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The NORTHERN CROWN



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THE NORTHERN CROWN

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A MONTHLY Periodical of Literature and Advertising. Devoted to the interests of Northern California, and in a broader sense, to our whole country and all humanity ❁ ❁ ❁

Independent in its policy, and its mission to give a fairminded presentation of the topics of the day, and a setting forth of truth for the defense, relief and benefit of the people ❁ ❁ ❁



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EVELYN.

A TYPE OF PACIFIC COAST BEAUTY.



[THE DICE OF FATE.]

"And flung course jests at the apprehensive burghers on the walls."

The Northern Crown

"Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness."

VOL. 1.

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NO. 4

THE DICE OF FATE.

A Bit of Vain Speculation.

BY W. T. FITCH.

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SPECULATION, both mental and financial, is a very human trait. Mental speculation, the building of air castles, is both pleasant and cheap; provided you use only your spare time for such feats of architecture; that the coal and grocery bills are paid; for the mind must be free from sordid cares, or, like Micawber, happily sanguine of something "turning up" when needed, in order to enjoy a restful moment.

As to financial speculation, that is between you and your broker. We do not wish to intrude where our welcome, in any other role than that of a "lamb" would, to say the least, be uncertain.

It is behind the intrenchments of our fireside, therefore, that we are unfettered in thought. To humor the random thought that has been rudely thrust aside during our business day, is the proper use of the fireside hour. The glow-

ing embers, kindly furnished for a consideration by the coal trust, and lighted by the match trust, ditto, seem to invite our mental confidences as they did those of Lizzie Hexam and her brother, who saw such wondrous fortune "in the hollow down by the flare."

We therefore formally invite you to follow our train of thought, forgiving whatever you cannot overlook. It is a matter for serious consideration, which would involve many, and change materially the present cosmos should we see, in place of, say, Wm. Shakespeare, a man of an opposite turn of mind. Just carry this matter out to its legitimate conclusion, and see where it doesn't stop! Just contemplate for a moment the possibilities that would have gone hence had this same William Shakespeare, or Lord Bacon (take your choice!) died in infancy.

Think of the millions of dollars invested in costumes and cough drops. Of the salaries paid to the retired pugilist who play leading parts, and—Hark

ye! is't a riot? Nay, 'tis the sound of Shakespearean drama in the land; the bellowing of the villain; the shriek of beauty beset; and the bold rescue by the hero with the wooden sword and papier-mache coat of mail. And as a purely suppositious matter, suppose poor Romeo had fallen a victim to the too ready sword of one of his many ill-wishers! The prospect appalls, for it would have deprived the modern grand-nas of the theatrical profession of the opportunity of exhibiting their

ness and most of them are reckoned as insanity, the rest as genius. But in the main we are glad that things are as we find them; else might all our cakes have been dough. Neither do we yearn to "make over" the vestments of poetic thought as already expressed, for it would most certainly end in a sorry business. For instance: Had the port-cullis which Sir Walter Scott poised before the vision of the doughty Lord Marmion fallen in time to stop his flight after he had, however unwisely,



The French "pleasure duel." The other principal was too far off to be included in the picture. The grand-stand was also unavoidably left out.

kalsomine blushes as fourteen-year-old Juliet. And where would have been all the rant and thunder, curses and tears, of the long list of characters that William's fertile brain has set before us?

Not that we do not appreciate them, no indeed. On the contrary we are glad, for we can go back to them after a performance of "Wagner's" "Das Kizcizikekkuldankerwald, with Herr Einhuntereidmilesfrumnowhereatall and Madam Grinnywaldorfftercatterilde, in the leading roles.

There are a great many forms of mad-

ness expressed his full and free opinion of his late friend Lord Angus, the American small boy could never have whispered in a gasping voice, the celebrated defiance from the "platform" of the "school house," to his admiring parents and neighbors.

History, as well as fiction, is a vast storehouse of the doings of fate. In history we find recorded the good deeds of the bad, and the bad deeds of the good, approximately. Especially in the land of the lily, where the pleasure-duel, a form of amusement from which the

spice of danger, so dear to the ancient, has been eliminated, is a frequent occurrence.

Here we find those spontaneous happenings that tell of long building and quick pulling down. And there are many turns in the long and crooked lane of French history that, had the opposite turning been taken, the result had been sometimes better, sometimes worse for the citizens of the land of Absinthe and frogs legs.

There are many salient characters that stand out in her history, as having changed the current of national life. In ancient times we see Genevieve of Gaul, a holy maiden, the idol of her generation, standing upon the bridge by which Attila the Hun, the scourge of Europe, expected to enter Paris. But the brave words of the lovely peasant girl, backed up by a life of devotion to the good of her people and the weal of the church, so wrought upon the minds of the terror-stricken people, that a successful resistance was offered to the terrible Hun and the country saved.

But it will be admitted that she set a bad example, for just contemplate the ambitious Mrs. Nation—not that her will is to do good, but that we would rather, in these days of peace congresses, like that now in session in Manchuria, that the hatchet be buried, rather than wielded.

In modern Gaul, whose capitol is one of the world's centers of progress, and the gayest cities in the world, we find another turn in the lane. Why did those upon whom Napoleon depended, fail him? A little hurrying just then would have made a "mort" of difference. Victory on the field of Waterloo would have made the greatest general of all time, the master of Europe. And why was not the existence of the sunken road, upon which the fate of the day hinged (in the absence of reinforcements) taken into consideration? Historians tell us that Napoleon's digestion was such that he was not himself, so great were his sufferings,

and that this caused errors of judgment which cost him the battle, and—an empire. Here, then, is the moral: Eat Quaker's Pre-digested Scrap-Iron, for breakfast! Here was the First Consul's lack, he knew not the wonders of the modern breakfast foods.

Discussion leads to accusation, and accusation leads to blows, therefore is the small man for peace—so we will now take up another incident connected with our subject.

The sun rises on the 9th of July, 1397, and gazes warmly upon the little walled town of Sempach, on the border between Austria and Switzerland. It has before looked upon the same landscape of gnarled pines and ragged rocks. And is, therefore, not a little surprised to see an important addition to the landscape. It is the glittering lances and polished armor of a body of Austrian troops on a gentle mission of benevolent assimilation. (America is not the inventor of this method of empire.)

Duke Leopold of Austria, a haughty gentleman wearing a dress suit of boiler iron, and with an eye to Swiss territory, has deployed his knights and yeomen so as to prevent the inhabitants from driving the cows to pasture. He rides gaily 'round the village and flings coarse jests at the apprehensive burgers on the walls. He is about to add the land of Swiss cheese to the Austrian crown; therefore he is exceeding jolly, and in no special hurry.

But now another factor enters the game. Emerging from a neighboring wood may be seen a body of Swiss minute men, armed with whatever may serve to attack or to fend. A brave band, and it is well; for this is to be their busy day.

The Austrian force confronts them, far superior, both in numbers and equipment.

"Where'er the impatient Switzers gazed,

An un-broken line of lances blazed.

That line 'twere suicide to meet.

And parish at their tyrant's feet."

Despair is in their hearts. But the

opportunity again brings forth the man, behold him! Arnold Von Winkelried, of Unterwalden. His eye roaming o'er the field in search of something that might bid him hope, sees the only desperate means by which the enemy may be worsted, and flinging his body into the breach, "ten spears he swept within his grasp," this act breaches the enemy's line and ultimately yields the victory to the Swiss. The victory is won. The country saved. Had not this worthy knight had the wit to see, and the courage to meet the emergency, Switzerland would now be the same color on the map as is Austria. The dinkey little watch-factory of a nation would have been only a province of a great empire, and ruled by a prince "Who knew not Joseph," with a lot of foreign soldiers to collect his revenues and protect him while he enjoyed himself. It was a lucky thing that Mr. Winkelried was where he was that day (for the Swiss nation). The time waited upon him to do a stunt for liberty. Has his work been since undone?

It is not patriotic though, to allow ourselves to devote too much time to foreigners. They are at best only unfortunate foreigners, poor things, with their myriad eyes turned longingly toward our shores where liberty to do (your neighbor) as you please, is granted to us for so long as we do not exercise it, when we do, the Governor calls out the militia. But between you and I, it might be our heiresses or our pork that these foreigners are after. Let it pass, however.

At any rate, we feel quite secure in their esteem. And why not? We feel that we can rest on the laurels of the great men of our past history as representing what we can do if we want to. We certainly are a nation to be reckoned with. Please not to forget it.

There was George Washington. He stands alone in many respects, not as some of our modern statesmen do, but as not requiring any help to do so. And nowhere on the pages of history

do we find so unique a man, for who, outside of his family ever had so many nurses? You foreigners may wonder, but don't you presume to doubt us, for in the states of Maryland and Virginia alone we can find enough good colored Mammys who will swear to having been George Washington's nurse, to clasp hands and play ring-around-a-rosy around the city which bears his name.

Now where, let me ask, would this important addition to the folk-lore of the Afro-American have been, had not George Washington become famous? The proud declaration "Wy, Lor' bress



The Villain is "Foiled Again."

yo' honey—I was Javage Wash'n'ton's nuss." could never have caused about a million colored great-grandmas to hold their heads a little higher, and to prevail upon their decendants to try to live up to the tradition of their ancestors, had it not been for the many sterling qualities of the great man. And this is not all about the father of his country, either. His career furnishes another turning point.

Just think what an awful fate would most certainly have overtaken us had not young George done honor to his religious training and told the truth when he knew there was a walloping on the other side of it. We might have been a nation of liars if young Washington had not set us so good an exam-

ple. As it is—well—yes, of course, it is alright, certainly.

It was a time of trial to the youth, and a crucial moment for the nation, when young George faced his stern parent in the orchard that memorable day. We shudder to think with what awful freight the moment was weighted.

We can imagine the thought of the youth as he gazes into the eyes of the wrathful old gentleman: Ife I onlie knewe whether or noe ye olde gented yd see me doe it? I will riske ye truthe. "Father, I dyd it withe ye lyttle hatchet." The danger point was safely passed. We were saved. But we will have to admit the fruit of George's hesitation is with us still—we can lie a little.

There is an event that we have passed

over, but which we must not forget:—the landing of the pilgrim fathers at Plymouth. The negotiation of ye stern and rock-bound coast, was an event of the first magnitude in religious history—now forgotten. And we smile to think how the good puritan's eyes would protrude, and the rueful expression that his face would wear, could he sit in a front pew of one of our large and georgeous American churches and witness some of the pomp and ceremony which his soul abhorred and which he and his fellow sufferers fled to the shores of the new world to escape. But change is the order of nature, as is also the "change" financial, both small and large, and the more of it the better. Or worse, which?

TRUE LOVE.

BY BEN FRANKLIN BONNELL

Two wee little birdies sat on a limb,

He chatted to her, and she chatted to him.

I know he made love to his sweet little mate,

For she listened and chatted, by turn, till
'twas late.

He told her his love as the twilight grew dim,

And she answered by cuddling closer to him,
Then darkness came on, and the shadows of
night

Hid the two little lovers out of my sight,
But the gentle night zephyrs and star-eyes
above

Beheld 'tween two birdies a case of true love.

O MY COUSIN ANGELINE.

From the French of Harry Murger

We two have left behind us the early years of life,
 When the beautiful and good shone forth as diamonds shine,
 I often stop to count them amid the world's strife—
 Do you ever dream our childhood o'er, O my cousin Angeline?

Those days are very distant, and already many times,
 The passing years have touched us with fingers light and fine;
 And all our glorious gaiety—our laugh-provoking rhyme,
 Alas! have fled forever, O my cousin Angeline.

Wild and reckless scholars, free from the masters' power,
 We sang and danced together—care never left a sign;
 We'll never more go gipsying they've cut the roses down,
 We'll never more go gipsying, O my cousin Angeline.

Ah! happier far than I can be, for you have never left
 A loving mother's tender care—the sweet domestic shrine;
 Oh! let not holy piety from your pure heart be reft
 As it has been from mine, O my cousin Angeline.

With work for your companion throughout each joyous day,
 At night the guardian spirit comes to bring you dreams
 divine;
 And many a blessed thought from its home above will stray
 From heaven to your pillow—O my cousin Angeline.

Your voice sounds sweet and pleasantly, as sweetly sounds
 your name.
 The spirit of all goodness from out your eyes doth shine,
 With the flowers of your sixteen years an odor to us came,
 'Twas the perfume of your youth, O my cousin Angeline.

Ah! long ago, when New Year came, how pleasant was the day,
 'Twas then I emptied my scant purse to get some trifle fine;
 And joyous of my present your acceptance I would pray,
 Though it never was a rich one, O my cousin Angeline.

But since that time the devil—at least they tell me so,
 Has taken up his dwelling in this empty purse of mine;
 I call vainly on blind Plutus—I fear he's deaf also—
 He never seems to hear me cry, O my cousin Angeline.

Then you can have nothing from me, no present, dear, today—
 No rich and handsome keepsake where all the arts combine,
 No glittering, sparkling trifles deflecting every ray,
 Not even sugar bon-bons, O my cousin Angeline.

You will have nothing from me, I sorry am to say,
 Except a brother's kiss on that forehead sweet of thine;
 And then these wretched verses that to-morrow or next day
 You'll doubtless have forgotten, O my cousin Angeline.

THE TREND OF CIVILIZATION.

BY WILLIAM AYRES

Impelled by the westward trend of civilization THE NORTHERN CROWN has anchored in the beautiful Ukiah valley, on the extreme western shore of the American continent, and tuned its lyre to sing of the wonders and rich gifts that nature has bestowed along the Pacific waters; to waken the echoes in this splendid wilderness of redwoods; chanting in heroic measure the future greatness to which the advantages it possesses must inevitably carry it as the western trampling of the pressing millions halts upon the shore of our fair Pacific ocean to gather accumulated strength before crossing the water to the regenerative work beyond.

To paint a picture, there must be a subject, foreground, background and canopy; to state a fact graphically there must be comparison; to portray a condition, there must appear a cause. We are here because of an irresistible force which is constantly impelling the world of commerce and of letters westward; it may be an interminable round as the "centuries flit by like shadows into the past," but never the less the movement is continuously on, and on, each civilization as it passes leaving monuments of its handiwork in the remains and ruins of its achievements in art, literature and architecture.

We, here on the western shore, are deemed by the more esthetic and less vigorous people of the eastern shore to be uncouth pioneers, unversed in the

polite amenities of advanced civilization; across the Atlantic the self-sufficient sons of Albion look with pitying patronage upon the assumed greatness, the scientific and social advancement of the American world; still farther back, the Spaniard, the Turk, the Mongol, each in turn, looking westward toward the newer civilization, the more vigorous and prosperous physical and intellectual energy, the unstayed, irresistible force of the newer thought, looks with mingled contempt and pity upon what they deem the ignorant and arrogant assumption of the untaught, immature civilization of the millions who are pushing their way toward the setting sun.

But however much the inspired bards of the infant days of extant history may have painted their age and achievement in colors that are glowing, in all that is enchanting, beautiful and miraculous, we have a record of noble manhood, exalted ambition and heroic achievement, here on our own continent, and at our own doors; a history and a theme, that might well inspire to sublimest song the bards of old, or the poets of the present, and thus sung, eclipse the hectic glamor of the olden fables.

It is true there is a charm as of infatuation that still lingers around the story of Ulysses and the Trojan settlement under the blue skies of Italy, and thrilling are the recollections recurring

to the heroic period when Ilion resisted the shock of Agamemnon's arms, and distant Colchis became the destination of the freighted Argos. But in the eternal press westward, the fabled Argos, with their tiny burdens became caravals, the caravals, in turn, became a ship-of-the-line, carrying thousands of tons, and which could put a dozen Argos in its hold; and the ship-of-the-line has become an ocean steamer, a floating palace carrying thousands of people, or a transport carrying a small army.

The wierd, eventful and spectacular career of Fernando de Soto, the marvellous and ambitious project of Juan Ponce de Leon, the fascinating story of Pochahontas, the singular vicissitudes in the fortunes of Raleigh and of Burr would, if sung to the same measure and inspired by the same genius, surround the name and historical event in our own land with as brilliant a coloring as the ancient bards have thrown around the fables and accomplishments of classic history.

And around these, as around the allurements of Calypso, and the enchantment of Armida, would gather the charm of fable, the fascination of half-authenticated history. The amazing exploits of Hobson at Santiago and the miraculous achievement of Dewey at Manila, would outsplendor the fables of antiquity.

The scenes of the achievements sung by the earlier bards were circumscribed; the territory was small; their seas were lakes and their national domains were ranches when compared with the extent of sea and land over which have been accomplished the achievements of modern civilization. The crossing of the Atlantic and the subjugation of the American continent has no parallel with the much sung ancients.

And thus the inexorable march of the human family, impelled by a force mysterious as it is irresistible, has reached the western shore of the American continent, passing over mountains, crossing rivers, traversing

the plains, and girdling the globe with electric currents to convey intelligence to any point at will, we have a recent past to gaze upon, one that is prouder, more brilliant than the felicitous visions of the Greeks, more magnificent than the conceptions of the Romans, more glorious than the rose-colored dreams of the bards of Castile, and more thrilling than the history of the early settlement of the Atlantic coast—it lies in the acquisition, the marvellous growth and development of the golden El Dorado of the Pacific—California.

Today the westward bound millions are gathering and halting on this western shore, as in past centuries they gathered on the shores of the Black sea, the North sea, the Mediterranean, and on the chalky cliffs of Albion, building great commercial cities till they gathered strength for passing beyond the water. The circumnavigation of the globe is nearly complete in extant history. The advance guard of the newer civilization of the Occident is looking westward across the Pacific to the decaying, crumbling Orient.

The advancing civilization of the new world in treading hard on the heels of the effete, dying civilization of the old. The human current in its course westward is halting on these shores, and its millions will mass and aggregate here in the preparation to push across the Pacific to absorb the new-old fields toward the setting sun. But we are only at the threshold of this process of up-building on the western shore of the American continent. The possibilities here are such as to require centuries to fully appropriate.

The race across the continent has been made with such haste that there is much intervening territory that will easily assimilate a far greater population, and the halting line along the Pacific shore in varied possibilities of climate and soil give promise of a future whose greatness is beyond the human ken to divine, or the power of language to portray.

Along the northern shore are gigantic trees that were growing when the gentle Savior walked upon the earth, teaching his lessons of Universal Love to all mankind, and they form an almost incalculable store of crude wealth, and they will continue to grow for the use and enrichment of the children of man, if the vandalism of the present and coming generations do not destroy them totally from the face of the earth.

Our mountains contain exhaustless stores of precious and base metals. Our valleys and plains and countless hills bountifully watered everywhere, stand unparalled in their productivity, and our climate, mild and balmy, the atmosphere filled with ozone from the ocean and balsam from the forests, seems a special dispensation, and cause many to think that the Garden of

Eden has been falsely located by the chronicles of history.

In reviewing these possibilities of the future, the query naturally comes to the mind: Where will the gathering hosts build their great cities, both inland and commercial ports of entry? Where will northern California figure and how will she fare in the settlement of the great incoming population? This is a question for the logician, the statesman, the prophet. Nature has endowed northern California with a lavish hand, and her industrial centers and commercial marts will grow in exact keeping with the energy and spirit of progress and liberality of her people. But of this view of the future and its practical possibilities we must paint another scene, for the whole would be too large a picture for one painting.

A THING of beauty is a joy forever:
 Its loveliness increases; it will never
 Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
 A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
 Full of sweet dreams, and health and quiet
 breathing;
 Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
 A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
 Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
 Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
 Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways,
 Made for our searching: Yes, in spite of all
 Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
 From our dark spirits. —KEATS



"The starry bloom of the orange tree
Is shedding its fragrance over me."

On My Veranda.

THE starry bloom of the orange tree
Is shedding its fragrance over me,
Side by side with the ripe, rich fruit
That's always found in the groves of Butte.

Look where I will, I'm sure to see
The blooming rose and the orange tree;
Roses of red, yellow, pink and white;
Roses grown to a wond'rous height,

Dropping their petals so bright and sweet,
To make a carpet for dainty feet,
Brighter and finer than Orient loom
Has ever woven for queen's own room.

The lilies, too, add a tender grace
With their broad, green leaves and pure white
face;
But a clinging vine on the gray, old wall,
For me has the greatest charm of all.

Here a pair of birds have built a home,
And here their nestlings will some day come;
I'll rest 'neath the shade of my orange tree,
And the birds will sing sweet songs to me.

[From "Old School Days" by MARY CAMERON BENJAMIN.]

JUST TEN MINUTES BEHIND.

An Incident of Travel.

It was 10:45 P. M. Mother and I were waiting in the Suisun depot for the belated Southern Pacific, Shasta route. We had telegraphed ahead for sleepers but none were to be obtained as the trains were all crowded to overflowing with G. A. R. delegates returning from the convention, held in San Francisco, to their homes. As the train stopped, everybody scrambled aboard and occupied the first seat they came to. Mother and I were fortunate enough to secure one although we had plenty of hand luggage.

We were en route to Portland, Or., to visit my uncle, Judge Johnson, for two months. After becoming as comfortable as possible, under the circumstances, we attempted to go to sleep, but that being out of the question, I suggested we have some lunch. Of course during this time we were quietly "sizing up" our fellow passengers, and presently mother remarked: "See that gentleman, sitting three seats back of us, on the right. He will be over here talking to us by morning." I laughingly answered: "He looks at my "drumstick" rather longingly; I believe he is hungry."

Being of a jolly disposition, I kept my neighbors laughing at my foolishness. Next morning while I was standing on the platform enjoying the brisk, fresh air, with an impromptu acquaintance of the night before, this gentleman came (as mother had prophesied), and spoke to her. She was getting our breakfast ready. When I came in

mother said: "This is my daughter, Mr. Francis." After a few common-place remarks were exchanged, mother asked: "Would you join us in our morning repast, Mr. Francis? It is cold, but you are welcome to share it with us."

He did, and ate very heartily, for he was hungry. My first impression of him was not very flattering and at my earliest opportunity I teased mother about her "mash." Mother is a good character reader, seldom making a mistake, but I thought the story he told her was a little far fetched. He said he had taken advantage of the excursion rates of the G. A. R. to go to San Francisco from his home in Grant's Pass, and that he had taken, as he thought, enough extra money to see him through, but that he had met some Eastern friends and spent what he had, besides borrowing from a brother lodge-member, enough as he supposed, to see him home safely; but when he made our acquaintance he had five cents, and a bag of gingersnaps, which he generously shared with us. He claimed that he was a property owner in his home city, with a bank account, and said, if we would only honor him by stopping over a day in Grant's Pass he would repay our hospitality two fold, or if on our return trip we would only let him know, and would stop, he would take us to all points of interest in and about his city.

He had passed over the road so many times, I soon saw he was a very interesting companion, for through his kind

attention mother and I saw many things of interest we otherwise would have missed, and as I talked to him I found him a refined, cultured gentleman. My first impression of suspicion soon gave way to whole-hearted admiration and pity for his sad plight, hungry and penniless. He said he was first attracted to us by my hearty, girlish laughter and buoyant spirit.

I soon saw he was a man with a past; a sorrow that is buried, only after years of struggle in trying to forget. I could feel a deeper sympathy for him, as hidden away from all human eyes is a great sorrow of my own, that none ever suspects, as my face is always smiling, and I have ready wit to answer any mood.

His destination was reached at 5:25 P. M. of the second day of our journey and as he was about to leave us he said: "Now if you ladies change your minds and come back by train, (for we had said we were going to return by steamer) let me know and I will meet you at the depot, if you won't stop over—we jokingly said we would. We reached Portland at 7 A. M., next morning, and during our two months' visit we had a delightful time and scarcely gave our travelling companion a thought until mother came across his card and guide book, which he had kindly left us on leaving the train.

There had been a number of storms at sea and mother being timid about the ocean we decided finally after much argument to return the way we came. I thought it would be quite a joke to drop Mr. Francis a note telling him if he would be at the station on the given date, that as we were passing

through I'd laugh for him once more, for you see we had inquired into the matter and found him to be just what he represented himself. We were fortunate enough to get a Pullman coming back, but stayed in the day coach until after we passed through Albany, Ore., as there were some friends at the depot to tell us good-by.

Adieus exchanged, we returned to our seats to get our baggage; lo and behold they were occupied. My aunt had given me a beautiful picture and in packing for the return trip I found it to be too large to fit into our trunk, so I had to make a separate package of it. I wrote on it in a spirit of fun: "If this package should be left on the train, please forward by express, C. O. D., to Miss Nina Daily, Suisun, Calif.

This of course was in the seat with the other things and the strange occupants sat facing it. Imagine the pleasant surprise to find it to be none other than Mr. Francis, who with a friend had been to Salem on business, from there they took the local to Albany and waited for the Overland.

The surprise was mutual for he had not received my note, and thought we had gone back by steamer. Our tete-a-tete was cut short by the porter who came to escort us to the Pullman. After promising to have breakfast with Mr. Francis next morning, we went to bed. In the morning we were up early and wondered what could be keeping Mr. Francis, when presently the porter (a pleasant faced dinky) came by and said: "Yo' might as well eat yo' breakfast honey, for de train was divided into two sections at Roseburg and yo' friend is just ten minutes behind."

AMATEUR.

"So shall it be with all those who fall asleep in Jesus. They shall rise again, as if they had passed the night in sleep, without suffering, and without dreams."

In the Plaza.

By Alice Kingsbury Cooley.

My brother, who sits dozing there,
Upon the plaza's benches rude,
With "failure" writ upon thy brow,
And speaking in thy attitude;
Cast up by life's great ocean's tide.
A bit of flotsam, ownerless;
Thy feelings all benumbed and seared,
Expecting never happiness,
Look up, the sky is bright above,
And birds are circling in the air,
The carpet at thy feet is green;
The flowers too, are everywhere
The richest man in all the land,
Can see the sky no more than you,
The myriad beauties of the stars,
For rich and poor alike are true,
The breath of heaven is just as sweet,
To thy dumb lips as to a king,
The joys of nature all are thine---
Free gifts of God, wealth cannot bring.

LETTERS.

SANTA ANA, July 31, 1904.

My Dear Mrs. Reed: I have read with delight the two numbers of THE NORTHERN CROWN that came to me. They bring the very odor of the forests and make me long to some day see again the many beauties of Mendocino.

I remember you always, as a much admired friend of my father's, and when I read, with so much pleasure, "One Easter Day" and "Humboldt," I knew that I, with him, held you, one of God's true poets. Oh, the joy of the human soul that loves all beauty. I should love to contribute something to your magazine, but have never written anything worthy of publication. I wish you all success in your undertaking.

Yours very truly,

GERTRUDE CONNELL FINLEY.

* * *

SANTA ROSA, CAL., July 19, 1904.

My Dear Mrs. Reed: The June number of THE NORTHERN CROWN has just reached me and I find it, as usual, full of bright, breezy prose and refined and interesting poetry. I very much desire, however, to see more good, paying advertisements in the future numbers; the people of your county, in fact, of the whole of northern California, should help you, as well as themselves, by permitting you (for a consideration) to tell in your dainty magazine just what they have, or are willing to do, for the dear public.

I am glad that you keep your original suggestion, concerning an endowment fund for children, before the reading and thoughtful people. May your in-

telligent efforts result in securing legislation to carry your eminently practical and sensible plan into effect. Your facts and figures are simply irrefutable. Enclosed you will find an editorial by a Winona, Minnesota editor, which I think fine; use it if you can; please return the clipping to me.

Wishing you a full and overflowing measure of success, I am

Sincerely yours,

FRANCIS McG. MARTIN.

* * *

OAKLAND, CAL., July 21, 1904.

My Dear Mrs. Reed: I've just finished reading THE NORTHERN CROWN for June, and I feel as rested and refreshed as if I had been visiting dear old Mendocino. The roses of "June" and the "Kiss of Summer" I've shared in your poem: "The Mendocino Angelus" needs but color to make it a veritable, Thad Welsh gem, our California Millet.

Fitch's article on "Poor Lo," should be read in every California school as history. The exquisite poem, "The Weavers" has a personal interest to me and to every member of the Pacific C. W. Press Association. Do you know that you voice the thought of all of us in your tribute to Mrs. E. J. Foster?

It is fourteen years ago, dear, since you and I first met. We came together with other women at the call of Emily T. Y. Parkhurst to form this very association. And what a gathering of representative women it was: women of national as well as state reputation—I close my eyes and recall the scene: Dear Mrs. Cooper, who made

San Francisco distinctive for its kindergarten system; think of the hundreds, nay thousands, of good citizens that she made so, because she saved them from the slums.

Mrs. Edholm—to this day devoting her life, to save fallen girls, through her mission work—I often think of her at night, as I turn out my light, knowing that she is travelling the streets, rescuing, and toiling for the unfortunate. Mrs. Eyster, who was one of the women to start the Mt. Vernon fund, and whose life work in the cause of temperance, is national. Do you remember she won the prize for the best southern colonial story in her Colonial Boy? Jesse Benton Fremont, Ina Coolbrith—when I was in London, all I had to say was, that I knew Ina Coolbrith and I had friends among the literary people.

I cannot name them all, but the sweet face of Alice Kingsbury Cooley, as I saw her then, was to me that of the great, "Fanchon the Cricket;" but after, we all came to love her, and know her, as the woman whose great mother love surpasses all else. You and I, dear, why we met as two women who had "lived in the mines." we had known all about each other since we were girls, and when we met, then what miners' stories were "swapped!"

The fourteen years of our Association forms a good part of the life of a state only fifty years old, and among our members are many who have helped form the state and who still devote their lives to its interest. I shall not give it to you in detail. You know where to find them: In the "Land Mark league," in the "Miners' association," in the "Sequoia club," in the "Native Daughters," they hold prominent places, but they all still hold together as members of the dear old Press association.

When I began to write, I intended only to tell you that I look upon this

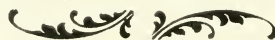
new venture of yours as the culmination of all the years that have gone before. As I read it, it rings true. It is your outlet of expression for all the hope, and love, and interest, you have in your fellow-beings. That poetry, and sentiment, and enthusiasm should throw a rosy halo over it all, is fitting, for that has been the saving grace, that has redeemed, for you always, even the vulgarity of the commonplace.

One "red letter day" in the long ago, I too, took "the drive" and saw the Cypresses so interestingly written of in Mr. Richards' letter. My companion was a scientist and a botanist who explained to me the facts, well known, that these trees were the genuine Oriental cypresses, and the only ones in America. He talked learnedly and scientifically of the possible ways of their having been saved in some glacial deposit and washed in through the Gulf of Mexico. I listened attentively and when he finished I exclaimed: "O! no, it was not that way at all; away back centuries ago, a ship laden with stores and riches from the Orient sailed to these shores, many of them came and landed their people in Mexico, but this one, this ship, was wrecked; and as the sea washed up her wreckage along the coast, the seeds of the Cedars of Lebanon were deposited in the crevasses of these rocks and they took root and grew to be these trees. And so I know, that the "wise men from the east" brought them here, and to them, I pour my libation, and in reverence I acknowledge their pre-possession."

I poured my glass of wine on the ground, and from that day to this, I have always believed in my own inspiration until I read, with little thrills of pleasure, Mr. J. E. Richards' letter, published under title of, "Another Psychological Problem," in the June number of your magazine.

Yours,

SARA E. REAMER.



Lost In the Hills of "Never-Come-Home."

By Anna Morrison Reed.

A little boy that I used to know,
Who came from Heaven quite long ago,
And stayed with me for a little while,
With innocent eyes and an angel's smile,
His soft little body, tiny and warm,
I held so closely away from harm,
But out of my arms, he grew and grew,
Till I looked in vain for the boy I knew.
For this dear little boy went out to roam,
And was lost in the hills of "Never-Come-
Home."
And across the valley of "Used-To-Be
I know he will not come back to me,
And now, Oh! now the days are long,
And I think of him and write this song
That other Mothers may sing to sleep,
The little boys that they still may keep.
I should not care—for he is not dead,
The light brown curls that crowned his head,
Are short and dark, and that's not all
For now he's a man almost six feet tall,
And another thing that seems disgrace—
Whiskers are growing all over his face—
But still I grieve when all alone
For the boy in the hills of "Never-Come-
Home."

From the World's Best Literature.

Ecclesiastes—Chapter Two.

I said in mine heart, Go to now, I will prove thee with mirth; therefore enjoy pleasure: And behold, this also is vanity. I said of laughter, it is mad: and of mirth, what doeth it. I sought in mine heart to give myself unto wine, yet acquainting mine heart with wisdom, and to lay hold on folly, till I might see what was that good for the sons of men, which they should do under the heaven all the days of their life.

I made me great works; I builded me houses; I planted me vineyards; I made me gardens and orchards, and I planted trees in them of all kind of fruits.

I made me pools of water, to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees.

I got me servants and maidens, and had servants born in my house; also I had great possessions of great and small cattle above all that were in Jerusalem before me.

I gathered me also silver and gold, and the peculiar treasure of kings and of the provinces; I gat me men singers and women singers and the delights of the sons of men, as musical instruments and that of all sorts.

So I was great, and increased more than all that were before me in Jerusalem: also my wisdom remained with me.

And whatsoever mine eyes desired I kept not from them; I withheld not my heart from any joy: for my heart rejoiced in all my labor; and this was my portion of all my labor.

Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labor that I had labored to do: and, behold, all was vanity and vexation of

spirit, and there was no profit under the sun.

And I turned myself to behold wisdom, and madness, and folly: for what can the man do that cometh after the King? Even that which hath been already done.

Then I saw that wisdom excelled folly, as far as light excelleth darkness.

The wise man's eyes are in his head, but the fool walketh in darkness: and I myself perceived also that one event happeneth to them all.

Then said I in my heart, as it happeneth to the fool, so it happeneth, even to me: and why was I then more wise? Then I said in my heart, that this also is vanity.

For there is no remembrance of the wise more than of the fool for ever; seeing that which now is, in the days to come shall all be forgotten. And how dieth the wise man? As the fool.

Therefore I hated life; because the work that is wrought under the sun is grievous unto me: for all is vanity and vexation of spirit.

Yea, I hated all my labor which I had taken under the sun; because I should leave it unto the man that shall be after me.

And who knows whether he shall be a wise man or a fool? Yet shall he have rule over all my labor, wherein I have labored, and wherein I have shewed myself wise under the sun.

This is also vanity.

Therefore I went about to cause my heart to despair of all the labor which I took under the sun.

For there is a man whose labor is in wisdom, and in knowledge, and in equity; yet to a man that hath not

labored therein, shall he leave it for his portion.

This also is vanity, and a great evil. For what hath man of all his labor, and of the vexation of his heart, where he hath labored under the sun?

For all his days are sorrows, and his avail grief; yea, his heart taketh not rest in the night. This is also vanity. There is nothing better for a man, than that he should eat and drink, and that he should make his soul enjoy good in

his labor. This also I saw, that it was from the hand of God.

For who can eat, or who else can hasten hereunto, more than I?

For God given to a man that is good in his sight, wisdom and knowledge, and joy; but to the sinner he giveth travail, to gather, and to heap up, that he may give to him that is good before God.

This also is vanity, and vexation of spirit.

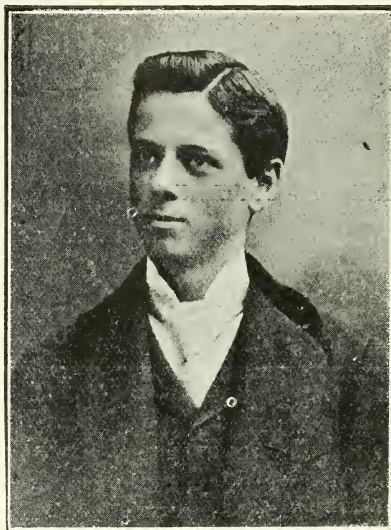
A Hope.

From poems of Ina D. Coolbrith.

It befel me on a day---
 Long ago, ah, long ago!
 When my life was in its May,
 In the May-month of the year.
 All the orchards were like snow,
 With pink flushes there and here;
 And a bird sang, building near,
 And a bird sang far away,
 Where the early twilight lay.

Long ago! ah, long ago!
 Youth's sweet May passed quite away---
 May that nevermore is May!
 Yet I hear the nightengale,
 Singing far adown the vale,
 Where the early twilight lies;
 Singing sad, and sweet, and strong---
 And I wonder if the song
 May be heard in Paradise.

REPRESENTATIVE MEN.



W. D. L. HELD
Courtesy of Republican-Press



W. D. L. HELD, one of our prominent young attorneys, has received the nomination for the assembly, at the hands of the Republican convention of Mendocino county. He was born in San Francisco, in 1874, graduating from the Polytechnic high school, in that city, in 1889, and came to Ukiah in 1891, to enter as a law student the office of the Hon. T. L. Carothers. While he was serving in that capacity, the interest of that office, the writer observed his faithful, studious methods, and was impressed by his tireless energy and application and the many commendable traits that marked him for success.

He was appointed court reporter by the Hon. Robert McGarvey in 1893, and re-appointed by J. M. Mannon in 1896, and held that appointment until he left the office of Hon. T. L. Carothers to form a partnership with T. J. Weldon, in the present law firm of

Weldon & Held.

Although amply able to give to business interests, the care and attention that admit of no failure, yet in his dealings, money has not been the first and only consideration. He has been loyal to his friends when that loyalty meant financial loss, and upon the current of uncertainty often cast the bread of kindness that has not returned. His fidelity to the local Fire department, of which he is now an exempt, after eight years of active service, as member and secretary, has shown his unselfish interest in our community, while his willingness and aptitude, for duty in fraternal circles, has placed him high in the estimation of the orders to which he belongs. And as a Woodman of the World, a member of the Workmen, and a Knight Templar, he has realized and discharged justly his duty to his fellow men.

He is another who comes before the people (perhaps happily) without a

political record, but in all that means hard work, and faithful service, he is not lacking. In 1900 he was secretary of the Mendocino Republican convention, and for four years he has been acting secretary of the Republican Central committee and also secretary of the McKinley and Hobart club.

He is a young man whose example can be emulated with pride and honor, and his nomination as a candidate to

represent this district, is only a just action by the political party that he has served, in the capacities mentioned, with patience and ability. He is a model citizen, and has identified himself with all our best interests, and has added to the beauty and attractiveness of Ukiah by building one of its loveliest, modern homes. We wish him good luck and fair treatment by his political friends.

Self-assertion a Divine Law.

By Ben Franklin Bonnell.

We have some pear trees at "The Nest," the name by which our simple home is known—to ourselves. The variety of fruit they bore did not suit us, so we sawed the limbs off, last spring, and grafted in the kind of fruit we wanted. Every graft grew. They have grown so rapidly, that when the wind blows, we have a fear for their lives. But vigorously as they have grown, they have not been able to give expression to the life of the tree, and all summer long, we have been busy breaking off the small, dark green sprouts that have grown out, here and there, on the bodies of the trees.

We forced the trees to support an artificial growth to please us. They have quietly and modestly carried out our plan, but they defiantly refuse to suppress their own inner life that cannot find expression through our artificial methods. Here, I trow, is a symbol of human life. Creeds, religious and political, are engrafted into or upon our natural life. Necessary perhaps, but the earnest, thoughtful human soul, like the pear tree, has life that finds no adequate expression in the ancient and time-worn symbols of our faith.

I, wickedly, hinder the pear tree from its God-given course—shall the orthodox-tester, religiously, hinder me from mine? I must not forget that we all believe—at least we say we do—that fruit and flowers and humanity itself, has been benefitted by the engrafting, budding and proselyting of the past, and it may be so; but I'd give anything I have to give for one "slip" from the old rose bush that grew in my mother's garden fifty years ago. It would not be as beautiful as some we now have, but uncultured as it would be, its fragrance would put the roses of Santa Rosa all to shame. Is it true then, that grafting, budding and proselyting spoils the fragrance of truth? Who can say?

"The Nest,"

Santa Rosa.



EDITORIAL

ANNA MORRISON REED.

"What I have been, I am, in principle and character; and what I am I hope to continue to be. Circumstances or opponents may triumph over my fortunes, but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect."—Daniel Webster.

Fraternity.

MORE than nineteen hundred years ago, our Lord, the gentle Nazarine, taught the brotherhood of man, as the essential doctrine, of peace on earth to men of goodwill. The church, His successor, in the instruction of mankind

in infallible truth, has repeatedly proclaimed it as the foundation of all saving grace, here, and hereafter—yet men have made it mockery, by selfish blindness, through long centuries of wrong and injustice to their kind.

God does not compel His creatures, and in the exercise of free will, man has burdened the human race with complications through which we struggle on, toward the ultimate good. To this end, in organization, have intelligent men ever combined their will and purpose, for the welfare of humanity, and the preservation of truth. Divinely beginning with Christ and His Apostles, later the church, and then order after order, as through succeeding centuries men have realized, more and more, the power of uniting, to meet the necessities and obligation of human existence, and the justice of sharing its benefits and burdens.

So in the quick review of thought we remember, that the Free Masons were the first to form a Labor union. The mediaeval Building corporations, being the first cause to that effect.

As through all history, like a thread of gold, in a mesh of baser things, we find the spiritual, the sentimental, the romance, and the chivalry of man. So, in reverence for holy things, came into existence the order of Knights Templars—military from its origin, its purpose to protect the pilgrims who flocked to Jerusalem and other sacred sites in the Holy Land, after the first Crusade. Strife, then as now, seeming to make it necessary to guard with arms, the shrines of peace.

Blessed is any agency that causes man to call, in word and deed, his fellow being: "Brother." Why are men so blind? Why, in the light of this new century, can they not read the truth, and know that Fraternity solves all the vexed questions that perplex us? Why can they not see that FRATERNITY is SOCIALISM, already in effect and hastening the time when the only "sign" required will

be our brother's need—and PAIN and WANT are "Pass-words" to the heart.

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Election Day is coming—the season is timely for resolutions and promises as to good roads.

Had we many votes, they should all be cast for the candidates who pledged themselves to radical improvement, swift and sure, along our public highways. A good point for beginning, on the coast, is the Navarro hill. For almost half a century, has this perpendicular pull, been the source of cruelty to man and beast. Years ago, when its steep way led up to the hospitable hotel of genial Haskett Severance and his admirable wife—and rest, and refreshment, and good fare, were at the end—there was much inducement for continuing the road. But now, when he, and his wife, and the old familiar stand, and all its surroundings of tree and flower, and familiar landmarks under the remorseless touch of time and change are but dust and ashes for evermore, there is nothing to hold the traveller along this wretched grade, if grade it can be called.

An easy route around the hill, at no great expense, will give comfort and satisfaction to a long suffering people, who clamor for the change.

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Hon. A. J. Bledsoe announces himself as independent candidate for the assembly. The people of the district will see through the public press that Mr. Bledsoe thinks that he has been unfairly treated by some of the self-appointed leaders of the Mendocino County Republicans, and common rumor says that this is true.

To descend to the methods of jobbery, and political trickery, of which these men are accused, is unnecessary, and beneath the dignity of self-respecting citizens. Such acts can lead a party only to defeat. The time is passing when bosses can select a candidate and announce him to the people. The people will select their own, support him.

and carry him to victory. Personally our only interest in this, is the desire for fair-play. We believe that the world is broad enough, its opportunities so many, and the reward of honest effort so sure, that we need not stoop to vileness, to secure anything that is best in life. A position is not worth having, political or otherwise, that must be secured through treachery to another.

In this land, where free speech is one of the safeguards of our liberty, all mooted questions should be aired. The people should hear Mr. Bledsoe. He will address them at:

Willits, August 27.

Potter Valley, September 1.

Calpella, September 3.

Hopland, September 7.

Boonville, September 8.

Philo, September 9.

Covelo, September 22.

Laytonville, September 24.

Compteche, October 1.

Fort Bragg, October 15.

Other meetings to be announced. Give him a hearing.

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It is our good fortune to be able to present to the readers of THE NORTHERN CROWN, the latest poem of Alice Kingsbury Cooley, fourth vice president of the Pacific Coast Women's Press association: "In The Plaza." It was given to us from her own hand, at her dainty little news depot, 304 Turk street, San Francisco. It is full of the wholesome comfort that belongs to the cricket's song, as is her little book, "Poems of Joy," that we have lately read with much interest.

Alice Kingsbury, in the earlier days, was a bright soubret and as "Fanchon the Cricket," became the darling of the public. A tiny woman, but full of tireless energy. When she retired from the stage, to domestic life among her babies, she modeled dainty shapes in clay, which were put

into plaster and greatly admired. Among them were "Cupid at Play," and the "Sleeping Bacchus."

In such work and her books, she found expression for a wonderfully gifted and restless soul. Her books were all bright and clever. Of "Ho! for Elfland," two thousand copies were sold in San Francisco. Her "Secrets Told," was a dainty sarcasm on social questions, but where others had poured gall, she sprinkled rose water. Her life has been full of thought, of effort, of work and service for others.

She had bright and beautiful children, more than half a score. Her son, Frank Cooley, has inherited much of her talent. Whenever we see this wee, winsome woman, we pray that time may touch her kindly, and leave her with us many years. A living proof that woman may be intellectual, gifted, admired, and yet be gentle, loving, modest, and wear above the laurel and all else, the crown of motherhood.



The Republicans of Mendocino county have selected good men for their nominees for the office of supervisor. The name of Robert H. Rawles of the first district, is a synonym for upright manhood, and neighborly kindness, in the community where he lives. Outside of politics he has not an enemy. A native of Missouri, it is a wonder he is not a Democrat. But residing in California since 1858, we can surely claim him as a typical Californian, for such he is—fair of mind, generous of heart, and genial as the sunshine. His election would not only be a satisfaction to his political supporters, but could only mean the safety of the interest of the people at large.



In the second district, C. H. Bush is named by the Republicans. He is a native son of California, born in Amador County, and moved to the Gualala in 1859. Then to Ukiah in 1861, and in 1864 to Potter valley. He is a

good man, who earns his way by honest toil, worthy of the respect of the people, and the loyal support of his party. Between him and his opponent, Marcus L. Gibson, it will be for many a difficult thing to choose—but whichever is elected, the interest of the public will be safe.

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It will also be difficult to choose in the third district, where Supervisor A. J. Fairbanks is pitted against one of the best of men. But he has greatly strengthened his claim to the people's support, by pledging himself to continued road improvement. Work on the Eel river bridge will soon commence. They say he is the first supervisor of the third district, who ever succeeded in getting anything for his constituents. As a man he is known and liked, as one who for years has been identified with the interests of Humboldt and Mendocino counties. A native of Iowa, still Sonoma, Humboldt and Meadocino have been his home range since boyhood. And he will pass for a Californian anywhere.

It will be a fair fight between him and H. D. Rowe, and all of us in luck, whichever is elected.

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Leonard Barnard is nominated for re-election in the fourth district. Those who have travelled much, think of long journeys over devious ways, throughout the county, made easier by quick, willing stage service under his most competent control. He certainly has knowledge of the difficulties of transportation, in many directions, and should be a radical road reformer, to secure better bridges, easier grades and all that belongs to the safe conveyance of people and property. We hope to see Mr. Barnard soon, and learn his intentions, and write fully of his claims to re-election, to an office that he has so far filled admirably.

Owing to a delay, after the cover for the April number of THE NORTHERN CROWN, had been printed, our issues have been late, therefore we now bring out the August number, skipping July, but all subscribers will receive twelve copies, equivalent for their subscription.

The "Northern Crown" Monthly Contests

OPEN TO ALL AMATEURS

PRINT COMPETITIONS.

The following subjects are announced for our print competitions covering the next few months:

September—Landscape.

October—Portraiture, by daylight or flash.

November—Fruit or Flower Studies.

December—Marine pictures, on lake or ocean, including wave and cloud studies.

RULES.

Contests for each month will close on the last day of each month. All prints must be mounted.

No print will be entered which has not a coupon (to be clipped from the advertising section of the magazine) attached to the back of mount.

Any one may enter as many prints any month as he, or she, has coupons to attach to them, but no one will be awarded more than one prize in any one month.

As our aim in conducting competition is to secure original material for illustrative purposes, we will not enter any print which has ever been published. We also reserve the right to reject any or all prints, in any competition, that do not reach the standard of excellence which our illustrations have always maintained.

REWARDS.

Prizes each month as follows:

First prize, any article or number of articles of photographic merchandise or books to the value of five dollars.

Second prize, same to the value of three dollars.

Third prize, same to the value of two dollars.

In addition to the three prizes, we

shall award honorable mention for the next three or more in order of merit, and send to the makers one copy of photo-miniature, any subject desired.

Prints awarded prizes or honorable mention will be retained for reproduction.

Mark all envelopes or packages with name or month of contest for which intended and address:

THE NORTHERN CROWN,

Ukiah, Cal.

COUPON

FOR MONTHLY PRINT
COMPETITION

Good for one month. Any number of prints may be entered. Each print submitted must have one of these coupons attached to back of mount.

Name.....

Address.....

Title of print.....

Subject of competition.....

Details of exposure, negative, printing, etc.....

Enclose postage if prints are to be returned. Address:

THE NORTHERN CROWN,
Ukiah, Cal.

For Humanity

An Endowment Fund for Children

BY ANNA MORRISON REED

Humanity is prone to lament its condition rather than to suggest relief.

Forethought and common sense can prevent much misery and all ordinary hardship. In nothing else are people so lax, as in providing for the future of the young. Yet every child has a right to simple justice from those who are responsible for its being, and is entitled to a fair start in the race of existence.

Even the good book tells us that he who provides not for his household is worse than an infidel. Often children born to affluence, by the illfortune, bad management and lack of judgment of their parents, find themselves at the threshold of man and womanhood, with little education, no trade or profession and no capital to face the problem of living.

For their protection—that children may be better and more securely born, I here submit a plan for the thoughtful consideration of people of good will, combining all the virtues of both tax and insurance without any of their objectionable features.

Tax is certainly necessary to provide funds for the expense of the government, but it is not a cheerful thing for the masses to know that there is little or no actual return for money often wrung from their necessities, and that much of such revenue goes to the "boodler" and the political "papsucker."

Insurance puts a premium on accident and death—not always a wise thing to do—but a premium on life is the most humane measure possible and would do much to lay the specter of race-suicide now haunting the feast of national affairs.

A child at the moment of birth is the

Political Announcements

FOR ASSEMBLYMAN

W. D. L. HELD

Hereby announces himself as the Regular Republican nominee for the office of Assemblyman from Mendocino county.

FOR SUPERVISOR

A. J. FAY

Hereby announces himself as the Regular Republican nominee for Supervisor of Mendocino county from the Third District.

FOR SUPERVISOR

D. H. LAWSON

Hereby announces himself as the Regular Democratic nominee for Supervisor of Mendocino county from the First District.

FOR SUPERVISOR

C. H. BUSH

Hereby announces himself as the Regular Republican nominee for Supervisor of Mendocino county from the Second District.

FOR SUPERVISOR

R. H. RAWLES

Hereby announces himself as the Regular Republican nominee for Supervisor of Mendocino county from the First District.

FOR SUPERVISOR

H. D. ROWE

Hereby announces himself as the Regular Democratic nominee for Supervisor of Mendocino county from the Third District.

FOR SUPERVISOR

M. L. GIBSON

Hereby announces himself as the Regular Democratic nominee for Supervisor of Mendocino county from the Second District.

FOR SUPERVISOR

JOHN FLANAGAN

Hereby announces himself as the Regular Democratic nominee for Supervisor of Mendocino county from the Fourth District.

FOR ASSEMBLYMAN

A. J. BLEDSOE

Hereby announces himself as an independent candidate for the office of Assemblyman from this, the 4th Assembly district.

Excelsior Press Co., For Your Printing.

For Humanity.

most helpless of all known organisms—type of absolute dependence and innocence. Its advent should be welcome, and its future provided for, that it may enter fully equipped, the second battle for life, in this world.

First. Children should be better born—their physical, moral and mental organizations unwarped by the hardship and sorrowing dread of anxious poverty-stricken, overworked mothers; and at a more mature age, the beginning of practical, everyday life, they should not be hampered by entire lack of means.

Money has become the necessary foundation for success in all human undertakings. And until conditions improve finance is the most vital question of earthly existence.

I suggest that a fund be created, of which the state shall be the custodian, by the payment to the state at the birth of every child, of the sum of \$5 or more, as expediency and legislation shall fix.

The birth of each child being registered, and a certificate being issued to be kept as proof of identity and a legal claim upon a pro rata of the fund.

Upon the arrival of the boy or girl at legal age, and upon the presentation of such certificate at the proper department of state, such sum to be paid to him or to her as can be equally apportioned under the following conditions:

It is a well known fact that the mortality of children from birth to the age of 7 years is great.

Of 100,000 children born in the first month they are reduced to 90,396, or nearly one-tenth. In the second to 87,963; in the third to 86,175; in the fourth to 84,720; in the fifth to 83,571; in the sixth to 82,526, and by the end of the first year to 77,528. The deaths being 2 to 9. The next four years reduces the 77,528 to 62,448, indicating 37,552 deaths before the completion of the fifth year.

Each death would add a portion to the sum due the survivors, the state being the guardian of the fund and controlling all money paid in for at least eighteen years, could so manipulate it by legitimate methods that it would be a constantly growing and increasing capital. And no doubt often endowed by the fortunes of people of the true American spirit who realize that it is much better to place the

young man or woman, at majority, upon the dignified plane of independent citizenship with capital to take up any chosen vocation or profession than to allow them to suffer the humiliation of poverty and its attendant evils—and extreme poverty is degrading and responsible for all misery and much crime.

The measure proposed here and perfected by thought, suggestion and legislation would give to young Californians the dignity and safety of moderate means, keep them from hopeless toil and quell the gambling spirit, which has cursed too many young lives.

Under the benign influence of this perfected plan, the lives of children would have a value, and so an added protection, even under the sordid conditions of the present selfishness and greed, of one class, and the sorrow and penury of another. All children would be more welcome and their future more assured. For the perfection of this measure I invite an intelligent criticism and an honest agitation, and invoke the help of our legislators.

Personally advocating it through this publication until something is accomplished.

ARTHUR J. THATCHER

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AT LAW.

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Telephone, Main 144.

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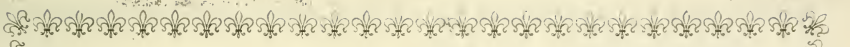
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Ukiah, Cal.



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SPECIAL ANNUAL PREMIUM SALE.

On the first day of Sept. of last year, we made known to the Public, our intention to give away an elegant prize to some one of our friends. Those who were among our customers will remember, how well we complied with every particular of our promise. This fall we will offer another premium which will surpass the former one in every respect. To those who may not remember the circumstances and conditions of the former drawing, we will say, that with every one dollar invested with us in goods at the regular retail price, our customer will get a ticket which will entitle him to one chance in this elaborate premium. The drawing will take place on Saturday, Dec. 24, and will be conducted in a manner that is entirely impartial, thus giving the small purchaser who may be an entire stranger to us, an equal chance with any other, in so far as respect to persons is concerned. Remember this offer and if you are in need of any article in the household, look up the line of goods that we carry and see if we can't supply you. One dollar invested may bring you one hundred dollars in value. LOOK OUT for further news.

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SEPTEMBER, 1904

The NORTHERN CROWN

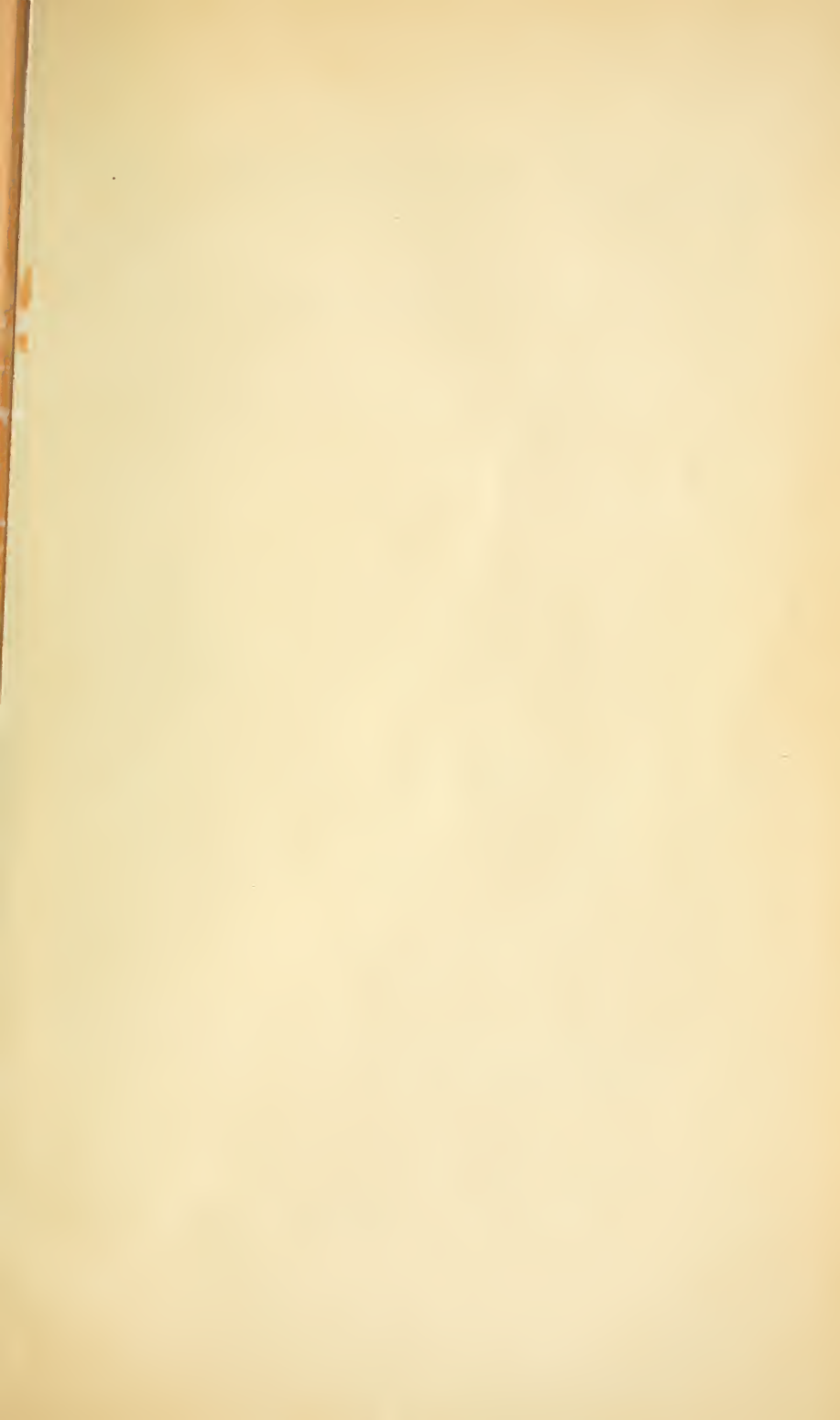


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A MONTHLY Periodical of Literature and Advertising. Devoted to the interests of Northern California, and in a broader sense, to our whole country and all humanity : : : : : :

Independent in its policy, and its mission to give a fairminded presentation of the topics of the day, and a setting forth of truth for the defense, relief and benefit of the people : : : : :



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Thors, S. F.]

A ROSE OF MENDOCINO





My Knight

By Anna Morrison Reed

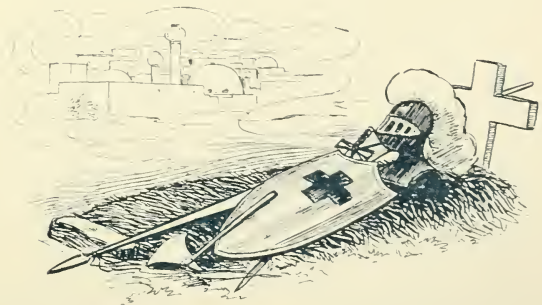
The streets are bright with gay
parade,
With blazoned banners flung,
Within a land in shine and
shade,
The fairest ever sung,
The roll of drums, the bugle's
call,
The tread of marching feet,

Where hosts of white-plumed chivalry,
In comradeship shall meet.

A score of years and one, ago,
Knights met to greet and part,
And baldrics crossed, as here today,
O'er many an honest heart,
That silent lies; as one I knew,
In days forever gone,
For time and sorrow vanquished him---
My knight has journeyed on.

The spear has fallen from his hand.
His banner trails the dust,
A stricken heart his baldric crossed,
So hurt by things unjust,
But stainless as his plume, his life,
And safe from strife and wrong,
To the holy city of our Lord,
My knight has journeyed on.

29th Triennial Conclave
San Francisco, Sept. 6th, 1904



The Northern Crown

"Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness."

VOL. I.

UKIAH, CAL., SEPTEMBER, 1904.

NO. 5

AN UNIQUE CHARACTER.

BY ANNA MORRISON REED.



EUPHRASIA CHEVALIER.

"French Woman."

(Photograph taken in Paris 20 years ago.)

IN Commune De Azy, Department Du Cher, near the city of Bourges, Central France, was born forty-six years ago a little girl whose subsequent life and adventures have been stranger than fiction.

Of peasant origin, for twenty-one

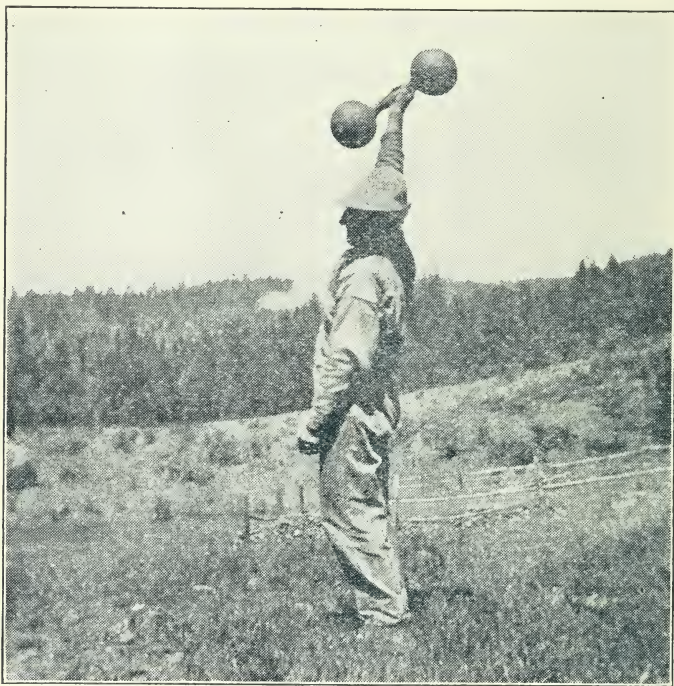
years she worked in house and field, with no idle day for vain repining. To plant the flax, to harvest, cure, then spin and weave and bleach the fabric was the special work of her deft young hands. At twenty-one she was a lithe, active, graceful girl. Bright auburn

hair crowned a head unusually intellectual and framed a face of singular refinement, from which looked out the dark eyes of a soul brave to a fault, the spirit of the most fearless, self-contained woman the writer has ever known.

She had heard of other lands where freedom was no dream, where even a woman if honest and industrious could live an independent life, respected and unmolested.

record of his achievements.

Full of hope and ambition, she journeyed to Paris, where for three years she worked for an honest living and studied the place and the people from the standpoint of the natural philosopher—for philosopher she was and is—the greatest in California. She was impressed by the selfishness and corruption of the great city. She saw that the brightest are not always the best; that



EXERCISING WITH A 55 POUND DUMB-BELL.

And this was her "vision"—such a life, where the restrictions and unremitting toil of her earlier years should merge into a more equitable phase of existence. She was born, like many of her race, with the most marked characteristic of the French people, the courage of conviction, the courage that led Joan d' Arc to the rescue of her country and her king and inspired Napoleon in all that was best in the

great wealth was a power for evil as well as good; that vice overshadowed virtue everywhere.

The environments were not what she longed for, and she sailed for another city, in a tropic land, that shall be nameless in her history because it is her wish that it should be so. Here she found crime more rampant, vice more shameless, sin more flagrant, making a nightmare of horror to the

girl who, though brave, was yet innocent, with high ideals of excellence and honor.

Here by some experience, some revelation of hypocrisy, some awful cataclysm of sorrow, the sensitive girl was changed to the earnest woman with the desire for emancipation from the wrongs that had been hers since childhood changed to the iron resolve of a dauntless heart.

California, securing 160 acres of land some 12 miles from Oroville, near Hurleton, on the Forbestown road. She has fenced all of her land by her own labor, made garden, chopped wood, sold and hauled it herself, and at this writing has taken a contract for 100 cords to be delivered at and near Oroville, the cutting, loading and hauling all to be done by her own hands.

She has horses and cattle. She is



WITH HER TEAM.

That the world could no longer hurt her, as a woman, and to make perfect independence possible, she donned male attire, braded her thick hair close under her hat, assuming the manners of men, read and studied to develop brain and practiced physical exercise to develop muscle, trying to lose completely her feminine identity in all that was masculine, excepting vice.

Nineteen years ago she came to Cali-

especially attached to her horses and her dogs, but has absolutely no human companionship except the casual meeting with neighbors from day to day as her work brings her in contact with them.

Her ordinary day's work with her ax is one tier of wood, though she could easily cut more. For years she avoided any notoriety, as she would not allow her picture to be taken or a word writ-

ten of her or her history. But the writer has had the good fortune to meet her, to gain her confidence, and to have been her guest at her mountain home, thus securing an insight into her strange, unique life and history.

As a peasant girl she was uneducated, but by ceaseless study she has become a profound scholar, learned upon topics seldom touched by woman and never by the ordinary woman. She writes and speaks French like a Parisian and is an adept in English with the pen, although speaking it with broken accent. She is 46 years old, weighs 155 pounds and is about 5 feet 5 inches in height.

She handles with ease a 55-pound iron dumb bell with one hand that the

writer could not lift from the floor, and yet she is a comparatively small woman. She is industrious and frugal, her only extravagance, if such it may be called, is an indulgence in the best of books, having in her possession a library of rare value.

She loves her adopted country with its justice to all, its freedom, its high moral standard, the land that has given her liberty, security and peace, and is as fit as anyone to help make its laws, to aid in its development, or if need be, to fight or die in its defense.

Mentally and physically sound, capable and loyal, citizen and patriot, is Euphrasia Chevalier. In the name of independent womanhood we salute her.

—S. F. Bulletin.

THE ONE TRUE PATH.

By Ben Franklin Bonnell.

The stiff and sturdy standards of our faith,
As beacon lights, shine dimly from afar,
To guide our life-boats, but the one true path,
Is not what we believe, but what we are.

When Jesus a true standard gave to men,
To draw them from the rough and trackless
wild,
Of seething passion and corroding sin,
'Twas not a creed, 'twas just a little child.

If, at the last, my faith be counted wrong,
Will it, to me, sweet heaven's portals bar?
Or shall I hear the welcome, loud and long,
'Tis not what you believe, but what you are?

My intellect may fail me, but my soul
Is linked to Him, across the eternal span,
And down the sunlight the sweet message
rolls:

"Believe the best you know, but be a man."

"The Nest,"
Santa Rosa.

Two Beauties.

Beautiful women were Maud and Clare;
Clare with her great blue wondering eyes,
And her wavy tresses of red-gold hair,
And lips made only for kisses and sighs—
Ah, never was woman more passing fair
Than Claribel with the red-gold hair.

Maud was stately and tall and dark;
Her eyes were lustrous and large and bright,
And shone with a light like the firefly's spark;
And her hair was blacker than blackest night;
And delicate pearls twixt her red lips gleamed,
That whiter than pearls of the Orient seemed.

Her laugh was like music trickling down
The ivory keys of an instrument fine;
Oh, Maud was fashioned to wear a crown,
And in a kingly palace to shine—
And if Maud a queen on a throne had been,
Why, I might have reigned a laureate then.

Ah, happiest hours of my life, were those
In the quaint old cottage beside the sea,
And memory, now, like a wind that blows,
Laden with spice, brings back to me
Floating waifs from old songs and glees,
Sung in the shade of the tall pine trees.

Sometimes we walked by the rocky shore,
And sometimes at home on rainy days,
We had noisy games of battledoor,
Or read old legends and books of plays,
And watched from the window the changingsky,
And the fishermen's boats as they drifted by.

First it was Maud and then it was Clare—
Caught by a smile on Maud's ripe lips;
Tangled in skeins of Claribel's hair,
Or thrilled by the touch of her finger tips;
So hour after hour and day after day
I gambled my heart to each away.

Maud is married and over the seas,
Far over the seas in a foreign land,
Whence fair ships, laden with fragrant teas,
Nursed by the sun and the spice winds bland,
Come sailing across the purple main,
Past southern isles and the shores of Spain.

A bachelor lonely I sit in my room,
While fades the sunset gleam on the wall,
And round me gathers the twilight's gloom
As the shadows of night begin to fall;
And Clare in the churchyard is lying low,
Where the clover blooms and the daisies grow.

Scenes From the Sportsman's Paradise, Mendocino County, California.

ONLY ACCESSIBLE FROM THE CALIFORNIA NORTH-
WESTERN RAILWAY & THE PICTURESQUE
ROUTE OF CALIFORNIA.



Photo by Sitton.]

AFTER THE HUNT.



"THE HUNTER IS HOME FROM THE HILL."

[Photo by Walker.]



An Afternoon's Bag of Doves From Along the Bottom Lands
of Anderson Valley Creek.

[Photo by Walker]



A Day's Catch From Rancheria Creek, Anderson Valley.
[Photo by Walker.]

WOMEN AS TEACHERS.

(From Republican and Herald, Winona, Minn.)

MAX O'RELL'S pertinent question, "Are Men Fair to Women?" has never been satisfactorily answered; indeed it has never been answered at all. This keen sighted inquisitor says: "Let a woman make a reputation in art or literature, and men begin to smile and shrug their shoulders. They dispute her talent. Hence, a woman in order to succeed in a profession must have ten times more talent than a man, inasmuch as a man will have friends and comrades to help him and a woman only difficulties put in her way by men to surmount. Man receives encouragement from all sides. Why should not women get all this? Why? Simply because man being "verdict" and "execution" has kept everything for himself."

In line with this charge of injustice to women, made by Max O'Rell, comes the report of the Moxley Educational Commission of England to the effect that only men should be employed as teachers of boys above ten years of age, for the pitiful reason that as woman has been "the slave of man" through all ages, there is still no escape for her from the mental disabilities that this condition of slavery has entailed on her.

Therefore, not being man's equal mentally, she may be competent to teach girls, but boys are beyond her grasp and there is danger of their becoming "effeminate" in her hands. It took these Englishmen many months to discover this yawning chasm be-

tween the mental capacity of the sexes, but one cannot help wondering how such inferior mothers can produce such wonderful sons, at least when we take into consideration the fact that sons as a rule inherit the personal and intellectual traits of the mother and the daughter those of the father.

The suggestion of the commission that women in the seat of the pedagogue was the fruitful cause of effeminacy in the bad little boys of the school has been taken up all over the land by the pedagogue of the masculine gender and hailed with hilarious delight. At the recent meeting of the Chicago High School association Prof. Hall laid blame for the "effeminized boy" at the very door of the pedagogues, and proclaimed a coming epoch of masculine degeneracy unless the women pedagogues were bounced forthwith and incontinently.

The true reason for this agitation against women teachers is the fear of the men that they are being supplanted in the profession by their "weaker" sisters. The "lords of creation," whenever they desire to crowd women out of their way, are always solicitous for their welfare. Besides effeminatizing the boys and making "mollys" out of them, they are afraid that women, by clinging to the profession of teaching are enlarging the crop of "old maids" to such an extent as to become a menace to society and a disturbing factor in the matrimonial market, almost to the verge of a panic.

The same old charge that has come thundering down the ages, of women's inferiority, is again revamped by a commission of Englishmen—thank the Lord, it is not the work of Americans—who see in the women teachers grave danger to the future manliness of the boys. Nine-tenths of the successful men of the United States today owe not only the ground-work of their education but the very best qualities, manliness, honesty and patriotism, which they possess, to the women who molded their youthful minds.

If the masculine pedagogue are afraid of the competition of woman on the grounds that they work for inferior wages, there is a remedy for this inequality. El-nora Monroe Babeock writing on the Republican and Herald, puts the remedy in the hands of the men themselves. She writes: "I wonder it has never occurred to these men that the easiest and most effectual way of ridding them-

selves of the women teachers is to put all their force into the securing the passage of a law requiring equal pay for equal work in the public schools irrespective of sex, and then if the people prefer to have men teachers over their boys, there would not be this barrier of wages, and justice would be done both the men and women teachers. It would then be the one best fitted to fill the position, rather than the one who could be obtained for the least money that would secure the position. I really wonder if these men dare stand upon their own merit with a fair field and no favor. The women, I know would only be too glad to take their chances on these basis."

Here is the remedy. Put the teachers of both sexes on equal footing—equal pay for equal work—and let it be a "survival of the fittest." The women, evidently, are not afraid of the test.

A Symphony.

To live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable, and wealthy not rich; to listen to stars and birds, babes and sages with open heart; to study hard, to think quietly, act frankly, talk gently, await occasions, hurry never; in a word to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common—this is my symphony.

—W. H. Channing.

A Dream of Life.

By O. A. Ward.

I dreamed, and lo! A palace grand
Before me stood. Above
About,—on every hand,
White walls in beauteous magnificence
Towered upward. Beside me
Suddenly appeared a spirit guide,
Who, in cheerful mood and
Sweet smile born of happiness,
Spake low:

“This mansion is thine. Dost wonder?
See! It is thy spiritual storehouse;
Enter, and I will show to thee
Far more than thou, a mortal, know.
Thy earth life, —speak not, take earnest heed,
Finds resource here. Wisdom, happiness,
Contentment. All that thou dost need,
You but express sincere desire,
'Tis here and thine.

One truth, before we farther tread;
This know: No thing created is lost.
Every atom of life's existence is returned.
Advance and note His wonderful
beneficence.”

I gazed in wonder. Past
Countless chambers sealed
With diamond bars. O'er each door,
In silvery brightness, were
Signs to me revealed.

"Golden Moments Gone,"

"Hours of Pearl that are Past."

(Were these, indeed, mine own?)

"Opportunities Lost." This chamber
Seemed complete. With tear-stained
Eye and faltering step, I would have
Sought retreat, but for my guide,
Who, with hands tight clasped,
Spoke up, again:

"What! Sad art thou? That

Is earthly, sure. Look!

This storehouse of 'Love,'

Gathered from His 'Circle of Light,'
Is still for thee. A bountiful supply
For Time and Eternity.

Thy gaze I read. Thou lookest

Anxiously, for misery

And sin. 'Tis on earth

Only, such things abound.

You gather your harvest

Of trouble there, but get not the seed
From this palace fair.

A favored mortal thou hast been,

To view what thou hast seen.

Return; and searching 'Life'

With mortal ken, gaze not too far.

For, shining at thy very feet.

The richest treasures lie. complete."

San Jose, Cal.,

June 2, 1904.

THE SPIRIT OF NATURE.

A MEDITATION.

By Albert J. Atkins.

THE divine spirit of Nature permeates all manifestations of life. The true student of Nature makes no computation of time, with him, it is the eternal now. Time is for the convenience of separating passing events; or it arises from the perception of alternate darkness and light, which are effects of the sun upon the earth as it revolves in the fields of infinite day.

When we understand that the divisions of time relate to evanescent conditions, we shall not be controlled by the idea of limited years, months and days, we shall advance to a knowledge of glorious eternity which is without beginning and without end.

Nature has her periods of activity and her times of repose; her action is both visible and invisible; her basic unity is indestructible, calm and serene.

O Nature, thou art the great mother whose brooding tenderness awakes within the mind of man a desire for knowledge. In thy great presence the soul unfolds to the possibilities of its own achievements; to the realization of its own divinity.

O Man, with all thy pomp of power, with all thy boasted learning, thou art still but a child playing with pebbles

on the shore of the great ocean of life, yet art thou infinite, though thy divinity is still veiled in thy mortality.

Rend the veil which blinds thee and holds thee to thy personality O Man, come back to a study of Nature and learn of her; she alone can unfold to thee the laws of her infinite life, she alone can lead thee to the chamber of wisdom wherein thou mayest find the rarest treasures of earth and of heaven.

O Nature, Omnipotent Spirit of the universe, would that all individual life could feel the power of thy great harmony. From everlasting to everlasting, thou art full of joy, full of contentment, full of peace.

O Spirit of all matter, Spirit of all force, Spirit of all nature, let our individuality reflect thy divine selfhood; let us sink to repose upon thy bosom, like a child cradled in the arms of love, to awaken again, in the light of thy gracious smile, to know thee as our tender mother. Here, in this atmosphere of peace and harmony, we shall find all that for which we have been longing, all that for which we have been struggling, in the great warfare of life.

From the World's Best Literature.

ECCLESIASTES ❁ CHAPTER III.

To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven.

A time to be born, and a time to die, a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted.

A time to kill, and a time to heal, a time to break down, and a time to build up.

A time to weep, and a time to laugh, a time to mourn, and a time to dance.

A time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together, a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing.

A time to get, and a time to lose, a time to keep, and a time to cast away.

A time to rend and a time to sew, a time to keep silence, and a time to speak.

A time to love and a time to hate, a time of war, and a time of peace.

What profit hath he that worketh in that wherein he laboreth.

I have seen the travail which God hath given to the sons of men to be exercised in it. He hath made everything beautiful in his time, also he hath set the world in their heart; so that no man can find out the work that God maketh from the beginning to the end.

I know that there is no good in them, but for a man to rejoice, and to do good in his life.

And also that every man should eat

and drink, and enjoy the good of all his labor, it is the gift of God.

I know that what soever God doeth, it shall be for ever, nothing can be put to it, nor anything taken from it, and God doeth it that men should fear before him.

That what hath been is now; and that which is to be hath already been, and God requireth that which is past.

And, moreover I saw under the sun the place of judgment, that wickedness was there, and the place of righteousness, that iniquity was there.

I said in mine heart, concerning the estate of the sons of men, that God might manifest them, and that they might see that they themselves are beasts.

For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth them, even one thing befalleth them, as the one dieth, so dieth the other, yea, they have all one breath, so that a man hath no pre-eminence above a beast, for all is vanity.

All go unto one place, all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again.

Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth?

Wherefore I perceive that there is nothing better, than that a man should rejoice in his own works, for that is his portion, for who shall bring him to see what shall be after him.

SELECTION FROM "SARTOR RESARTUS."

"ACH, MEIN LIEBER!" said he once, at midnight, when we had returned from the coffee-house in rather earnest talk, "it is a true sublimity to dwell here. These fringes of lamplight, struggling up through smoke and thousandfold exhalation, some fathoms into the ancient reign of Night, what thinks Bootes of them, as he leads his Hunting-Dogs over the Zenith in their leash of sidereal fire? That stifled hum of Midnight, when Traffic has lain down to rest; and the chariot-wheels of Vanity, still rolling here and there through distant streets, are bearing her to Halls roofed-in and lighted to the due pitch for her; and only Vice and Misery, to prowl or to moan like nightbirds, are abroad: that hum; I say, like the stertorous, unquiet slumber of sick Life, is heard in Heaven! Oh, under that hideous coverlet of vapors, and putrefactions, and unimaginable gases, what a Fermenting-vat lies simmering and hid! The joyful and the sorrowful are there; men are dying there, men are being born; men are praying, —on the other side of a brick partition, men are cursing; and around them all is the vast, void Night. The proud Grandee still lingers in his perfumed saloons or reposes within damask curtains; Wretchedness cowers into truckle-beds, or shivers hunger stricken into its lair of straw; in obscure cellars, ROUGE-ET-NOIR languidly emits its voice of destiny to haggard hungry Villains; while Councilors of state sit plotting, and playing their high chess-

game, whereof the pawns are Men. The Lover whispers his mistress that the coach is ready; and she, full of hope and fear glides down, to fly with him over the borders: the Thief, still more silently, sets to his picklock and crowbars, or lurks in wait till the watchmen first snore in their boxes. Gay mansions, with supper-rooms, are full of light and music and high-swelling hearts; but, in the Condemned Cells, the pulse of life beats tremulous and faint, and bloodshot eyes look out through the darkness, which is around and within, for the light of a stern last morning; Six men are to be hanged on the morrow, comes no hammering from the RABENSTINE? —their gallows must even now be a-building. Upwards of five-hundred-thousand two-legged animals without feathers lie round us, in horizontal positions; their heads all in night-caps, and full of the foolishest dreams. Riot cries aloud, and staggers and swaggers in his rank dens of shame; and the Mother, with streaming hair kneels over her pallid dying infant, whose cracked lips only her tears now moisten.—All these heaped and huddled together, with nothing but a little carpentry between them; —crammed in, like salted fish in their barrel;—or weltering, shall I say, like an Egyptian pitcher of tamed vipers, each struggling to get its head above the others: such work goes on under that smoke-counterpane! —but I, MEIN WERTHER, sit above it all; I am alone with the Stars."



HON. F. M. WEGER.

Assemblyman From the 6th District and Candidate for Re-election.

F M. WEGER was born in Illinois but it makes little difference where an honest man is born—he is a citizen of the world, and a friend to all his kind. Mr. Weger came to Mendocino county in 1869, and has lived here and been identified with our interests ever since. He was postmaster at Orr's Springs under President Harrison's administration and then for a long time manager of the Palace Hotel.

In whatever capacity he has been engaged, he has been genial and obliging and his friends have learned to depend upon him. Suddenly making his advent into politics before the last election, he was sent to the assembly by the confidence of the public, and without a record, was intrusted with the responsible office of representative of the 6th district.

While at Sacramento, serving in that capacity, he surprised his constituents by his tact and ability, in handling

difficult situations. He was appointed on the committee for hospitals and asylums, and secured a raise of 12½ per cent on the wages of all employees at such institution. He was also on the committee for dairys, and dairy products, and roads and highways. He also introduced the protective bill for liverymen.

His policy showed a clear insight into the needs of the people, and he has made a record, even approved by political opponents. They not being able to attack his record or his character assail him as to his residence an business. This has only made him votes, as we all know that he belongs to Mendocino county, and his business, legitimized by the laws of our government can but illy be criticised by men who vote and make those laws. So these are but a shabby pretense against a deserving man, who has proved himself the friend of the people, and worthy of their support.



HON. CHARLES O. DUNBAR

Of Santa Rosa

Assemblyman From the 14th Assembly District and Candidate for Re-election.

CHAS. O. DUNBAR, the present representative from the Fourteenth District, is a typical Native Son. Born at Glen Ellen, in sunny Sonoma, he has grown to manhood inspired by her promise and beauty, identified with, and loyal to her interests, and alert and progressive, is serving her today, with the ability that has marked him for success, and endeared him to the people. At the late session of the legislature he secured an appropriation of \$50,000.00, for the improvement of the Home for the Feeble Minded, at Glen Ellen, and in recognition of his excellent judgment, was appointed one of a special committee of three, on state prisons, by the speaker of the house, to review and reform the prison systems of the state.

In this capacity, he will visit the prisons of the east, to compare, and contrast existing conditions. The report of the committee will be awaited with interest, and it is to be hoped that they will carry out the reform so ably suggested by the late Hon. Wm. C. Hendricks, former secretary of state, who presented to the people of California, a Penological report of great value, and

completeness, and touching on all lines of needed reform.

Mr. Dunbar, while at Sacramento, secured the passage of the Free Market Law, and has lost no opportunity to advance, not alone the good of his constituents, but the welfare of the whole state. He is a member of the Order of Elks, Knights of Pythias, Native Sons, Eagles, Modern Woodmen of the World, Druids and Redmen. He is eminently human and companionable, in bonds that bind him to his fellowmen. He is a practical news paper man and realizes fully the power of that great lever of public opinion, the press.

He has faith in northern California—the most wonderfully dowered territory of the United States. He has faith in THE NORTHERN CROWN as the exponent of its interests, as the periodical that will bring to the world the presentation of our possibilities—and we have faith in him, and predict for him a return to the capitol, as the representative of the people he has served so well—and a future, fit to crown the work of the honest, able, energetic American citizen.



EDITORIAL

ANNA MORRISON REED.

"What I have been, I am, in principle and character; and what I am I hope to continue to be. Circumstances or opponents may triumph over my fortunes, but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect."—Daniel Webster.

Advertisement.

We live in an age of advertisement. The time will come when everything about everyone and every place will be known.

But today one of the great mediums of general education is advertisement. More knowledge of persons and places

is disseminated in this way than by any other method of instruction.

And the world will indeed "make a beaten pathway to the door" of those who best and most truthfully tell it what they have of value or of beauty to induce it to come. The world is a curious old thing, and has spent long years since creation in finding out other things, and the task of seeking and solving will not be finished until all is known; and in knowledge made perfect, the restless ages have at last found peace.

People and places that advertise lead the van in progress, their names are on every tongue, they reach the front with what they have to offer, to wealth and enterprise, while the mean spirited, lag along behind, unwritten and unsung, and unheard of in the chronicles of active existence.

On the 6th of this present month thousands of white plumed, handsome, intelligent men, marched through the streets of our great metropolis. Men from all over the world, men from every state in the union, men who had marked the progress of their own parts of the earth, and were eager to see that of ours, to compare and contrast existing conditions.

The headquarters of many of the California Commandaries were in the Mechanics Pavilion. Those from the southern part of the state had most attractive booths, with exhibits of fruit and grain and other products, most tastefully arranged, with elaborate maps and literature of the most expensive kind, embossed and lithographed, with no expense spared to present the best possibilities of their home sections to the eyes of visiting strangers. The Eureka commandry had a beautiful booth composed entirely of native woods, but comparatively little literature—Ukiah had none. Our booth could scarcely be distinguished as there were several together in a grove of small redwood saplings. Literature we looked for in vain. A two page leaflet, issued some time ago by our Board of Trade, and to

be found at the headquarters of the promotion committee on New Montgomery street, and 500 copies of THE NORTHERN CROWN distributed at our own expense, was all that we saw pertaining to Mendocino.

If we are mistaken we are eager for correction, but we believe that the thousands of intelligent and distinguished visitors have returned to their homes bearing with them the elaborate advertisements of southern California and scarcely realizing that there is a part of California lying north of San Francisco, and entirely ignorant that it is a paradise when compared with the southern part of the state.

But southern California alone will represent us to the thought of the world just so long as she continues to advertise lavishly, and she deserves her well earned fame and prosperity, the natural result of a public spirited generosity along the lines of advertisement.



On the train, between Santa Rosa and Geyserville, we met and had an interesting half hour with Duncan E. McKinlay, Theodore Bell's energetic congressional opponent. Able and popular as is Theodore Bell, he will have to look to his laurels, in a conflict with Duncan McKinlay. Talking with this bright, selfmade man, and reviewing his appointments and the long miles between, that must be traversed, with hardly time to eat or sleep properly, before election day, it became evident to us that a military campaign is nothing compared to a political field of action, where men must wear themselves out, soul and body, before securing coveted office.

It is a wonder that at the end, they have enough brain and spirit left to undertake the duties of the position, or enough confidence in their fellowmen, to wish to represent them, or believe that they can do so, honestly. Life is indeed a battle, and women should be thankful that cir-

cumstances usually relegates them to the limited strife of the commissary department of the service.



A notable function of the fall season, will be the annual breakfast of the Pacific Coast Womens' Press association, at the California hotel, San Francisco, Tuesday, October the 11th, 1904, at 1 o'clock p. m. These bright, busy women manage to get together for refreshment of mind and body, and a social reunion, at least once a year. This coming event is under the control, and efficient management of Mrs. Josephine H. Foster and Sara Reamer, which insures the taste, harmony and entire success of the whole affair.

KEEP A-GOIN'.

If you strike a thorn or rose,
Keep a-goin'.

If it hails or if it snows,
Keep a-goin'.

'Taint no use to sit and whine
When the fish ain't on your line,
Bait your hook and keep a tryin'—
Keep a-goin'.

When the weather kills your crops,
Keep a-goin'.

When you tumble from the top,
Keep a-goin'.

S'pose you're out of every dime,
Gettin' broke ain't any crime,
'Tell the world your feelin' fine—
Keep a-goin'.

When it looks like all is up,
Keep a-goin'.

Drain the sweetness from the cup,
Keep a-goin'.

See the wild birds on the wing,
Hear the bells that sweetly ring,
When you feel like singin', sing—
Keep a-goin'.

For Humanity

An Endowment Fund for Children

BY ANNA MORRISON REED

Humanity is prone to lament its condition rather than to suggest relief.

Forethought and common sense can prevent much misery and all ordinary hardship. In nothing else are people so lax, as in providing for the future of the young. Yet every child has a right to simple justice from those who are responsible for its being, and is entitled to a fair start in the race of existence.

Even the good book tells us that he who provides not for his household is worse than an infidel. Often children born to affluence, by the illfortune, bad management and lack of judgment of their parents, find themselves at the threshold of man and womanhood, with little education, no trade or profession and no capital to face the problem of living.

For their protection—that children may be better and more securely born I here submit a plan for the thoughtful consideration of people of good will, combining all the virtues of both tax and insurance without any of their objectionable features.

Tax is certainly necessary to provide funds for the expense of the government, but it is not a cheerful thing for the masses to know that there is little or no actual return for money often wrung from their necessities, and that much of such revenue goes to the "boodler" and the political "papsucker."

Insurance puts a premium on accident and death—not always a wise thing to do—but a premium on life is the most humane measure possible and would do much to lay the specter of race-suicide now haunting the feast of national affairs.

A child at the moment of birth is the

Political Announcements

FOR ASSEMBLYMAN

W. D. L. HELD

Hereby announces himself as the Regular Republican nominee for the office of Assemblyman from Mendocino county.

FOR SUPERVISOR

A. J. FAIRBANKS

Hereby announces himself as the Regular Republican nominee for Supervisor of Mendocino county from the Third District.

FOR SUPERVISOR

D. H. LAWSON

Hereby announces himself as the Regular Democratic nominee for Supervisor of Mendocino county from the First District.

FOR SUPERVISOR

C. A. BUSH

Hereby announces himself as the Regular Republican nominee for Supervisor of Mendocino county from the Second District.

FOR SUPERVISOR

R. H. RAWLES

Hereby announces himself as the Regular Republican nominee for Supervisor of Mendocino county from the First District.

FOR SUPERVISOR

H. D. ROWE

Hereby announces himself as the Regular Democratic nominee for Supervisor of Mendocino county from the Third District.

FOR SUPERVISOR

M. L. GIBSON

Hereby announces himself as the Regular Democratic nominee for Supervisor of Mendocino county from the Second District.

FOR SUPERVISOR

JOHN FLANAGAN

Hereby announces himself as the Regular Democratic nominee for Supervisor of Mendocino county from the Fourth District.

FOR ASSEMBLYMAN

A. J. BLEDSOE

Hereby announces himself as an independent candidate for the office of Assemblyman from this, the 6th Assembly district.

Excelsior Press Co., For Your Printing.

For Humanity.

most helpless of all known organisms—type of absolute dependence and innocence. Its advent should be welcome, and its future provided for, that it may enter fully equipped, the second battle for life, in this world.

First. Children should be better born—their physical, moral and mental organizations unwarped by the hardship and sorrowing dread of anxious poverty-stricken, overworked mothers; and at a more mature age, the beginning of practical, everyday life, they should not be hampered by entire lack of means.

Money has become the necessary foundation for success in all human undertakings. And until conditions improve finance is the most vital question of earthly existence.

I suggest that a fund be created, of which the state shall be the custodian, by the payment to the state at the birth of every child, of the sum of 35 or more, as expediency and legislation shall fix.

The birth of each child being registered, and a certificate being issued to be kept as proof of identity and a legal claim upon a pro rata of the fund.

Upon the arrival of the boy or girl at legal age, and upon the presentation of such certificate at the proper department of state, such sum to be paid to him or to her as can be equally apportioned under the following conditions:

It is a well known fact that the mortality of children from birth to the age of 7 years is great.

Of 100,000 children born in the first month they are reduced to 90,396, or nearly one-tenth. In the second to 87,963; in the third to 86,175; in the fourth to 84,720; in the fifth to 83,571; in the sixth to 82,526, and by the end of the first year to 77,528. The deaths being 2 to 9. The next four years reduces the 77,528 to 62,448, indicating 37,552 deaths before the completion of the fifth year.

Each death would add a portion to the sum due the survivors, the state being the guardian of the fund and controlling all money paid in for at least eighteen years, could so manipulate it by legitimate methods that it would be a constantly growing and increasing capital. And no doubt often endowed by the fortunes of people of the true American spirit who realize that it is much better to place the

young man or woman, at majority, upon the dignified plane of independent citizenship with capital to take up any chosen vocation or profession than to allow them to suffer the humiliation of poverty and its attendant evils—and extreme poverty is degrading and responsible for all misery and much crime.

The measure proposed here and perfected by thought, suggestion and legislation would give to young Californians the dignity and safety of moderate means, keep them from hopeless toil and quell the gambling spirit, which has cursed too many young lives.

Under the benign influence of this perfected plan, the lives of children would have a value, and so an added protection, even under the sordid conditions of the present selfishness and greed, of one class, and the sorrow and penury of another. All children would be more welcome and their future more assured. For the perfection of this measure I invite an intelligent criticism and an honest agitation, and invoke the help of our legislators.

Personally advocating it through this publication until something is accomplished.

ARTHUR J. THATCHER

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR
AT LAW.

Office in J. Q. White building, northwest of
Courthouse.

Telephone, Main 144.

UKIAH, CAL.

HENRY L. FORD

ATTORNEY AT LAW

Ford building, up stairs, corner Third and K
streets Land, Mining and Probate
Law a specialty.

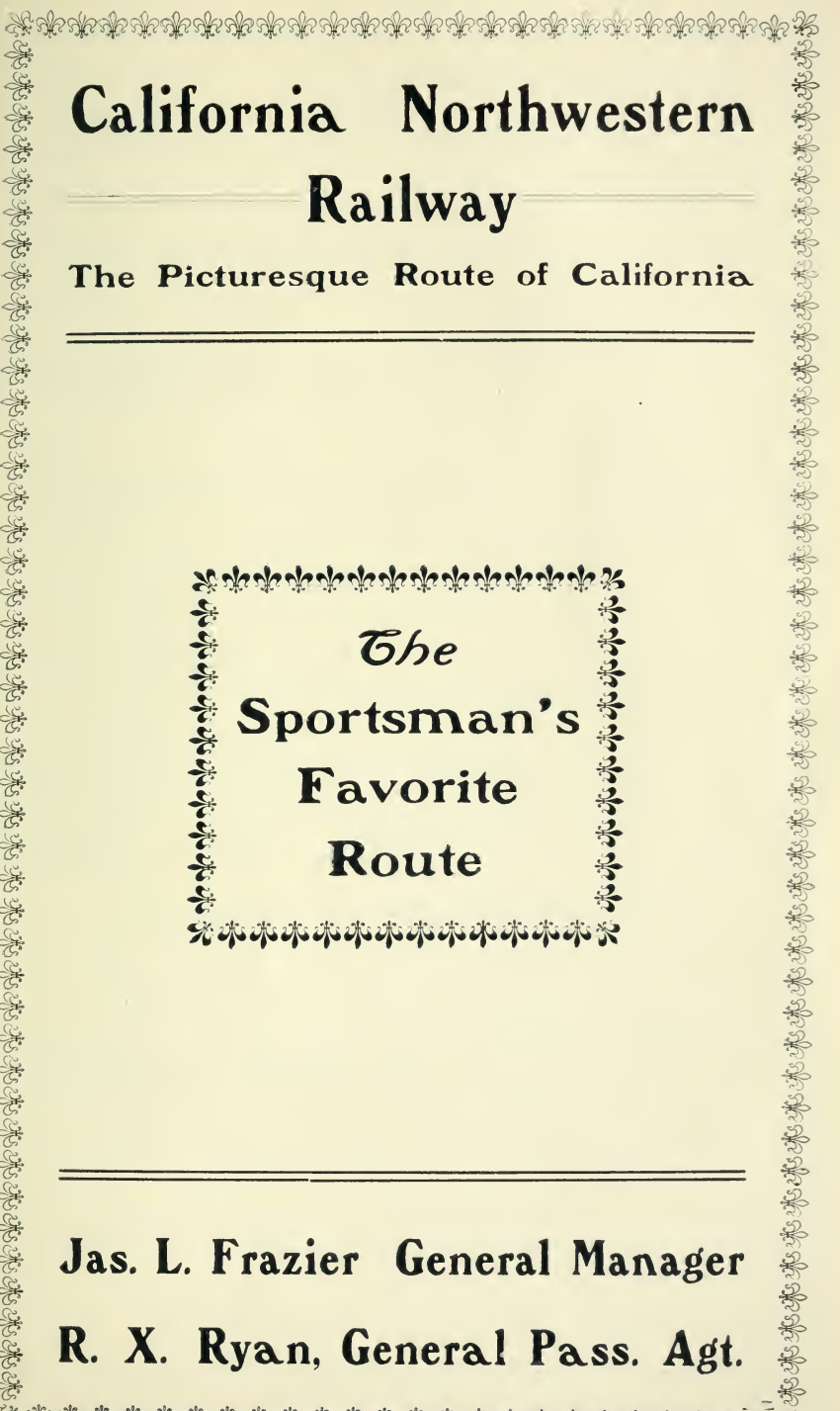
EUREKA, CAL.

Donohoe

@ Ganter


Ukiak's Most
Competent Plumbers

Are located on School street,
opposite Masonic hall. All
tinning plumbing and repair-
ing promptly done.



**California Northwestern
Railway**

The Picturesque Route of California



The
**Sportsman's
Favorite
Route**

Jas. L. Frazier General Manager

R. X. Ryan, General Pass. Agt.

SPECIAL ANNUAL PREMIUM SALE.



DEALER IN WATCHES, DIAMONDS, ETC.
WATCH AND JEWELRY REPAIR-
ING AND ENGRAVING.

Official Watch Inspector
Cal. N. W. R. R. Co.

A. H. Ewert

Jeweler

STORE ON STANDLEY STREET, WEST
OF STATE STREET

UKIAH, CAL.



G. W. Hale

DEALER IN

Fresh vegetables of all kinds. Also all
Fruits in season.

Telephone orders promptly attended to

Best Brands Teas and Coffees

Drs. Case & Thomas DENTISTS

UKIAH, CAL.

Office: Corner Oak and Standley
Streets, one block west of
Sheriff's office.

On the first day of Sept. of last year, we made known to the Public, our intention to give away an elegant prize to some one of our friends. Those who were among our customers will remember, how well we complied with every particular of our promise. This fall we will offer another premium which will surpass the former one in every respect. To those who may not remember the circumstances and conditions of the former drawing, we will say, that with every one dollar invested with us in goods at the regular retail price, our customer will get a ticket which will entitle him to one chance in this elaborate premium. The drawing will take place on Saturday, Dec. 24, and will be conducted in a manner that is entirely impartial, thus giving the small purchaser who may be an entire stranger to us, an equal chance with any other, in so far as respect to persons is concerned. Remember this offer and if you are in need of any article in the household, look up the line of goods that we carry and see if we can't supply you. One dollar invested may bring you one hundred dollars in value. LOOK OUT for further news.

Ukiah Mercantile Co.

James Stitt

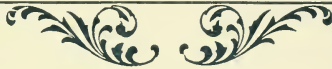
Dealer in All Kinds of
Lumber e e e e

Also dealer in Shingles, Shakes, Pickets
Hopoles, Windows, Doors, Etc., Etc.

Building Hardware

Main St., Ukiah, Cal.

The Fashion Stables



J. H. Smith, Proprietor

THE FASHION STABLES are the most up-to-date in Mendocino County. Best of care and attention given to transient stock. ❁❁❁❁

State Street, Opp. Hotel Cecill

Henry Meyer

Ukiah's e Leading e Tailor

Is now located on State Street, Opposite Eagle Block, and is showing the swellest line of Fall and Winter Styles ever brought to this city. His reputation as an up-to-date tailor is never questioned.

The Excelsior Press, For Your
Printing ❁ ❁ ❁ Redemeyer Bldg.



Gibson's Drug Store

E. B. Gibson, Proprietor

— DEALER IN —

Pure Drugs Chemicals Toilet Articles Perfumes
Patent Medicines Druggists' Sundries
Sponges Combs Stationery Photographic Supplies

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded

Opposite Bank of Ukiah

Ukiah, Cal.

R. L. Cleveland The Great Cancer Specialist

Curing cancers is no new scientific invention as Dr. Cleveland has been successfully curing this terrible disease for over 20 years at Ukiah

BOARD AND TRAINED NURSE FURNISHED

There is danger in delay

Charges, From \$100 UP

JACK'S OYSTER AND CHOP HOUSE

A REALLY GOOD PLACE
TO EAT AND DRINK

EVERYBODY KNOWS JACK

JONH DAY'S

Eel River Resort

25 Miles North of Ukiah

None But White Cooks Employed

TERMS

\$8 Per Week

John L. Day, Prop.

Potter Valley, Mendocino Co.

The "Northern Crown" Monthly Contests

OPEN TO ALL AMATEURS

PRINT COMPETITIONS.

The following subjects are announced for our print competitions covering the next few months:

September—Landscape.

October—Portraiture, by daylight or flash.

November—Fruit or Flower Studies.

December—Marine pictures, on lake or ocean, including wave and cloud studies.

RULES.

Contests for each month will close on the last day of each month. All prints must be mounted.

No print will be entered which has not a coupon (to be clipped from the advertising section of the magazine) attached to the back of mount.

Any one may enter as many prints any month as he, or she, has coupons to attach to them, but no one will be awarded more than one prize in any one month.

As our aim in conducting competition is to secure original material for illustrative purposes, we will not enter any print which has ever been published. We also reserve the right to reject any or all prints, in any competition, that do not reach the standard of excellence which our illustrations have always maintained.

REWARDS.

Prizes each month as follows:

First prize, any article or number of articles of photographic merchandise or books to the value of five dollars.

Second prize, same to the value of three dollars.

Third prize, same to the value of two dollars.

In addition to the three prizes, we

shall award honorable mention for the next three or more in order of merit, and send to the makers one copy of photo-miniature, any subject desired.

Prints awarded prizes or honorable mention will be retained for reproduction.

Mark all envelopes or packages with name or month of contest for which intended and address:

THE NORTHERN CROWN,
Ukiah, Cal.

COUPON

FOR MONTHLY PRINT
COMPETITION

Good for one month. Any number of prints may be entered. Each print submitted must have one of these coupons attached to back of mount.

Name.....

Address.....

Title of print.....

Subject of competition.....

Details of exposure, negative, printing, etc.....

.....

Enclose postage if prints are to be returned. Address:

THE NORTHERN CROWN,
Ukiah, Cal.

FOR ASSEMBLYMAN

F. M. WEGER

Hereby announces himself as the Regular Democratic nominee for the office of Assemblyman from this, the 6th Assembly District.

FOR CONGRESS

DUNCAN E. McKINLAY

Hereby announces himself as the Regular Republican nominee for the office of Congressman from the 2d Congressional District.

FOR CONGRESS

THEO. A. BELL

Hereby announces himself as the Regular Democratic nominee for the office of Congressman from the 2d Congressional District.

FOR ASSEMBLYMAN

CHAS. O. DUNBAR

Hereby announces himself as the Regular Democratic nominee for the office of Assemblyman from the 14th Assembly District.



Job Printing

The Kind that Pays



Excelsior Press Co., Ukiah



LOOK OUT!

For the Grand Opening of

Mrs. A. Cranz's
MILLINERY STORE

In the new building two doors north of
the Palace Hotel, about October, 15th.

"The Racket" Store

T. J. Lamb & Son, Props.

(Successors to R. E. Dimmick.)

**Glassware, Crockery, Kitchen
Furniture, Notions, Staple
and Fancy Groceries.**

The Palm

Saloon and
Oyster
Grotto

THE GENTLEMEN'S RETREAT

Billiard and Pool Parlor

Free Reading Room in Connection

All the latest sporting papers, and others, on the tables.

Free Hot Lunch Every Night.

H. P. Siems, Prop.

Ukiah, Cal.

The Ukiah Warehouse

Where You Can Buy

Building Materials of All Kinds

Lumber, Laths, Shingles and Shakes.

LIME AND CEMENT

We also carry a full line of STAPLE AND FANCY
GROCERIES, FLOUR, FEED HAY AND GRAIN.

CASH PAID FOR POULTRY AND EGGS

Lucas Brothers, Ukiah, California

OCTOBER, 1904.

The NORTHERN CROWN



ANNA MORRISON REED,
EDITRESS.
EDWARD A. KELLER, PUBLISHER
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UKIAH, CALIFORNIA

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PER COPY, TEN CENTS
PER YEAR, ONE DOLLAR



THE NORTHERN CROWN

Northern Crown Publishing Company, Proprietors.

Entered at the Ukiah Post Office as Second-class Matter.



A MONTHLY Periodical of Literature and Advertising. Devoted to the interests of Northern California, and in a broader sense, to our whole country and all humanity : : : : : :

Independent in its policy, and its mission to give a fairminded presentation of the topics of the day, and a setting forth of truth for the defense, relief and benefit of the people : : : : :



Per Copy 10c * * * * * Per Year \$1.00

Advertising Rates Sent on Application





Photo by Fitch

ON THE PEAUTIFUL NOYO RIVER.

[Picturesque Mendocino

The Northern Crown

"Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness."

VOL. I.

UKIAH, CAL., OCTOBER, 1904.

NO. 6

THE TREND OF CIVILIZATION.

BY WILLIAM AYRES.

ARTICLE II.

IN closing the initial article of this series, the words were used: "In reviewing the possibilities of the future, for the Pacific coast, the query naturally comes to mind: Where will the gathering hosts build their great cities, both inland and commercial ports? Where will northern California figure and how will she fare in the settlement of the great incoming population?"

This is a question for the logician, the statesman, the prophet. Nature has endowed northern California with a lavish hand, and her industrial centers and commercial marts will grow in exact keeping with the energy and spirit of progress and liberality evinced by her people."

There are some pages of nature's book, however, which even the layman may understand, without the aid of prophet or statesman. And it will be readily seen by the thoughtful observer, that in the process of peopling and upbuilding of this western shore, Humboldt presents unusual physical features as a distinct section of the continent, both in relation to sea and land, that mark her as

having no superiors and but few parallels on the shore lines of the several continents.

Nature seems to have drawn her lines for the concentration of Pacific's commerce at and through Humboldt's entrance-way. Humboldt is the western-most, and most prominent headland of the United States, pushing far beyond its general coast line, causing it to be the first land sighted by the incoming craft from the Orient, but unlike most other bold and prominent headlands, it is provided with a capacious and safe, land-locked harbor, capable of accommodating the commerce of a hemisphere.

Nature does nothing by halves. Not only is Humboldt the most western headland of the United States, but her harbor of Humboldt bay is the most western harbor between the Mexican and British Columbia boundary lines, and it holds a position exactly half way between those two foreign boundaries. As a point of vantage commercially, from seaward, its merits will at once strike the student and

business man. In time of war, Table Bluff and Trinidad Heads offer strong points for fortifications against an invading foe, and the harbor can be reached and entered by craft crossing the Pacific in shorter time than other points because of its bold position, and because of the Japan current which serves Humboldt as well as does the more northern coast, and for this reason most of the craft hailing from trans-Pacific ports bound for San Francisco and lower coast ports, sight Humboldt first, and then the coast southward.

But the track for direct intercourse which nature designed does not end here. The good old Dame has marked the way for direct railroad to the east, across the Sacramento valley, through the Pit River canyon, or Beckwith's Pass, and thus straight on to the great inland distributing point of Chicago. This would form the most direct line across the continent, and there being no steep grades or great altitudes to climb, could make exceptionally quick dispatch. Dispatch in transportation is the key-note to success and domination, and thus a direct line of transportation from Humboldt bay to Chicago, having quickest dispatch, and straightest, safest line, would gather and control through traffic from the Orient.

Its course would be the center of a zone which, reaching round the globe carries two-thirds of the world's commerce. As if contemplating such development in transportation, a territory covering a hundred miles radius around Humboldt Bay has been endowed with exhaustless resources in varied form, and which are now awaiting the advent of home-seekers and capital to occupy and develop.

San Francisco has undoubtedly the position, bay and harbor for the queen city of the Pacific coast, but Eureka will prove her Liverpool in commerce, because of the advantages in transportation here enumerated. Transporta-

tion and power are the twin keys which open the door to opportunity and industrial development. Impelled by the prospect of unmeasured expansion, with their aid, both are hastening to unlock the long silent occlusion of millions of yet untouched values in Humboldt. The tide of home-seekers which has so long been pouring its current into southern California is changing its drift towards northern California. The southern end of the state has been exploited to the core. And the home-seekers are turning to the newer, fresher fields of the north, and these fields form a most striking contrast. We know nothing except by comparison, and when the home-seeker has traversed the dead brown country of the south for a few weeks looking for some inviting home, seeing nothing whatever but what is wrought by the hand of man, except the bare earth, and then expend the same length of time around the green hills and forests of the north, and it will seem like passing from death to life. The vigor and green life of the north is accompanied with available crude values in multitudes of forms. On every hand is evidence that the country is occupied with profit to its possessors and inhabitants—that the country is yielding something to those who work or operate for gain.

In the southern country the evidence is mostly of capital being expended, very little of profit coming out. When the same amount of capital is applied and energy expended in the northern section of the state that there has been in the southern, no spot on the earth can equal it in wealth, in its elaborate development in, the present possibilities that then would be realized in lumbering, in horticulture, in dairying, in mining operations and reduction works.

It is seldom that a section so richly endowed is also provided with a safe deep water harbor, and in this respect Humboldt bay and the surrounding

country is specially fortified. Here again the gauge of comparison must be applied. California embraces the same latitude on its coast lines that covers eleven coast states on the Atlantic shore, from the northern boundry of Massachusetts to the southern line of South Carolina. Within that coast line and latitude on the Atlantic coast are thirty-five sea port cities having a population of 50,000 inhabitants and upwards, and consequently the commerce and industrial forces of the Atlantic coast are divided between thirty-five different points; a considerable portion of which coast has been and always will be hampered in its development by an extended and rigid winter season, and a not over productive soil. For the same latitude which is embraced by the California coast line nature has provided but for three safe seaport harbors between which its commerce and industrial development must be divided. The whole distance from north to south has been given climate and soil that are wonderful in their productivity, but it is the northern portion of the state, and especially surrounding and bearing upon Humboldt bay, the second best harbor of the state, that Cornucopia seems to have cut loose from all restraint and scattered its gifts of every nature with lavish profusion.

When the mind takes in and weighs all these things which makes for the prominence of the harbor of Humboldt bay and port of Eureka, it will be, it cannot fail of being accepted, by every impartial reader that Eureka and Humboldt Bay are destined, without rivalry, as the second place on the coast of California.

Casting the eye along the trans-Pacific ports with which the United States holds commercial relations, from New Zealand in the South Seas, to Behring Straits in the north, and seeking an eligible port on the Pacific coast of the United States at which to concentrate commerce, and from which to dis-

patch traffic across the North American continent, no point stands out so bold and prominent to arrest the attention as the central headland of Humboldt, and the currents of wind and water join in the selection.

It is superior to San Francisco from an engineering standpoint and is second to San Francisco only in size and depth of its harbor-bay. The vast Pacific ocean is filled with thousands of islands, large and small, principally of wonderful productivity, and peopled with races in various stages of civilization and of savagery, nearly all of which have some commerce. The larger mainlands beyond are a promising field for a developing trade. From New Zealand, Australia, the Phillipines, China, Japan, and the Russian port of Vladavostock, the terminus of the five-thousand-mile Trans-Siberian railway, and hundreds of minor ports open upon the Pacific ocean, the free highway, to reach this favored point on the west coast of the United States.

Taking in the possibilities of climate and soil, of undeveloped mineral resources which are possessed by the islands and mainlands that thus give upon the Pacific ocean as a free public highway of the world, the future holds a great wealth of commerce for the upbuilding of the ports and cities of this west shore of the United States. The fifty years of development and growth of the Pacific coast of America, as compared with several hundred years development and growth of the Atlantic seaboard, seems like a tale of enchantment, it has no parallel.

And great as are the achievements that have been wrought, we are but arrived at the threshold of the possibilities of the future. The forces are awakening under the impulse of the newer civilization, as the westward moving millions gather on the Pacific shore.

For advantages of position as a commercial port and city, Humboldt bay and Eureka are but little less than first on the California coast, and the con-

formation of the shore line makes possible only three prominent commercial seaport cities on the coast within the state, as against thirty-five cities for the same latitude of coast line on the Atlantic shore. With such a bay and harbor, the most easily accessible to the great commercial highway of all nations, the Pacific ocean, surrounded by crude wealth of every form, the conclusion must come to every thinking mind that the future of Eureka is destined to be that of a great commercial city, having direct trade and communication with all the countries towards the setting sun. The condition and advantages thus briefly enumerated are sufficient to insure and compel the conclusion.

But Nature did not stop at these favoring conditions from the ocean side. A great railroad engineer has said that men do not make railroads, but that Nature makes them, while men simply select and smooth them off. And it would appear that the worthy old Dame had made special arrangement for Eureka's advantage by marking a direct way from this port eastward through the barrier of mountains, leaving us to take our choice between the Beckwith Pass and Pit River canyon.

The survey has been made more than once between Humboldt bay and the Sacramento valley, and pronounced feasible. For the past five years the territory eastward from the Sacramento valley has been a field for experimental survey by various powerful rail-

road companies in the search for a less circuitous route to the Pacific coast than those now occupied by existing roads, the result of which is that by degrees a line of trans-continental railroad, emphasized by Nature, is being evolved which will have the effect of correcting the blunders of pioneer efforts to effectually wed the seas and weld the union. And then the quickest dispatch from points across the Pacific to the great inland distributory depot of the United States—Chicago, will be by way of Eureka. The early tea crop from Japan and China will be rushed through to the Windy City via Eureka. The "globe trotters" who are circling the earth, will select the route with the quickest dispatch via Eureka, and those who take their easy time to make the circuit in order to see all there is to be seen, will seek the route through Humboldt in order to view the crowning glory of forest wonders—the matchless redwoods.

The direct route is via Humboldt. The quickest trip is via Humboldt. The attractions and absorbing interest in objects along the route is via Humboldt. Its climate, its scenery, the lavish opportunity for industrial enterprise and investing capital, will draw a majority proportion of seekers for new homes, and of the best energy of home-seekers.

Eureka and Humboldt will not be behind in the race for prominence with the coming years, in the process of peopling the western shore.

Live for something; have a purpose,
 And that purpose keep in view,
 Drifting like a helmless vessel
 Thou canst ne'er to life be true;
 Half the wrecks that strew life's ocean,
 If some star had been their guide
 Might have now been riding safely,
 But, they drifted with the tide.

—Robert Whitaker.

The Flown Bird.

From the Japanese.

By Richard Henry Stoddard.

The Maple leaves are whirled away,
The depths of the great pines are stirred;
Night settles on the sullen day,
As in its nest the mountain bird.
My wandering feet go up and down,
And back and forth from town to town,
Through the lone woods, and by the sea,
To find the bird that fled from me;
I followed, and I follow yet—
I have forgotten to forget.

My heart goes back, but I go on,
Through summer heat, and winter snow;
Poor heart! we are no longer one!
We are divided by our woe!
Go to the nest I built, and call—
She may be hiding after all—
The empty nest, if that remains,
And leave me in the long, long rains;
My sleeves with tears are always wet—
I have forgotten to forget!

Men know my story, but not me—
For such fidelity, they say,
Exists not—such a man as he
Exists not in the world today!
If his light bird has flown the nest,
She is no worse than all the rest;
Constant they are not—only good
To bill and coo, and hatch the brood;
He has but one thing to regret—
He has forgotten to forget.

All day I see the ravens fly,
I hear the sea-birds scream at night:
The moon goes up and down the sky,
And the sun comes in with ghostly light;
Leaves whirl, white flakes about me blow—
Are they spring blossoms, or the snow?
Only my hair! Goodby my heart.
The time has come for us to part;
Be still! you will be happy yet—
For death remembers to forget!

THEFT OF THE GOLDEN CANDLE-STICKS.

BY WILLIAM WALTER MORELAND.

I.

ON RETURNING from an ill-starred voyage to Nome in 1898 our vessel stopped and tarried a few hours at Sitka, the capital of Alaska. The passengers spent the time in looking about the city. A few went into the business portion, others discussed the social and religious significance of the totem pole at the Esquimo villiage, while the writer and another gentleman visited the imposing Russian church. In the palmy days of Russian rule, before Alaska came into the possession of the United States, it is said the church at Sitka, with one exception, had richer interior adornments than any east of Moscow; and even now, in that respect, it is of no small consequence.

The icons, crosses, altars and altar cloths are rich and costly and well worth inspection. That which most attracted our attention, however, were two golden candle-sticks, one on each side of the altar.

They were about three feet in height; massive, highly ornamented, of nearly pure gold; and each had three branches on each side of the main stem, thereby constituting what is known as seven-pronged candelabra. We were informed that long before they had come into the possession of the church at Sitka they had been the subjects of an unique

experience of which our informant gave us an interesting account, which is substantially as follows:

II.

In the year 1816 Admiral Koskoff of the Russian navy, with four vessels, appeared off Fort Ross, a colony established by the Russian government a few years before on the northwest coast of the present state of California. He brought recruits for the army; also quite a number of colonists with which to replenish and enlarge the settlement. In addition to these there were two priests of the orthodox faith who had been intrusted by their superiors with appropriate decorations or the church already established at that place. The most attractive and costly of the decorations were two golden candle-sticks of the usual pattern but larger and more valuable than those generally used in small churches.

They were placed in that part of the church where they belonged and were objects of great interest and veneration to the neophytes and communicants. In a large city or thickly settled country where the form of the material might have been changed and utilized by melting, they would have proven tempting prizes to those in whom the reverent feeling is weak and the criminal instinct strong, but it was thought

they would be safe in a small, isolated colony such as this. Indeed it might be said the good fathers had taken no thought of their safety, relying on the veneration which all God-fearing people should have for the utensils used in the service of the church.

The little community were, therefore, greatly surprised and shocked one fine morning in the spring of 1817 to discover the candelabra were not in their accustomed places; and upon calling the roll it was ascertained that two of the colonists, Ivan Petroff and Alexis Gorski, who had been brought from the penal settlement of Saghalien, were missing. There was, then, no doubt in the minds of those in authority as to what had become of the sacred objects, and the neighboring hills and canyons were soon filled with men and dogs in search of the fugitives, but no trace of either the thieves or property being found, it was finally abandoned.

Nothing definite was ever heard of the men, unless a rumor which originated about the time the Russians were leaving the country at the command of the Spaniards, was true. It was to the effect that two white men, supposed to be Russians, were living at an Indian rancharia over the mountains in the vicinity of where Ukiah now stands; but whether the report was true, or whether they were the ones who stole the candelabra, was never verified.

III.

The winter of 1889-90 will long be remembered in California as the rainiest ever experienced, with one exception. While there were no disastrous floods nor extreme high waters, the rain fell steadily and kept the streams bank full and at the danger point the entire season. Bridges were swept away; the earth became thoroughly saturated; in many places in the mountains the roads and trails were almost obliterated by slides and washouts; in the valleys

they were soft and miry, and travel about the country was impossible except to those who were expert enough to pick their way on foot over and around the impediments caused by the continued rains.

On one of these rainy mornings in the month of February 1890 Manuel Gorski, a half-breed, who was staying on and looking after a small stock ranch belonging to one James Conroy on the Buckeye fork of the Gualala river, awoke with a start. Now it is proper to say in this place, that he had never before emerged from a state of slumber so suddenly. With him it was a deliberate and reluctant proceeding. In fact he was so constituted it might be said that both his bodily movements and his mental processes were adjusted to conservative lines.

"Old Man" Brumbaker, of Coyote Divide, when asked his opinion of Manuel, forcibly expressed the idea in less elegant language. "What, that Injun, Manwel? Why he's th' laziest an' ignorantist critter God ever made. I shorely b'leve he wuz made outer mud, an' mighty common mud, too, ef ye hear me." Thus the Old Man, Mrs. Brumbaker who on the other hand, was an unconscious optimist, took issue with the head of the family on the subject, and replied: "Now Paw, I think yew air a leetle hard on Manwel. He's got his good points same ez other people of yew kin on'y fin' 'em. He's not a reglar Injun, nohow. He sez his gran'pa was a Rushin an' Mr. Conroy sez Rushins is white. Yew air al'lez pitchin' inter people. It wuz only las' week yew wuz runnin' down yer own gran'son, Joe, an' his dogs, Bull an' Tige, an' a sayin' ashow th' 'hole caboodle wa'n't with shucks, yet they brought in sum mighty good deer meat yes't' day, an I notice yew tuck yer sheer when it cum to eatin'." "Well" responded the Old Man, as a parting shot "I don't go much on them half-breeds, nohow."

But there is no mistake in saying

that on the morning in question, Manuel awoke with a start. The wind was shaking the rickety old cabin to its foundation and it was raining "cats and dogs." According to the account which was afterwards dragged out of him at intervals and by piece-meal the first distinct thing he remembered he was sitting on the bed rail, his feet on the floor and his knuckles in his eyes. When, by the lapse of time and his own efforts, he became less oblivious to the surroundings, he removed the knuckles and looked out of the one window the cabin contained, which was at the back or rear end.

After gazing, absent-mindedly, out of the window for some time, he began to be impressed with the thought that the objects in that direction did not look natural. He could see the misty outlines of the rain-soaked hills on the other side of the canyon, the branches of the trees thereon swaying and dipping to the gale, something he had never before observed from that point of view. The longer he looked the more convinced he became that something was wrong. The environment was new and strange. Had the cabin been moved or blown from its foundations? Had the noise which awakened him been instrumental, in some way, in transferring him, house and all, to some other place? With this idea in his dull mind he got up, went to the front door, and looked out. No; the ax and the few old logs and broken fence pickets, constituting the wood pile, and the live-oak tree with the battered and unused meat safe depending therefrom, were in their usual places and occupying their proper relative positions. Greatly mystified he returned to the window and while making the second inspection the solution of the mystery came to him. The barn was gone! An old, irregular structure, built of shakes, poles and hewn timbers, about forty feet wide and sixty feet long, situated within one hundred feet of the cabin had entirely disappeared. Not a stick,

or board, or piece of wood could be seen.

It had been erected on the brow of the hill on comparatively level ground but immediately at the rear the earth pitched abruptly toward the bottom of the canyon, a mile away and at least one thousand feet lower than the site of the cabin and barn. Manuel, being superstitious it was a long time before he could command sufficient courage to go out and investigate. When he did he found the ground had broken just back of the cabin and a large section, including that upon which the barn had stood, had slipped and slid away from the brink to the bottom, leaving debris scattered along the route.

About the first thing which attracted his attention was an object partly exposed above the broken surface, apparently of metal, very crooked, and yellowish in color. He tried to lift it but being heavier than he expected to find it he made the second attempt before succeeding. His account of the discovery is sufficiently laconic and interesting to be inserted. "Find um brass thing. Heap heav', heap crook'." "What you call um? Yas, yaller. No good. Throw um down." Of course the "slide" on the Conroy ranch excited great interest in the vicinity, and as soon as the weather had moderated the neighbors came to see it in order to satisfy their curiosity. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. Brumbaker and Joe and his dogs, Bull and Tige.

As the crowd were looking over the ground and digging and poking about they unearthed another candle-stick, the mate to the one found by Manuel. Mrs. Brumbaker who, among her other characteristics was "a snapper up of unconsidered trifles," asked Manuel to give them to her. "I don't jes' sense what the'r good fer, but I'll be bou'n' the'r good fer sum'n of yer can on'y fin' out what it is." Manuel, who from the first had conceived a dislike for the things was only too glad to get rid of them, readily consented; so, with

much difficulty, but against the protest of the "Old Man" they were transported to Coyote Divide. Now it happened that about this time Joe was having considerable trouble in keeping his dogs at home. They had acquired the habit of clandestinely leaving the ranch and roaming the hills, sometimes for three or four days and nights, a sure sign, according to frontier lore of becoming worthless and relapsing into the wild state.

The only way they could be kept at home was by chaining them to a post, but this was hardly feasible for the reason that they fretted a great deal and bakred so continuously that the Old Man threatened "ef he got to th' pint, an' he wuz purty near thar, they'ed be two dogs less, an' maybe one boy." Fortunately the day they returned from the Conroy ranch Joe found he could keep them at home as well by attaching each of them to a candle-stick as by chaining to a post. It proved to be a grand scheme. By dragging the weights after them they could freely circulate about the yard and cleared ground but when they attempted independent hunting the projecting prongs of the candelabra would catch in the fence or brush and detain them. Mrs. B. was especially delighted in being able to substantiate her theory that "ever'thing is good fer sump'n ef yew kin only fin' out what it is." "Now jes' look thare, Paw," said she. "The'r jes' like ankers ter ships, ef Joe aint a genus I never seed one."

IV.

Isaac Marks was called a peddler, but that word hardly defined the extent of his business. By means of a team and small wagon he was ostensibly engaged in exchanging "store goods" for ox-hides and calf, deer and coon skins, but he would not hesitate to trade for old iron, brass and similar articles if he saw a profit therein. In the spring of 1890, the roads having become passable, he loaded his wagon with such things as were needed in the

mountain districts and started out.

In due time he arrived at Coyote Divide. Mrs. Brumbaker wanted caliker, an' thread, an' blu'in, an' matches, an' sich like" but did not have money or articles of barter. Ike was about to leave when he espied the emblems of servitude to which Bull and Tige were attached and mentally calculated their value as junk, proposed to exchange something for them. Mrs. B. was wary, and Joe was loth to part with his "ankers," but after much haggling a basis of exchange was arrived at and agreed upon, Joe being mollified by the possession of twenty-five cartridges, his portion of the transaction. The candelabra were then loaded on the wagon and the peddler went his way.

V.

Mr. Johnson the foreman of the Hercules Foundry, of San Francisco, came into the main office of the company one day in the summer of 1890 and announced his desire to see Mr. Elliot, the manager. That gentleman, observing something unusual in the appearance of the foreman, asked: "What is the matter, Johnson?" "Well, sir," replied the latter, "I have had the men at work this morning breaking up matter for a blast and, in looking over the heap, I found something I don't think belongs there.

There are two articles which have been sold to us for brass which, on examination, I do not believe to be brass. They are softer and heavier than brass and different in color." "What do you think they are, then?" "In my opinion they are gold." said Johnson. "Oh, nonsense" replied the manager. "You are mistaken. No one would be so foolish as to sell us gold for brass. Break them up and put them in the furnace." "Now, Mr. Elliot," persisted the foreman "I am so firmly convinced I am right I will ask you to examine them first." The manager was a well informed man, had made a special study of all kinds

of metal ornaments, and at first glance concurred in the judgment of the foreman.

They were undoubtedly gold. Upon a critical examination he discovered something which had escaped the eyes of all through whose hands they had passed. He found engravings, which were very dim and nearly obliterated on each, which he decided were Russian letters or characters. He was greatly puzzled, however, as to how they had gotten into a junk pile. "Where did they come from?" he inquired. "They came with a lot consigned to us from the country by a man named Marks," answered Johnson. "To a man like Elliot to think was to act.

Putting them aside he sent for the resident priest of the Russian church, the most learned individual of that people in the city. That functionary was not long in determining what they were and for what use intended. As a priest he was fully acquainted with the circumstances attending the theft of the candelabra from the church at Fort Ross, and by comparison with the details of the story decided they could be

no other than the long lost ornaments. Their history from the time they were found was traced through the hands of Manuel, Mrs. Brumbaker and Marks, and being satisfied they had each come by them honestly they were liberally rewarded for being instrumental in restoring them to the church. Mrs. B. was not only gratified at the size of the reward but highly elated over the further confirmation of her belief that "everything is good fer sump'n ef yew on'y fin' out what it is." The church at Fort Ross having, long since, gone out of existence they were sent to that in Sitka as being best entitled to them.

The thieves in their flight through the uninhabited country had buried them in the spot near the crest of the ridge over which the Conroy barn had been erected many years afterwards and where they remained until providentially unearthed by the avalanche which gave Manuel so much alarm. Another co-incidence developed by the investigation was that Manuel Gorski was a grandson, through Indian female ancestors, of one of the men who disappeared with the candelabra.

WASTED.

By Nita E. White.

As some traveler in a desert way,
Thrills at the sight of palms—so green and fair,
So I, when deep into your eyes I looked
Thrilled at the lovelight there.

'Twas the reflecton of my own heart's fire
Deceived me. I found the light all false—untrue—
Ah, dear, tears had not quenched their flame,
Had it been shared by you.

MY FATE.

By Georgie K. Reed.

My Fate lives half of the world away,
Half of the world away from me,
But he is hand-some and tall and fair
As any a Saxon King should be—
My Fate has eyes of violet blue,
And hair as yellow as beaten gold;
His lips are as red as a scarlet flower
And he grew from a family proud and old;
His heart is a heart that's all a heart
Of staunch and sterling worth,
But the distance dividing us, I judge,
Is half of the peopled earth;
Still he is mine and I am his
As far as our fate will tell,
And tho' we may never meet, I know
He loves me, and loves me well;
He understands and so do I
The depth of our hopeless love—
He offers a prayer and so do I
To our guiding star above—
The world is wide and hard and cold,
And fate is a thing unsure,
So all we can do, my love and I,
Is to hope and thus endure—
We have all but clasped each others hands,
We have all but touched our lips,
But it seems our love is the fated rose
That the bee in his journey skips.
He is waiting, and so am I,
But who is to know how long—
It is like a singer we hear in the dark,
We only have the song—
Perhaps we have passed a thousand times
Over the selfsame sea,
But there was never a signal shown
To beckon my love to me;
Oh, think of the wasted hours of us
The waiting—the weary hope,
But such is the life of him and me
In our written horoscope.
He may marry, and so may I,
But there will always be
That blind and staggering search in life
For all eternity—
But day is day and night is night
And fate is as sure as both,
So we must live—my love and I,
We willing—and Fate the loath
With hands outstretched and stumbling feet
And eyes that do not see—
I am seeking this love of mine
And he is seeking me;
Fate is cruel as Fate is kind
As in the darkness our way we grope—
But in spite of a thousand doubts and ifs
We nurse in our hearts a stubborn hope,
Sometime—someday—somehow—somewhere—
Deep in the midst of coming years
We yet may find the love we seek
And weep together our sacred tears.

HON. DUNCAN E. M'KINLAY.

REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR CONGRESS FROM THE SECOND DISTRICT.

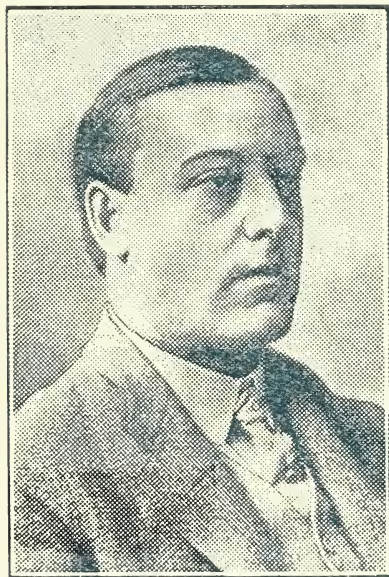
DUNCAN E. M'KINLAY was born at Orilla, Ontario, Canada, October 6th, 1862; educated in the common schools of that place until twelve years of age, when he was compelled to go to work at various employments; when sixteen years old he removed to the city of Flint, Michigan, where he learned the trade of carriage painting. At twenty-one he came to San Francisco,

president of the Electoral commission to cast the vote for McKinley; was appointed assistant United States attorney at San Francisco, by President McKinley in 1901, succeeding to the post of first assistant attorney, upon the death of Edward J. Banning, in January, 1904.

With this record, that tells of the tireless energy of this self-made man, as well as of the matchless opportunities afforded every bright, determined capable citizen, by the principle and policy of a peerless government, Duncan E. McKinlay comes before the voters of the second Congressional district, and asks them for their suffrage. His own experience has made him the loyal friend of every working man, who carves out life's problem from the hard rock of circumstances.

His sympathy should go out—and we believe that it does—to the struggling and oppressed upon every hand, who strive to overcome adverse fortune. He must realize the needs of the people, and would be more fit to serve them, since his own experience of their condition, has been most practical, and long thought has led to successful action.

He has political ability of the first order, is an eloquent and logical speaker and would handle with tact and skill, the issues before our national assembly. We believe that the people could only be benefitted by his selection. Let the honest majority rule, and after election day, all party strife be forgotten. The choice of the people should be welcome to all, as in an honest contest there is no aftermath of bitterness. And time will tell the wisdom of all choosing. Let each public servant stand or fall by his own record.



and worked at his trade until 1884, when he removed to Santa Rosa and engaged in the painting business.

In his spare time he studied law, and was admitted to practice before the supreme court of the state of California in 1892; was nominated elector-at-large on the Republican ticket in William McKinley's first presidential campaign, and was elected by the largest majority of that year; was made

THE CALL OF THE SEAS.

By E. B. C.

Now our summer is hot with a smoky
red sky,
We so long to your balmy sea breezes
to fly!
We recall the effect of their magical
kiss—
The fresh breath of salt breezes—exhal-
ing cool bliss!

In weird fancy to-day, I am strolling
the strand,
Where your rolling white foam, laps
the ocean-worn sand.
I behold, through gray mists, your
great billows arise,
And still phantom-like vessels, dissolve
in your skies.

See, advancing, receding, those break-
ers' wild spray,
Submerging great rocks, on their deaf-
ening way!
And a gentle, surge-splash, compels
my retreat,
From some briny old log, I have found
for a seat.

I take home your wet treasures, in tiny
pools found,
On the rocks, and in sands, by the
waves washed around—
Though the beautiful, dripping things
glistening bright,
Dry, and lusterless droop, if but moved
from your sight.

Flocks of seagulls, do hover your
waters and light,
To float peaceful and calm, after
wearying flight.
They are not the same seagulls, I
watched years ago—
Many have vanished, with times ebb
and flow.

At the homes, that still nestle so close
on your shore,
Time's mask o'er known faces intrudes
at the door.

Like thin vapor, drawn up to return
soon as rain,
We wash back to cold silence, from
which we all came.

How familiar, unchanged, the low
landscape I see,
The green hills and Big River approach-
ing the sea,
The old mill, and the chute, the road
climbing to town,
The big bridge, and the flat, with old
logs strewn around.

Far away—where the sun tints with
yellow the west—
Are bewildering waters' perpetual
unrest.

O you limitless mystery! Visible
soul!
From dumb aeons of time, how eternal
your roll!

Deep beneath all your waters' tumult-
uous strife.

Of your myriad sea creatures volup-
tuous life,
What dark weights of cold stillness to
mankind untold!

What pathetic biographies could atoms
unfold!

And o'er all are electrical waves of
closed light,
And too, spiritual waves far more
hidden from sight.

When I think of these wonders stu-
pendous sublime.

My soul kneels, and accepts a creator
divine!

Hush! I hear in the distance—a mur-
muring roar—
The low slushing of waves from an
unbroken shore!—
They are rolling a summons—not only
for me—
A lullaby summons from waves of a
sea.

Ukiah, Sept., 9th, 1904.



HON. THEODORE A. BELL.

Democratic Congressman from the Second Congressional District and
Candidate for Re-election.

THEODORE A. BELL is a native Californian, born at Vallejo, where he attended the public schools, and graduated at the age of sixteen years. He worked for a time on a farm, but later qualified himself for teaching, and taught school for some eighteen months, while studying law and passing the examinations successfully, and

on the twenty-first anniversary of his birth was admitted to the practice of law, before the courts of California.

He was elected district attorney of Napa county in 1894, being probably the youngest District attorney in California at that time. He served in that capacity for eight years. The people of the second congressional district elected

him as their last representative in the United States congress. When at Fort Bragg, we had the delight of meeting, and hearing him on the issues of the campaign. And it is a delight and a refreshment to see, and hear this bright young Californian, in his unspoiled youth—his faith in high ideals; in his fellow men; and in his own ability, and intentions to serve them.

His broad views of usefulness, and justice lift him far, and away from the political methods and intrigues, that belong to the careers of smaller men. Theodore A. Bell has all the qualities that make up the statesman, rather than the politician. For beyond all

narrow partisanship, he is eminently an American.

His youth, made a reproach by his political opponents—and the only assertion founded on absolute truth, made by them—is a fault that time will cure, while as yet it saves him, from the bitterness, and disillusion, that mars the faith of older men in humanity, and in the possibilities of serving to some purpose, the interests of the people.

He loves California—He works for her advancement—He has served her well—The people can make no mistake in returning him to the National Assembly.

Life's True Purpose.

By Ben Franklin Bonnell.

Jesus the just and holy One
Who taught: "Love others same as self,"
Could suffer shame and stand alone,
His righteousness His only wealth —
I'd give up every earthly gain
To stand upon that lofty plain.

His enemies destroyed His life
He blessed them with His dying breath,
But now His friends with endless strife
Proclaim God's pleasure in His death —
That "God could not the world forgive,
And let the Holy Jesus live,"

Why should "His death God's wrath
appease"?
Why should "His blood for sin atone"?
Believe such doctrine all who please,
But I'll withdraw and stand alone,
'Till men will love and honor God
Through truth and right and not
through blood.

Oh would mankind but this perceive,
'Twould lift the veil from every eye;
His life taught mortals how to live,
His death taught mortals how to die—
'Tis true—"He died that we might live,"
That men — not God — might men
forgive.



EDITORIAL

ANNA MORRISON REED.

"What I have been, I am, in principle and character; and what I am I hope to continue to be. Circumstances or opponents may triumph over my fortunes, but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect."—Daniel Webster.

Capital Punishment.

And the Lord said unto Cain: Where is Abel, thy brother? And he said, I know not: Am I my brother's keeper? And he said, What hast thou done? The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground. And now art thou cursed from the earth, which hath opened

her mouth to receive thy brothers blood from thy hand; When thou tillest the ground, it shall not henceforth yield unto thee her strength; a fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be in the earth. And Cain said unto the Lord, My punishment is greater than I can bear.

Behold, thou hast driven me out this day from the face of the earth; and from thy face shall I be hid; and I shall be a fugitive and a vagabond in the earth and it shall come to pass, that everyone that findeth me shall slay me. And the Lord said unto him: THEREFORE WHOSOEVER SLAYETH CAIN, VENGEANCE SHALL BE TAKEN ON HIM SEVENFOLD. And the Lord set a mark upon Cain, lest any finding him should kill him.—Genesis IV, 1-16.

A man—or rather a beast in human form—has been sentenced to death, at Ukiah, Mendocino County. According to present custom, the law, and the evidence, there was nothing else to do. But it does not change the opinion of the writer, that the death penalty is a heritage from the darker ages—a relic of barbarism, inconsistent with Christian government, and should be abolished from the face of the earth.

So strong are we in this conviction, that when in 1886, John Johnson was sentenced here, to hang, we used our time, our money, and all the influence we had, to save him from the gallows—not resting until we succeeded, giving all this outlay, not for the creature that was *less* than *nothing* to us personally, but for the principle that will animate us, while life shall last.

There was a similarity in the two cases inasmuch that a vile woman was the primal cause of crime in each. And the law falls short of justice that deprives one criminal of life, and allows the equally guilty, before God, to escape. A law also falls short of justice that imposes upon the *innocent*, mental suffering and anguish to which in comparison physical pain is nothing. This would not have been a result in the Johnson case, and probably not in the one under discussion, but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the execution of the death penalty, causes most intense agony to the living; innocent hearts are broken, lives

wrecked and embittered by a sorrow and disgrace, that not one man or woman in a thousand can live to overcome.

Justice is equity to all—what right has one man, or any number of men, to violate the direct command of the Almighty, and deal out by law, unmeasured suffering to those for whom there is no relief provided? We believe in punishment—in penological reform, that would mete out a just penalty to every transgressor, without resort to brutality of any sort. For such as the one under discussion, we would call to the cause of justice the aid of science, and surgery, and make the repetition of his most heinous crime, an impossibility, while leaving to the sure vengeance of God, the reckoning for the murder done.

For all murderers, convicted by actual evidence, we believe in a life sentence, without hope or possibility of pardon. By the enforced labor of all able-bodied criminals, we would make all penal institutions self-supporting, and so relieve the people of the burden of taxation. Our prisons should be great manufactories, where skilled labor was taught and exercised. Not for competition with, but for relief of, the honest citizen. This is a part of the solution of the criminal question. We believe absolutely, in the commands of God—and the promises of the Son. Life has enough of pain and horror, without deliberately adding to it by law and custom. As penalty for our first transgression, we are all condemned to death, which will come in good time, without the violent interference of fallible man, with a divine decree. So—could we save this wretch, to live out his allotted days, we would for we do not believe in the human right, to take the life that God has given. And a life sentence, we believe, would satisfy all the demands of justice, and mercy.



In the writeups of the candidates and representative men, presented in THE NORTHERN CROWN, we wish our readers to remember, that we speak of them, *not* as Repub-

licans, Democrats, or other partisans, but as individuals, as citizens, and above all as *Americans*, with the right to think and be themselves. We do not look upon a man as an unprincipled villain, because he differs with us.

We will say the best thing possible for him consistent with truth. For everyone is entitled to his record, and his deserts, irrespective of creed or party.



On a recent visit to Fort Bragg, we called, as is our custom, on our old friend Chas. J. Cavanagh, of the FORT BRAGG ADVOCATE. We found him busy as ever, heart, hand and brain in active service. Progress is the word in old Mendocino, and to keep up with the times, Mr. Cavanagh is putting in a six horse power engine, and a new power press, and various other things to meet the added requirements of an old and well established printing and publishing business. THE ADVOCATE was started in 1889 and has well justified the hopes and plans, of its courageous founder. He has not swerved from the tenor of his way, and has ever advanced the best interests of the people. We remember, though others may forget, that he was one of the first to urge shorter hours, and better terms for the working-man—his life and energies, have been one long investment for those dependent upon him, and the bettering of his kind, and at this late day, we fear no change of sentiment or policy in the FORT BRAGG ADVOCATE, or its owner.



A visit to another office that of THE FORT BRAGG MAIL, the best equipped printing plant in Mendocino county, brought us the conviction that every other paper should rejoice, that we have among us the best facilities possible for turning out work on a moments notice, making us all practically independent of aid from San Francisco. You people of the press of Mendocino county, would do well to patronize THE FORT BRAGG MAIL and its giant plant.

when work piles up, on more limited capacities. F. V. Owen, its editor is an affable, able gentleman, and an accession in printing circles and we are glad that he is here.



A propos of some of our political methods, we think they are treating Len Barnard unfairly. The Pudding Creek bridge is a comfortable reality, where once there was only a crying need. Let us "praise the bridge that carries us over." Pine would be better than nothing, but reliable people say it is redwood. As a convenience, it is "a thing of beauty," and will be "a joy forever," to the travelling public.

CONSOLATION.

By O. A. WARD.

(Dedicated to Anna Morrison Reed)

"My Knight," how much the words contain;
 They speak of bright and brilliant scenes
 Too sacred for refrain,
 Of pageant grand in line and march
 And step so firm and true,
 Tho' I knew him not, a comrade still,
 He, who was "My Knight" to you.

I know not what the future realm
 Of light, will bring to me;
 But I feel that when the countless throng,
 With banners high unfurled,
 Move down with mighty tread and shout,
 The streets of the spirit world;
 A Knight of the Temple you will see
 On charger swift and strong,
 For as ritual's teachings tell us here,
 "Your Knight" is riding on,—and on,
 "Your Knight" is riding on.

COMMENTS.

From Saul's Sunday Letter.

We have before us a bouquet of choice periodical literature in the form of a little, artistically printed, monthly magazine yecept THE NORTHERN CROWN, and issued by the Keller Publishing Co., of Ukiah,—while the "rare and radiant" literary flowers, full of that essence of refreshment and brain-elixir which so charms the mind of those who appreciate good reading, are from the mental garden—a fertile spot,—of Anna Morrison Reed. There are numbers one, two, three, four and five upon our table. All have been carefully read, and but now laid down . . .

Like lotus leaves, their perusal has, for the moment, carried us in imagination over the California Northwestern Railway (which in itself is a treat, even in imagination), into the picturesque territory of this pretty magazine's home—superb Mendocino county. There, we wander along silvery streams, in quiet solitudes—"away from the maddening crowd," amid brilliant, blushing flowers and nodding ferns, as the soft winds play about their stems, or watch the circling movements of yon great bird in the azure sky as he, perhaps, watches the steps of some lost sheep in the brush of yonder canyon.

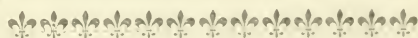
Anon, to loiter through the grand groves of stately redwood or aromatic pine, or stop, with breath suppressed, to watch a startled deer bound through the slyven glade and disappear among the red trunked manzanita that grows on the purple-veiled mountain side . . . But we awake, to wonder "how in the world" a journal of THE NORTHERN CROWN's high literary tone and mechanical perfection expects to live so far away from the center of appreciation of such things? However, we wish it a long life.

From The Fort Bragg Mail.

The September number of THE NORTHERN CROWN, is just at hand. Besides the usual good literary matter, there are a number of fine engravings—notably those illustrating hunting and fishing scenes in Mendocino county. A poem entitled "My Knight," and a sketch, "An Unique Character," both by the editor, Anna Morrison Reed, and both illustrated, are fine literary productions. If you are not a subscriber, you ought to be. Mrs. Reed merits success.

From The Fort Bragg Advocate.

Mrs. Anna Morrison Reed arrived in town Saturday evening in the interests of her bright newsy magazine, THE NORTHERN CROWN, published at Ukiah. It should find its way to every household in the county.



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For Humanity

An Endowment Fund for Children

BY ANNA MORRISON REED

Humanity is prone to lament its condition rather than to suggest relief.

Forethought and common sense can prevent much misery and all ordinary hardship. In nothing else are people so lax, as in providing for the future of the young. Yet every child has a right to simple justice from those who are responsible for its being, and is entitled to a fair start in the race of existence.

Even the good book tells us that he who provides not for his household is worse than an infidel. Often children born to affluence, by the illfortune, bad management and lack of judgment of their parents, find themselves at the threshold of man and womanhood, with little education, no trade or profession and no capital to face the problem of living.

For their protection—that children may be better and more securely born, I here submit a plan for the thoughtful consideration of people of good will, combining all the virtues of both tax and insurance without any of their objectionable features.

Tax is certainly necessary to provide funds for the expense of the government, but it is not a cheerful thing for the masses to know that there is little or no actual return for money often wrung from their necessities, and that much of such revenue goes to the "boodler" and the political "papsucker."

Insurance puts a premium on accident and death—not always a wise thing to do—but a premium on life is the most humane measure possible and would do much to lay the specter of race-suicide now haunting the feast of national affairs.

A child at the moment of birth is the most helpless of all known organisms—type of absolute dependence and innocence. Its advent should be welcome, and its future provided for, that it may enter fully equipped, the second battle for life, in this world.

First. Children should be better born—their physical, moral and mental organizations unwarped by the hardship and sorrowing dread of anxious poverty-stricken, overworked mothers; and at a more mature age, the begin-

Political Announcements

FOR ASSEMBLYMAN

W. D. L. HELD

Hereby announces himself as the Regular Republican nominee for the office of Assemblyman from Mendocino county.

FOR SUPERVISOR

A. J. FAIRBANKS

Hereby announces himself as the Regular Republican nominee for Supervisor of Mendocino county from the Third District.

FOR SUPERVISOR

D. H. LAWSON

Hereby announces himself as the Regular Democratic nominee for Supervisor of Mendocino county from the First District.

FOR SUPERVISOR

C. A. BUSH

Hereby announces himself as the Regular Republican nominee for Supervisor of Mendocino county from the Second District.

FOR SUPERVISOR

R. H. RAWLES

Hereby announces himself as the Regular Republican nominee for Supervisor of Mendocino county from the First District.

FOR SUPERVISOR

H. D. ROWE

Hereby announces himself as the Regular Democratic nominee for Supervisor of Mendocino county from the Third District.

FOR SUPERVISOR

M. L. GIBSON

Hereby announces himself as the Regular Democratic nominee for Supervisor of Mendocino county from the Second District.

FOR SUPERVISOR

JOHN FLANAGAN

Hereby announces himself as the Regular Democratic nominee for Supervisor of Mendocino county from the Fourth District.

FOR ASSEMBLYMAN

A. J. BLEDSOE

Hereby announces himself as and independent candidate for the office of Assemblyman from this, the 6th Assembly district.

Excelsior Press Co., For Your Printing.

For Humanity.

ning of practical, everyday life, they should not be hampered by entire lack of means.

Money has become the necessary foundation for success in all human undertakings. And until conditions improve finance is the most vital question of earthly existence.

I suggest that a fund be created, of which the state shall be the custodian, by the payment to the state at the birth of every child, of the sum of \$5 or more, as expediency and legislation shall fix.

The birth of each child being registered, and a certificate being issued to be kept as proof of identity and a legal claim upon a pro rata of the fund.

Upon the arrival of the boy or girl at legal age, and upon the presentation of such certificate at the proper department of state, such sum to be paid to him or to her as can be equally apportioned under the following conditions:

It is a well known fact that the mortality of children from birth to the age of 7 years is great.

Of 100,000 children born in the first month they are reduced to 90,396, or nearly one-tenth. In the second to 87,963; in the third to 86,175; in the fourth to 84,720; in the fifth to 83,571; in the sixth to 82,526, and by the end of the first year to 77,528. The deaths being 2 to 9. The next four years reduces the 77,528 to 62,448, indicating 37,552 deaths before the completion of the fifth year.

Each death would add a portion to the sum due the survivors, the state being the guardian of the fund and controlling all money paid in for at least eighteen years, could so manipulate it by legitimate methods that it would be a constantly growing and increasing capital. And no doubt often endowed by the fortunes of people of the true American spirit who realize that it is much better to place the young man or woman, at majority, upon the dignified plane of independent citizenship with capital to take up any chosen vocation or profession than to allow them to suffer the humiliation of poverty and its attendant evils—and extreme poverty is degrading and responsible for all misery and much crime.

The measure proposed here and perfected by thought, suggestion and legislation would give to young Californians

the dignity and safety of moderate means, keep them from hopeless toil and quell the gambling spirit, which has cursed too many young lives.

Under the benign influence of this perfected plan, the lives of children would have a value, and so an added protection, even under the sordid conditions of the present selfishness and greed, of one class, and the sorrow and penury of another. All children would be more welcome and their future more assured. For the perfection of this measure I invite an intelligent criticism and an honest agitation, and invoke the help of our legislators.

Personally advocating it through this publication until something is accomplished.

For Supervisor

Leonard Barnard

Hereby announces himself as the Regular Republican Nominee for Supervisor from the 4th district.

FOR ASSEMBLYMAN

F. M. WEGER

Hereby announces himself as the Regular Democratic nominee for the office of Assemblyman from this, the 6th Assembly District.

FOR CONGRESS

DUNCAN E. MCKINLAY

Hereby announces himself as the Regular Republican nominee for the office of Congressman from the 2d Congressional District.

FOR ASSEMBLYMAN


CHAS. O. DUNBAR

Hereby announces himself as the Regular Democratic nominee for the office of Assemblyman from the 14th Assembly District.

FOR CONGRESS


THEO. A. BELL

Hereby announces himself as the Regular Democratic nominee for the office of Congressman from the 2d Congressional District.



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