother. We must see her and get her consent and blessing. Nothing will please me more than doing that which will make you happy, Mr. Zackley."

"We will go at once. I will plead the case with Mrs. Bonner. She's a good friend of mine, you know," said Mr. Zackley.

Up to the Bonner residence they went in a hurry. Mrs. Bonner was pleased to give her consent to Mr. Zackley's requests with the suggestion that the Zackleys must live with her and not deprive a poor mother of the solace of her only and darling child. Mr. Zackley put one strong arm around Mrs. Bonner, the other around Ainie, and said, "We will never desert you, mother."

A few friends were invited. That evening there was feasting, rejoicing and a simple wedding ceremony, and Mr. and Mrs. Zackley were off for Arizona in the morning looking for

"THE CRATER OF GOLD."

WAR IS MURDER

(1914)

O God, give me strength to write the truth
In burning words of logic strong,
To convince all peoples of the world
We're brothers all and war is wrong.
For a man to kill a man is crime;
Should nations from this law be free?
They are killing thousands ev'ry day,
They slaughter men in ghoulisn glee.

Nations of the earth, the time has come
To formulate the terms of peace—
Giving liberty to all mankind,
Providing for all wars to cease.
Arbitration and disarmament
Are means by which it may be done.
Let the people rule and bring content
And let all nations live as one.

FREEDOM OF THE SEAS
(February, 1917)

1

Uncle Sam has always fought
For the freedom of the seas.
There's a nation now declares
That she'll do just as she please,
That she'll sink our ships on sight,
That no warning will be giv'n,
Though our travelers on sea
Are blown up and sent to heav'n.

2

Now they plot to overthrow
This the bulwark of the free,
Despots backed by armed force
That wage war with ghoulish glee.
Though we've always longed for peace,
And withhold our anger sore,
And have not prepared for war,
These insults we'll stand no more.

3

Nations, all, must be set free,
Formulate the terms of peace
To provide eternally
That despotic wars shall cease.
Let the people always rule
And bring on the Jubilee—
Peace on earth, good-will to man,
Men to men will brothers be.

CHORUS

Rally round the flag, do not your duty shun,
Now's the time—enlist each true American.
If you cannot be the man behind the gun,
Rally for the flag and stand behind this man.

OUR FLAG'S UNFURLED

(April, 1917)

1

In the darkest hour of Freedom's war,
The Star Spangled Banner was unfurled.
Its Red, White and Blue shine brighter far
Than other flags of all this world:
For this flag proclaims the rights of man,—
The right to change his government,
The right to think, the right to plan
That which to him may bring content.

CHORUS

Then, here's to the Red, White and Blue,
The flag of Freedom and Reform,
We'll stand "True-Blue" and pledge anew
Our loyalty in the stress and storm.

2

In this war for freedom of the sea,
The Stars and Stripes the brighter grow.
It has ever waved to set men free,
Strike down the false, give all a show.
And in time, as the years roll along,
As we defend humanity,
Protect the weak against the strong,
We make our nation's destiny.

3

We must fight to keep the despots down,
They conquer nations for their gain;
Proclaim freedom to the world around,
Though Kaiser Wilhelm may be slain.
Let the people of the nations, all,
Unite for everlasting peace,
Crown Labor king, hear Justice call
That love, not envy, may increase.

UNCLE SAM MUST FIGHT

(May, 1917)

We'll rally round the flag again,
For Uncle Sam's in trouble now;
He's calling for his fighting men
From office, forge, the shop and plow,
To buckle on the sword and belt
And rush into the battle's din,
That we may make our wishes felt,
We'll back our boys, for we must win.

Your Uncle Sam must fight some now.
Though hardly in his fighting trim,
To haughty powers he will not bow—
His loyal sons will fight for him,
They'll grab their guns and stand in line
To guard our homes on Freedom's ground,
They'll man our ships, brave ocean's brine,
Sink pirate ships wherever found.

Your Uncle Sam will hold for peace,
But use his mighty strength as well
To cause the nations' wars to cease
That make this earth a living hell.
The pacifists by breeding scares
May bring upon us a fierce foe.
If any nation ever dares,
We'll hurl them back, they'll have to go.

To formulate the terms of peace
To nations now we make our plea,
Providing that all wars shall cease,
All nations of the earth set free.

Disarmament and a Peace League
Are means by which it may be done;
All peoples then will be at peace,
All nations then will live as one.

SLOGAN

If you can't go across with the guns,
Then you must come across with the funds.

JINGO LAND—A DREAM VERBATIM

In a dream, I found myself in a foreign country of great enterprise, inhabited by an intelligent and kind-hearted people.

I saw many entering a large cathedral standing on the banks of a great river, and I drifted with the crowd into this building and sat down on a bench facing two well-dressed young ladies who entered into a conversation with me. They informed me that their names were Elysa and Therma.

Elysa was tall, also somewhat dignified in her conversation. Therma was of medium height and very pretty. She talked as if we were well acquainted and used no subterfuge to hide her emotions or meaning. I was in love with Therma at first sight, and just imagine my surprise when she said, "Let's you and I snoozle up." I replied, "I don't know what you mean by 'snoozle up,' but K. Zackley is willing."

"You do not know what I mean by snoozle up?" said Therma. "You must be a stranger here in Jingo Land. Snoozle up means to join heart and hand for life."

There was a continuous performance or vaudeville on the stage, and just then there appeared a spectacular scene of the slaughter of human beings. During the performances there had

been much changing of positions of the people; but at this time there was a general commotion and I lost track of my lady friends.

I noticed that a few of the people were decked in diamonds and silken fineries; most of them had no fineries, and many were hardly dressed, being bundled up in rags.

A lively succession of events was taking place on the stage, and I settled down to take in the show, expecting to find the young ladies later. Especially, I wanted to see Therma again.

The last performance I supposed was a marvelous phantasmagoria. Car loads, wagon loads and piles of dead people were sold at auction. The stage cleared of this and a large concourse of young ladies appeared on the stage and sang in a fantastic air with many curtsies something like the following:

“We go to the happy Josh Land tonight,
We’re true to the all Great Josh all right.
We go to save our sisters and brothers,
They’ll take care of our fathers and mothers.

Happy, happy, happy,
Happy we;
Happy, happy, happy,
Don’t you see;
Happy, happy, happy,
As can be.”

And so on the rigmarole went until the stage with the young ladies sank out of sight and there

appeared a swift river filled with dead and dying human beings floating by rapidly.

I thought I saw Therma among the singers, and I was in a disturbed state of mind as to the meaning of all this halaballoo. I was trying to figure out how these people were able to produce such an illusion, when, as if with one accord, the assemblage arose, received a benediction and dispersed.

Later I ran across Elysa alone, and I asked, "Where is Therma?"

She said: "Don't you know that Therma was called to sacrifice her life to appease the anger of the Great Josh? Had she had a husband, she would not have been called for a sacrifice."

"And is Therma dead?" I asked, with tears running down my cheeks.

Elysa answered in matter-of-fact tones, "Yes, she went away happy."

"Did she have to give up her life just because some human ghoul said that the Great Josh wanted her?"

"Oh, no! We are taught that, when we give up our lives for the Great Josh, we go straight to the happy Josh Land. We give up all we have to the Great Josh when we are called. We can pay a sum of money and not sacrifice our lives, but by so doing we may never be able to reach the happy Josh Land."

"Were they really killing people on the stage and selling their bodies at auction, or throwing them into the river?"

“Yes, those people put to death were sacrifices. Their bodies are sold to the factories for fuel, as that is the cheapest way to dispose of the dead, besides this brings in revenue for the Great Josh. The young ladies who are sacrificed and bodies that do not sell are thrown into the river.”

I said in plaintive tones, “Poor Therma! Poor Therma! Had I known this, I would have saved your life. No wonder that you wanted to ‘snuzzle up.’” I continued, “This is something hideous!” Then thinking I might insult Elysa, I said, “Pardon me, Elysa, may I express my horror and condemnation of this awful practice?”

She replied: “I do not see why you should be so horrified! All nations are sacrificing, or have sacrificed to the Great Josh. You may express your opinions to me, as I grant to each and every one the right of free thought and free speech; but I advise you to speak low. There are many zealots of our system in Jingo Land who do not countenance a difference in opinions, and, if they hear you, they may take a shot at you.”

“Well,” I said, “I would like to get on that stage with an ax and chop the wooden head off of that miserable old Josh and get the men behind who are fattening from this pernicious system. This Lethean faith seems to be an elysian state of mind, but knowledge and reasoning may bring doubts that will set us free from this old nonsense, lead to a higher ideal of life and cause the peoples of the earth to form an international com-

fact to forever discontinue the sacrifice of human life." (Here I awoke.)

However unreliable dreams may be, this dream portrays a condition brought about by Militarism and Blind-Faith, two beasts devoid of reason and without mercy that are ever ready to assail those who disagree with them and wage wars of conquest, which makes it necessary for the peoples of the earth that would maintain free government and majority consent to all laws to wage unrelentless war till all such beasts are subdued and such a settlement made that all differences must be adjusted by an international tribunal—an international union so strong that never again will despots attempt or even dream of wars of conquest.

If it is necessary in time of war to control rapacious, speculating syndicates, extortioners and laborers, it is as plain as the wart on your nose that they should be controlled in time of peace.

The people at no time should be robbed, nor should they be subjected to inconvenience or loss by shutdowns and strikes. They have the right to require both capitalists and laborers to submit their differences to arbitration.

THE LAW

I

It appears that nature's law is true law from on
 High,
 And not man-made laws on which you cannot well
 rely.
 As the law is constant, inexorable and supreme,
 We destroy ourselves by disobeying, it would seem,
 And we save ourselves by finding out the truth and
 right,
 And in fear and trembling, "Keep the law," both
 day and night.
 That which contradicts the law of nature is untrue,
 By this rule, we throw aside the legends for the
 New.

II

When one meets the savage beast in animal or
 man,
 There is no escape except by a defensive plan.
 Disobedience of law brings certain punishment,
 Whether wilful, unenlightened, or by accident.
 For obedience to law and truth reward is sure,
 In the inspiration to the soul and body cure.
 Mother nature tries with patience long to save her
 child,
 Constant sins destroy the tissue, the soul is defiled;
 There's no restoration and the injured part is lost,
 That's unpardonable sin and death the final cost.

K. ZACKLEY'S STATEMENT

The name, "The Crater of Gold," was written on a bundle of manuscripts entrusted to my care by a middle-aged prospector, who, on his death-bed at the hotel, informed me that he had no relatives or effects that called for an inquiry after his death.

He told me to use what little money he had to pay the expenses of cremation and to scatter his ashes upon the public lawn. He closed his instructions by saying: "My letter and the manuscripts explain themselves." So there is no more history to be given. The reader may judge for himself.

(Signed) K. ZACKLEY.

THE PROSPECTOR'S LETTER

1913

After due consideration of the wishes of the mysterious author of the manuscript, entitled "The Crater of Gold," I, J. Calvin, herewith consent to its publication. The reader is entitled to an account of its origin and how it came into my possession.

To begin with, I have been a rambler and prospector for many years, visiting various untrodden regions of the wild, mountainous parts of the world.

In the spring of 19—, I stocked up for a long prospecting trip. With my burros heavily laden with tools and supplies, I started out early in the spring for the mountains.

I explored many canyons and ridges looking for drift which might lead to a mother lode of rich ore, also I examined ravines and old water courses for placer mining. I found some fine specimens of drift ore that indicated rich pay dirt not far away; but so far had failed to make the coveted strike. This was along in June and I was following up a narrow canyon to an almost perpendicular wall which seemed to end in a sharp peak of a low mountain that could not be scaled to the top.

On reaching the wall, I paused in admiration of the grand scenery and concluded to camp there for a few days. While climbing up the side of some rocks and removing some old debris to secure wood, I discovered a cave. A current of air was passing through this cave in such a manner as to convince me that here was a mystery which to explore would test my metal. I nerved up and trudged into the cave, which proved to be a passage way. After about one mile, I came out into a huge, circular pit with high circular walls extending above me. I looked down a gradual, sloping incline, and to my wonder, there appeared at the bottom a circular stone wall enclosing a tract of cleared, cultivated land. At the other side of the enclosure was a stone dwelling and a general appearance of habitation.

What could all this mean? I noticed that steam was rising from all parts of the crater, for crater it must be. This accounted for the warmth of the atmosphere. Many hot springs no doubt.

Determined to investigate and possibly find a better camping ground there than in the canyon on the outside, I moved down to the wall and around it till I came to the house. Just outside a nicely constructed gate of five parts, I came face to face with a very old man, whose long gray locks hung over his shoulders. He was startled but no more so than I was at our sudden meeting. I was on the outlook for an adventure, or I would have been much more surprised.

This man struck me as a most wonderful being, calm and intellectual. He was well dressed for a mountaineer, and seemed to be in a deep study. I told him that I was looking for a place to camp a few days, and had accidentally found ingress to his fortress, without any intention of molesting any one, and that I was a prospector looking for gold. At first, he seemed to be in doubt as to what to do; but after close observation of me, he muttered, "You will do," and motioned me to follow him. He led the way through his gate to his dwelling and bade me welcome to his home as long as I could put up with its inconveniences as he did.

He said: "I never expected to see any human being in this place, where I have lived for forty years. I never intended that such should happen. You may be sent by Divine Providence for a purpose."

He informed me that he did not wish to tell his history, that more than forty years ago his sweetheart died, and not being successful in business that he had wandered off into the mountains prospecting, and had accidentally found his way into this retreat. He pointed out where there was an immense amount of gold, but said that he only used what he needed to supply his wants, that he would make two or three trips a year to different towns, sell his gold, stock up good and let his burros pack in plenty for all his needs; that he never gave his right name, nor any clew to his abode; that the world was always too busy

to care about an old man anyway; that the world helps the successful, but the unsuccessful are handicapped at every turn.

I made this retreat my home for several days and became very intimate with the hospitable old gentleman. He had learned to trust me, and I could see that he was contemplating to take me into his confidence for some mission, but before he had divulged his intentions, he was taken seriously ill, and on the morning of the third day after he had become bedfast, he called me to his bedside, took me by the hand and said: "My son, my time to go has come."

I begged him not to think so, and told him that he was good for many years yet, also that I was a kind of a physician and I offered him some medicine.

He said: "If you are a physician, you must know that medicine will not prolong my life." He took some tonic, however, which revived him somewhat, but he just remarked: "It can not be done, my sands are run, my time is short and I must put my house in order."

He turned over and pointed to a large chest and said: "My son, bring that chest to my bedside and please assist me to do the last sad act of a long and useless life. I was too much inclined to dream what ought to be, question what has been and look forward to what will be, instead of taking advantage of what is, let well enough alone and achieve success."

I hauled the chest to his bedside. The dying man took out a key from an inside pocket and bade me unlock the chest. The chest was filled with various articles, fine clothing of the style of forty years ago, books, letters, documents and writings. I obeyed the commands of the man and handed him the various articles for inspection. He ordered all the clothing to the fireplace for incineration. Then I picked up a large bundle of neat, old letters. He took them and longingly and lovingly looked at them. "From my sweetheart, but too late." He turned his face to the pillow and wept. "She has been dead forty years, just about as long as I have dwelt here." He paused, then continued: "My son, these must never be read by an unsympathetic world. Put them into the fire." I obeyed, much as I wanted to know the history of my companion in this strange abode.

The next bunch of letters were from his parents, brothers and sisters which received about the same attention as those from his lady love and were consigned to the fire. Various bundles of business letters, deeds and documents were sent to the fire without emotion.

At last, I dug up a voluminous manuscript. He took it in his hands and in a deep study or reverie in which he seemed to be pondering what was best to do with it, then turned to me and in a solemn mien said: "I have often wondered if God ever inspires men to write. I have prayed for the truth and have written only what ap-

peared to be the truth, what my inmost conscience considers true, although it was often hard to find language to convey my meaning. I have feared that my advanced thought and dreams might have a tendency to unsettle the minds of some and fail to carry them to the high plane of absolute faith and obedience to law necessary for a successful and happy life. Then again such a revelation might prove a benefit to the world and assist in bringing about much needed reform in the present state of society, government and religion. I'll turn this manuscript over to you, and if ever you think it best for the human race to publish it, I am content. Please burn the chest and its contents."

He continued: "Just around the point from the spring, you will find a tomb carved out in the solid rock, and placed above the opening is a stone lid, held up by a trigger where I intended to go in time before death to trip the trigger and secure a fitting burial without the assistance of man. Now that you are here, I trust you to place my body away in this tomb, trip the trigger and leave my body buried for all time. It were better were it cremated, but that will do."

Much more was said, but I shall not weary the reader with further recital.

The end came peaceably. My strange found friend whom I had learned to love—nay, worship—simply closed his eyes in sleep and never awoke. His last words were: "I do not know."

I carried out all his instructions to the letter, and left this holy man in his last resting place to sleep and be free from all of life's struggles and sorrows. May he receive the crown of glory and his soul be received with glad acclaim in the spirit world. I knew this man only as Justice Absolute.

(Signed) J. CALVIN.

MOUNTAIN LIFE SONG

I

Let them live beside the road and see the passers
 by,
 Or live on some busy street and hear the hawker's
 cry,
 Sharing in the joys and aid the suff'ring of man-
 kind;
 But for me, I wish to say I can more pleasure find
 At my mountain home, surrounded by the moun-
 tains grand,
 From the world of trouble and the predatory band,
 Toiling day by day and breathing ozone mountain
 air,
 With no one to bother me, away from fretful care.

CHORUS

I'm off of the road, I'm out of the way,
 No one passes my place or comes to stay.
 No one enters my house to steal my cash;
 No enemies 'round to give me a smash.
 No land of a neighbor adjoining mine;
 If I kill a deer, no fear of a fine.
 I am free as mountain air,
 Without trouble and no care.

II

But, of course, sometimes I'm longing for the busy
 life,
 Longing to enjoy the sports and mingle in the
 strife,

Sharing with the poor and toiling for the good of
man;

This at times may seem to me to be the wiser plan.
But experience of many long eventful years
Taught the less of trouble that you see, the fewer
tears.

I'm away from all the world's chicanery and dross,
In this mountain life, there's compensation for
each loss.

THE STRUGGLE

1913

CHAPTER I

Here I am within a walled fortress, surrounded by high volcanic walls which form the crater of a long extinct volcano.

I found dwelling, cleared land and irrigation ditches, and plenty of water to farm all I need awaiting me. From the appearances of crumbling walls and ditches, my benefactors who built all of this must have lived here many years ago, and some natural catastrophe destroyed them.

Here alone I have lived since I lost out in business and my darling passed to the beyond, leaving me hopeless, I wandered off into these mountains looking for gold, or anything to get away from the maddening crowd and be alone with my sorrow. By accident, I climbed up to this circular wall and while digging in the debris to determine the nature of any mineral that might exist in this region, I discovered what appeared to be a cave, but upon investigation proved to be the bed of an ancient stream. Of course, I followed it and here I am and expect to remain the rest of my life, providing I do not change my present way of thinking. Here I

have plenty. The many hot springs and heat in the sub-strata keep it warm the year around.

Why I am scribbling this down, I do not know, but having plenty of time to pass away, I will just amuse myself by writing a kind of history of my experiences and ideas of human affairs. I am now able to take my place in the struggle on the outside and might gain success, but what is the use, since I am so well contented in seclusion, where there is plenty, no arguments and no intrigue to beat me out of my possessions? I am monarch, I am the law and judge in all cases. These immense ledges of high grade quartz and many little streams filled with free gold are all mine now.

At intervals, I slip out into the surrounding towns and get what I need. I view the awful struggle that the most of mankind are born to carry on all their lives and see the injustice of man-made laws and society until at times I feel inclined to try to convince the world that there is a better way, but recollections of arguments that I have had and knowing though you prove anything beyond a doubt that your proofs are in vain deter me.

Mankind is held down by customs, dogmas and old superstition taught them without proofs from childhood; forms of government, dress, religion, everything so instilled that logic has no chance. They cling to a fetish unto death and are ready to kill all who oppose their belief. They know

that they are right and so I keep my secret and return here, right glad to get out of all this turmoil that is created by a great number of sects and systems, each knowing that it is right and ever ready to assail any of the others. It should not be thus.

Right glad I am that no one seems to care where I came from or where I live, and as I leave my tracks well covered, and travel the outside trail so little, I feel quite safe here. My burros and my dogs are my only friends and they stick to me tighter than a brother. Had I any relatives to share my fortune, it might be different; but I was the youngest of the family. The others have passed to their reward and I am alone in the world. Had my lady love lived I might have become ambitious to succeed again in the business world; but now, I am content to live here in peace the rest of my days, oblivious to the turmoil and struggle without. Peace of mind, close communion with nature, and constant prayers to the Supreme Ruler of the universe for guidance in the ways of truth sustain me in my loneliness. All this is changing me until I seem to hear the still voice of God in my conscience commending me for my sincerity and encouraging me to write what appears right after due consideration and scientific investigation.

CHAPTER II

Well, I have plenty of potatoes and other truck stored away to last me several months and not much to do. Let me see. Yes, I have quite a supply of gold and no need of it just now, and no necessity for panning more for some time. There is plenty in safe keeping in yonder ledges and streams ready for me any time. This place is worth many billions if put on the market; but I would not know what to do with the money to make me as content as I am. Then, I would be subject to temptations, might lose it and be driven to ruin. No more ambition for me, besides the production of gold is so great now that it is sinking in its purchasing power and causing much trouble in the world. High cost of living they call it; but it is the decrease in the value of gold on account of the increased supply, and laborers not being paid an increased price in proportion to the decrease of the value of gold, they suffer and do not seem to understand what is the matter. Now, here is possibly ten times as much gold as there is now in circulation in the whole world. Were it thrown on the market, its purchasing power would sink until it would only buy one-tenth of what it does now. Then prices would be ten times as great paid in gold and the poor laborer would be driven to worse despair.

The capitalists move slowly to adjust the price of labor to correspond with the fluctuations in the prices of gold.

Man should invent a more stable currency for the transaction of business.

It seems not long ago since the time of my childhood. I was born of Christian parents in 18—; well, it was during the nineteenth century; I will not give exact dates. What do a few years matter? Four thousand years of very unauthentic history is all man has to show for millions of years of struggle ever since the first glint of reason appeared as one of the properties of the human mind. How many millions of years of struggle may have passed for the animal that was the branch of the animal kingdom from which the present man descended is all conjecture. The present man had conquered and tamed about all the animals that are now domestic animals long before we have any written account of man's struggles.

Then, much of so-called history is the recital of legends or stories handed down from parents to children. All tribes taught this way for ages and produced some remarkable men and attempts to account for all things. Our few years of history is but a flash compared with the lapse of time. I care not to try to remember dates. If I could take a draught from the waters of the River Lethe, my mind would be at ease and no notes would be written here. Still, I do not

desire such a fate as total forgetfulness, as this remembrance is a sweet sorrow that teaches me to look beyond the tomb with hopes that some way, I know not how, this life is not the end of things for me. This remembrance teaches me that, ere long, my turn will come to join that "innumerable caravan" to the grave. This remembrance teaches me to submit without fear and to have absolute faith in the constancy of God and all his laws, satisfied with what is, or whatever may be.

My childhood was spent in pleasant surroundings. I was timid, sympathetic, inquisitive, and prone to building air castles. In imagination, I arose to the blue sky, walked around on its floor and explored the heavens, then climbed on to a rainbow and slid down to a great heap of gold.

I was always in love with some little girl whom I expected to marry some time and about whom I would plan great things that I would do. In this wide awake dreaming, I would go away from home, gain great renown and riches and return dressed the finest, and my little lady and I would marry and be very happy.

I used to believe in Santa Claus and anxiously hang up my socks and wonder how he could get down the chimneys, especially all the chimneys in the world.

I often thought it was just too bad that there had to be a mean old devil that was liable to catch me most any time and wished God would

get him some time and finish him. I wanted that old rascal put out of business and often wondered why God, who knew all things and could do anything, did not fix him.

In bed I was subject to dreams and queer sensations of awful sights of powerful, wild beasts or great irresistible machines that seemed to be coming right for me and no chance to escape. I could lie awake and see visions of beautiful and homely women, men, children and animals and never accounted for such. I still see such visions without knowing why.

As my childhood passed, I developed into being so studious that I worked by lamp light or tallow dip long after all the others had retired, generally not going to bed until 12 o'clock. I was a natural mathematician and at the age of 12 was considered quite a prodigy.

Along about this time, I was reading a great deal and won prizes at Sunday school for much reading of the Bible and committing to memory many passages of scripture. The more I read, even then, the old stories of the Bible seemed hardly the composition of an all-wise God or even worthy of respect. It all seemed rather a funny business to me and I suspected another Santa Claus deceit; still I supposed that old people knew a lot and that it was up to me to be careful in my opinions.

My parents did not believe much in child church membership, nor in miraculous conversion.

They thought that conversion was just a change of mind, a natural change by being convinced as to the truth of the gospel, and that faith in good works hath power to purify. As the years rolled on many revivals were held in our neighborhood with many converts who generally back slid; but I never felt the least inclination to join the church.

I wandered away from home at the age of 17 and at the age of 18 I was teaching school five hundred miles away from home. I soon gained the reputation of being a successful teacher and continued to teach, study and attend school during vacations for a few years.

At the age of twenty, I became fully convinced that the church was not teaching, nor following, the teaching of Jesus, and that the Bible was a record of old legends, and not the inspired word of God. I then felt more humane and was ready to forgive all people for their beliefs and actions and thought the world needed justice, teaching, and kindness, not punishment and force. My ideas were regarded with great displeasure by many, and on account of this, I tried other work for a few years.

One day, I received a letter from a friend informing me that my parents were alone and that my mother was in poor health. He said that it was strange that some of the boys did not come home and take care of them. I took the first train for home and shall never forget how glad I

was to go home and how I wept over Mother, whom I found bedfast.

I remained home about three years, taking the kindest care of my mother until she passed away, and soon after this, my father died. This sad experience had a tendency to quiet my ardor in my opposition to old customs, and there was a constant demand for me to teach the neighboring schools, though it was generally known that I was an agnostic.

So I taught again and during vacations attended school, taking up higher mathematics and the natural sciences. I served as principal of schools in small towns without trouble, except that the teaching of biological science in the higher grades brought out the Evolution theory. Now, this theory is taught as true in all biological text books, and all colleges in the country. Evolution was and is as apparent to me as any truth ever taught. The opposition to teaching evolution involved me in a discussion with one of my patrons, a deacon in the church, and before I got control of myself, I had given away some of my opinions which could do no good and must result in injury to my work in the school.

The deacon said: "You should not teach evolution. It is contrary to the Bible."

I said: "I am not teaching the Bible. I am teaching scientific truths."

Deacon: "What refutes the Bible is not truth and should not be taught."

I said: "Well, evolution is true, no difference what the Bible teaches. Every condition that might be imagined to prove evolution, actually exists: embryo passes through all stages of animal growth; remains of rudimentary organs of no more use; change of structure to suit change in environment; morphology, or likeness of all animal structure; the earth's strata prove that there was a gradual growth from the lowest to the highest forms of organisms.

"The earth is a great story book, giving us, as we turn its stratum leaves, illuminated pictures in bas-relief of the life forms of past ages. What a revelation, written by the Finger of Time on the Rock of Ages and by the Ink of Death! Let me read some more from your text book."

Deacon: "Hold on. I'll hear no more of this. I'll see to it that you shall not get our school again. You do not believe in the Bible."

I asked: "Do you believe all the Bible—just as it reads?"

Deacon: "I do."

I asked: "Did you ever read it all?"

Deacon: "To tell the truth, I have not read the Bible much. I'm too busy trying to make a living."

I inquired: "If you have not read the Bible, how do you know whether you believe it or not?"

Deacon: "I know that we must believe the Bible—just as it reads. Why, I was never taught anything else."

“Well,” I said, “I do not teach the children to disbelieve the Bible, and while teaching from scientific facts, we are not trying to discredit the many truths in this collection of old legends.”

Deacon: “I can not argue this matter with you, but you are an infidel! that’s what you are!”

“Very well,” I said, “I am sorry that you raise such an objection to teaching evolution and stir up an argument in regard to the Bible, but to tell you the truth, I am glad that I am free from superstition and not afraid to teach the truth, whatever religion it may disprove. It is the truth that the expressions, ‘in those days,’ ‘in the days of old,’ ‘even unto this day,’ and such like appear hundreds of times in the Bible in just the right connection to prove that the writers were compiling old legends.”

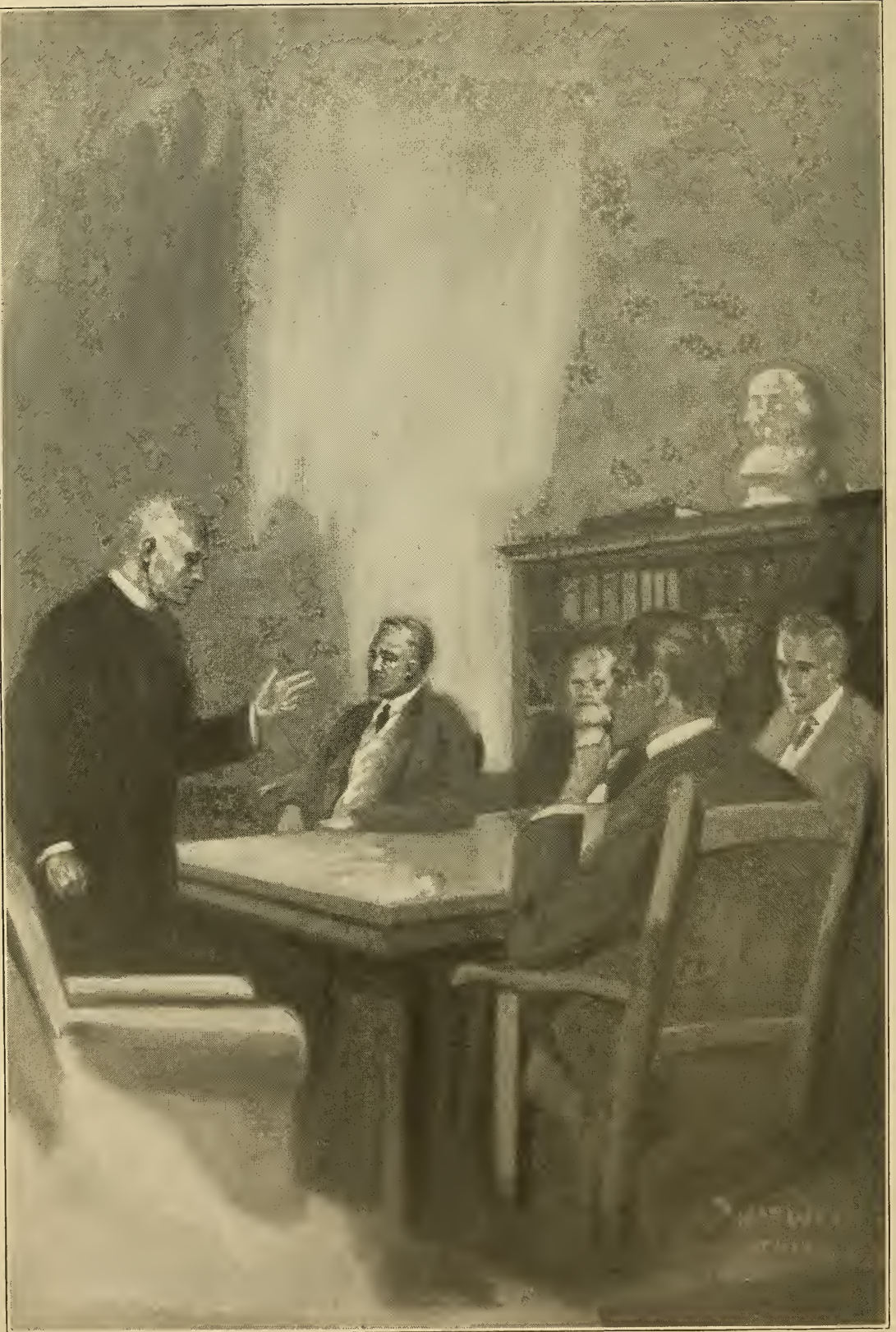
Here are some citations for you to look up that may cause you to use a little reason:

- 4 to 6— 6 Genesis
- 33—26 Genesis
- 37—19 Genesis
- 11— 3 Deuteronomy
- 14—14 Joshua
- 19—15 Judges
- 8— 8 Kings I
- 13 to 21— 9 Kings I
- 7—14 Kings II
- 22 to 34—17 Kings II
- 6—16 Kings II
- 1 to 13— 1 Isaiah

7—11	Genesis
20—35	Genesis
11— 2	Exodus
26— 7	Joshua
21— 1	Judges
18—11	Samuel
19—12	Kings I
27—10	Kings II
22— 8	Kings II
8—22	Kings II
41— 4	Chronicles I

“There are many more in the Old and New Testaments; but these will be sufficient for you to look up and see what you think about it.”

Well, they were sufficient to finish me, notwithstanding I had many friends. The “We know we are right” people had no difficulty in preventing the continuance of my work in that school for another year.



Rev. Damon: "Evolution is as true as the eternal rock-ribbed hills."—Page 79

CHAPTER III

In this village were a few intimate friends of widely different views upon religious and public questions. We often met in the studio of the Rev. Damon, a liberal Congregationalist minister, in friendly discussion of local, national and scientific questions.

There was Archy Umbrage, about thirty years old, a college graduate, wealthy and atheistical, Mr. Reliance, a progressive theologian, and Mr. Wade Insky, a poor, retired old school teacher and an ardent socialist.

Shortly after my tilt with the Deacon, we all met at Rev. Damon's studio. After exchanging greetings, I said:

"Rev. Damon, I had a serious argument with Deacon Jones yesterday. He objected to my teaching Evolution. What do you think about this evolution theory?"

Rev. Damon replied: "Evolution is as true as the eternal rock-ribbed hills." He continued: "I heard of your trouble with the Deacon. I am very sorry about it. He means well, but does not know much. True Christianity and evolution are in accord. I have to be careful myself, and explain the changes as development, and put my language in such form as to gradually de-

velop my progression in theology without getting into a dispute with any one."

"Yes," I said, "I have been trying to do that, and have succeeded very well for several years, but this fellow's eyes flashed so much venom, and he was so distasteful in his language and tone of voice that I lost control of myself. I was trying to convince him, when I ought to know better than to argue with such a fellow. It seems that one is justifiable in being slightly hypocritical in order to get along in this argumentative world. Now, I have no particular reason to want to change the Deacon and I do not blame him for his belief, if he would only tend to his own business and let me alone. It is rather tough to go through this life pretending to be what you are not."

Archy Umbrage: "Do not pay any attention to the narrow heads. Ever since you refused to sing in the choir, they have been trying to find fault. The Deacon thinks that the earth is flat, but, however ignorant, he can raise some stir among his class. It is rather strange that there are so many religious beliefs and each claims to be right and that all the rest are liars. They are all fighting each other, but it seems that all are ready to unite to uphold dogmatic teachings in preference to logical truth."

Mr. Reliance: "There are no disagreeable arguments among real truth seekers who are delving into nature to make her give up her secrets by scientific research. They all work together

for new discoveries and give the crown of excellence to him who proves a law."

Wade Insky: "We all sympathize with and respect Rev. Damon in his patient endeavors here to teach true Christianity."

"From his patient work," I said, "I shall profit in some other town where I shall choose with care whatever language I may use in conversation at all times. As I walked down the street today, there was a change in the cordiality of church people that passed me. I tried not to notice such and talked with the same feeling of solicitude for their welfare and the progress of the school work, and continued my walk. On turning a corner, I ran on to a crowd arguing about something, but not another word after my appearance. I heard one say, 'Hist! there he is now!' Certainly, I knew that my case was being threshed out and that it was of such nature that I was not to be allowed to suspect nor have a right to defend myself."

Archy U.: "There has been no complaint made by the pupils. They all say that the school is doing better than ever before. You do not need to use corporal punishment; for you have the knack of how to get work done and have the confidence of the pupils in all you do."

Mr. Reliance: "My children say that this not punishing for poor lessons and trusting the pupils in their work, works like a charm here. That would not do when I was a boy, I tell you, they had to lick us then, or we would not study."

Wade Insky: "My son is doing fine for the first time. He used to steal and was a dumb-head. The teacher and I took it time about keeping his back raw; but it did no good. He said that he showed this teacher that he could get his lessons, and now he is so bent on getting an education that he works by lamp light."

Archy U.: "To change the subject, Rev. Damon, I have quite a list of texts from the Bible, something near two thousand, that I have picked out and some day I'll hand them to you, if you care to see them."

Rev. Damon: "I have read the Bible thoroughly, have noted the progression there in the development of the true teaching of God—from no God through idolatry and sacrifices to an angry God, to a God of Love. This development still continues in the heart of man. If you have any passages of scripture on which you desire my opinion, bring them around some day. It is not likely that we will have a serious disagreement; for we grant each the other a right to his opinions without ill feeling. We all desire to save man from the errors of life, feeling assured that such will prepare him for eternity."

Archy U.: "Chapter 12, Genesis, gives an account of how Abraham left his people, who were idolators, to start a new nation and teach a new religion. He taught the 'Living God,' a kind of militia general who led his chosen people in wars on all other gods. He was an angry

God who was sure of revenge, and required the sacrifice of much life to appease his vengeance.”

Mr. Reliance: “Abraham’s God was given credit for the origin of all laws by direct revelation to a very few who took the place of God; 19:50 Genesis and 14:3 Exodus.”

Wade Insky: “Isaiah 1 to 13, first chapter, orders no more sacrifice. God was tired of blood. In fact, Isaiah teaches a new law, and tried to force it on to the people by threats in the form of prophecies. His works form the foundation for the story of Jesus as the Savior of mankind and the teaching of a God of Love and Forgiveness.”

Archy U.: “This all shows an evolution in the opinions of man as fast as he was capable of advancing, the teachers being ahead of their time and generally giving their lives to cruel deaths at the hands of poor fanatics of the old customs and faiths. Man is slow to change, holding fast to the old until the new is established and becomes a stable guidance. This has been the history of man’s struggles to work out his salvation.”

Mr. Reliance: “In all ages and amongst all tribes of man, all could look back to a time when their ancestors were of different belief than they themselves, and so man has slowly fought his way onward and upward. 26:4 Genesis, ‘Then, men began to call on the name of the Lord.’ No God before. 4:6 Genesis, ‘The sons of God dwelt with the daughters of men and there were giants in those days.’ 6:6 Genesis, ‘God repented that he

made man.' 22:3 Genesis, 'Man has become as one of us (Gods) and must not be allowed to eat of the tree of life and live forever.' 10 to 12:32 Exodus, 'Moses argues with an angry God'; 10:16 Leviticus, a scape goat provided. They were always trying to find a way to escape responsibility. 20:24 Leviticus, 'An eye for an eye, etc.' 20 to 38:36 Leviticus, threats. Do you think God made any threats? 33:11 Numbers, God got angry. All 12 Deuteronomy, no tolerance for other religions. 41:16 chapter, II Chronicles, God to get out of the way and let the priests have his place. 18:43 Isaiah, 'Remember ye not the former things, neither consider the things of old.' He was trying to reform them and set them free from old tradition. 3:66 Isaiah, 'He that killeth an ox as if he killed a man, he that burns incense as if he blessed an idol.' He was repealing old laws. Add to these few quotations the Sermon on the Mount as reported to be the teaching of Jesus and we find a gradual change of belief from no God and idolatry through all stages of degraded worship to the beautiful doctrines of love and correct living."

Wade Insky: "It appears that Jesus was the best Man that ever lived and attempted to teach a new doctrine to his people, and that they were not advanced sufficiently to receive it without adding their old superstitions. He well knew how they were blinded by old forms of worship and were not responsible for their bloody acts and

so he said: 'Father, forgive them. They know not what they do.'"

Mr. Reliance: "If Jesus were God, of course, he could do this, but that would not give me power to do likewise, being only a poor helpless man. If he were a man and could teach so nobly and bless those who were agonizing him, that gives me great hopes, then, that I may be able to do a great service for man."

Archy U.: "It seems that a hundred years after the death of Jesus there were but a few Christians, and they were living a socialistic life in accordance to the teaching that had been handed down to them by verbal report of one to another, and they deified Jesus and proceeded to write up his teachings on that basis. They, no doubt, were sincere; but all they had to work from was legends in regard to what Jesus might have taught and done which naturally grew in wonder with age and repetition and were so recorded."

Wade Insky: "In my study of various legendary writings which were origins of religions, I have noted that nearly all have made the mistake of claiming to be the only true revelation and condemning all others. This has led to wars, persecutions and cruel crucifixions in the name of God, but God was not there in such work. It seems even now, that there are ten crimes committed in the name of God and man-made law to one crime through perverted intellect. Why should man be driven to despair for

teaching proven truth? Has it been necessary that millions of people should have suffered ignominious death in order that the truth might prevail? Or has such retarded the advance of man and prevented the discovery of the truth? We have had only a few years of comparative freedom and the human race is advancing in all lines in a geometrical progression."

Mr. Reliance: "It is plain to me that there is a retarding force in the world yet that only ages can remove."

I said: "Rev. Damon's course appears the most logical. He stands on the old foundation to teach a liberal application and it appears to be in line with the method used by the Great Teacher."

Rev. Damon: "I am much entertained by this discussion, and as I discover the foundation on which you gentlemen build your structures, I may be able to point out a few of the weak places in your reasoning. You gentlemen are all students of sociology."

Mr. Reliance: "Well, Rev. Damon, there are none of us too old to learn and I must say, I enjoy a friendly exchange of views like this. If I remember right, Brahma as God was made to say 'All who worship me, all who worship other Gods, all the good people of the earth worship me the only God.' If all religions had said that, and worked together and compared their fundamental laws of duty of man to man, what awful

wars, hatreds and cruelties might have been omitted from the world's history."

I said: "Some think the world is saved by faith in unproven dogmas and refuse to listen to anything to the contrary. Others believe that only a few truths have been established and there remains a great field for investigation and that the 'old must pass away and everything become new.' Unless one can be led to doubt his present belief, he cannot be led to accept another. Therefore, it would appear that doubt has had as much to do in the advance of man as faith. We must learn to doubt error when the proofs are conclusive, and have absolute faith in proven truth."

Rev. Damon: "Doubt has led to investigation and investigation has proven laws and made discoveries that disprove many of the old ideas and consequently we build a new and a better way of thinking. The truth is slowly dawning on the human mind, but remember the truth is and always has been the truth, regardless of what you or anyone may believe. A truth is worth knowing, since every truth contains the germ of good."

Archy U.: "It is an acknowledged truth at the present day that all natural phenomena result from the action of unchangeable, immutable and inexorable laws. That there is a natural cause for whatever happens and the foundation of all facts and science is: 'Whatever happens, always did happen and always will happen, conditions being the same.' This sweeps away the

fables and legends of the past, and we must adjust ourselves to natural and rational law."

Mr. Reliance: "This proves that God is a constant force or spirit, never changes, never gets angry, never forgets and must be obeyed, or punishment is seen in loss of health or degradation of character and soul."

Wade Insky: "This points to a new heaven and a new earth, where love and labor constitute the Divinity that leads us on to a universal peace among mankind in which every one shall receive credit in proportion to what he produces. It creates that charity in the heart that surpasseth understanding; for it shows us that every human being is what he is from outside causes and that he cannot change himself. He must be changed by outside forces, or teaching. If one has not eyes to see nor understanding wherewith to comprehend, he must remain the same, or lose even what little he has and plod along in his misery."

Archy U.: "Rev. Damon, here is a small list of citations. Will you explain them to me some time?"

Verse	Chap.	Book	Verse	Chap.	Book
14	3	Genesis	all	4	Numbers
27	5	Genesis	10-11	32	Numbers
all	7	Genesis	all	21	Deut.
all	32	Genesis	all	6	Joshua
all	40	Genesis	13	10	Joshua
16	4	Exodus	all	17	I Samuel
3	15	Exodus	all	14	I Samuel
3	23	Exodus	12	13	II Samuel
15	31	Exodus	all	15	II Samuel
all	13	Leviticus	22 to 34	2	I Kings
30	32	Leviticus	24	13	I Kings

Verse	Chap.	Book	Verse	Chap.	Book
12	19	I Kings	all	21	Leviticus
11	2	II Kings	all	31	Numbers
6	6	II Kings	12	17	Deut.
16	15	II Kings	all	23	Deut.
15	21	II Kings	7	7	Joshua
41	6	II Chron.	all	16	Judges
12	16	II Chron.	all	9	I Samuel
10	22	II Chron.	all	11	II Samuel
18	24	II Chron.	all	14	II Samuel
4	34	II Chron.	2	1	I Kings
3 to 14	10	Ezra	12	8	I Kings
25	13	Nehemiah	10	14	I Kings
12	2	Esther	13	21	I Kings
10	4	Jeremiah	24	2	II Kings
25	10	Jeremiah	25	10	II Kings
7	11	Isaiah	1 to 29	6	II Kings
31	3	Judges	29	9	II Chron.
15	4	Genesis	13	15	II Chron.
6	6	Genesis	4	21	II Chron.
all	8	Genesis	15	23	II Chron.
all	33 & 38	Genesis	21	25	II Chron.
16	1	Exodus	15	7	Ezra
13 & 21	13	Exodus	12	8	Nehemiah
28	22	Exodus	22	1	Esther
20	29	Exodus	all	1	Isaiah
11	32	Exodus	8 to 21	5	Jeremiah
all	12	Leviticus	14	14	Jeremiah
6	19	Leviticus	all	45	Isaiah

“All of Jonah shows an angry God repenting and Jonah displeased presumes to argue the case.

“All of Job is a good story. Satan here is a servant of God, which is much more reasonable. Job saw God in everything. No one knows where this book came from. Eighth verse, chapter 22, II Kings and verse 14, chapter 34, II Chronicles, each tell how Hilkiyah found the book of Moses that possibly Hilkiyah himself had written. Up to this time, they had no written book, according to that. How could Moses write a thousand years before the alphabet was invented?

God of Love
Constancy



Star of Hope

Great
Unknown
Hypotheses

Theories
Conjectures

Great
Unknown
Hypotheses
Conjectures
Theories

High
Plane of
Proven & constant
Laws
True
Christianity
Tolerance

Reason

Bridge
composed of
advanced theories



Chasm to
Cross

Anarchy

wilderness of Recklessness
dens of vice - murder vapours

no Law

No
Tolerance

Churchianity & Forms
Some light deflected from the sun

No
Tolerance

Superstition, Bigotry, Injust Murder & Persecution,

Wonders - Fables - Superstition - Legends

Unknown ages of man's struggles & development

Animal Development
Before Man

Great - Plant Life from internal
Heat of the Earth and the Sun's Heat
forming great Coal beds and other
deposits. Great Earth Changes forming
New Continents as Old go under.

Drawing found among the Crater of Gold manuscript.

REV. DAMON'S REVERIE

In my imagination, I thought of all our ideas as birds caught in cages. I examined my cage and found that I had hope, charity, faith, immortality, love, and so on; but I could not find the bird, "Truth." I became restless. I wanted the bird "Truth" in my cage. So I took my rifle and canoe and rowed around on a large river hunting for the bird that would satisfy my longings.

At evenings, I could see that my relatives and neighbors were wondering what was wrong with me. They began to chide me for a crank on the road to ruin. They feared that some devil was deranging my mind.

One day, while rowing down the great river, I was hailed by a very old man with a scythe thrown across his shoulders. "Young man, what seekest thou?" I told him that I was hunting for the bird "Truth," and unless I could find it, I could not be content.

He said: "I fear you are looking for what you can never find. What birds have you in your cage now?"

I told him the various birds. "Well," he said, "you will have to turn loose that beautiful bird 'Immortality' before you can have room for 'Truth' in your cage. The bird 'Truth' is hard to catch. You had better hunt for easier caught game."

I returned home sad and discouraged, but something made me willing to sacrifice anything to get the bird "Truth." So I sadly let the bird "Immortality" out on my hand. So beautiful it looked as I stroked its shining feathers and mourned its loss. It arose and flew away.

This act put me out of the quiet neighborhood, and I plunged into a wilderness. I followed a beaten path, but at every turn on all sides and all around me were the bones and dead bodies and dying of millions who had gone before me. I would not yield and so I plod on. Many times in despair, I lay down and tried to die; but after years of weary travel in gloom, I saw a light ahead, a clearing came in sight. I entered the clearing and there was a great chasm to cross, no end either way by which I could go around it. I caught a glimpse of the bird "Truth" on the other side of this chasm. I must get it! How will I cross? The banks are steep and no bottom can be seen.

Just then I discovered a narrow bridge, and behold! this bridge was composed of the bodies of those who had preceded me, no doubt in the same quest. I fell upon my knees and prayed: "O God, must I die here to help finish this bridge, or shall I go back?" The answer came: "Go ahead, what man has set out to do, let him go on and do it without turning back. Do your work and your reward is sure."

I tremblingly stepped out on the narrow bridge

and found that it might be possible to cross over. I worked my way slowly, being careful not to slip and fall into the yawning abyss. At last, I reached the farther side in safety. There I found others ahead of me, some content where they were and others striving to reach higher land. I climbed on until I reached the level plain above me. I found a plain road, corners staked out and well established, making it easy traveling for some distance. As I observed that the road is permanent and all guide posts are proven correct, I thought surely I will find that bird yet; but as I moved farther on, the road became dim and darkness came upon the view ahead.

I trudged on until I reached a solid wall higher than man can calculate. I leaned against this wall and cried aloud, but there was no answer. At my feet there dropped one feather from the bird "Truth," and that was all I had to show for my great labor.

I returned to my people with this one feather, but fully convinced that it is not for man to find the whole truth.

"Well," said the Rev. Damon, "I suppose you get the idea? Father Time on the River of Life through our reasoning is driving the hope of immortality away from men; but depths of philosophy brings one back again to a hope for eternal life, and ready to accept the faith with love for all and no censure for any one in whatever state of mind he may be.

“Every problem we solve always falls short of the first great cause. We explain scientifically and it sounds good, so far as it goes; but we always end at the stone wall.

“We look into space and our finite minds say there is an out edge somewhere, but still we know there can be no out edge to space. For what would come next? In the same way, we reason that there could not have been a beginning of material, though our finite minds think there must have been. Every question is the same. They reach conclusions which our minds say are impossible but must be true. Then, as our minds say that immortality is impossible, why not finish by the same conclusion but ‘must be true.’

“In that wilderness, men are without hope or guide, and they are an easy prey for all dens of vice and few ever gain the high plain across the great chasm which separates the old superstitious reasoning from the new reasoning that there is a natural cause for everything, and that the universe moves in accordance with constant and unchangeable laws. Science is proving its way as far as it goes, and by hypotheses and theories, it looks far into the unknown.

“There is no argument in regard to proven laws, and there is a friendly rivalry in trying to prove more. The greatest credit is given to him who does most to clear the way. Who knows what developments in the understanding of man through inventions and experiments may yet be

accomplished? Who knows but what a sixth or seventh sense may come through evolution that will open to the mind of man an understanding of the First Great Cause?"

I said: "I like your reasoning and I am convinced, and henceforth I shall hope for eternal life and so live that I may be worthy. I intend to study to discover the natural laws of spiritual and physical growth and obey them."

"Join the church," Rev. Damon replied, "get the school again and we will work hand in hand for the upbuilding of tolerance and substitute faith, hope, and charity for bigotry."

"I would like to do so," I said, "but so much abuse has been heaped upon my head by poor, ignorant, intolerant, superstitious church bigots that it has soured me on all the old churches, and I fear I would feel like a hypocrite. We seem to agree quite well. We do not blame each other for any difference in opinions. We recognize the fact that in regard to the Unknown, there are about as many different opinions as there are thinkers in the world.

"A line without an end is beyond the grasp of the human mind. The greatest and strongest mind in existence is only putty and straw in the throes of the awful thought, 'Infinity.' We see and know so much and yet are so helpless and are filled with such a fear of the unknown that we can hardly prevent ourselves from falling down and accepting some assumed revelation.

Let some one come with much pomp and circumstance and declare a revelation, or let something be dug up that appears musty with age but asserts a sure thing, poor man grasps on to it with hope like a drowning man clings to anything within his reach.

“Life is so short and death is so terrible and there are so many cruel separations that poor, helpless man is led to believe anything that promises consolation.

“I have a sure faith in the constancy of God, and that all laws of physical and spiritual growth are natural laws and that they are the laws of the Supreme Ruler of all and that these laws are inexorable and must be obeyed.

“It seems that all living creatures have the right to life as long as life for them is possible, and that the microbes that threaten our lives have as much right to live as we. If we would save our lives, we must learn how to cure diseases and kill the microbes. When we meet the savage beast in animal or man, God comes not to the deliverance of either, but lets us defend ourselves. The supremacy of the law prevails regardless of what life may end.”

Archy U.: “The laws of kinetic motion and gravitation are never changed to cause the roulette wheel to turn in favor of any one.”

Mr. Reliance: “We can safely lie down to sleep with absolute faith that God will play no tricks, and providing that there is no cause for

death, we will be alive in the morning. We should keep watch of our health conditions and secure the best of treatment to prolong our lives. If we desire spiritual growth in right and justice, we must always do right.

“If we have done wrong and injured ourselves or others, there is no escape except by turning to the right and do the wrong no more, and then the injured part will be restored and the wrong pass away.

“If we have sinned so much that we have nearly destroyed ourselves, then no restoration can take place. We have committed the unpardonable sin and are lost. Faith will save if we follow up with deeds, but faith without quitting the sin is of no avail.

“The wicked destroy themselves by their disobedience of the laws of their creation. God directly punishes no one.”

Wade Insky: “We must work out our own salvation in fear of doing wrong and should ever be on the lookout for what is right. The organs or faculties that are used develop and unused organs or faculties lie dormant. If one lies, in time he will become a natural liar; but if he would quit lying before it is everlastingly too late and tell the truth on all occasions, he will become naturally truthful.”

Archy U.: “Here, then, comes a knotty problem. If he is a liar and can not change himself, is he to blame? Is any one to blame for

what he does? We inherited our minds and found our environments here which made us what we are. No one ever does anything that the act is not in obedience to a decision of his mind. His mind is the result of causes for which he surely is not accountable. It would seem that a person is no more to blame for his character than a snake is to blame for being a snake. Surely the child of the idolator is not to blame for worshipping idols, nor can a Jew be blamed for being a Jew. Then what must be the conclusion?"

Wade Insky: "There is but one conclusion that I can see, and that is: mankind is given full control of their own affairs. The battle for an understanding must still continue until the world is so unified by scientific research and liberality that all unite in peace to produce that kind of government and teaching that will result in conditions of justice and faith that will remove all causes that now prevail to pervert the human intellect, or cause unbearable conditions for those who labor.

"We must learn to look for the causes and then the remedy is easy. When the causes are removed, their effects will vanish.

"A poor man who can not find work and steals to supply his wants or to feed a starving family is not to blame, or at least should not be held as guilty as one who steals as a business. So much injustice in the name of the law and the Lord is now practiced that the great majority are losing

faith in the law and the Lord. This is a sad thing to contemplate and cries aloud for a remedy.

“Man must have a chance to work, or he should not be held guilty. We must also be tolerant with the vices of man, and instead of condemning the victim, find the cause and remove that.

“No one should be put anywhere for punishment, but should be detained for treatment for perverted intellect.”

Rev. Damon: “Long experience in teaching proved to me that children are naturally good. Those who were pronounced bad were made so by their surroundings. I have found the worst children anxious to do right when treated fair and trusted, and they did not resent correction when they were guilty of misconduct.

“I have always found that punishment in homeopathic doses and reasoning had better effect than brutal whipping.”

I said: “I do not punish for poor lessons. Sometimes work as hard as he can, the lesson is too much for the child and then to punish only stirs up resentment and a determination not to try. Require a thorough recitation, praise good work, and sympathize with and help those who fail. Admit that possibly the lesson was too much in such a way that the child’s feelings will not be hurt. The child having another chance will soon stir up a desire to make a better show

and ere you are aware, the dull pupil may be at the head of the class. They may not be dull heads, but mismanaged human beings. We must create willing work to succeed. They say that a good teacher should know more than he has to teach, but I say, that a good teacher can teach more than he knows. The human animal of all ages needs teaching and kindness and not force and punishment."

Archy U.: "There are exceptions to all rules, and so there may be to this rule; but it is best to be sure you have found an exception before you resort to drastic methods. There are cases when a good, sound trouncing brings a child or grown person or a nation to a sense of his or its meanness and has the right effect.

"Court fines for petty offenses are at present unreasonable. Men are often fined so heavily for what is hardly a misdemeanor that they are unable to pay and must serve time in jail, or on the rock pile. They are injured in character and lose their respect for law. They become more liable to commit violations of law than had the fine been light, one to five dollars, which can be paid and men walk out free with respect for themselves and ready to obey the law; they become honest citizens."

Mr. Reliance: "This soaking some one as an example and driving a fellow being to desperation to save others has an evil appearance to me. There are too many narrow blue laws that make

crimes out of many things that fair minded citizens are guilty of doing. They work only as a means for spite, or graft. Most of those who are doing these things will continue and never be molested. Such laws just enable officers to collect graft, or give some one a chance to work revenge.

“I have known a lot of poor people who were fined unmercifully for smoking cigarettes, but when a rich man carried his case to the Supreme Court of the State and the law was declared unconstitutional, those wrongly collected fines were never returned.”

Wade Insky: “I know of a case where a very good citizen, generally speaking, thought that he had paid for protection for some gambling games, but an officer who feared that he was getting the worst of it in the division of the graft made a raid and scooped up a bunch of fair minded young men who were playing the games and doing no more crime than any business man is doing under the present system.

“These young men just happened to get caught. There were hundreds all around the town who were not there that evening and were not caught. Well, they made an example, they call it, of these few fellows and fined them each two hundred dollars. They could not pay, so they went to the rock pile for about two months.

“Is that the way to reform man? The judge was an old poker player. I contend that what is

not right is not law, though so declared by the legislature and made a part of the statute. Only that which is upheld by most of the people without any considerable opposition is law, otherwise the question remains an issue of the day. Because the legislature declares that black is white does not make it so.

“Let juries have a right to vary from the statute in order to render justice in accordance with the conditions and circumstances surrounding the case and that which is enforced by the people becomes law.”

Archy U.: “Under the present system of electing legislators, faddists, fanatics, grafters, and trust representatives are all there and they swap votes, buy, and hobnob with each other in order to pass their particular fad, blue law, or trust benefit, and so the whole bunch succeed in getting their respective ideas into the statute to harrass a long suffering people.

“Representative law making has proven a failure, and has deprived the people of their right to rule, or make any changes in their fundamental law. It gives the people no chance to say what shall be law unless they refuse to enforce any law that is obnoxious.”

Wade Insky: “Let each political party select a few men to prepare their proposals of constitution and laws, and then, at a general election, let the people decide which system shall be accepted. Then the government would be pro-

gressive, more reliable and less expensive than having a great mob of legislators assuming that they are the government.

“This would put the best minds to work to originate the most just government under the sun, and would result in acquiescence and content of the people, as they would hold in their votes the chance to change at any election. Then, instead of law being the result of intrigue, every law would be an edict from the people and would necessarily bear the ear-marks of liberality and justice.

“The pernicious activity of combined capitalists, meddling fanatics and narrow-heads of all kinds has shown conclusively that representative law making is a joke.

“The time has come to institute such form of government as will restore to the people the right to say what shall be law.”

Archy U.: “It is best to bear with ills before changing to an unknown, but long suffering has convinced us that there is a better way to secure justice to mankind than now exists. It is up to us to invent a new system and study until we are sure that it will work; then we need not fear to progress.

“Machinery is improved all the time until we wonder how people used to get along; but our constitution with all its faults remains unchanged. The people want many amendments, but their representatives say no. They stand in the way.

They represent their masters, the entrenched beneficiaries of a pernicious system of government."

Rev. Damon: "I admit that what you gentlemen say is very close to the truth; but I belong to the conservative element that believes in no haste, and to hold tight to our present liberties and very carefully work out reforms. We had better suffer our present ills rather than be too hasty and perchance blunder into a more deplorable state of affairs."

I said: "Yes, we should take time and study well the various reforms proposed and also keep in mind a due regard for all interests and investments. A reform that would discontinue any business should either give ample time for readjustment or recompense the losers."

Wade Insky: "Politics is the science of government and it should be a question of what policy is most rational and just; but now it is a question of graft and exploitation. The votes are carried by the 'times' without any reasoning on whys."

Archy U.: "Many church people see but one side of a question and are more liable to error in their votes than any other class of citizens, nor are they any more honest. Possibly they think that by a little prayer they are washed white."

Rev. Damon: "You should not blame the church for the action of some of its members. No doubt, many unworthy people are wearing

the cloak of the church for their personal benefit.”

Archy U.: “Your exception is well taken. Still many church people misunderstand the pardon of sin. They feel free to do wrong and then get pardoned and have no fear as to their standing with their Creator. They do not understand that there is no forgiveness unless there is a cessation in the wrong doing, that the law of their creation only cures when the right road is traveled and the wrong road is forsaken.”

Wade Insky: “That makes me think of a story.”

STORY

A missionary with quite a caravan was exploring a wild part of Africa. They came to a place where they wanted to make a trip to a town off the main road about fifty miles. The missionary asked the native guide if there was any place where they could hide their stuff until their return to the main road. The guide said: “Leave it all right here beside the road.” The missionary asked: “Won’t some one steal it while we are gone.” “Oh, no!” said the guide, “there is not a Christian within five hundred miles of here.”

Rev. Damon: “Well, that is a pretty good joke. It is sad to think how near it fits the actions of many so-called Christians.”

I said: “They say that the native negroes do not steal and that they leave their wares in

baskets with prices marked and go about their business, and if any one takes the goods, the price is left in the basket. You see our colored population have learned their tricks from us."

Archy U.: "Human beings are in such dread of unseen forces that their reason gives away and they accept anything without thinking of the absurdity. If they would take a good square look at many of the ideas upheld by their creeds, they might be like the Indian convert, who, when asked: 'Do you believe that Jesus Christ was the son of God, born of the virgin Mary, was crucified and died, but arose the third day to life, was transfigured and ascended to heaven?' replied, 'Yes, sir.' 'Do you believe that the whale swallowed Jonah, held him in his belly three days and then spewed him out onto dry land?' 'Yes, sir,' replied the Indian.

"'Do you believe that Moses smote the waters of the Red Sea and that the waters gave way and Moses and his army crossed on dry land?'

"'Yes, sir,' said the Indian.

"'Do you believe that Samson was so strong that he upset a large building and destroyed ten thousand lives?'

"'Yes, sir,' said the Indian.

"'Do you believe that the Hebrew children were thrown into a fiery furnace and that they walked around in the fire without being burned?'

"'What is that? In hot fire and no burn 'em?' asked the Indian.

“That is right. It did not burn them.’

“No singe ’em hair?” asked the Indian.

“No, did not singe their hair nor burn them at all.’

“Well,’ said the Indian, ‘I don’t believe that, and come to think about it, I don’t believe that other stuff either.’”

This was going too strong, but the Rev. Damon was kind and patient.

Rev. Damon: “Your ideas call me back to my suffering in the same way as you are now, and there was no escape but to trust in God like a little child and ask for mercy, cease my reasoning and cling to the name of Jesus for salvation. It makes me happier, more contented and ready to abide by the law of God. I have seen that to bring these questions into the light of logic is too liable to drive many into atheism, who are not able to reason to a higher plane and a better understanding; but are tempest tossed on rough seas, without rudder or compass and subject to all kinds of heathenish vagaries.

“So for me, I will never again suggest any doubt of the truth of these old stories, not that I have no doubt, but for fear of the injury that I may do by causing others to forsake the great central truth of the love of the Deity.

“Believing that it is best to hope for all things, believe all we can and live God-fearing lives, I am content to go on in my chosen work and give my life for the uplift of man.”

Mr. Reliance: "Jesus more nearly represents our ideas of the Deity than any one that ever lived. He was so pure, just and forgiving that he appeals to the heart of man as no other can."

Archy U.: "When a thing is proven false by the absolute laws of all things, it is about time to say so. The truth is the truth and will always remain the truth notwithstanding what any one may think. As for me, I am for the truth at whatever cost. The truth will work out the ends of justice and tend to the advance of man. Every advance of man has been made by great loss of life and comfort of those who were the advanced teachers in opposition to the old erroneous systems, but no one will now deny but what mankind was benefited. The same persecutions of advanced teachers will continue until superstition will have no place in our teaching and all will agree on established laws."

Mr. Reliance: "All arguments then will be friendly and without malice, just as Jesus intended. Then, some of Isaiah's prophecies may come true when wars will be no more and peace and good will exist everywhere.

"I have prayed for an understanding and the question, 'Had I a right to think or use my judgment?' to my peace of mind was answered, 'You have the right to reason on all things, question all systems, produce and teach new systems and reason on the First Cause of All and the nature of all things, and let your imagination carry you to

the uttermost bounds of all of human understanding; but beware that you obey the laws that produced your existence, and do no act that will prevent your physical or spiritual growth.”

“So I hitched my imagination to a comet and took a long trip through many solar systems. Far out into space I wandered, but never found an out edge. Infinity can not be fathomed by finite mind. Only infinite wisdom can understand and that no man ever possessed.”

Archy U.: “Everything has existed forever and all is kept in motion by resident forces evolving all things that exist, grow old and die to give place for the new life and systems. The sun, himself, must grow dim with age, the earth become a dead planet and life forms will degenerate to suit new conditions, so that, in time, the last representative of man to view the sun will be a worm.”

Wade Insky: “The scientific proven laws of attraction aided by mathematical calculations have enabled man to measure the distance to other planets and compute their size, orbits, velocity, and density. Indeed, man has done wonders, but he can not answer why matter possesses these resident forces. Why is attraction? No one knows. Why is thought or memory? No one knows. We just learn how things do and what things do, but we know not why.

“We experiment until we are able to establish laws in regard to action and reaction, valency of

atoms and their combination into molecules, and can determine mathematically the resultants of reactions. We establish laws of vibrations, explaining the cause of light, sound, heat and electricity. We harness and utilize unseen forces, vibration of some kind, and lo! a wonder. We are now ready to believe, 'that the half has never been told.'

"We know not why these things exist, nor why they produce such effects, but the results are so constant that we have learned to have absolute faith in the constancy of nature and all things.

"We believe that action and reaction are equal and that nothing can ever be lost in the change of form, nothing has ever been added or taken away. So, man can not add to nor subtract from the law.

"Thus being convinced that resident forces are constantly working a change in all things, it is to be supposed that man will advance to new systems of religion and government. New constitutions and man-made laws will be promulgated that will serve man better in his changing environments.

"It is our duty to bring to pass that kind of control that will best safeguard the weak against the strong and cunning, and produce conditions that will guarantee to every one a living, and a chance to work and receive the product of his labor."

Mr. Reliance: "The intent of the new sys-

tem should be to remove the causes that lead to unnatural desires, practices, or habits and take care of the victims. No punishment for revenge but detention for treatment and teaching. Such a system of justice, tempered with mercy and kindness, will remove from this planet nine-tenths of so-called crimes."

Archy U.: "This might be done, but not till people are advanced to an understanding of the remedy. The remedy must be worked out into such tangible form as to guarantee a stable government and also appeal to us as devoid of favoritism."

Wade Insky: "The environments of past ages and at the present time, under cruel capitalistic and despotic systems, have so perverted the human intellect that the task of reformation is a gigantic undertaking and ages may be required for its accomplishment."

Mr. Reliance: "The change is constantly taking place, the forces are at work, the dawn of a better day appears on the horizon, and love and justice sustained by absolute faith will yet rule the world."

I said: "Whether to prove all we can and give logic full sway until we prove that all laws are constant and that there is a natural cause for whatever happens, or to accept some assumed revelation as a sure thing and deprive ourselves of the right to think anything to the contrary, is the question that is now agitating the human mind."

Archy U.: "Science has advanced to that perfection that it is impossible to dispute her proofs. If the revelation contradicts scientific proofs, the revelation is false. The revelator went wrong, but may have been doing the best that he could in the light of his knowledge to record the laws of Omnipotence and may deserve great credit for leading the human animal to a better worship.

"Science does not teach a spiritual life after death so that we will know each other. That can not be proven."

Rev. Damon: "We live in our descendants, but that does not satisfy the mind. We can conceive that our influence continues ever increasing either for the betterment or the detriment of succeeding ages. It is reasonable to suppose that thousands of millions yet to come will be affected by our influence, though they will know nothing about whence it came, just as we are the results of the influences of the past. We know not how the influence that gave us a certain trait of character was set to work in this world millions of years ago by the act of some one who succeeded in impressing our poor old ancestors with a new idea.

"It would seem best to admit that we do not know, but that we hope for eternal life and take pleasure in love and charity for our fellow man, resting sure that we then best serve God."

I said: "Let us all proclaim an amnesty for

all who disagree with us and call for terms of perpetual peace. Let the spirit of charity and justice make us here resolve never to continue to argue any question with any one whose beliefs are such that our argument is distasteful, but on the contrary teach love, forgiveness and justice in such a way as not to aggravate any one, but lead to peace and good will."

Wade Insky: "A difference of opinion on unknown questions does no good unless it be a friendly expression of hypotheses. Our opinion without proofs has no value. Our example teaches better than foolish argument, and logic will be the force that will gradually force a change in those who have ears to hear and not be wasted in stirring up strife with those whose ears are stopped up with a creed that prevents their advance to New Thought. They are not to blame and may be better off in their belief.

"It is hard to teach old dogs new tricks. The dope fiend longs for more of the same old dope. Habits of belief are like all habits—hard to quit."

Archy U.: "Since man learned to write some three thousand years ago, he has advanced at rapid rate. He has written many old legends, he has kept a kind of an account of man's advance since in literature and inventions, but only a few hundred years has man had the printing press which gave the masses a chance to study and think for themselves; but just to think that only the last one hundred years has man been allowed

to express a new thought without danger of severe punishment or death, and he is in some danger yet for advancing changes in religion or government.

“Just the last one hundred years has man begun to break away from his antedeluvian fetters and work out all problems of religion, government and natural laws independently and in the light that what nature teaches must be true.

“Now, man is going full blast ahead. He has on full steam and the good old ship ‘Human Race’ is making a magnificent run for independence of thought and is fast reaching the religion of a perfect faith in unchangeable laws, guided by hope, love and charity.”

Wade Insky: “With all our inventions and labor saving machinery that has reduced the cost of production and increased the productiveness of labor several fold, the laborer is injured instead of benefited as he should be. The labor saving devices become the property of a few and the masses are crowded to a worse slavery.

“Is there no remedy by which humanity may be assisted by improvements in machinery and be guarded against exploitation?”

To change the subject, I told the following story:

A TEACHER'S STORY

While I was teaching in a country school in the woods of Wisconsin, many years ago, I got into

conversation in regard to the interpretation of the old stories of the Bible with a Mr. R. W. Wright, who was a Sunday Presbyterian and a good judge of whisky on week days, also of quite liberal views.

I said: "These old stories can often be explained so as to teach good lessons. They are nuts to crack. Some are rather hard to crack but have big kernels, and some have small kernels, while there are others all husk and shell."

Mr. Wright: "Young man, you keep your hands off the Bible and take it just as it is. I do not try to answer or pry into the laws of God. I just live as near right as I can, go to church, listen to the minister and go on about my business. If it is not true, I lose nothing. If it is true, then I am forgiven my sins and I am safe."

"Well," I said, "for instance, there are several versions of the 'Adam and Eve' story, Mr. Wright, and they are quite interesting."

Mr. Wright: "Is that so? I thought there was just the one story."

Mr. Wright was willing to listen to what I had to say, and so I told him.

ADAM AND HEVA

One version of the "Adam and Eve" story gives their names as Adam and Heva. In this story the dissatisfaction of the man caused the trouble. They were placed in the garden and

were told that they must stay there, and not venture down to the point of land by the sea where there were some things that they must not touch, and then God left them alone.

They were getting along nicely until Adam determined not to work so hard, but just move down there where they could pick a living and enjoy life. He did not think God cared anyhow. Adam was bound to go, though Heva cried and begged him to stay where they belonged and let well enough alone; but Adam pulled away alone and ventured into the forbidden territory. The sea passed in between him and Heva and he was left on a barren rock to starve. The prayers of Heva saved Adam. God let him go back, and ever after Adam and Heva were happy.

Mr. Wright: "That is a pretty story."

I said: "You know the story of Adam and Eve. Now, I will tell you the lesson I get from it. Adam and Eve are symbols of any man and woman; the Garden of Eden, a state of purity; the Serpent, disobedience of law or evil which puts one out of the state of purity in a morally dying condition. The angels with the flaming swords represent the unseen forces that make it almost impossible to become pure again after sinning. Only prayers, finding out what has been done wrong and doing so no more can restore one.

"If one is hurt, poisoned or diseased, Nature rushes to the assistance of her child and the whole

system is in sympathy with the injured part, and if sufficient tissue or strength is left, the injured part is built up stronger than before to withstand against a repetition of the trouble, though scars and weaknesses may result. A continuous violation of the law of creation destroys one morally and physically in time."

Mr. Wright: "Very good reasoning. You ought to be a preacher."

Mr. Wright and I became great friends. He was a whole-souled, kind hearted man and did not claim to know that he was right, but wanted to so live that he never could look into the grave of any one whom he had injured in life.

One Saturday afternoon, I dropped in on Mr. Wright. We talked about the long cold winter and the hard times on account of the long shut down of the mills and camps.

At last, Mr. Wright said: "I was over to Mr. Graball's this morning. The young man Swander was measuring out a bushel of potatoes for the widow Smith. Swander heaped the measure and put the potatoes into the widow's vehicle and she drove away. Graball was looking vengeance and said: 'Why did you give her over measure?'"

"Swander answered: 'Well, I noticed that you gave her scant measure the other day. She is a poor widow and I could not help it.'

"Graball broke loose: 'You get right down to your rail-splitting and get that job done.' Swan-

der went to work and Graball turned to me and said: 'That young fellow came here five months ago and has worked for his board and a place to sleep in the hay mow. He is a good worker. The work he has done is worth two hundred dollars to me, so I did not tell him what a miserable creature he is.'

"Mrs. Graball broke in: 'Why, he is an infidel! He said this morning that he did not believe all he heard and he did not believe that Jonah swallowed the whale. Something awful will happen if we don't get rid of him.'

"Mr. and Mrs. Graball claim that they have been born again, are sanctified and among the elect with no chance to back slide. From what I saw this morning, I think that it would do them good to be born some more. That young Swander is a good natured, simple, hard working fellow. It is hardly right to do so much work without reasonable pay."

I replied: "Evidently he went down the Jericho road and has fallen among thieves."

Mr. Wright: "It may be so. I am in pretty hard circumstances this year myself. My crops were poor, there is no work and with my large family of ten mouths to feed, it keeps me guessing. Still I have faith that all will come out right yet."

Just then Mrs. Wright came in from the kitchen and looked at Mr. Wright in a helpless way as much as to say: "Why don't the teacher

go away and let us eat supper?" Mr. Wright telegraphed with his eyes to tell her to announce supper. No excuse would be accepted. They insisted that I must take supper with them; though I tried to get away, I could not.

All they had to eat was potatoes, potato soup and scorched-wheat coffee, no bread, no meat or butter, that was all. They made no excuses, or expressed any regrets, said, "Help yourself," and all were cheerful and ate hearty meals. It was the most enjoyable feast of my life.

How I sympathized with their children and how much kinder I was to all the children at school after that!

Mr. Wright was one of God's noble men and Mrs. Wright was so gentle and loving. She was the model mother of such radiance that my pen can not do her justice.

After supper, I was made welcome. I felt very kindly toward the children as they crowded around me, to show their work. I actually enjoyed their confidences. Nothing would do but I must stay a while and have a game of dominos.

While I was preparing to take my leave, they all crowded around and requested me to come to see them often.

Such experiences as this are the oases in the desert of life.

Wade Insky said that this story made him think of an experience that he had while principal of a village school.

MR. INSKY'S STORY

I shall never forget how Vesta Marque and Irene Mariner played a little game on me. These girls informed me that their parents wanted them to come home at recess and, of course, I gave them permission.

The lady primary teacher dismissed earlier than the others, was out for a walk and made the discovery that these young ladies had met Bill Durand and Cecil McCoy in the edge of the woods and all had taken a ride on the bicycles down the old logging road. She was indignant and hastened to my room to tell me what had happened. She said: "I tell you—these girls need looking after!"

"Well," I said, "this should not be talked out, and get into the gossip of the town. I think that it is best that their parents are not informed, for they are so fiercely religious that they may be too rough and just do the young ladies harm. Will you promise me not to tell any one, and just let me handle the case?" The lady promised, and so far as I know, she kept her word.

The next day, Vesta and Irene were at school and working hard at their lessons. Just before I dismissed, I requested them to remain after school for an explanation of some school work. I did not want the other pupils to suspect that these girls were in any trouble.

When we were alone, the young ladies were looking down, ashamed and in some fear. I said: "Vesta and Irene, I do not think that you intended to do much out of the way yesterday. You wanted to have a talk with these young men. I know how it is myself, and I sympathize with you. The worst thing you did was to misrepresent your intentions; but you thought there was no other way. That is an extenuating circumstance in your favor. You ought to know that if you go through life that way you become worse and in time no one will trust you."

By this time these young ladies had changed, and they were looking at me with the biggest and purest eyes that I ever beheld. I continued: "Besides, people talk too much and often exaggerate, especially in such a case as this; therefore, I have taken the precaution to keep it quiet and not have a general gossip. Now, I want you to think this all over and try your best never to do anything that requires a falsehood. You are as good girls as I know. I want to see you do well. These young men are not a bad sort, and as far as I know, they are your sweethearts. You may go home now. I do not intend to punish you."

These girls hung around my desk, cried and kept telling me over and over that they would never do such a thing again.

After that, they were so considerate of my every wish, that it was a pleasure to teach them.

The last day of school, after all the rest had

gone away, they came to my desk and for several minutes begged me to take their school for the next year, as they knew that then they could graduate. I left, but have heard that these young ladies married those young men and that they were the best of wives.

Rev. Damon: "I have sometimes explained to pupils that the text books and charts teach that the moon's orbit is a circle around the earth and that the earth's orbit is in a circle around the sun, when, in fact, this is not just the truth.

"It is true that the moon moves around the earth, but it is carried along with the earth so rapidly that its orbit is a wavy line crossing the earth's orbit from side to side and passing through the plane of the earth's orbit at a small angle. The earth's orbit forms loops across the sun's orbit, or may resemble an extended wire spring. The sun's orbit around some other sun, and so on ad infinitum, is too much to understand.

"The text books do not teach that the earth makes one more rotation on its axis a year than there are days.

"When asked why such things were not in the text books, I told the pupils that man has no parallax from which he can measure the distance to other suns, and the orbits of the suns are so great that man is unable to chart the skies and naturally falls back on the circular orbit for demonstration work.

ARCHY UMBRAGE'S COUNCIL OF THE MIND

As I lay on my couch today, a poor, ragged, old man called for a handout. There was a council called in my mind to decide what to do. Reason presided and Caution said: "Give him a cold potato and let him go." Avarice said: "He is nothing but an old tramp! Let this body under our control keep its goods for itself or it may come to want some time." Charity said: "This man is not a tramp, but a poor human being in distress." Generosity said: "It is a shame that such councillors as Avarice ever got into the council that manages this body under our control. While the decent members were asleep, these evil fellows have caused this body to do cruel deeds. I move that this body proceed at once to give this poor man plenty to eat and clothe him warm."

Charity seconded the motion and it carried almost unanimously and I went to the side-board so under the influence of Generosity that I took a whole roast chicken that was for our dinner, grabbed my old overcoat and some clothing and handed it all to the poor man. My wife came in and went to the side-board and asked: "Archy, what has become of that roast chicken?" I told her about the argument in my mind and how much better I felt for what I had done. Then, she was carried away with benevolence and wanted to call the stranger back for more.

Mr. Reliance said: "That is a good explanation of how Jacob wrestled with God."

Archy U.: "Rev. Damon, did you ever estimate that there is only about thirty miles square of the sun's surface that radiates heat to the earth at the distance of over ninety million miles, and wonder, with the rapidly changing positions of the earth and sun, how so much heat can reach the earth?"

Rev. Damon: "Yes, there are many such questions that astonish us."

Mr. Reliance: "Not wishing to appear abrupt in changing the trend of conversation, I wish to tell you gentlemen about Henry Unconcern. I knew him well. He had been taught from childhood to say written prayers and go through church rites in a perfunctory way. He paid his money, and as he thought got his sins forgiven; but he never made any effort to quit his evil deeds.

"He said that he had to misrepresent things in order to make deals and succeed in business. 'It is a matter of business,' he said. I asked him: 'Don't you ever feel sorry for the victims that you have cheated and broken up?'

"'That makes no difference to me,' he said. 'Business is business.'

"I said: 'It were better for you to belong to a society that bases its claims for usefulness in teaching the law and correct living,' but he was indignant and unapproachable. His self-right-

eousness and faith in idolatrous forms had blinded his perceptions to the beauty of the true Christian life.”

Without comment on this last talk, we kindly separated and went about our respective affairs expecting to meet again.

CHAPTER IV

At a social gathering, Rev. Formal told an old story about how Thesius did so many wonderful deeds that the people knew no better than to Deify him and worship him as a God.

Wade Insky: "That makes me think of an old story that I have read some time."

THE STORY

Once there were two old men climbing a hill. One said to the other, "You stop here and let me go up alone." The other waited a while, but got uneasy and followed, and just before he caught up, a chariot of fire came down and took the leader to heaven, but as he went up, he dropped his cloak on the one left behind.

Well, this old fellow went down to a little town and was telling all about what had happened, when a bunch of street Arabs gathered around him and made fun and called him an old bald-head. Two she-bears rushed out of the woods and killed, ate and hurt about forty of these bad children.

"Why, Mr. Insky!" said the good hostess, "that is in the Bible!"

Mr. Insky: "Well, then, it must be true. Excuse me, my memory is very poor in my old days."

Rev. Formal: "You should be very careful, Mr. Insky. God requires that we shall pay reverence to every word in the Bible."

Then I butted in: "These stories are intended to teach us lessons. If one does right and submits to the law of God, he gets his reward whatever he may believe."

Rev. Formal came back viciously: "If one does not believe every word in the Bible and is baptized, he will go straight to hell."

I subsided, as I wanted no argument on the question; but Archy Umbrage said that all of this made him think of a story.

THE NEW BRAINS

Once there was a man who said to the doctor: "My brains are out of order. I ought to have a new set."

The doctor replied: "I can make you a new set of brains of the best quality for fifty dollars. I can have them ready for you in two days. Do you want to buy?"

"Yes," said the man, "I will call for them. Here is your money."

The man never called for his brains. Six months later, the doctor met him on the street and said: "Hello! Say! Aren't you the fellow who paid me for a new set of brains?"

"Yes," said the man.

“Well, why did you not come and get them?” asked the doctor.

“Oh, I got a job as a preacher the next day and then I did not need them,” said the man.

This story raised some row and Mr. Umbrage closed the argument by saying: “Some preachers are as far from the true meaning of the teaching of Jesus as San Juan de Fuca is from the solar plexus.”

Then, Mr. Reliance, with the object of scattering oil upon troubled waters, read an original poem of his, “They Know Not What They Do.”

CHORUS

They know not what they do;
 They know not what they do.
 O Thou Most High, forgive them.
 They know not what they do.

I

I live according to the light
 Of proven truth and conscience's sway.
 I do not know that I am right,
 Though I have faith in what I say.
 A song of love and charity
 In this cruel world I want to leave,
 For suffering humanity,
 Keep warring, causing all to grieve.

II

What crimes have been in Jesus' name?
 Such persecutions, many slain;
 For man could not believe the same.
 O Thou Most High, remove the stain,

As Jesus taught this truth to man,
"Reward according to his deeds."
Tradition's slaves nailed to the cross
This Greatest Teacher of man's needs.

III

It seems that man is not to blame,
A creature of environment,
Misruled, mistaught, believes the same
As parents teach without dissent;
However wrong that this may be,
So different in what they teach,
All claim they're right, do not agree.
Let proven truth be what you preach.

IV

Hypotheses teach them as such,
A difference in the belief
May come should not amount to much.
So do not cause a loss, or grief
To any one, let all alone;
Go on thy way and be at peace
And know that all can not be known,
Let envy, war and turmoil cease.

V

O brother man, you do not know
That you are right and what you think
To be the truth may not be so.
Go study nature's way and drink
The living truth from fountain pure;
Then, you will have no argument;
For all agree that nature's sure.
With brothers you should live content.

VI

Whatever color, race, or creed,
Or what may be their state in life,
Have charity for all in need;
Teach them the truth, discourage strife.
Let your example show the way
To make this world a paradise,
And your reward is sure some day
For work well done and sacrifice.

This poem had the right effect and general friendliness was restored to the gathering.

Then Archy Umbrage got into a private conversation with Mr. Reliance. Archy said: "I am an atheist. I do not believe in anything. 'Shall not murder' means no murder if God is all powerful. If man had the power, his 'Shall nots' would prevent all crime. Moses gave some goods laws but misquoted authority."

Mr. Reliance: "I argue not on the authority of Moses. Do you believe that things grow and take different forms under control of unchangeable laws?"

Archy: "Yes, that is nature."

Mr. Reliance: "Do you know that there are many unaccountable manifestations of mind and mind development?"

Archy: "Yes, that is nature. All spiritual or mind development is just as natural as anything else in nature."

Mr. Reliance: "What causes nature?"

Archy: "I do not know. Nature just is, that's all."

Mr. Reliance: "Supposing I tell you that when I put my faith in the Power that rules nature and pray for truth and right, that a feeling of relief and content comes to me that I can get no other way. May it not be that there is a spirit of good that comforts those who humbly submit and pray for forgiveness and guidance in the ways of truth?"

Archy: "Oh! I believe that."

Mr. Reliance: "What difference does it make what you call this spirit? God means good. The spirit of Jesus is good. If one goes to his room and gives himself up to secret prayer, it does him good."

Archy: "Yes, I believe that. You talk reasonably. There may be some power that comes to him who will trust and pray, for all I know."

Mr. Reliance: "When you are discouraged or the future looks dark and gloomy, try this praying in secret and see if your eyes are not opened to the beauty of nature and nature's God. It may be that you will naturally grow better. Spiritual growth, no doubt, is a natural growth, and comes best to him who like a little child surrenders to the law of God with absolute faith in his justice."

Archy: "Oh, I am not so bad. I may believe more than I pretend, but what makes me tired is these self-righteous fellows who assume

to be the whole cheese, make so much noise and condemn every one that disagrees with them, still are just as ready to grab every dollar in sight."

Mr. Reliance: "Do not let them prevent you from doing what is right."

Archy: "You are right. I hope for eternal life some way, but I do not expect my body to go with me. It decomposes and returns to the elements from whence it came, and is used when needed in the economy of nature. It is taken into plant and animal growth. The H₂O, or water, may evaporate and join the clouds, fall in rain, sparkle in the frost and icicle, gather into the streams and roll back to old ocean. One batch of water, carbon, lime, etc., is just as good as another batch out of which to make a body for resurrection."

Mr. Reliance: "I argue not on this question. It is enough for me to trust that our reward is sure for every good deed."

Archy: "Dead plants and animals are decomposed by a slow fire and serve as food to generate disease germs. They should be consumed by active fire to guard the health of the living."

Mr. Reliance: "That is the truth, but the disposition of the bodies of our dear ones must be left to the wishes of the parties concerned."

Archy: "Mr. Reliance, permit me to submit a poem I have written lately to you for criticism."

FINITE MIND

I

Has man the right to think, explain, produce, explore,
To find the truth, establish rules and add some more
Of beneficial laws regarding government,
Religion and all things pertaining to content?
Or must he accept some assumed revelation
As A and Z of all of man's information,
Depriving himself of the right to prove or saith
That which may contradict the dogmas of some
faith?
These questions are now agitating all mankind
And let us hope the time will come when man
will find
It better to unite on proven law, and cease
Contention over ancient lore and théories.
The suff'ring of humanity, a bond should be
To cause the wars to cease, prevent all cruelty.

II

I prayed for light and truth, and if I had the right
To think, establish, prove and teach whatever
might
Appear to me to be correct and best for man.
The answer to my conscience came: "You have
and can
New systems teach, beware you teach the truth,
you may
Let your imagination carry you away
Unto the uttermost bounds of all human thought."
So my imagination on a comet caught.
Away it sailed in space, but no out edge was found,

I cried, "A line without an end! Space with no
 bound!
 Impossible but must be true! If there's an end,
 What next?" The finite mind doth fail to see the
 trend.
 All problems are the same, conclusions must be
 true,
 Impossible, though they may seem to the first view.
 Eternal Life, also, appears in the same way;
 Impossible, but Must be True, we have to say.

III

The finite mind doth see so far, so little knows
 That man may be confused and helpless in the
 throes
 Of the bewild'ring, awful thought "Infinity,"
 His mind gives 'way and he accepts "Divinity"
 As taught by some assumptive revelation old,
 That claims to be the only truth that has been told;
 His onward progress to a new and higher plane
 Is thus estopped, he dare not credit, nor retain
 The proven laws of nature disproving his creed,
 And knowing that he's right, to truth he pays no
 heed.
 He teaches to his children the tenets and rites
 Of his belief, all other systems he indicts,
 No argument, or logic turns him from his plan,
 He stays a clog to universal peace of man.

IV

Thus, man inherits customs, race, his faith and
 dress
 To which he clings tenaciously, though you express
 Convincing facts as proof of better ways and laws;

But constant teaching gradually wins applause,
 Creates a doubt that leads one to investigate;
 Investigation finds the truth to regulate
 Beliefs of man, and bring about reforms and
 change,
 And man advances to a higher plane and range;
 But often holds the old until the new is tried.
 That man is not to blame, can hardly be denied—
 A creature of environment, misruled, mistaught,
 A slave to old tradition, mind with fear is fraught.
 No change can be until a doubt the mind con-
 ceives,
 The truth will then appear more plain the mind
 relieves.
 So doubt is necessary for the world's advance
 To faith in proven truth, and doubt of all romance.

V

There never was a time in all this world's career,
 But man looked back on ancestor's beliefs so queer
 And wondered how they could so inconsistent be.
 It was for lack of knowledge that they failed to see
 The reason for the most simple phenomenon.
 They had no proven laws to base their logic on,
 And so they worshiped idols, sun, fire, geese and
 cows
 With incantation, sacrifice and foolish vows.
 Then, somewhere in the woods, or in the land of
 Nod
 A seer a private talk has with the living god;
 He is informed about just how all things begun;
 He gets the truth, the whole truth, that's under the
 sun;
 The laws and regulations for the chosen race;
 And thus advance is made to faith not quite so
 base.

VI

Why fear to find the truth? the truth will set you
 free,
 And absolute and perfect faith will give to thee
 The constancy of law and God will be so sure,
 You'll "Keep the law" to save your soul and health
 secure,
 Discard irrational incantation and charm,
 Idolatrous rites and forms and have no alarm;
 You get reward according to deeds, just and true,
 And punishment is sure for sins that you may do.
 There's no forgiveness unless you quit the wrong,
 And "Go thy way and sin no more," and then, ere
 long,
 There's inspiration to the soul, return to health,
 And growth in power to shun the paths of sin and
 stealth,
 And treat your neighbors as you want them to
 treat you,
 And have that change of heart to give to each his
 due,
 With charity for all, good will and peace to man,
 Accord with nature and the universal plan,—
 All old things pass away and give room for the
 new,
 The dawn of better days will then appear in view.

Mr. Reliance: "That is a good production
 and it does me good to see that you have brought
 out the exact spirit of the true teaching of Jesus
 in the sixth verse."

Archy: "Mr. Reliance, I thank you for the
 compliment. I must go home. We part as
 friends, and I hope to profit from your advice.
 Good night."

Rev. Damon: "Mr. Reliance, you have succeeded well in your conversation with Mr. Umbrage. He will soon be a good Christian."

Mr. Reliance: "Archy is naturally a good Christian."

Rev. Damon: "Yes, his intentions are good, but he comes out a little too strong on such men as Rev. Formal, and takes offense when it would do more good and be more Christian-like to be patient."

Mr. Reliance: "He told me once that he thought one gets the spirit of good from studying the lives of great men and trying to emulate their characters. There is some sense in such reasoning. Archy is a great student of history and has formed his ideas on ethics."

Wade Insky: "He is independent! but when a fellow has to toil like I do for a mere subsistence, it about crushes out his character.

"When I was a child, I remember a story of a boy kneeling by the bedside of his dying father, and I said mournfully, 'Poor Peter, poor Peter.' An older brother said, 'Wade is going to cry,' and I did cry as if my poor heart would break, while all around me all except my mother were laughing at my expense.

"That kind-hearted child has been driven to do many cruel deeds since then by this awful, cruel animal struggle for existence, and by blinded fanatics and sordid devotees of Mammon. Little consideration or mercy has ever been shown

him. He generally has been compelled to show a reckless, hard-hearted demeanor contrary to his real nature. I am in pretty hard circumstances this year."

Rev. Damon: "Is there not plenty of work?"

Wade Insky: "Yes, there is some work, but no one wants an old man. The government, the corporations and large firms, all draw the age limit.

"I have been in business and lost out, so I have no trade and belong to no union. Wherever I ask for work, they notice my age, or not having a union card, no work is given. If I am given a job at some hard labor, I am expected to do as much or more than younger men. If I wear out, I am kicked off the job. I tell you that an old man has no show and that is all there is about it."

Rev. Damon: "This does not look just right, but I do not know what is to be done. Many poor women and children are slaving for half pay trying to earn an honest living. There ought to be something done to provide work for the needy at least."

Wade Insky: "We inherited a continent of rich, virgin soil and untold mineral wealth. It has been given away to foreigners, squandered, or put into the hands of a few to buy foreign titles, while the descendants of old Revolutionary heroes are beggars, tramps and slaves fighting like dogs for the crumbs that fall from their masters' tables.

“This soil has been used for years and does not possess its virgin, intrinsic value, but the unreasonable increase in population and necessity of man has put the price of this depleted soil out of our reach. There is nothing left but dry desert, and there the poor settler is robbed by bogus, irresponsible irrigation companies.

“The poor can not get justice in the courts, for the rich opponents procure lawyers to twist the law, or appeal to other courts until the poor litigant is broken up. Now, after it is too late, a few begin to agitate conservation. Conservation will not do. There must be a readjustment.”

Rev. Damon: “A readjustment may be accomplished by a system of land, income and inheritance taxation and government ownership to gradually change conditions, without interfering materially with private enterprise, but we must move slowly and not become desperate and undertake to change by violence. Let the majority rule.”

Wade Insky: “I shall not argue this with you, but will tell you about an irrigation swindle that I am well acquainted with.

“I knew J. Noble Juggler and his spittoons, I. M. McSkunk, G. O. Getthem, and J. E. Fetchem, who so misrepresented an irrigation project that they sold poor, elevated desert land at thirty dollars an acre to hundreds of poor settlers and also charged one dollar per acre a year for maintenance of ditches, etc.

“They lied about the climate and the products and failed to furnish water. They never kept their promises. They had their contracts so worded that settlers, unable to make a living, gave up their land and had no recourse for damages.

“These scoundrels sold the land over and over, and may be at it yet so far as I know. Our legislators are so blind that no provisions are made to prevent such robberies. Here, many poor families lost their money and were brought to the agonies of starvation.

“Is it not about time for the people to take charge of the affairs of state? Here is one of my attempts to write poetry.”

ONLY WHAT IS PROVEN IS KNOWN

This is a singular world we are living in,
 We do not understand why we are here;
 There is no knowledge that shows us how things
 begin,
 Though some may think they can see their way
 clear.

Everything that I see is beyond my mind
 And I am puzzled to such a degree,
 That I conclude no one knows or will ever find
 Laws that will prove why things grow or may be.

So we don't know what is true if not proven so,
 You may believe the unknown, say don't know.
 I do not know, but I think I'm inspired to write
 This kind of logic poor man to enlight.

It is the man who is sure what he thinks is true,
And knows his faith is correct to a tee,
Who's apt to persecute those of another view
And have no reason and little mercy.

Of course he thinks he is serving his God with vim
To win a title to mansions in the skies,
And I am trying to teach all such men as him
That they don't know and I hope they get wise.

For there is room for us all to remain in peace
On this terrestrial sphere for all time,
And have no more ill dispute over sophistries;
For this will bring to the world peace sublime.

Rev. Damon: "I am no poetry critic. Never could write anything that looked like poetry, but it seems that you have expressed some of your thoughts very well in rhyme."

Here the social gathering dispersed, which finished the discussion.

I sincerely hope that Rev. Damon is right in regard to the Divinity of Jesus—for no one need fear injustice from such a judge as the lowly Nazarine.

I shall always remember this reverend friend with love. I have no doubt but what his reward is sure. He had the true spirit of Jesus.

SOMETHING NEW

I can not sing the old songs,
So I look for something new;
I do not like the old styles,
They make blue to view.

I want to see the new come,
That will make the world to move;
I want to hear things humming
In the line with what we prove.

I'm always looking for change;
Things a rollin', rollin' on;
Reforms can't come too fast, see!
For they're needed ev'ry one.

OLD CUSTOM

Old Custom came along,
And said, "How do you do?"
"Not doing well," I said.
"I'll have no talk with you."
Old Custom is no friend;
I treat him as a clown.
We look for something New:
Some day we'll turn him down.

Let justice be our aim,
Let error pass away,
And Truth all time prevail,
And bring a better day.
Give man a chance to work,
And never idle be;
And let him live in peace,
However he may see.

THE FUTURE GOVERNMENT

1913

CHAPTER I

On one of my trips away from my retreat, I wandered into the little city of Glenden.

I was resting in its beautiful park when an old man accosted me with the remark, "You seem to be a stranger here?" I replied, "I have not been here for over forty years."

He was one of these talkative old fellows who never let up when once they get a victim who will listen to them. So I listened without reply to his rambling remarks something like this:

"Well, another constitutional election is on hand this year. In 19—, twelve years ago, we had a very quiet time. How quick twelve years have rolled around!

"Let me tell you, Glenden has a much more contented people now than it had before the great constitutional and general law election was held in 19—, when the people by a majority vote decided to change their form of government by accepting the progressive party's proposal, a new constitution and a new code of laws in plain English, giving the people the right to decide what shall be the law of the land, and empower-

ing them to engage in all kinds of business enterprises that regulate prices, gives everybody work and prevents extortions of the trusts.

“The provision for a constitutional election every twelve years was a wise move. Each party is given the right to submit a constitution and general code of laws, and if a majority of those voting accept either plan, the new system takes the place of the old; but if no party receives a majority, then the old constitution will stand until the next constitutional election twelve years later. This plan brought out all the inventive genius of the country to produce the most just, inexpensive and humane government that could be devised. The desire of all parties to win a majority vote had the effect to prevent extremes, or unreasonable propositions.

“It is proven that where there are several plans from which to select, that the plan that can win a majority vote over all must be shorn of all favoritism and be of such tangible form as to prove that a stable government will be provided.

“In the election of 19—, the change to our present stable currency was carried. The most unchanging in value commodity that exists was made the unit of exchange and a legal tender for all debts. This unit is a day’s labor, eight hours of common labor, named ‘daylor,’ was made to equal two and one-half dollars in the old money. Every daylor represents intrinsic value, eight hours of hard work.

“At first there was some hoarding of gold and fear, but that has all passed away. The disuse of gold, especially for money, has reduced its value. It is only needed for some foreign trade and ornament.

“Only a few are left here in Glenden who remember the suffering, graft, bribery, dens of vice and general debauchery of the people from the use of narcotics and intoxicants. The masses were driven to desperation and insanity. Nearly all were perverted in body, soul and judgment.

“John Oldwheat, the supervisor of the Public Service Store and Dispensatory, his wife, who was Mary Archer, and James Archer, the supervisor of the Public Service Bank, were here in Glenden before the people’s rule began. The old professor, Edmon Strange, who makes his home with Mr. Oldwheat, was the principal of the Glenden schools for several years preceding the great change in our management of public affairs.

“Mr. Oldwheat, his wife, James Archer and a few others living here were graduated from the Glenden schools under Prof. Strange, and all think so well of this estimable old gentleman that he prefers to live here with his friends. He has been in the Public Service for many years and served faithfully in every position with which he has been trusted, is retired with honor and gets a pension on account of advanced age.”

At last I broke away from the old man, think-

ing that he was not accountable, and I wandered down the street. I was bewildered by the great change that I saw on all sides of me. I could not account for so many large buildings, which I learned were mostly for the Public Service.

I was attracted to a large, durable stone structure right in the center of the city. I asked a man at the door what it was used for, and he informed me that it was the Public Service Academy of Science, that there were many scientific departments and laboratories for experiments and teaching; that there was a large audience room for all to hear scientific lectures and see experiments performed. He asked me to step in, as there would soon be a very instructive lecture, given by Prof. Mentor, the renowned Public Service Investigator.

I was shown a seat, the most perfect and easy cushioned I ever sat in. I was amazed, but, as I always listen to others, read, study, and experiment, not to find out what others think, but to determine what I, myself, think upon all questions, I was all attention to Prof. Mentor as he said:

“Fellow Citizens: While man has made great discoveries such as: wireless communication which enables those in conversation to see each other while conversing; moving pictures that talk; transmission of mail across the United States in three hours through pneumatic tubes; preservation of suspended life for any length

of time to be resuscitated; the production of real blood in the laboratory to assist in prolonging life; agents to remove all harmful microbes from the living; machines to throw balls of electric force and volumes of poisonous gases that will easily destroy a whole army or city, and an electric device to explode the enemy's ammunition, so that the universal peace of the world is all that saves us from destruction; and scientists working hard, with various success, to produce all foods direct from the elements, and many other inventions and discoveries that stun us; but these are now eclipsed by what I shall demonstrate today.

"We have discovered agents and conditions by which to resolve metals into their constituent parts, and we find that metals are often composed of the same elements combined in different proportions.

"Now, we are led to believe that all of the seventy-two substances, heretofore called elements, are stable compounds of a much less number of elements in different proportions.

"The chemist proved many years ago that the same substances combined in different proportions made different materials, foods, poisons, solids, liquids, or gases.

"I am prepared today to show to you that gold, silver and iron are composed of the same elements combined in different proportions. By the resolution of iron into its constituent parts and re-

combining in the right proportion, it will be changed to gold. This much has been accomplished. We are working hard to discover the truth along these lines as far as we can go, to establish the laws so far as can now be seen for a readjustment of our text books to suit the new scientific discoveries. The old was right as far as it went and has been the means by which we have climbed to these wonderful possibilities. No one knows what may yet be proven by investigation and experiments, but there is enough to cause us to bow in great reverence to the Supreme Ruler of all things."

After performing his experiment and demonstrating the change of iron to gold, Prof. Mentor closed by saying:

"This easy supply of gold will now compel the few backward nations to advance to the standard of labor.

"Man has discovered that there is one strange force possessed by all material and that this force is governed by unchangeable laws that appear to keep all material, the whole universe in constant motion, evolving planetary systems, change of forms, growth and decay, life and death, ever moving in cycle upon cycle forming anew as old things pass away. He has about proven that all forms of matter are stable or unstable compounds of a few elements that possess this force in different degrees of intensity and under certain conditions combine in different proportions to produce

the thousands of compounds that we find in nature. This force is called attraction. Man has proven enough of the laws of attraction and the affinities of substances to explain the cause of many of the occurrences in nature; but he can not answer why the force of attraction exists.

"We have found an agent that readily decomposes all earth material, except platinum, and by its use, we hope to do many things. We see no reason why this agent can not be passed through platinum tubes and sink a hole to the center of the earth, unless this is a solid mass of platinum on account of its specific gravity.

"The scientific world is now on the tip-toe of expectations."

After this, I wandered into Mr. Oldwheat's home and was made welcome. Mr. Oldwheat came home from the store and sat down in his easy chair.

Mrs. Oldwheat, ever on the outlook for her husband's comfort, noticed that he looked wearied and said: "What is the matter, John? You look tired." Mr. Oldwheat replied: "I am tired. I have been busy distributing the new constitutions and codes that the various parties are submitting for the November election."

"Well," said Mrs. Oldwheat, "there will not be much excitement this election, will there? It seems to me that everybody is now well pleased to let well enough alone."

"Yes," said Mr. Oldwheat, "there is a chance

for quite a campaign. The conservatives have come out with a very fine constitution. Their men are all of good reputation, but there is a reactionary tone about the whole document. There is a slight incorporation of the old system, to have certain laws made by a small body of representatives of the people 'to facilitate the action of the government,' as they claim. The progressive party has put up good men and stands pat on our present system with very few amendments. I have no doubt but what the progressives will win, but there is always a chance for a reaction to take place. The socialists propose a great change and, while they have no chance to win, they may stir up much argument which may cause needed reforms."

"I hope," said Mrs. Oldwheat, "that the reactionaries are defeated. Let us hold all the power for the people. We should not move back toward the old hog-and-dog system that you and I remember so well.

"In 19—, we studied a long time before we were convinced, and had it not been for the good Prof. Strange, who took so much time in explaining, we and our parents might have feared to make a change."

Mr. Oldwheat said: "I remember well how the Professor told us to do right because it is right, and how we should not do to others what we do not want them to do to us. He had the knack of making us see that he was giving us a

chance to escape and that he was interested in our welfare. He claimed that all children are naturally good, but that their minds are pliable and easily led into wrong by bad treatment and unwholesome environments, which considering the state of society, was hard to escape. He told us that we were just as good, or better than he himself was, but that he was in the place of teacher and was required to govern the school. We all voted that we wanted order. We felt like we were to be given a square deal."

"How you do make me remember how kind he was," said Mrs. Oldwheat. "Do you remember one day when I was whispering and he called me to his desk and said that I was the best girl in the world and that he would help me all he could, but just wished that I would not whisper and disturb the school work, and then he kindly sent me back to my desk? How I dropped my head and took a good cry! Why, I was punished worse than being scolded or whipped. I just know by his looks that he almost loved me. You were just a little jealous, too, John."

"Oh, I remember that," said Mr. Oldwheat, "and I think it was the same day that he said that there was a young man that was playing tricks and thought that he was too smart to get caught, but that his tricks were annoying, and if they did not cease, he would have to call the young man out and take some action to stop the nonsense."

“Yes,” said Mrs. Oldwheat, “you and some other boys, each, thought that he was the particular chap.”

“We all gave Prof. Strange credit for giving us fair warning and treating us kindly,” said Mr. Oldwheat. “He never liked to make a public show of any one, or prove any one guilty of a low down trick. When he left his fine, little pen-knife on his desk and Jim Jigger stole it at recess, he just knew who had that knife. The Jiggers were known as thieves, and before this Jim had stolen everything that he could lay his hands on. Prof. Strange just remarked that some one had borrowed his knife and explained why we should always return such things. So he just requested that whoever had the knife should slip around at intermission and leave it on his desk. Sure enough! When school took up, there was the knife. Jim studied hard after that, always stood by the teacher and is now in the Public Service well respected and doing fine.”

“We can never forget the good lessons that he taught us,” said Mrs. Oldwheat. “We could talk for months about them and then not touch half his work. No one can estimate the influence that such a man can start to going in this world. It is strange how he swayed us to the truth and right just by the logic of the duty of one to another.”

“Prof. Strange,” said Mr. Oldwheat, “went so far with his theories on evolution in teaching

Biology and explaining that everything has a cause in nature that the orthodox churches of that day were turned against him. Had not we scholars stood for him, he might have lost his position."

"Father was one of the directors," said Mrs. Oldwheat, "and he informed those poor bigots that the teacher was only teaching what the text-books taught and that as science was proving what it taught, it would be unjust and foolish to handicap the teacher in such work to agree with any assumed revelation. Father thought that we would have to interpret the symbols of the Bible so as to make them agree with known facts. Anyhow, he carried the school-board his way."

Mrs. Oldwheat excused herself to see about the preparation of supper for a lot of young Oldwheats who were coming in from their work and the schools.

Mr. Oldwheat sat in his easy chair resting and musing:

"How strange is life! Why do we remember? No one knows where or how the things remain in the mind.

"How much I find myself thinking and using the same methods learned so long ago at school. How strange that the influence of a teacher should live on as it does. My actions are different from what they might have been, and so this influence is passed on to all with whom I associate. Our children are affected and to all time

ever increasing, Prof. Strange has left an influence in the world.

“It would seem that we are the product of the influences of the ages. Lucky is the man whose lot is cast under good influences, and to be pitied and helped is the poor man who has fallen to evil influences.

“In my boyhood, I was surrounded with all kinds of vice and I was on the down road; but along came this good and just man, Prof. Strange, and fired me with the desire to be trustworthy. He patiently taught until I straightened up. I won the love of the best woman in the world, and how I have striven to be just and kind to all. Yes, we must remove the causes that keep evil influences in the world. Evil must be choked to death with good. Superstition is an evil that is difficult to handle. It becomes so interwoven in the life of the victim that the removal may mean moral death to him.

“We do not always know what is best and we must move slowly, always showing due respect for the opinions of others. Let us hope for all things that are best for us and submit to the law of the Supreme Ruler and have faith that all is well.”

Soon after the distribution of the plans submitted for the November election, all was investigation and friendly consideration as to which would work best. All admitted that there was no serious danger to be apprehended from any

system proposed. They were all surprised at the immense work and study that had been done in their preparation.

At a gathering of friends of Mr. Oldwheat in his library, Prof. Strange was called on to explain to them the struggle of man to reach his present high civilization.

Prof. Strange, over eighty years old, spoke in deliberate language as follows:

“My Dear Friends: I consider it no light responsibility to undertake to teach the truth, as we are only beginning to reason logically with minds free to accept whatever is proven.

“We feel and know that there is much that we may yet learn, and a great unknown that man can never fathom.

“We have hypotheses, theories and proven laws. The hypothesis may advance to the rank of a theory or be dropped as foolish. The theory may be proven and become a law, or may be proven false. The laws stand as guide posts sure and everlasting on the road penetrating the unknown.

“These laws lead us to the high plane of faith in the constancy of all laws, known or unknown, and spur us on in our research for more truth.

“That all matter has existed forever and possesses inherent forces that keep it in motion evolving all things without the loss of an atom, a law, or diminution of forces, is a plausible hypothesis. That these inherent forces of matter

have evolved all forms of life from the lowest to the highest is almost a proven theory and may be accepted as law.

“The earth is an open book to the geologist. He turns the stratum leaves and sees full sized pictures of all the life that ever inhabited this globe in order of its existence. A revelation to man that tells of millions of years of struggle and groping for an understanding.

“Only a few years have passed since man invented the alphabet and learned how to write, and then only a few scribes could write and the masses remained in ignorance until recent times. The outlet to the truth has been hidden by the debris of assumed revelations and false sophistries.

“During those millions of years of which we have no written account, how the tribes of man and their imaginary gods fought and what awful suffering took place, we can only conjecture.

“These prehistoric peoples handed down many legends. It may be that many of these legends were based on actual events, and that many were imaginary stories.

“The old scribes wrote these legends, thousands of them, and they formed the basis for the religions of mankind. These legends created the gods in the image of pristine man, and as he was cruel and tricky, the gods were cruel and dangerous to deal with. You can tell the nature of a people by learning the nature of their god.

“Each revelator claimed that his revelation was the whole truth, and that all others were liars. This kept down New Thought. Good men, teachers of advanced thought, were put to death. Millions of the best of mankind have lost their lives in this way in the name of some god; but God was not there.

“The God of Love and Justice, through his agents, the evolutionary forces of nature, has raised man to his present high plane of logic that is a guarantee of the ultimate salvation of all races of man and a cessation of strife, all old things passing away and everything becoming new, all upheld by a perfect faith in the rights of man to work out his own salvation and advance to a better understanding.

“Man is now advancing onward and upward rapidly. The wonders that he has done give us promise of greater blessings to follow.

“Just a short time ago the printing press was invented. That put an education in reach of many people instead of a few, and as the masses became educated, they learned to contend for a more just rule, but the bondage of the old dogmas have been hard to overcome. Now, there are few left who deny the rights of man to change his government or his religion to suit his new environments and discoveries. There are none left who desire to return to the plutocratic rule of misery previous to 19—. There is no religion that now upholds the killing of so-called

witches and heretics; in fact, there are few who uphold capital punishment or any kind of punishment. We have reached sure conclusions on religion that forever banish those dark days. Our God is Love. Our faith is absolute that God will give justice to all and will never play any tricks, nor punish us. We injure ourselves by violating the law.

“Let us pray for an understanding of the law of God, knowing that we must obey or suffer. God must be worshiped in spirit and in truth.”

This appeared as rather an unusual doctrine; but I had nothing to say.

Then James Archer said: “Friends and Neighbors: I hope that there is no one who disputes that it is the people’s right and duty to improve their form of government and change their beliefs to agree with known facts, and to continue to adopt improved methods as fast as experience and science work them out.

“The most capable men of each party have spent the last twelve years carefully analyzing results and inventing new methods and very creditable is their work.

“While no party has dared to propose any unfair proposition, it appears to me that the socialists have proposed the most perfect solution of all questions for present conditions, and have wisely put up the most capable men of the country from all parties for the positions of trust.

“Their proposed constitution and code of laws

provide: a check system that will prevent all graft; a merit system that removes unworthy public servants, high or low; a labor system that gives all a chance to work, whether voluntary at the standard wage, or forcibly detained for treatment on account of perverted intellect or evil habits; a taxation that will supply the Public Service with plenty of means to carry out increasing public enterprise without injury to private enterprise; a more elaborate system of Public Service schools, and records of those preparing for positions of trust; sanitariums for the free treatment of the afflicted and habit fiends; exclusive control of all drugs, narcotics and intoxicants; and a strict quarantine of all afflicted with contagion, especially the foul diseases of men and women that injure posterity.

“Friends, we have most of these institutions and regulations now, and the results are so satisfactory that no party has proposed a radical change. The people are happy and more honest. It is stated as a fact that three-fourths of the inmates of the habit cure institutions presented themselves for treatment, and one-half of those on detention farms and in detention factories and schools are there voluntarily.

“Thirty-six years of the people’s rule has so improved the health of the minds of our people that insanity has decreased until we can safely figure on using three-fourths of our insane asylums for other purposes.

“There is no danger for us in this election, but in the light of experience and after careful study of all the provisions of the various propositions before us, it is up to us for our welfare and the onward march of humanity to vote for the best. As I am fully convinced that this time the socialists have proposed the most complete and feasible scheme for the continuance of a just government, and the perpetuation to all time of the principle of majority consent to all laws and the right to a change of laws or systems without hindrance from great capitalists, or the action of despots, backed by armed force, I shall vote for, and urge the adoption of the socialist’s constitution and code of laws.”

Thinks I, that is some speech, but I had nothing to say.

The Congregationalist minister, Rev. Hope, then arose and said: “Beloved Friends and Neighbors: The church no longer claims infallibility of creeds, or man’s interpretations of the scriptures, nor denies the right to freedom of thought. We admit that man is hardly to blame for what he is; for it is plain that he is a creature of circumstances.

“Instead of punishing, we must teach, we must educate. Instead of blaming the poor, perverted human being, we must find the cause of his perversion and remove that.

“The church claims that there is an all-wise plan in the evolution of man and that all things

exist for a purpose; that misery, persecution and all evil are the results of the disobedience of law, known or unknown, and have served their purpose in teaching man the truth and this is all according to the law of God. If such things exist against the will of God that would prove that He is not supreme.

“Man has been working out his own salvation and has received the truth and law only as fast as he was able to understand. The scripture shows the gradual change in man and holds out the hope for immortality and a better day when all will understand and be at peace. This hope has sustained man through the long night until now we see the dawn of the better day. This hope of eternal life and a God of Love still sustains man in the time of his troubles and bereavements.

“Our faith in the constancy of all law and justice and a just reward to him who is faithful is the great cause of our onward advance.

“Let us all beware and take care that we cast an intelligent vote in November and secure for ourselves and all mankind the greatest blessing within our reach. But whatever may result, let us hope that all is for the best and time will prove and bring to pass that which will redound to our welfare and God’s will be done.”

Father Francis of the Catholic Church said: “My Good Neighbors: I heartily agree with Rev. Hope. No doubt the church blundered

during those dark days and clung to old doctrines and forms; but it was the life-boat in a sea strewn with wrecks. It was the only port of hope for man, and stood valiantly in the storm as a guide to all in their desolation.

“We do not know why anything is. We believe and hope for many things. We have always claimed that man must work out his own salvation; that he must choose for himself, and if he chose aright, God will help him. We believe that that is true. So, if in the November election, we choose aright, God will help us; but if we choose wrongly, the misery caused will assist us to find the right and secure God’s blessing at last.

“I have seen enough to have faith in the ability of the people to do that which will continue the work so well advanced, and I have decided that Mr. James Archer’s advice to vote the socialist ticket is right. Their code of laws is simple and plain, and will best enable us to live in peace and redeem our fallen brothers and sisters.

“I am glad that I am here tonight. It gives me great joy to see the charity and honesty of purpose that exists in the hearts of all. Love, justice and teaching in the place of greed, injustice and punishment will make this world a paradise.

“O God, I have no ill will toward any one. Give me power to lead the wayfaring to the light of thy judgment.”

It looked like preachers here had good sense; but I said nothing.

Mr. Oldwheat said: "My brother-in-law, James Archer, has declared for the socialist ticket, but as for me, I am pretty well satisfied with the present laws, and as the progressives have put up amendments that cover most of the questions of reform needed now, I think the progressive's plan will continue the improvement of our system and prevent the unsettled conditions that must follow such a radical change as proposed by the socialists.

"The progressives stand the best chance to receive a majority vote, and in order that we may get these amendments, I advise all to vote the progressive ticket.

"I am not a speaker, but you see what I mean. If we do not get a majority vote, our present constitution and laws hold good for twelve years longer."

Prof. Strange said: "Excuse me, Mr. Oldwheat, the constitution provides that the electors can vote each amendment separately, for or against, and so we can amend the constitution and laws to guide the supervisors in control, even if no party gets a majority vote. You can vote for the socialists and also for what amendments you desire on any ticket. Then, even if no new code is adopted, the reforms continue."

District Judge Postem said: "Friends and Fellow Citizens: It appears that the socialists are in the lead here, and I have observed that such is the case all over my district. Do not let

the name scare you. We are all socialists, always have been to the extent that we have worked together to carry on government, schools, mails, harbor improvements, etc. Party name signifies nothing. The question is just how far shall the government go in this co-operation. We now have the government, or the people, embarked in an extensive industrialism, which is proving a success beyond our expectations.

“It represents what the socialist party taught for many years before the great change in our form of government.

“It has proven that we need not fear a well-laid plan that has been worked out in detail guided by our experience of late years, when we remember how easily we passed from the old to the new, thirty-six years ago.

“If you are convinced that any one of these plans is better than our present system, vote for it. I can see no reason why you can not conscientiously vote the socialist ticket this year.”

Mr. Fred Best, a farmer in town for the night, asked permission to express a few ideas. He said:

“Ladies and Gentlemen: I came to town today to do some marketing and pay my government interest. Mr. Oldwheat kindly invited me here, and I feel thankful to have the pleasure of being present at such a meeting of leading citizens and see such unity of purpose.

“I am eighty years old and was a life-long

republican of the old school. I was made to believe in the prohibitive tariff fallacy and capitalistic misrule. I was a carpenter and always thought that if the republican party were defeated that the country would go to the dogs. When the present system carried, I was filled with dismay, though I had failed to make a decent living at my trade. We old republicans know, now, that we were mistaken. Why we tried to regulate the trusts with trust-made laws, laws that were secured by the bribery of legislators and courts.

“The people thought that they were the rulers, but, in fact, they had not much to say, and were never permitted to get amendments to the constitution or any laws that could not be twisted to suit the great robbing syndicates.

“The masses were driven into a condition of misery and desperation that caused the crimes, degraded character and insanity so prevalent in those days. This suffering served a purpose. It was this that secured the majority vote for the new form of government. This experience teaches us to ever be in favor of improvements that ameliorate the conditions of the suffering.

“At the quadrennial election in 19—, the people voted the amendment to give out land in five to forty acre tracts to citizens only, at a rental of four per cent of the assessed value, the improvements to remain untaxed and the property of the renter.

“I rented the ten acres on which I have lived ever since. I have been able to live and put away plenty to meet the wants of old age. I have not many years left me, but I want to warn all voters to keep posted and try to vote for that which will best continue an ever-increasing betterment of the conditions of man. Whatever you do, never again delegate the law-making power to a few men and expect them to represent you.

“The public markets have been a great benefit to the producers in dispensing their goods. It regulates the private commission houses automatically just as the public enterprises have regulated the trusts in all other lines.

“Why, in the old days of government favoritism, some banks made as high as twelve hundred per cent upon their capital stock. All the bankers united and formed a gigantic money power to perpetuate their advantages by bribing the so-called representatives of the people. This was all proven in 1912 and had much to do with bringing on the great reform. Friends, I thank your for your courtesy.”

Then a dignified old gentleman, William Florine, a retired banker, arose, as he said, “for a few remarks.” He said:

“Friends: Well may we be proud of this day. I was at the head of a large National Bank in those good old days that were so good for a few of us who were cunning enough to get control of

the wealth of the country and manipulate the affairs of government to our own advantage.

“Like Mr. Best says, it was a dismal outlook that faced us in 19—; but we were powerless to oppose a majority vote and a raving populace who were determined at all hazard to try the new system. I admit now that I was mistaken, and improvements along the same lines as we now have should be well considered.

“The supervisors are given rather small pay for the service they render; but it seems that the best of men are anxious to serve their country and fellow men. They prize the gold medals of honor that are given for faithful service. Prof. Strange just told me that his medal of ‘Well done, thou good and faithful servant,’ was most precious to him.

“Results show us that we are on the right road for the redemption of mankind. Look at labor. Prior to the change in government, a day’s labor would buy \$2.50 in gold; now a day’s labor will buy \$30 in gold; then three days’ board, now ten days’ board; then two bushels of wheat, now six; then fifty pounds of flour, now two hundred pounds; then three bushels of potatoes, now eight bushels of potatoes, and so on.

“In those times, laborers were out of employment much of their time and unable to find work; they became desperate and were forced to commit what were called crimes in order to live; but now work is always furnished and desperation is a thing of the past.

“Our present system has removed nine-tenths of the diseases, crimes, lewdness, and insanity that pestered this poor world, and has brought health and plenty beyond our fondest dreams.

“After the reform came, we old republicans and the democrats formed a new party under the name Conservative, with hope that we might save the country. I have been a Conservative all these years since then, but this election, God sparing me, I shall vote for the reform code proposed by the socialists.”

I thought here is a wonder, an old republican, later a conservative, but now in the name of God he had become a socialist. I was getting uneasy; but I kept still.

Philip Sundine, an honest old German, said that he was glad that the reform had come; that his children were doing fine, one son in the Public Service, and that he got his beer from the Public Service Dispensary, but that he knew that he must not make a public show of himself while drinking, nor give it away to others.

Mr. Oldwheat's family of youngsters were ambitious to prepare themselves for the Public Service. Glenn and Archer, the two oldest of the sons, were engaged in the wholesale business and were doing well, still they were ready to accept positions in the service of the people. Esther, the oldest daughter, is the wife of Rev. Hope, and hand in hand with her husband, they work for the spiritual uplift of the people. Susie

Oldwheat and younger children are at home attending the schools. Susie is a graduate of the Glenden college and is attending the Public Service school to put herself on the list of eligibles for a position, either in the clerical or music line.

As this is not a love story, little need that you should know how pretty she is, or what is the color of her eyes. She is a sensible young lady of eighteen to whom life is worth living, and it is to be supposed that the world will benefit by the good that she will do as a kind mother to her children and a loving wife to some man. Let us hope that the one who wins her love is a man, and not a perverted hypocrite.

CHAPTER II

Susie went to the library one day and informed Prof. Strange that she would like for him to tell her about the old constitution and how they were ever able to make such a great change. "Why, Papa and Mama are so afraid of a change in government! I am anxious to know how it was done. I want the whole truth from you."

The Professor answered: "I take great pleasure in explaining this to you as near as my memory will serve me. The old constitution provided for three departments of government: Executive, or enforcing the laws; Legislative, or making laws; Judicial, or interpreting the law, that is, deciding what the law is.

"The great trouble was that the people could not get amendments to their constitution, or laws that they wanted. Only a few men, called representatives of the people, could make laws, and the people were never allowed an opportunity to change these powers. Though these men were supposed to represent the people, the money power controlled them and prevented any action that could not be turned to the advantage of those avaricious money grabbers.

"It is true that many reformers, as well as faddists, fanatics, and grafters, were elected to

the legislatures and Congress; but they would all hobnob, pat each other on the back, buy and swap votes and pass a whole bunch of troublesome and useless laws to harrass a long suffering people, but seldom a chance was given the people to vote on what should be law. I have known as high as over three thousand of these worthless measures before one legislature (Cal. 1913) which only confounded the people.

“This imperfect constitution was in force over a hundred years, but could not be amended, though the people were calling for amendments and change.”

Susie: “Why, Mr. Strange! The constitution that I read gave twenty amendments!”

Prof. Strange: “Yes, that is so, but, you see, ten of these were granted as a part of the constitution to secure its ratification by the States, one regulated the election of President and Vice-President, one in regard to United States judges, three resulted from the great Civil War, and the last five were forced by the great progressive movement which paved the way for the great change in the form of our government.

“In those old days, everything was done to make the rich richer, and subject the masses to extreme poverty. At last, a few got about all the wealth and combined to form a powerful oligarchy. The masses were driven to desperation and insanity. Terror was in their hearts. Children were made to work like slaves.

“A few men began to cry aloud, ‘Let the people rule.’ Later, good men in all parties, Roosevelt, Wilson, Bryan, Raker, Johnson, Mitchell, Bristow, Calvin, Palmer, and many others demanded amendments and oft repeated, ‘Let the people rule.’ These progressives became so strong in all parties that many grafting politicians claimed to be progressive. This all culminated in the new party of that name.

“There was so much wretchedness and discontent that something had to be done.

“By 19—, all pretended to be in favor of radical means to catch the vote. The money power magnates were always quiet and cunning in their work, and supposed it was a good move for them to support or acquiesce in a resolution that was offered in Congress to settle all questions by allowing each party to prepare and present in full its idea of a constitution and general laws, and submit them to the people for a decision. This resolution provided that a majority vote would be sufficient to adopt a new law.

“This started everybody to thinking. The question was carried to the Supreme Court, which ruled that the resolution must be ratified as an amendment to the constitution to give the majority vote of the people force to change it.

“The money power banked on the Supreme Court and expected to bribe the legislatures of the States and prevent the amendment as they had done so often, but the people had suffered

too long for that. The amendment was ratified and became a part of the constitution.

“The syndicate magnates felt sure that no great reform could win a majority with so many plans in the race, or they expected that the democrats would win on the old constitution with but few amendments.

“The socialists proposed industrializing all wealth, in the interest of the whole people, and went so far in vague and uncertain propositions, that they even lost the socialist vote.

“This enabled the progressives with practically the same scheme as we now have to get the majority vote. You see they proposed government ownership of enterprises sufficient, at least, to give all unemployed work, but did not interfere with private enterprises. They proposed to do this with an inheritance tax, and income and land tax. Some duties were to be collected to give business a chance to adjust itself, also, to allow reciprocity to work out a free-trade policy.

“At first, the people were stunned. This was the most exciting campaign of our history. Great and good men and women were won to the cause. Some of the wealthiest saw the Light of a better day. The socialists, except a few radicals, swung into line. The money power and the democrats got scared and flooded the country with money for bribery; but this served as a boomerang, and to cut this talk short, the great Reform won.

“Your grand-parents at first were in great

fear. I had put in a lot of study upon the new idea and assured them that the laws were good and written in simple English so that the people could be their own lawyers, and that all the machinery of government was well provided for running along smoothly, then they became enthusiastic supporters of the New System.

“You don’t see great lawyers nowadays making enormous fees for covering up the tracks of outrageous, rich beneficiaries of reckless and disreputable deals by twisting the law and quoting precedents. Now, the law of the people, without precedent, tempered with equity and mercy, is the guidance for decisions of judges and juries.

“We do not kill a man, but detain him and bear with him kindly, that no child may ever have its mind vitiated by such a horrible deed as a public murder, and thereby be taught to justify such an act. We give one a chance to live, work and reform.

“Then, besides the United States law, there were forty-eight State laws; and common law, or customs and precedents, which made a multiplicity of laws and law procedure, a tangled mess that caused uncertain litigation and a rich harvest for the lawyers who were trying to prevent law enforcement or a just settlement of disputes. Such a mix-up required a large army of judges to try to figure out and decide what was law. Now, all law is plain and the same in all parts of the country.

“Besides the numerous detention farms and schools all over the country, we have one large, well equipped detention farm and school where all naturally perverted characters and murderers are detained, kindly dealt with, taught and given work at a minimum wage. They are set free when the United States Commission of experts find that a reformation has been accomplished.

“We have no panics now, or lack of employment, and the great majority of the poor who used to wander and become victims of dens of vice and filled the penitentiaries and poor houses, are now marrying and living peaceful, moral lives. This has settled the great immoral vice question.

“There are many things of that time too bad to relate. There was such brutality in the name of the Lord and the law that I pause and think it best to tell you no more.”

Susie: “Oh, I am so thankful, Mr. Strange, for your kindness in telling me about this. I know you would tell nothing but the truth. I’ll be a better citizen and voter now. You have made my duty plain and I respect and love you.”

Prof. Strange: “Just one more idea. Here in my secretary is a statement that I prepared forty years ago.

“Costs of the blessings of government in the United States, States, counties, townships and cities about two billion dollars a year.

“What does that mean?

“One hundred and seventy-five car loads of gold, 40,000 pounds to the car, a freight train over a mile in length; 2,800 car loads of silver, a freight train about twenty miles in length.

“Do you know, Susie, with all our government enterprises now and the vast number that are in the Public Service and with twice the population, this expense is five times the amount needed now to carry on all our enterprises and administer the affairs of government? There is much of my old argument in this desk. Look them over at your pleasure.”

Mrs. Oldwheat came into the library and said: “Well, Susie likes to listen to you, Professor, just the same as I did long ago.”

Susie: “He makes everything so plain. He has been telling me about those wretched times in the United States.”

Prof. Strange: “Susie has never seen nor can hardly comprehend the wrongs you and I had to endure. Mary, your mother, was gentle and considerate and set a good example that protected her children from much of the folly of society and vice. She would require her boys to leave their handkerchiefs out of their pockets to get them washed, as she would not go through any one’s pockets. Her children learned not to be curious and meddle with others.”

Mrs. Oldwheat: “Mother would not read our letters, nor open father’s letters, and by her example, we learned to attend to our own business.

It makes me uneasy the way some people do, so curious that they must tear open their husband's letters, read over people's backs and peek into everything. People, on an average, are better than they used to be, but my! it just looks like a hopeless task to make this world fit for children."

Prof. Strange: "I don't know. You have succeeded pretty well. Your older ones are out for themselves and doing well. Susie, here, is the best young lady that I know, and if I were sixty years younger, she would be the lady for me."

Mrs. Oldwheat: "Just the same as ever. You could never see much fault in the worst boys and girls. You would claim that they were pretty good—just happened to do a little wrong, but did not mean any harm, and so on. It worked good in those horrid times and the Lord knows that I learned more from you than anybody how to handle my own children. Now they will do anything for Mother."

Prof. Strange: "Mary, the facts are: the child comes into this world a little bundle of undeveloped faculties, inherited from the ages of the past, its mind is a blank book in which no impressions have ever been stamped; the pages of this book are pliable and easily stamped with impressions that as easily disappear, or may be so deep as to last a lifetime; all these impressions or ideas result from contact with surroundings and the

struggle for existence; every idea is carried to the pages of this book through the five senses; like to the primitive man, to the child all things are wonderful and unaccountable; only experience, in actual practice in the use of knowledge gained by seeing, feeling, hearing, tasting, or smelling enables the child to form ideas and learn to reason; the child can never have a thought, or do any act that is not the result of inheritance or life's environments.

“As the child has its inheritance of the ages, and its environments thrust upon it, is it hardly responsible for its faults? We must conclude that if conditions produce bad results that there is no remedy except to change the conditions. We must strike down the causes that are perverting the human intellect.

“A remedy that seeks to remove evil by wreaking vengeance upon individual victims only aggravates and sinks the victims down in their evil nature; but a remedy that seeks to remove the causes of evil, such as greed, deceit, cruelty, etc., and substitute in their stead good impressions such as love, honesty, mercy, and a desire to serve mankind, can redeem humanity.

“Faith and rites, or forms without quitting the wrong doing are of no avail. We must find the law and obey it.”

Mrs. Oldwheat: “I declare! Professor, you make me feel like a sinner for omitting to study more than I have to be sure what is law. Why

not organize a society for the express purpose of teaching the law and drop all that is nonsense?"

Prof. Strange: "We may be able to do so."

Mrs. Oldwheat: "I am willing to join such a society, though I believe in lots of the church work."

Prof. Strange: "Evil traits of mind that remain dormant in parents are often inherited by the child so strong that it requires much example and teaching to overcome them. This reversion to the nature of some wild prehistoric ancestor requires that we should study the child carefully as to what to do.

"Every mind has a consciousness of its own and must 'Tread the wine-press alone.'

"The progressives, guided by the Star of Hope, builded better than they knew when they proposed that all reforms must recompense losers in business and take care of the victims of the old abuse. This has prevented narrow-minded persecutions and permitted independence of thought and conduct. No one knows even what his own child or lifemate may do."

Mrs. Oldwheat: "Yes, and they provided for a story of the Bible and only quote what is pure for children to read. The Bible is kept only in libraries, or for grown students and grown people."

Prof. Strange: "That was a great day when the people awoke to a consciousness of their wrongs and brought forth such great good for this world."

And here I butted in. "Professor, this play of the future makes this present time look barbarous, and—"

The Professor jumped to his feet and excitedly exclaimed: "What can that mean? Where did that come from?" Mrs. Oldwheat and Susie were so frightened that I awoke to find myself in bed at my retreat.

CHAPTER III

I felt around for a match and lit the lamp. Wide awake, my mental faculties were strained to a high tension. What a vivid dream! I saw those people, heard their speeches and knew their names. I can see them now. What does such a dream mean? The wild fantasy of a troubled and restless brain!

Can it be that the philosophy of olden times is right and dreams and visions have a meaning?

I do not know why we dream, think or recollect. There must be a cause, a source, or reason for all these things that is beyond the mind of man.

The unsophisticated who with veneration accept all that is as the all-wise plan of a Supreme Ruler and uncomplainingly submit to the law and bear with their lot, never attempting to fathom the unseen mysteries of creation, are more content than those who enter the field of reason and try to solve the First Cause of all laws of life, motion and forces.

Reason causes the finite mind of man to helplessly knock at the door of Infinity, but there is no answer—the door has never been opened.

A little reason is arrogant, and leads to many fallacious conclusions of false sophistries; but depths of reasoning force the greatest minds to

give up, and, as helplessly as a little child to pray for mercy and ask for Divine guidance in the ways of truth as far as is vouchsafed to man.

The unsophisticated accept the attributes of God as set forth in some assumed revelation; but with the philosopher the attributes of God are shown by the results of the application and use of laws and forces, and are made to agree with known facts; or in the anguish of his own weakness in the throes of the awful thought of Infinity, the philosopher may drop his logic, and accept some revelation that comes with much pomp and circumstance and assurances of infallibility.

The great philosophers and advanced reasoners of all times have not lived in vain. They gave their lives for the good of man and led the way.

The originators of assumed revelations may have believed in themselves as intermediaries between God and man; may have taken that method to better reach superstitious man with their messages; or they may have been accredited by their followers with deeds and powers that they did not claim.

Weak man has ever been ready to deify many things and many men in his desire for a certainty in his hopes. Man has always wanted a sure thing and cast away doubt to his detriment. We should learn to doubt what is false and have faith in the truth.

Be it as it may, the fact remains that many great truths have been taught by all these great

teachers which paved the way for man's onward advance. All that has been is our foundation on which to build, and it is our duty to continue the building, stanch and strong, to unite all mankind in one brotherhood under such rules and regulations that each will be content in serving all with the assurance that all will serve him in time of need.

We surrender our liberty to the will of the majority to form a government for co-operative defense of our rights against the strong and cunning, and when any form of government fails to give this protection, it is our right to change to such form as will tend to the ends of justice.

The "dream" suggests a new constitution and uniform laws without precedents, for the whole country; the great law of mutual responsibility for the welfare of all; government ownership and control of sufficient enterprises to regulate the trusts automatically and give work to the unemployed; that it is the people's right to decide what shall be law and many other useful suggestions.

Can a system of government be invented that will be stable and provide for such a system of laws?

No political party can win by vague suggestions. This reform party must formulate a complete system of laws and law procedure so plain and feasible that the people will be convinced that it will work before they will yield that which they now have and be in danger of unsettled

government, bloodshed and anarchy. Some one will have to put in a long time at hard study and work to prepare the new scheme.

The government ownership and control of public utilities opens up a great field for graft that will require serious consideration. If man could always be trusted, what a paradise we could make of this poor world!

It may come, but, my fellow man, you must wake up to the fact that you must be worthy of trust in whatever position that you may hold.

It can be done. There must be a way provided to catch the unworthy public servant and take him to a nice home, treat him kindly, feed him well and teach him that in faithful service he wins honor, respect and love, and that he would never be allowed to suffer want if the wheel of fortune turns against him. Make him see that such as he prevents man's advance to a just system of government.

Teach these perverted intellects that to take care of them and prevent them from carrying on their chicanery, great burdens are piled on the backs of the people and a few are permitted to control, rob man of the products of his labor and secure the wealth of the country.

If we are born in poverty, or we use poor judgment and lose our savings or our inheritance, we suffer poignantly. It makes us think. It makes us appreciate generosity. It makes us sympathetic and merciful. It shows us the meaning of

charity, and makes us cry out for one more chance. Suffering has produced the noble qualities and the spiritual growth that is most needed in this world. This explains why a rich man has not much chance. His riches dull his sensibilities. His riches may make him independent, careless and avaricious. He thinks that because he is rich or was successful that all should have been successful—not reasoning that for every millionaire there must be a thousand poor laborers.

It takes submission and kindness of disposition to keep the poor from becoming desperate. It is strange that they are so resigned to their fate. It shows that man is naturally good, and if given a chance, he will choose the better way.

So far in this world the strong and cunning have held sway and at no time has work been guaranteed to every one in the hour of need. No time has man been taken care of in the name of law, until too late, and then they bury him in the Potter's Field. Remember, this suffering of the poor cries aloud for justice, and many times in the history of this world it has caused the overthrow of Old Custom and brought forth advance and improvement in the condition of the people.

Great minds and constructive geniuses spring from the poor as well as the rich, and it is about time for the new leader who can prepare the way for another epoch in human history. I am only the prophet of him who is to follow, and we know not the hour when he will come, and then there

will be commotion, and a peaceable readjustment of the government of man. While the masses are broken in body by toil and the uncertainty of a living, their spirit is not crushed, and their minds are made ready for the sowing of the seed of the new teaching, or we may say for the correct interpretation of the teaching of the Great Teacher.

There are too many systems of law and law procedure and consequent graft and great expense in securing results which may be more costly than the graft that might result from government ownership.

There is too much added to the cost of an article in the exchange from the producer to the consumer which supports too many non-producers.

The "dream" suggests a stable currency based on labor and furnished to carry on business, without the drain on labor to mine the gold to supply the people with a costly exchange commodity that is constantly wearing out and must be replaced—a continuous loss of labor that produces no necessity of life.

This looks reasonable. The use of gold as money makes it a distinct commodity aside from gold, money, a legal tender for debt, which increases the demand for gold and gives it an enhanced value that it would not have as a commodity on its merits, and without the use as a legal tender for debt it would sink low down in the market.

The quantitative theory of money is correct, and as long as the increase of the production of gold continues its purchasing power will decrease and prices increase and laborers will suffer, as their wages are not advanced to correspond with the decrease in the purchasing power of their pay.

Unless man gets wise enough to invent a system of money on a more stable basis than gold, and upon something that a few can not corner the supply to bring on panics and distress for their gain, the chains and bands of slavery for humanity are now being forged and riveted. All that will be left for the masses will be to beg for the crumbs that fall from their masters' tables.

What shall we do to be saved? We must keep our senses, be patient and not run amuck to kill any one. We must solve the problem. All people are good or have the essence of good within them. They are only bad to the extent that the system has made them so.

Legislators and able men, under capitalistic rule and corruption, are beset with great temptations, and many very good men have fallen. Opportunity or poverty may tempt a good man to his ruin. He should be pitied and shown mercy. The causes of his downfall should receive our attention.

That great patriot, who stormed the walls of Quebec and at Saratoga, struck the blow that gained us American Independence, under mistreatment and in poverty fell. I have known men who professed religion and condemned this

man (I do not deny that his act was wrong), but sold their votes for one to five dollars a head. I bought them. Were they or I much better than Benedict Arnold?

We are tempted to buy our way to the legislature or Congress, get up a threatening bill, and sell out to make ourselves safe for life in this brutal contest for supremacy.

We live in a time and in a country where the majority rules, and until a majority vote can be secured, we must submit and peaceably continue our teaching and bear with our lot.

An inheritance tax of one-half of all estates would relieve the congestion of money and property, and a four per cent land tax would regulate land values. Our tariff taxation should be used as a leverage to force reciprocity on the world and bring about universal free trade. Such taxation would give the people's government plenty of money to engage in enterprises that would control the markets and guarantee labor to those in need and not forbid private enterprises.

Can a new system of government be invented that will give justice to all and protect the weak against oppressions and develop good men and women?

We must begin to figure what shall be the form of the new constitution.

Why not Initiative Commissions and have all laws referred to the people and form the Legislative Branch of the Public Service?

Why not a Supreme Council of ten members to enforce the will of the people and form the Executive Branch of the Public Service?

Why not a Supreme Court, United States District, County and Precinct Courts to interpret the law of the people and form the Judicial Branch of the Public Service?

Why not a Supervisory Board composed of the Supervisors of the Departments of the Public Utilities and form the Public Utility Branch of the Public Service?

Why not discontinue the expense of supporting over twenty thousand legislators who are a menace to our welfare?

Why not let State pride die a natural death and provide for county, city and precinct organization for the purpose of administering the People's laws, and emphasize our duty to serve the whole country?

NO CHANCE FOR THE OLD

No change in my purse,
No change in my life,
No chance to get on
And win in the strife;
Too old to get work,
Too young yet to die,
I'll wobble along
For another try.

Before I get work
There'll be an exam,
And as I'm too old,
They'll give me a slam.
U. S. or the trusts,
It makes little dif.
The old have no chance—
They're in for a biff.

How long, O my Lord,
How long will it last,
The old who is poor
Must be an outcast!
No justice in that,
A fact plainly seen,
If man had some sense
Or wasn't so darn mean.

THE HOMESTEADER'S HOPE

I am toiling, sweetheart, I am toiling for thee,
Though the time is so long and I am so lonely;
I am looking so grey, I'm so wearied each day,
I'm desiring to quit and forget this lone play.
Out here trying to make us a farm for a home
I am toiling each day, and I'm living alone.
Still I'm longing, just longing for you and the day,
When my task will be o'er and you're with me to
stay.

But the waiting for crops that unwillingly grow,
And this looking for deals that are coming out
slow,
Making times very tight and my debts hard to
right,
You may think I'm not doing as much as I might
To get ready for you our new home in the West.
I assure you, sweetheart, I am doing my best.
Still I'm longing, just longing for you and the day,
When my task will be o'er and you're with me to
stay.

O the sun shines so bright in this land of the West,
Near the shade of Mount Lassen's volcanical crest,
Where all nature out west is producing the best,
Which encourages one to continue his quest
For the richest of land and the finest of gold,
As these mountains are filled with these riches
untold.
Still I'm longing, just longing for you and the day,
When my task will be o'er and you're with me to
stay.

THE CABIN DWELLERS

The writer visited Meddar, a typical example of many towns of the West that have seen prosperous days but the cause of their prosperity having vanished, these towns are left with few inhabitants and many empty cabins and dilapidated houses.

These cabins are used by transients and the wayfaring. Every winter generally finds several of them occupied by prospectors and poor fellows who batch and get through the winter months as best they can waiting for better weather to continue their respective employments.

I made the acquaintance of several cabin dwellers in Meddar who were in the habit of visiting each other and whiling away the long winter evenings with story-telling and glowing accounts of their past achievements.

One evening I called on an honest and hospitable German, Fred Witte, by name.

Soon several of the cabin dwellers came and all arranged themselves around a good fire.

Mr. Witte is a very large man, not tall but wide out, one-fourth of a thousand in weight. He settled back in his big, improvised easy chair made out of a pine box. "Vell, poys, dis ist purty much like vinter. Id makes me think of

der vinter dot Dally Marcus came to Butte, dot vas pefore I got in troubles mit mine voomans. Dot proke me up now until I gets her paid off, aber dots not der story I vill tell. A firm in Verginia City grub-staked Dally Marcus, gave him a horse and pack mule to make der trip to Butte. His horse died at Pocatello and Marcus valked on from dare till he came to old Cochura's place. Py colly, he valked two hundred mile. I knew Cochura vell. Marcus found Cochura digging in a hole apout thirty feet deep. Marcus saidt, 'How does id look down dare?' Cochura saidt, 'Vell, I don't know aber I think id purty good.' Marcus asked to go down und Cochura saidt, 'Let der stranger down,' dot to der windlass man. Vell, Marcus vent down dare und lookt aroundt und dey vare hauled outd. Marcus, he says, 'How much you dake for dis hole?' Cochura saidt, 'I haf lots of holes aroundt hare, over dare, und outd hare, I vill dake one hundred dollars for dis hole.' Marcus saidt, 'I haf no hundred dollars aber I haf a mule hare worth more'n a hundred, I vill gif dot mule for dis hole.'

"Der trade vas made und Marcus wrote back to his backers vot he had done und wanted to hire men und go to vork right away. Dey wrote to him to go aheadt, money ist coming.

"Py colly, dot vas der pekinning of der great Golconda Copper Mine und Dally Marcus died vorth over eighty million dollars."



Harry Berger: "Well, I have a homestead out here in the mountains and this winter I am taking my five months off which you know is allowed by the government. I am sticking around Meddar for what work I may get until Spring. (Gee—whiskey! but don't that wind blow! It has just commenced. Well, it will blow now for three days, that is, it generally blows three days before we get a change.) I have prospected around in these mountains and found no sign of gold or any mineral of any value. The formations are not right here. This section of the country is no good for prospectors."

Dan Mesner: "Gold is where you find it. There may be lots of it in these mountains. I spent fifteen years in this part of the world. I owned that big store here that L. D. Burke is running now. Five years ago my wife raised h— and sued for a divorce. I took to drink and what she did not get, I have squandered in gambling and rambling.

"I have been away four years, but I heard that my boy was up here (he's fourteen now), and I came up to try to see him. I would like to see my boy.

"It was pretty tough to face my old friends here, but here is where I made money, and I'll try it again. There's gold here. Don't I know that Golden Dick used to bring in piles of nuggets and always had lots of gold. That Indian

was too cute to let any of the Indians or whites find out where he got his gold. I know where his cabin was right over that mountain about ten miles from here."

Bud Wise: "I have spent several years here, Dan, and I always supposed that this Indian gambled for his money or robbed. He killed a Chinaman for his purse down here in this valley. He killed old man Howe, cut his head off and carried it ten miles over into the hills to hide it.

"You know how he admitted all of this before the mob strung him up?"

Dan Mesner: "Yes, but I tell you that I know that this Indian had some place where he would go for a few days and return with a pile of nuggets and gold dust. It's a cinch that there is a rich gold field somewhere in this region. To find it is the question.

"I'll make it again. I have not given up yet. I have a piece of drift here that assays three thousand free gold to the ton. I picked it up over there close to Eagle Peak. I have spent considerable time trying to find the mother lode. If ever I find that ledge, I'll be worth millions.

"I am buying stock now in new mines at low down prices as much as I can spare and live. I stand a chance to get in on a winner."

Witte: "Py colly, I nefer made much on mining stocks and I haf bought fifty tousand shares. Yes, I made five hundred vunce. Dare vas a mortgage on mine mine of two tousand to Jim

McCann und it vas due. Py colly! I did not haf the money to pay Jim. I saw Jim coming und I tinks he vill vant his money. He sits down py the fire und talks. He picks up der paper dost schust come in und reads dot John Burns, who vas so careless mit powder, struck a rich vein in his mine und 'Golden Fleece' vas going up. Vell, I heard Burns talking and blowing ven he vas drunk at Butte und der reporter standing dare took it down. So I knew dot dis newspaper talk vas no good, but schust let McCann vork it outd for himself.

"He says, 'Fred, you got some Golden Fleece?' I saidt, 'Yes, I am lucky to haf three tousand.' He says, 'How much ist it vorth? I vant some und I vill puy of you.'

"I pretended dot I did not vant to sell. He says, 'Den you haf her money to pay me?' I saidt, 'Yes, I can pay you aber still a little more time vood gif me a better schance to carry on mine vork. The last time I noticed the quotations "Golden Fleece" vas seventy-five.' He says, 'How much do you vant now?' I saidt, 'Vell, I ought to have a little advance to spare dot stock now.' He says, 'I vill gif you seventy-five for one tousand shares und vait six months for der balance of mine pay.'

"I did not vant to show dot I vas anxious, so I schust made outd dot time to pay vas vorth a good deal to me, but he shood make it seventy-six and we vood use dere extra cent for peer und haf

a good time mit dis deal. He grabbed dis deal quick. Ve fixed up der papers und sent ten dollars for peer. Py colly! I got seven hundred und fifty dollars credit on mine debt und six months more time on der balance.

“McCann vent to der post-office as he hadt time pefore der peer come. Vell, der peer come und so did McCann come back from der post-office. He hadt heardt dot der strike vas a fake piece of news und dot ‘Golden Fleece’ vas quoted at one cent. He wanted to trade back aber I did not vant der stock. He did not know dot I knew dot der newspaper talk vas a fake und we enchoyed der peer.”

Mesnier: “That’s the way it goes. No one knows what mine may win, nor what one may be a bad speculation. Gold is where you find it.

“I think it was in 1905 that along in the winter about this time of the year, an old school teacher, Abe Carson, came to me for work in the store here. There was not much doing, never is this time of the year. I told him that I could not pay him much, but if he could do the work around the store, I would pay him a little and board him, thirty dollars a month and board. I would not give anybody less than that. Well, he went to work and I must say that he was an honest and good man for me. I paid him each month and he would buy mining stock with every cent of his wages. He bought stock at three to ten that went up in a hurry. Some that he bought for

ten sold for twenty-nine dollars within six months. What he bought the year that he was with me netted him eighty thousand dollars profit. So he soon left me and went to Goldfields, Nevada. He died the other day worth several millions."

Hal Pickard: "By the way. Bud made over a hundred last night. He was too slick with the paste-boards for those traveling men."

Bud Wise: "No—aw—I did not make much. Came out a few wheels ahead."

Witte: "I nefer gamble."

Dick Turley, the quiet, enigmatical party, said: "I don't believe in gambling. I do not want to risk my money when if I won I would give back or feel like giving back my winnings. I never try to get something for nothing. I will sing you a song, 'The Toiler's Struggle.'"

THE TOILER'S STRUGGLE

1

I will sing you a song of the struggle of life,
How man fights for a living is always in strife,
With so many contending for jobs in his line,
Underbidding the wages with trickery fine.
Not much chance to get on in the world and live
right
With so much of his time out work in bad plight,
He must wander around and be losing his time.
When the coin is all gone, hunger drives him to
crime.

CHORUS

Could my songs bring reforms in the customs and
 law
 That would help this poor fellow full justice to
 draw,
 I would sing and keep singing amidst the wild
 strife,
 I would sing and keep singing the rest of my life.

2

Let me sing in plain rhyme what I feel and I know
 Of the toiler's hard struggle, his sin and his woe,
 How roams out of work on his way to some place,
 With his bed on his back, a disgrace to our race;
 All the money he makes is so easily spent
 And he dare not to beg any one for a cent.
 All the chance for him left is to starve or to steal.
 Put yourself in his place then you'll know how
 you'd feel.

3

We know life is a fight for existence and right,
 And the weak may be trodden beneath the iron
 heel
 Of oppression's injustice or vanity's slight,
 And be robbed of inheritance and earthly weal;
 For the strong and the cunning secure for them-
 selves
 The advantages over the weak and the poor,
 And there'll be no escape for poor man till he
 delves
 Out the truth and reforms that will justice pro-
 cure.

4

May be some of these toilers are natur'ly bad,
But so often they're made so by law that's unjust,
Bad conditions, abuse, or no chance ever had
To get on in the world and be worthy of trust;
And they find the vile dens of corruption and vice
That are licensed to carry on trade that destroys.
Such conditions are causing a great sacrifice
Of the morals of men and are ruining the boys.

5

If conditions may cause so much trouble and vice,
Then by changing conditions, removing the
cause,
We'll assist these poor fellows to think and to rise,
To respect others' rights and to stand by our
laws.
Let subversion of mind and detention to teach
Take the place of all crim'nal and penalty words,
For the government's plan should propose what
will reach
The redemption of fallen, degraded mankind.

This song received a hearty encore, but the story telling continued for the rest of the evening.

Bud Wise: "Just as you are raised, I grew up in a Nevada mining camp where all the saloons had gambling games wide open. I was turned out of the public schools when I was thirteen and went to work at the mines for three dollars a day. Men never worked for less than four to seven dollars. No attention was paid to boys then like now. Boys that could hardly

reach to place their bets were allowed to play the games.

"I tell you I started out young. I started for San Francisco with Tom Garvey when I was eighteen. Tom had a few hundred, I only had fifty-one dollars when we landed in Reno. Reno was wide open then. Tom took my money all away from me except one dollar. One dollar was all I had to shine in Reno. I placed it on the roulette table, number seventeen, and called the turn. I then wanted to let her ride and bet the thirty-six, but the game tender pinched it down to twenty, the limit.

"Well, I called the turn three times and had a pile of money. Tom Garvey came up, grabbed the chips, claimed that he was my brother and told the game-tender to cash in. Tom took me out of there and when we counted up I had fourteen hundred and twenty-six dollars. I remember it well. I chucked the money into my pockets. We caught the train and had a high time traveling up and down the coast.

"Tom never gave me back the fifty. That was his rake off. Yes, by Joe, I commenced pretty young."

Berger said jokingly, "Wahoo! O Joe! Bring in the shovel!"

Bud Wise: "That story is no con, Berger. Many such things have happened among gamblers."

Mesner: "Bud, did you ever run across Jim May? Yes, he was quite a character. He

tramped around several years a common hobo, but he got into a good job of assessment work and made a couple of thousand.

“He came to Reno and was lucky gambling. One night I saw him place a fifty on the single O. The game tender pinched it down. May objected to a limit in the game, and the proprietor stepped up and took charge and pointed to the ceiling, enough to say there’s no limit now, and said to May, ‘Bet your head off.’

“May reached into his pocket and pulled out a crumpled up bill and threw it on the single O, and when the ball rolled into the single O on the wheel, the proprietor unrolled the bill and turned white in the face. It was a thousand dollar bill. The house dug up thirty-five thousand and paid the bet. Thirty-five to one, Jim May continued to gamble and was so lucky that before morning he owned the saloon and hotel and was running all the gambling games himself. He was one of the big guns of Reno after that. Everything that he touched turned to money.”

Berger: “Wahoo! O Joe! Bring in the shovel!”

Mesner: “Berger don’t believe our stories, Bud, but I tell you we know something about how fortune changed hands in Nevada during those days of speculation and risk.”

Hal Peckard: “Let Berger have his joke. I’ll tell of an experience of mine. In my younger days I was in the real estate business in South Dakota. I got out a big blow up of the country,

listed a lot of bargains and options in real estate, complimented the C., M. & St. P. Ry. and had fifty thousand copies printed for distribution. For this I was given free transportation over this road.

“Well, this caused me to make many trips when I had done better to remain in my office and attend to business. One trip, I landed in Sioux City at midnight. It was Corn Palace week and the town was so full I could not find a bed.

“I wandered into a gambling parlor and to pass away the time I took out a stack in a stud poker game. A game as you know, Mesner, the dealer sits in the center of a horseshoe-shaped table and deals out the hands. This was a large table and about a dozen were playing the game.

“The dealer in those days took such a big rake-off that he generally got all the money unless one played a lively game, made a stake and quit before the dealer got a chance to rake it in.

“As they play table stakes in this game, I took out a roll of bills. About fifty dollars I had on the table. I wanted to be ready for heavy betting. The other players sized me up and some of them increased their table money, anticipating my intentions.

“I played a few hands with varying success, then I got an ace in the hole. I bet a dollar—all stayed. Not one dropped out. The next card dealt me face up was an ace. So I had a pair of aces, back to back. I wanted to work up a big pot and felt my time had come to make a haul,

and only bet five dollars on high card in sight. I wanted them all to stay. Only one man dropped out. The next card I got was a king. The dealer said, 'Ace king is high.' I bet ten dollars. Three called, the next man called and raised the bet twenty dollars. I called the twenty, so did the other three. Apparently all had paired with their hole card. Just five of the 'best of us' left now. My next card was a nine. The man at the end paired his jack in sight. The dealer said, 'Pair of jacks high.'

"This man looked at my pile of money and threw in a twenty. I only had a pair of aces, and providing this man had a jack in the hole or two pairs, I was up against it. I could not lay down. In went the rest of my money. The others put in what they had. The dealer straightened up the pots to correspond with the money bet and dealt the last card to each. I got another ace, making a pair of aces in sight. The man with the jacks paired his ten in sight; jacks up in sight. I felt sure that my three aces would win but the dealer pointed out the man who had 'jacks up,' and said, 'You cannot play that hand.' This man came back angrily, 'Why not?' The dealer said, 'We run an honest game here. You changed your hole card, that's all.'

"They all threw up their hands as the two aces in sight was enough. The dealer pinched a five-dollar gold piece for his rake-off. I stayed in the game a few more deals, picked up my coin and beat it. I was over three hundred dollars to the good.

"It's the rule that when one has gambled, he will gamble again. I am an exception to that rule. I never gambled again."

Mesner: "Gee! Pickard, it makes such fellows as we are sick to think of the money that we have been worth and now look at us!"

Pickard: "I never was worth much. About ten thousand was my high mark. You and Fred, there, have been up to the hundred thousand mark."

Witte: "Py colly! I vood not dake dree hundred dousand for mine mine now. You see, id vill soon bay off dot voomans, and den I can draw mine own check ven I wants to."

Bud Wise: "Mesner, did you ever hear of Bill Pease? No? Well, he was digging away in his tunnel but was all in for grub. He came to Rawhide and asked Pickler, the grocer, for a sack of flour. He told the storekeeper that he was sure to strike it soon, but Pickler refused to credit Bill.

"Bill wandered out down the street talking to himself. He was passing the livery stable. Sparks, the livery man, said, 'Hello, Bill! What's the matter?' Bill said, 'I am about to strike it. Just feel sure that in another week I'll have pay dirt, but I am out of flour, and as Pickler refused me a sack of flour, I'll have to find a job and work till I get a grub stake.' Sparks exclaimed, 'Refused you a sack of flour! Well, you go right back to your mine. I'll stake you.' Bill said, 'Well, I must hurry.' Sparks said, 'You don't

want to go today?' Bill said that he would like to go, and Sparks called his son Jack. They hitched up a team and took Bill Pease and a grub-stake out to the mine. Bill worked away a few days and struck it rich. He brought in samples so rich that he had no trouble to get all the money that he needed to push his work.

"Later he sold out for over a million. He gave Sparks fifty thousand for having grub-staked him. Pickler had stocked up heavy, and owed over a hundred thousand. The panic of '93 came and Pickler could not dispose of his goods. He became a bankrupt when, had he trusted Bill Pease, he would have been tided over the panic. Bill could not forget the 'sack of flour.'"

Pickard: "That makes me think of Brown in the Morehave Desert. Philander Brown was an old school-teacher who came West for his health. He settled in the Morehave Desert. He had a few cows and by raising cattle and scratching around, he was just about able to live and that was all.

"One day, while riding over a ridge that extends from the mountains into the desert near his place, his horse's hoof struck a hard rock and knocked off a piece. It had a mineral appearance that caused Mr. Brown to have it assayed and what a surprise for him, it went two thousand free gold to the ton. It was only a small ledge and his claim took it all. He got a small stamp-mill and kept a few miners at work. This supplied him with plenty of money to build a health

resort for poor consumptive school teachers, and he was very happy in the good work that he was doing.

“One day he got a letter from Los Angeles requesting him to come down on important business.

“Mr. Brown went. He was ushered into a fine business office. After some talk he was asked, ‘You have a gold mine in the Morehave Desert?’

“‘Yes, sir.’

“‘Do you want to sell it?’

“‘No, sir.’

“‘Would no offer tempt you to sell?’

“‘No, sir.’

“‘How would a million-dollar offer for your mine strike you?’

“The old man straightened up and replied: ‘Gentlemen, you have not seen this mine and must be playing some game on me, for I know that you would not offer a million dollars for what you have not seen and know nothing about. As I do not care to sell I will be going.’

“‘Yes, but we know your mine. Here is ore from it, here are pictures of all the surroundings and here is a complete plot of your mine, tunnels and apparatus.’

“‘How did you get all of this?’

“‘One of our experts worked in your mine for a month employed by you as a miner. He estimated the value of your mine. We will give you two million dollars for your mine and satisfy you that the deal is on the square.’

“Mr. Brown refused two millions. He said that this money was safe where it was. He could get all he wanted any time, but if he had two million he would not know what to do with it. He thought that it might lead him into temptations to his ruin. He returned to his mine and so far as I know he is there now.”

At the close of Pickard’s story, there came a rap at the door.

Mr. Witte opened the door and said: “Hello, Hank! Come in.”

We all arose, the cabin dwellers shook hands with the newcomer and I was introduced to Mr. Harper.

Witte: “Vell, Hank, how’s everyting oudt your vay?”

Harper: “Good. I came in late and not seeing you fellows at the saloon, I hunted you up. That was easy. I just came to the cabin that was all lit up. Have you heard the news of the gold strike?”

All: “No! Where?”

Harper: “Out on Eagle Peak.”

Mesner: “What did I tell you fellows? I know there is gold somewhere on Eagle Peak. Tell us all about it, Hank.”

Harper: “That old man Harmon who lost his money down in the valley in his deal with the Meddar Irrigation Company and was deserted by his wife and daughter and left alone last fall, took a homestead in a canyon close up to Eagle Peak. What stock he had left he moved out there. Jack Carver stays with him most of the time.

“Mr. Harmon found a rich ledge last fall and took Carver in as partner. They found so much high-grade ore and nuggets that they have made several thousand dollars, built a fine home and opened up a big stock ranch.

“They kept this find a secret, but now they have taken in a small stamp-mill and the whole country is getting aroused.

“Harmon and Carver have set up their monuments and filed on a lot of claims, but as no one knows how extensive this gold field is, there will be a rush. I set up monuments for all that I will be able to handle and hurried in to let you fellows know. I will file on mine tomorrow.”

This was great news for these cabin dwellers and they paid little attention to Harper's story in regard to the Harmons; but Mr. Harper found in me a good listener and so here is his story that portrays vividly the high-handed robberies carried on by private irrigation companies and land sharks in the West.

THE BREAKUP OF THE HARMON FAMILY BY HANK HARPER

“I knew the Harmon family back in Iowa. They were well fixed with a good farm, a fine house and money in the bank.

“A real estate man there whom the Harmons thought was a special friend of theirs, gave a glowing picture of the chance to make a fortune here in Meddar, the land of sunshine and flowers.

He told these honest, confiding people that they could buy irrigated land here at fifty dollars per acre as good as the one thousand dollars per acre orchard land of Yakima. They were led to believe that this land would produce fifty bushels of wheat, one hundred bushels of oats, three hundred sacks of potatoes and so on to the acre, and garden products and fruit beyond estimate.

“Mr. Harmon was satisfied in Iowa, but Mrs. Harmon wanted to get rich and felt sure that their friend would not misrepresent this land to her. She is decisive and generally managed all deals. She insisted on coming out here to investigate.

“She reached Meddar in October when all nature seems to work for agreeable sunshiny weather in this high altitude. I. M. McFox was the company’s agent here then. He treated Mrs. Harmon with great condescension as they drove over the valley between these ridges of high mountains. To a casual glance this land appears level and very fertile. McFox pretended to be indifferent as to whether he made a sale or not. This had the desired effect on Mrs. Harmon. He said: ‘We are making a mistake to sell this land now at fifty. The directors have raised the price to one hundred commencing January first. Those who buy now will make fifty dollars per acre within three months. Of course, the stock men are kicking and saying that this valley is no good, the water supply is short and doing all they can to keep settlers out. The United States

vouches for enough of water in our reservoir and this land will soon be worth five hundred dollars per acre. The stock men always kick when range land is taken up and fenced, aha—he—he—ho.' (Staccato laugh.)

"Mrs. Harmon was so impressed with the chance to make a fortune that she contracted for three hundred and twenty acres, land and water-right, at fifty dollars per acre.

"After three years, she was to pay a yearly maintenance fee of one dollar per acre forever whether the water was used or not. She paid the first payment of five dollars per acre, or sixteen hundred dollars, and hastened back to Iowa brimming over with satisfaction, having no doubt but what they could sell any day at a big profit.

"She had listened to all McFox had to say and did not suspect that this reservoir up here was only a skim of water over an old hay-marsh and not sufficient to redeem the valley. She never dreamed that this soil was black alkali adobe that is hard to cultivate. She never suspected that these land agents were unmitigated scoundrels who never intended to keep their promises.

"The Harmons thought so much of this new land of sunshine and plenty that the desire to move here became too strong, and so they sold out their fine home in Iowa and the next spring found them here building a new home.

"They found as they cleared their new farm that the land was uneven and covered with hog-wallows and that it would have to be made more

level. Clearing, plowing, leveling and seeding the three hundred and twenty acres cost them about ten thousand dollars, which added to the cost of buildings, made about fifteen thousand dollars—an unexpected outlay, for Mr. McFox had promised Mrs. Harmon that the company would clear, plow and seed the land for five dollars per acre.

“With big expectations the Harmons put into crop all of their land and figured that this crop would clear them at least ten thousand dollars.

“The grain came up, but a few ranchers at this end of the valley took all the water that came down. During a dry spell in May the adobe dried up and cracked open. Their crop was lost.

“They got water in time for their garden and it looked fine, and as the president of the land company assured them that all should have water the next year, the Harmons did not give up.

“Mrs. Harmon was dissatisfied and blamed her husband for not fighting for his rights. The first note of discord was sounded.

“Miss Meda Harmon, their only child, was a beautiful young lady of seventeen. She was a splendid equestrian and spent much of her time on horseback rambling over the mountains and valley looking after their stock. She would drive the cows home every evening.

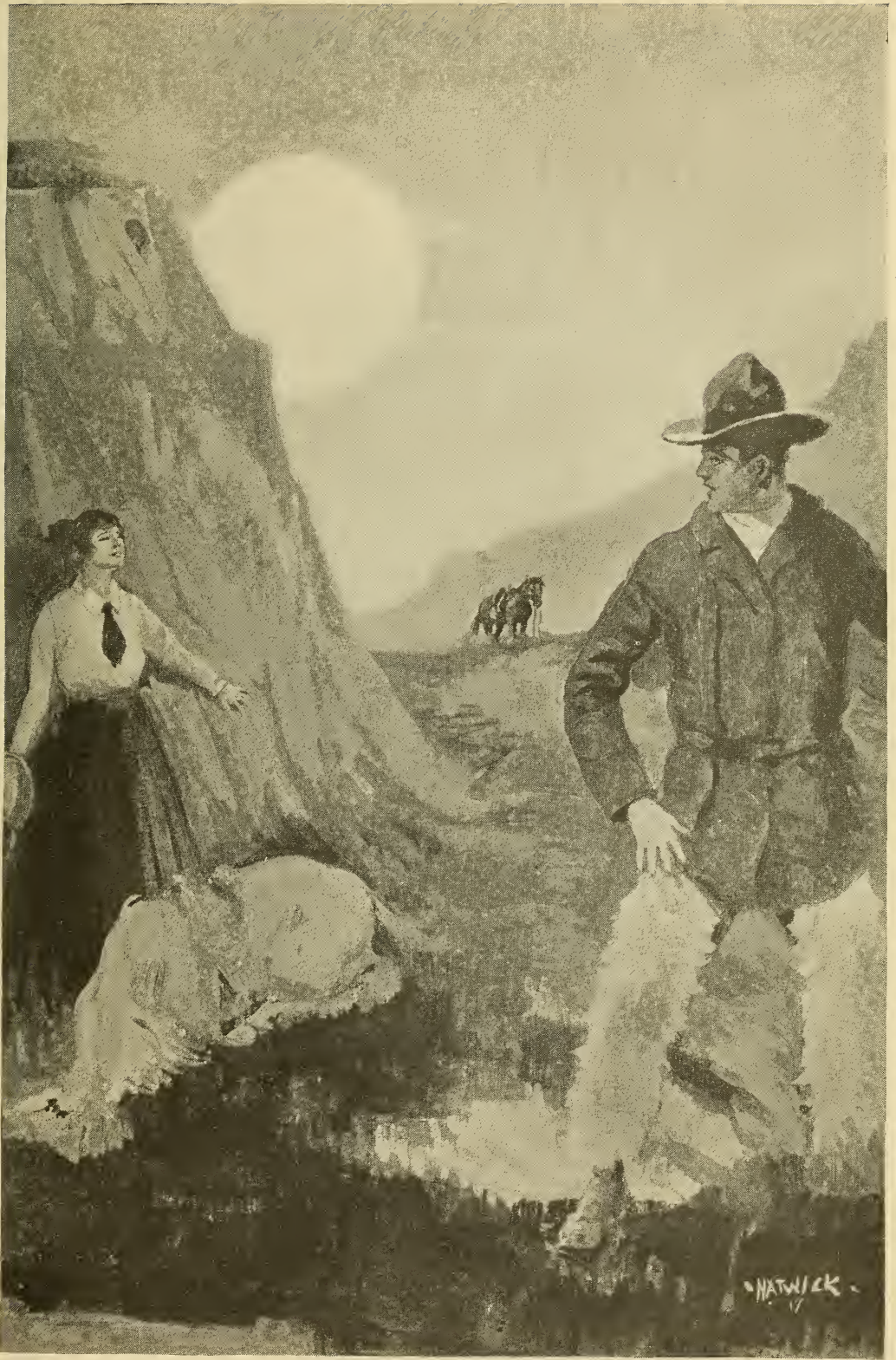
“One day she lost her way and rode for several miles on the wrong trail which led up to Eagle Peak. Dark came on, she got off of the trail and was lost among the wilds of the mountain

which is infested with mountain-lions, bears, coyotes and rattlesnakes. She was in a predicament that would try the courage of the bravest. She screamed for help many times with no answer except the echo of her own voice resounding from crag to crag.

“That buckaroo, Jack Carver, was out on the round-up riding over the Eagle Peak country. He heard Meda’s scream and thought that a panther was on his trail and that it had commenced to caterwaul. Again the same scream and Jack stopped and listened. Off in the mountain half a mile the noise continued. (Sound travels far in this elevated country.) Jack became convinced that it must be a woman’s voice—some one in distress. Though to leave the trail and ride over these rocks at night was very dangerous, Carver is no coward and never was known to shirk a duty, he spurred his horse in the direction from whence the scream came and soon cantered up to where Meda was.

“Her horse had fallen over a cliff and was killed, but she had escaped with a few bruises. By the moonlight, Jack saw this pretty girl for the first time, her eyes sparkling with the joy that rescue from death brings. This rough cowboy’s heart left him. He stood in amazement. His nerves tingling and his mind filled with a new hope that he had met the one girl for him.

“He tenderly carried Meda to his horse and placed her in the saddle. Jack insisted on walking, but she with tact persuaded him to ride in



He stood in amazement. . . . He had met the one girl for him.—Page 214

front, as he could better manage the broncho. Meda informed him where she lived away down in the Meddar valley—a long ride, after night, over a mountainous trail. They reached the Harmon home at daylight with Meda smiling and none the worse for her mishap.

“The whole settlement was in an uproar. Several searching parties were out on the hills. It soon transpired what had happened and amid a general rejoicing Jack was toasted as a hero. He was a hero in the eyes of Meda, and as you all know, Jack was always very susceptible to the ladies’ charms. They were soon fast lovers.

“Jack regularly made his calls on Meda, and within a month they were engaged. Meda thought that Jack was a paragon of perfection.

“Mr. Harmon for months had put Jack’s horse in the stable when he called and treated him as one of the family; but one Sunday evening the old man paid no attention to the horse and hardly spoke to Jack, and Mrs. Harmon gave him a cold reception. Jack was puzzled, but he surmised that that jealous old batch Pat Regan had been villifying him.

“Pat was in love with Meda. He is always in love with any girl who treats him well, or jokes with him. He takes all jokes in earnest and imagines that all the girls want him. He resented Jack’s courtship and told the Harmones all about Jack’s escapades to the disparagement of Jack. Jack is honorable in his dealings, but liberal to a fault with his money, which led him

into the drinking and gambling so prevalent here. Jack had a big fight and was on a spree the week preceding the cold treatment. Mr. and Mrs. Harmon had determined to break off his engagement to Meda.

“Meda received Jack kindly, but in great sadness she told him all and explained that, though it broke her heart, it would be necessary for him to cease his calls. She hoped that he would reform and all would end well.

“Jack sorrowfully said good-bye. He said, ‘I know that I am not worthy to win such a refined, sweet woman like you, Meda, but the way I love you it breaks me all up to lose you. It is hard to reform from bad habits. I have tried it and have been getting along pretty well since I met you. I was imposed on the other night. I was not much intoxicated. I will try to make myself worthy of your love yet. Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye.’

“Jack strode his horse and rode direct to the cattle-camp up in the mountains and was not seen for several weeks. He lay around camp sometimes in gloom, at other times vowing vengeance, but gradually coming to the conclusion that he would ignore the meddling bunch and refrain from beating up old Regan, then, when he met Meda, he could give a good account of himself. Such was the influence of the girl’s love on Jack.

“Meda continued to drive the cows home and assist her mother, ever dreaming of and mourning for Jack. With all his faults she loved him still. He had saved her life!

“Along in July, that’s over four years ago, Mr. Harmon arose at daylight as usual and found ice frozen an inch thick in the wash-basin. He called Mrs. Harmon and together they went to the garden to find it covered deep with hoar frost. Mr. Harmon said, ‘Dearie’ (he always called her dearie), ‘this is too bad. No doubt the garden is ruined. I never suspected that it would frost like that in July. We ought to have inquired more before buying here. Why, Meddar is over a mile above the sea, and from what the old settlers tell me, this country is no good for anything except stock-raising.’

“Mrs. Harmon replied, ‘Well, don’t blame me! Why did you not do a little more advising last October when that land agent was working for a big, fat commission? You left it all to me and I tried to do right. When I was here in October that old cattle man, Whizzleback, told me that everything here was sure to win. He said that the soil and water supply were unquestioned. I believe that old J. Noble Juggler, the president of the company, has him hired to do such dirty work.’

“In this mild manner the row continued in the Harmon family for four years of struggle with the same old story year after year. Four years of failure and payments on the land had cleaned up their spare cash when a worse blow fell to their lot. The Meddar Irrigation Company had only an option on the land, for which the Harmones were to get a deed when their contract was

fully paid. The company failed to make any more payments on their option and the owner sued for possession.

“The officers of this company are a set of irresponsible gamblers. The whole water system is mortgaged. There are many losers here like the Harmons.

“After this Mrs. Harmon became more peevish with her husband. She thought that he blamed her for their misfortunes. She had a little money of her own left, and with this to live on, she concluded to leave her husband, and he made no objection. Four years of hardships and bickering had estranged them.

“Meda was helpless to prevent the separation. She considered that it was her duty to go with her mother, who was failing in health.

“She and Jack were still friends through all these years. They met at parties and sometimes Jack visited at the Harmons. They both seemed to realize that some strange force bound them to feel that some time without doubt they would be ready to go down life’s trip together.

“Meda informed Jack that she would have to go with her mother, as she might not live long. She thought that if her mother recovered that her papa and mamma would be reconciled after the effects of the shock of their awful breakup had worn away. She said, ‘Jack, time will tell.’

“Well, the day came for Mrs. Harmon and Meda to leave. Mr. Harmon said, ‘Good-bye, dearie,’ and she replied, ‘Good-bye, don’t work

too hard, John.' Before the train pulled out Meda called her father to one side and said, 'Father, don't think too hard of mother for this; she is failing and may not live long. I must take care of her. I'll be back to take care of you, father.' The old man broke down and wept so piteously that the eyes of the most hardened filled with tears.

"Mr. Harmon went back home alone, but as the former owner had won his suit and must have possession, there was nothing to do but to vacate the premises. He filed on that homestead in an Eagle Peak canyon. Jack Carver came to his assistance in removing his stock and property and helped him to build the new home. Jack was always welcome and stayed with Mr. Harmon most of the time. Now they have struck it rich."

I was called away from Meddar the next day, but later I read in the papers that the Harmon-Carver strike had proven to be a local affair, just a blowout of bull-quartz and that many prospectors and fortune hunters had been disappointed and a few stranded at Meddar, but Harmon and Carver had struck it rich and liberally assisted those in need.

One day I ran across Hank Harper in San Francisco. We had a long chat about how our friends, the cabin dwellers, were doomed to disappointment again, but that they were still living in hopes.

Here is the closing of Harper's story of the Harmon family in Harper's vernacular:

THE REUNION OF THE HARMON FAMILY

"Mrs. Harmon and Meda went to a southern California health resort. Mrs. Harmon regained her health and soon began to worry about how her husband was in danger living out in a canyon alone.

"Along in the next spring, having not heard of the gold strike, she told Meda that they must return and that she would just write and tell John that they were coming. She said, 'I just know your papa will be glad to see us come home.' It was not a question of money now with Mrs. Harmon. Mrs. Harmon wanted to share with her husband the struggle in poverty.

"When Mr. Harmon received the letter from Mrs. Harmon, I happened to be present. The old man, with tears streaming down his cheeks, went wild with joy. 'My wife and daughter are coming home! Hank, how I do want to see them. Dearie always was a good girl.'

"The reunion was a memorable event at Meddar. All were invited to a great feast and gala-day at the canyon home, given presents of gold nuggets and served with feasting for a week.

"Mrs. Harmon said, 'I expected to live with you in a cabin, John, and be happy; but now that we are rich, I must get used to it.'

"Meda flew to Jack's protecting arms, and Jack was not slow in claiming his prize. As all parental objections to Jack had passed away, there was no trouble in naming the day. Meda whispered:

"'Jack, time has told.'"

FOUND THE WAY

I

I had wandered from the road,
I was lost and it was dark;
I was weak beneath my load,
Drifting like a sailless barque;
I was sinking in the mire,
Falling over rocks and logs;
I was dodging flames of fire,
Tumbling into ruts and bogs;
Then I heard some one near by,
And I said in angry fear,
"I will shoot if you come nigh,
What's the use of nonsense here?"

II

An amazing light appeared,
For the Lord was standing there,
With a halo, and long beard,
A bright light He held with care;
And He looked so kind to me,
As He said, "I am the way."
I awoke, and now you see
Twas a dream I had that day.
Twas a dream I had that day,
But the Lord had talked to me,
And He said, "I am the way,
Follow me, and you shall see."

CHORUS

Twas a dream I had that day
When the Lord to me did say:
"Your reward is for good deeds;
Help the poor in all their needs;
Keep the law if you'd be saved;
Then your road to Heav'n is paved."

III

Tw'as a dream, which I record,
When the Lord did talk to me.
"I am not against Thee, Lord,
But I know not what I see."
And the Lord made this reply,
"If you're not against me, then,
You are for me, and that's why
You are called to say to men:
'Your reward is for good deeds;
Keep the law if you'd be saved;
Help the poor in all their needs;
Then your road to Heav'n is paved.'"

THE ABSOLUTE FAITH

1913

CHAPTER I

My crops are stored away; I have plenty of supplies on hand, and must continue my writing.

I write not to tear down, but to build, to remove false and decayed material from the foundation, to restore and fulfill or point the way.

That dream last night makes me think, makes me write. I dreamt that I arose early, took the old rifle from the kitchen and stepped down to the gate. I then looked at my watch and found that I was up two hours earlier than usual.

I looked up the inclined plane that lay before me. The great, red rising sun was just peeping over the hill. There appeared in sight what at first looked like hyenas, but changed to be two mammoth buffalo that walked deliberately and unconcernedly toward me until within a few rods. I tried to shoot them, but my shots had no effect. These buffalo just opened their large, stupid eyes and looked as if to say, "What is he trying to do?"

I thought that I must get them, and what a great catch I would make. I whirled and ran to the house, calling, "Father! father!" I thought that he could shoot better than I; but the hired girl said, "Keep still! Your father wants to sleep."

I grabbed a large, new rifle, ran out and began to shoot at the beasts. They turned and slowly retreated in a different direction from whence they came. I filled the magazine and kept pumping away. I could see some hair fly, and noticed many old scars, welts and bruises, but the beasts looked back in amazement and a little apprehension and seemed to wonder why I was bothering them. In my excitement, the rifle changed in my hands to an old fountain pen, and I awoke. I was safe in my retreat.

The house and gate were from my childhood home. The landscape came from the broken and rolling plains near the Bad-lands in South Dakota. I have no idea where the buffalo came from, nor why a rifle should turn into a fountain pen.

These impressions must have reached the mind some way and remained there dormant to appear again in a dream; or may it be that the dream has a meaning? If dreams are given us for a purpose, their meaning should be plain, so that we would know just what to do. "O God, give me strength to comprehend my duty and I will do it," I prayed. The answer came to my conscience: that the two beasts are Superstition and

Capitalistic Government; that they do not know that they are wrong, nor can they understand the warfare against them; that armed force and brutal war are of no avail; and that the new rifle, or weapon, is the pen; but that it is a little early yet to see the effects, except that these beasts are on the retreat, slightly disfigured and apprehensive. They appeared to be two big mullet-heads devoid of reasoning faculties, and that their strength dulled their intelligence and gave them disdain and disregard for the weak.

CHAPTER II

If one, who reads, observes, experiments and ponders should try to express all the thoughts and speeches that pass through his mind, his ideas would be smothered by the profuseness of the volume; just the same as the growth to full size of all the embryo plants and animals would smother out all life in a few months. That should teach us to be concise, and shows us that death is a natural necessity.

The teamster, when asked why his horses balked, said: "That is the way they do!" The boy, when asked why his kite arose, said: "That is the way it does." The scientist will talk scientifically about psychology and the laws of attraction, but when asked why his mind, or attraction, has no better answer than the others.

Still the more we learn about the way things do, and are sure, and have absolute faith in the dictum, "That what things do they do again under the same conditions, and that there never was and never will be anything to the contrary," the more we become possessed with certain knowledge that can be turned to our use without fearing the result.

Then, do not fear to get Knowledge, for she will bring you to an understanding of the Light as far as is vouchsafed to man, and will make you strong in reasoning.

Polemics of the past have been unavoidable on account of the lack of knowledge, and this same failing is still a prolific breeder of discord.

It is natural for man to form steadfast opinions, right or wrong. They are the deep marks upon his mind when it was receptive, and serve as his guide unto death. Thus the mind becomes the stable record of our important experiences and conclusions. We must be on our guard against false conclusions.

Sometimes I am amazed as to what we are, or what we are doing. We do not know. The most learned cannot answer. Once I thought that one who could talk scientifically knew all about it, but my own investigations have shown me that man is a poor, helpless creature after all.

Fall down and beg for mercy, pray for an understanding and faith, and it will be given to you as far as you are capable of receiving. This is the change of heart. This is being born again. God will not tell you his secrets. Take hold of what you can understand. Let your suffering teach you to cause no one pain of body or mind. If you are not too far gone in error and will turn and do right at all times, you may be restored; but if you do not quit wrongdoing in time, your wages is death, morally and physically.

How foolish is man in his egotism! In our egotistic grouch we give the look of contempt instead of the sweet smile of innocence and purity of heart. Discontinue that hateful, exultant laugh of superiority and egotism over a brutal

deed, or joke at another's discomfiture—showing the nature of that animal from whence you sprung which could not talk but chattered the ha! ha! of exultation over its fallen victim in the wilds of animal struggles.

Proven laws call for absolute faith, but unproven laws are issues of the day, subjects for further investigation. They must be judged in the light of reason and by their effects.

CHAPTER III

But one will ask: "How did primitive man get the idea of God, a spirit, or immortality?" This may be answered. Pristine man having no knowledge by which to account for the simplest phenomena of nature, he naturally conceived the idea of a Supreme Ruler who is all powerful and directs all things personally, instead of all things being under control of His unchangeable laws. They naturally thought that the bolt of lightning that killed a man was direct from the hand of a Living and Angry God just over their heads, sitting on a throne of glory, and so he was led to the sacrifice of much life to appease God's anger.

Not knowing much about mind, he thought that his dreams showed that he had a second self, or spirit, that left his body and came back when he awoke.

A desire to live forever makes all mankind hope for eternal life.

Primitive man's abject fear of the terrible forces that he saw in everything, subjected him to the vagaries of assumed revelators, who were endeavoring to answer the unknown, making a business of it for a living, trying to lead man into a better understanding, or using such so as to better control the people and maintain despotic sway.

When a false sophistry has taken hold of the human mind, it takes a long and arduous struggle to displace it with the truth. Death and cruel separations make the mind an easy prey to false sophistry.

The suffering of man through his mistakes, and violations of law in his ignorance or perversion has been, and is, the teacher of the law of duty and is raising man to higher conceptions. Suffering serves for a purpose. It is the great teacher of all and has produced all the great teachers. It teaches us to sympathize with others and should teach us to put ourselves in the other fellow's place at all times before rendering judgment.

Primitive man could only account for suffering by creating a big Devil and a lot of little devils who raised "impious war in heaven," and were about to overthrow Omnipotence, but lost in the battle and were hurled down into a pit, there to continue scheming against God and at times marshalling their forces for another battle.

We know better than that now, or think we do. We believe that God is Supreme, knows His business and is constant in all things. We believe that what was typified as a devil and sin is the suffering natural to life, or the effects of the disobedience of law.

Get this absolute faith, follow the moral precepts of Jesus and Buddha and violate law no more and your reward is sure.

My doctrine seeks not to destroy truth, but to establish truths that will unite all mankind in a common brotherhood.

We can not add to, nor subtract from the truth. It is everlasting. We may err in our understanding of what the truth is and suffer for so doing.

If the rule of ages is against our sense of the right and truth, it is our duty to try to change it. Though free moral agents, we are badly hindered by inherited conditions, traits of character and customs from the past.

We can only change the customs and conditions as fast as we prepare ourselves for the change. We must solve the problems and prepare the way for a better day.

Self-preservation is the motive of all human-made laws, and suffering brings them to pass. Our suffering teaches us to show mercy to others and demand laws for the relief of all.

CHAPTER IV

According to old legends and the history of many of the great ethical teachers, their lives and works are clouded in mysticism. No doubt, many of them pretended to have occult powers in order to gain an audience to their teaching and thereby establish their ethics.

Many taught before writing was invented, or taught verbally, and their teaching went to the world by hearsay, from one to another, from parents to their children for generations before any attempt was made to put them in writing. The writers of these reports and rumors were prone to exaggeration and coloring to suit their individual opinions. They often gave a meaning to some circumstance, or report that was never intended by the teacher. So all of these accounts only serve as poor indexes to what might have been the real teaching. These are facts—and such facts as to clear the way for a liberal interpretation of all accounts.

About all of these many, great teachers have been deified by their followers and therefore man has been taught that they were infallible. If any were infallible, these accounts, written by man, kept and translated by man, would be fallible—for what man has written or translated can not be accepted as infallible.

The indexes to the teaching of Jesus and Guatama (Buddha) shorn of all mysticism, indicate that they were the two greatest reasoners and teachers of pure ethics that ever tried to lead mankind into the light and beauty of purity of life and duty of one to another.

They taught love, faith, hope, charity, mercy, pity, generosity, forgiveness, resignation, duty and the obedience to law.

One is reported to have taught eternal life—a transfiguration to a spiritual heaven; the other, eternal life by living a perfect life and becoming a part of the All Good as a drop of water becomes a part of the ocean.

One taught a place of punishment or total destruction; the other, suffering for sin and possibly transmigration.

They both opposed old forms and all sacrifices to appease an angry God or any other angry thing. They both taught that we should serve to relieve the suffering of the living, and not to worry about the dead.

They both taught a new doctrine and forbade and condemned the forms and cruelties of the Old Orthodoxies. They both took their illustrations from nature and one should suppose that they intended rational interpretation.

They both sacrificed their lives for the good of man.

Buddha, according to the accounts, did not claim infallibility, nor was he sure that transmigration is true, neither did he claim that all

others are liars. This answers why his followers will listen to others without protest.

Jesus, according to the accounts, claimed infallibility and is made to say that all who believe in him will be saved, and all who do not will be damned. Here is where the report got twisted. I believe that he said: "All who do not believe in and obey the law of God will be damned." That is the truth. They damn themselves by their disobedience of the laws of their existence.

This one mistake in the record of the teaching of this just and holy man has caused untold misery and the cruel tortures and deaths of millions of people and prevented the advance of the very truths that Jesus taught.

The spirit of the One who said, "I did not come to destroy lives, but to save them," had nothing to do with these cruel deeds in His name during the long, dark night. Those who built His Church made the same mistakes of dead forms and phylactery to escape an angry God as did those of the old orthodoxy which Jesus condemned.

"If ye love me, keep my commandments." Did he say to kill any one? Here are a few of his commandments and teachings.

Every one shall be rewarded according to his deeds. If Jesus taught, "Every one shall be rewarded according to his deeds," he could not have taught that one who did not believe in him was sure of damnation.

You have answered right, obey the law and you shall live.

If a man hear my words and believe not, I judge him not—for I came not to judge the world, but to save it.

The truth shall make you free (from tradition).

Do not pray to be seen of the public. Go to thy room and pray in secret.

He that believeth on me, believeth not on me, but on Him who sent me.

I did not come to destroy lives but to save them.

If a man speak a word against me, it shall be forgiven; but he who refuses the spirit of the law, shall not be forgiven.

The kingdom of God is within *you*.

The kingdom of heaven is in the heart.

You shall not tempt God (by violating law).

Blessed are the pure in heart.

Love your enemies and those who despitefully use you.

You can not serve God and mammon.

Judge not that you be not judged.

Not every one that saith Lord! Lord! showeth the good spirit.

There shall no sign be given.

Why do you transgress the law of God by your Tradition?

He found them fast asleep.

God is a good spirit.

You can not change yourself. You must be changed.

Let him that is without sin cast the first stone.
Go thy way and sin no more.

God is supreme; God is just. God is love.

As you would that men should do to you, do you also to them likewise.

Condemn not and you shall not be condemned.

Forgive and you shall be forgiven.

Serve the law only, not riches.

Repent and quit your evil ways.

Blessed are they who thirst to do right.

Ye blind guides that strain at a gnat and swallow a camel.

Let your works shine before the world.

You must not even think of doing wrong.

Do not swear by anything but use pure language.

Resist not any one. If one takes your coat, give him your cloak also.

Give to him that begs, and lend to him who would borrow.

You should not find fault with your brothers, for perchance you have a much more grievous fault.

Do not cast gems of thought to those who refuse to hear.

Give alms secretly.

This world is greater than any temple of worship.

The good and the bad are allowed to live.

Everything that is not truth shall be rooted out in time.

He that is not against us is for us.

He that is not with us is against us.

The laborer is worthy his hire.

He who shows you mercy is your neighbor.

Why, even of yourselves, judge you not what is right.

Go only where you are invited.

It is easier for heaven and earth to pass away, than for any part of the law to fail.

A good prayer: "God be merciful to me, a poor sinner."

The spirit of truth is a holy spirit. (Holy ghost.)

To the question: "What shall I do to be saved?" Answer: "Keep the Law." Jesus did not say to go through any ceremonies. "Keep the law."

Chapter 23, St. Matthew, is as applicable to the churches to-day as it was to the old Jewish churches. Read it.

The parable of the Judgment teaches that those who take care of the afflicted and serve all mankind, though not aware of their good deeds, gain salvation; and those who work for self only are condemned, though they think that they are good and cry, "Lord! Lord!"

The first statement of St. Luke shows that many were trying to write an account of the rumors, reports and legends in regard to the life of Jesus. The third chapter of St. Luke

shows that he was speculating some; but all accounts establish the fact that this suffering, merciful, lowly Nazarene taught the purest and most just system of ethics that was ever given to man.

He forfeited his life for all. Where man has died for man is holy ground. I bow in reverence to the name of Jesus.

CHAPTER V

“O God, must I go on with this writing?” I prayed, and the answer to my conscience came, “Go ahead. What man has undertaken conscientiously, let him finish it.” So I must finish my work.

The poor, superstitious church people who are lulled to security by formal obedience to rites, Sabbath holiness, loud prayers in public and sacrifice of money to carry them to heaven, after death, without strict obedience in truth and in the spirit of the law, are found fast asleep. Their performance is worse than nothing; for they are stumbling blocks in the way.

The sincere and faithful church people, who know that they are right and that all who disagree with them are lost, are too narrow. The law is broad enough to reward all who do good. The law is based on deeds worthy of bringing results. Do the good deeds and the effects must follow.

I write not to drive the spirit of Jesus from the world; but to restore it in its simplicity and truth—so plain that none may err therein.

Superstitious, idolatrous ceremonies and mammon have buffaloeed the church and the teaching of Jesus and are fast driving man to his ruin.

Only absolute faith in all laws of nature and nature's God and a just judgment of all man-made laws in the light of reason and by their effects can unite all mankind in one brotherhood and accomplish his destiny.

Man has now reached that point in his development when it becomes necessary to submit to man all man-made laws for his approval, knowing that the effect of unjust laws will soon bring their repeal.

Let us declare an amnesty to all of those who disagree with us, and form ties of friendship in the name of suffering humanity and a common brotherhood.

If the love, charity and non-resistance of Jesus has sway in the human heart, or as long as we have logic and justice, instead of selfishness and proud superstitious orthodoxy, majority consent to all laws is safe.

This is not written for the sincere believer in the precepts of Jesus and the sisters of charity who belong to the church to do good. It is written for the pompous hypocrites who buffalo the church and the people for their own aggrandizement. They have prostituted the church to the service of mammon and idolatrous ceremonies. "They honor God with their lips but their hearts are far from him—for they bind heavy burdens and grievous to be borne, and lay them on men's shoulders."

"O God, give us strength to quit our evil ways. Thy law is supreme and must be obeyed. May

we ever be on our guard to do what is right and emulate the spirit of truth as taught by Jesus, and be ever ready to amend what is wrong, and submit to thy law with absolute faith that our reward is sure for well doing. We forgive evil doers, for they know not what they do.”

CHAPTER VI

People are generally better at heart than they appear outwardly. They often show to their worst advantage and hide their real, kindly nature. A desire to escape ridicule, maintain an appearance, or protect themselves from want or imposture, often causes them to appear or act hard-hearted and covetous; however, when those who have become the most brutal in the present system of animal struggle for the mastery in all lines are shown kindness in their hour of trouble, they become gentle and show their real nature. They then show what they might have been under just rule.

Life is now a battle in which few win wealth and power. Many greater than these and the masses are hidden and crushed by chill penury, or are debauched by evil influences.

The spirit of Jesus comes to one who honestly serves mankind by doing the deeds commanded by his precepts—not by faith in useless and idolatrous forms, baptism, sacrament, Sabbath holiness and man-made creeds; but still killing and robbing the poor laborer, taking his money and eating his dinner, but throwing away the “meat” because it is Friday or a fast day; or depending on charms, hoodoos and rabbits’ feet.

It matters not who Jesus was or is, or whether he is God or not; he forfeited his life to Old Superstition and Mammon to teach a God of Love. His precepts are perfect. His faith was absolute.

“O God,” I prayed fervently, “must I tell man the truth in plain language?” and the answer came to me, the still voice of God talking to me in my conscience. These are the exact words: “Man has had buffalopathy and the truth in homeopathic doses and hidden language long enough. Give it to him in allopathic doses and plain language.”

You do not know that you are right without indisputable proofs.

The truth will make you free from superstition and old nonsense.

Evil shall be rooted out in time and nothing but the truth established.

Let your hypotheses be stated as such and lead no man falsely.

You may hope for eternal life, but no sign shall be given.

Man has not heard the vocal utterance of God at any time.

Your own relatives may not believe the truths that you teach.

People should be known by their character and deeds.

Creeds, rites and Sabbath holiness are non-essentials and may do injury.

Teach the essentials, duty and the obedience

to law first, and let the others come as they may as results.

It is easier for the earth to pass away than for the law to fail.

All old things shall pass away and everything become new, but law never changes.

Man was not made for the Sabbath. The Sabbath is provided for a day of rest, recreation, or worship. Let every one enjoy this day for his special benefit—free from the cares of toil.

The efficacy of prayer consists in putting the mind into a receptive mood by which one receives the truth in his conscience of what is his duty, and gives one strength to decide to do right and eschew wrong.

Long and loud prayers for wealth, advantages, or dominion are an abomination.

Self-righteous prayers are injurious. Always pray in humble submission.

Go to your room and pray in secret.

Pray for strength to do right, and it will be given to you.

A prayer for anything that violates law is an abomination.

Obey the voice of good in your conscience and your reward is sure.

The spirit of God exists in everything. Everything existing is a part of God.

The kingdom of heaven is in the heart. Heaven is a condition, not a place.

Man only receives according to the development of his mind.

Evil is he who thinks evil. He who does evil is still worse.

Evil conditions are the effects of wrong doing.

Every good deed has its reward. A good deed gives power to do more and may lead to a reformation—a change of heart.

There is no resurrection of the body except in the laboratory of nature.

Flesh and blood can not enter the kingdom of heaven.

He who says, "I will not obey the law," but does, has his reward.

He who says, "I will obey the law," and cries, "Lord, Lord," and does not, is a hypocrite, gets no reward and injures himself.

There is no intention to lead any one from the truth. I talk from the battlefield of life.

KEEP THE LAW

What must you do if you'd be saved?
 Keep the law.
 The road to heav'n will then be paved,
 Keep the law.
 Reward is sure for each good deed:
 Keep the law, keep the law, keep the law;
 Do only good is all you need—
 Keep the law.

Good deeds give power to do more,
 Keep the law.
 Your sins just sink you low'r and low'r,
 Keep the law.
 Obey the law, it's easily done,
 Keep the law, keep the law, keep the law;
 Treat others right, then you have won,
 Keep the law.

The law of nature's law for man,
 Keep the law.
 It'll never change and never can,
 Keep the law.
 To save your soul and have good health,
 Keep the law, keep the law, keep the law;
 Your strength will then add to your wealth,
 Keep the law.

And Jesus taught us what is right—
 Keep the law.
 In fear and trembling day and night,
 Keep the law.
 Reward according to your deeds,
 Keep the law, keep the law, keep the law;
 Go help the poor in all their needs,
 Keep the law.

END — PART I

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