

VOTE "NO" ON BOTH PROHIBITION AMENDMENTS

# The NORTHERN CROWN



Per Copy  
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Per Year  
\$1.00

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ANNA MORRISON REED.

Editor and Proprietor

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UKIAH

MENDOCINO COUNTY

CALIFORNIA

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# THE NORTHERN CROWN

ANNA MORRISON REED, PROPRIETOR

“Entered as second-class matter August 9, 1916, at the post office at Ukiah, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879.”



**A** 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 presenta-  
tion of the topics of the day, and a set-  
ting forth of truth for the defense, relief  
and benefit of the people : : : : :

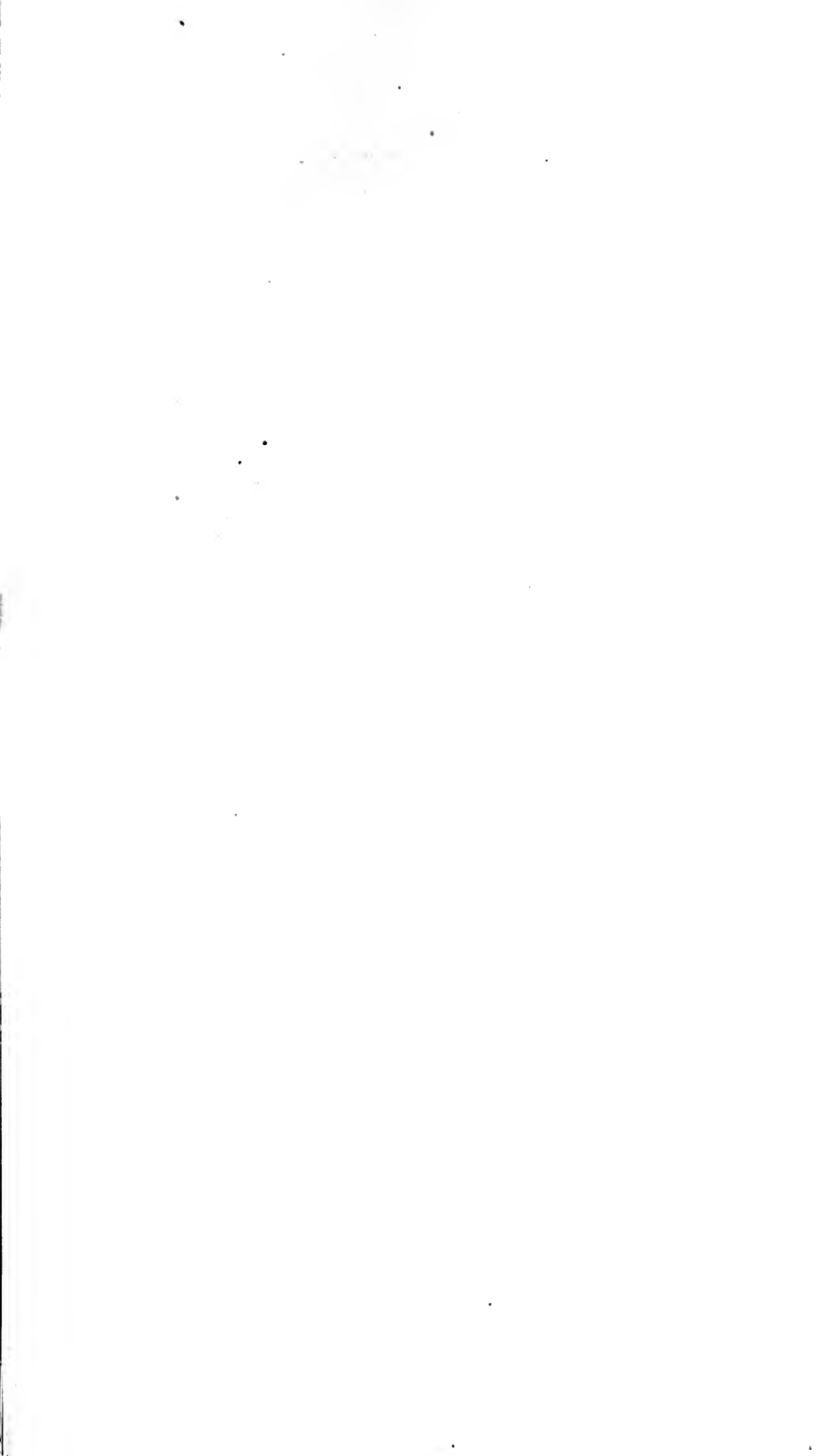


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# Don't Drop the Pilot

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THE Anti-Saloon League is asking you to drop the pilot. It is asking you to dispense with the system of license and regulation under which California has grown and prospered, and to substitute therefor the always unsuccessful experiment of prohibition.

Maine dropped the pilot sixty years ago and the name of its largest city has become a byword for drunkenness.

Kansas dropped the pilot with the result that Kansas has become the freak state, where fanatical legislation and unspeakable dives thrive—with equal luxuriance.

Tennessee dropped the pilot and Memphis, its principal city, leads the United States in homicides.

West Virginia fell into the power of the Anti-Saloon League and dropped the pilot with the result that its property owners are now paying the highest tax rate in the history of the state.

Our neighbor, Oregon, dropped the pilot and at the same time dropped her share of the prosperity which has visited the rest of the Pacific Coast. During the first four months of prohibition in Oregon the Bank clearings showed a decrease in comparison for the same period in 1915. During the same period California clearings showed an increase of 19.3 per cent.

Every state that has dropped the pilot has suffered for it—suffered in decreased revenues, decreased prosperity, an increase in the disrespect for and evasion of laws—and in most cases an increase in the intemperate use of strong drink.

**California is doing well enough---doing very much better than her prohibition neighbors. Don't drop the pilot!**

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San Francisco, California

# C. HOFMAN CO.

. . . Department Store . . .

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DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, SHOES, GROCERIES

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## Pitt's Drug Store



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Prescriptions Compounded*

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Telephone 282

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California

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Work Called for and Delivered

## Ukiah Cleaners and Dyers

C. A. OAKLEY, Manager

Fancy French Dry Cleaning and Dyeing

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Ukiah, California

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# Northwestern Redwood Company

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## Donohoe & Ganter

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UKIAH, CALIFORNIA

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Ukiah, Cal.

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UKIAH, CALIFORNIA

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RATES: \$1.50 to \$2.50 per day

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ALL TRAINS AND BOATS. UP TO DATE ACCOMMODATIONS  
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at ONE-HALF CENT Per Pound.....

Ukiah

Mendocino County

California

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Phone Kearny 62

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THE HOME BEER

240 Second Street San Francisco, Cal.

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FRED STAUDE, President      Wm. BRODERSEN, Vice-Pres. and Sec'y

“ A treat that can't be beat ”

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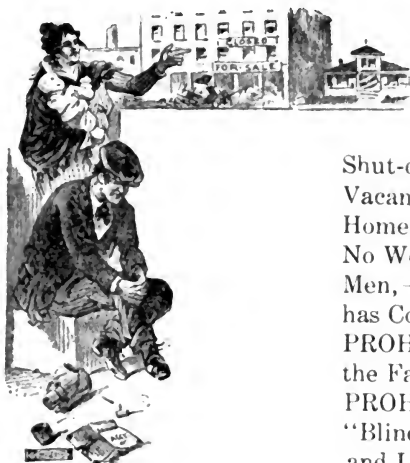
Wichman, Lutgen & Company

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# RESULTS OF PROHIBITION! !



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Men, —“PROHIBITION”  
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PROHIBITION Curtails  
the Farmers’ Grain Market.  
PROHIBITION Breeds  
“Blind Tigers,” “ Speak Easies”  
and Low Dives!

## THESE ARE FACTS

Do you wish to be guilty of such Wrongs against  
Your Fellowmen

## THINK IT OVER!

You will be Convinced that PROHIBITION is a MENACE  
to the COUNTRY

## VOTE AND WORK AGAINST PROHIBITION

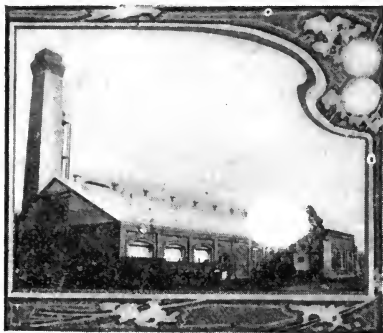
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Prohibition will destroy the Wine Industry! It will destroy the  
Brewing Industry, and throw Thousands of our Members  
Out of Work

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INTERNATIONAL UNION of UNITED  
BREWERY WORKMEN of AMERICA

# THE WESTERN REFRIGERATING COMPANY



JAS. B. BURDELL, Pres.  
J. EARLY, Sec'ty and Mgr.

Wholesale Dealers In

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CHEESE, CREAM,  
MILK and ICE

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MANUFACTURERS OF DISTILLED WATER ICE

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Always for the High-Class Attraction in Opera, Drama,  
Comedy, Concert, Etc.

Under the Management of J. A. McNear Jr.





Northern California Redwoods.

# The Northern Crown

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

VOL. VI.

UKIAH, CAL., SEPTEMBER 1916

NO. 10

## THE TREND OF CIVILIZATION

By the late 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 echos 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 letters westward; it may

be an interminable round as the "centuries flit by like shadows into the past," but nevertheless 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 glamour 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 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 marvelous and ambitious project of Jaun 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 Greek, 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 marvelous 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 upbuilding 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 unparalleled in their productivity, and our climate, mild and balmy, the atmosphere filled with ozone 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 framing.—From THE NORTHERN  
 would be too large a picture for one CROWN, August 1904.

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## Mothers of Men

By Henry Cabot Lodge

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Weep, mothers of men!  
 The toil of body and ache of brain,  
 The sweat of life at the end prove  
 vain;  
 Your children leave you to dare  
 the strain,  
 Your children return to you alien—  
 Weep, mothers of men!

The hands of the world are strong  
 to take  
 The lives ye bear for the world's  
 sole sake,  
 To try their souls till they bend or  
 break;  
 Your children vanish from out your  
 ken---  
 Weep, mothers of men!

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## A BREATH OF NIGHT

By May S. Greenwood

---

In the night all tense with stars  
 I dream of you.  
 There are clouds across the sky  
 And the silver of the moon  
 Is gleaming through.  
 Flowing where the forests sleep  
 Breathes the river broad and deep  
 And upon its breast afar  
 Faints the shadow of a star;  
 O'er the radiance of the moon  
 Clouds are shadowed, drifting on,  
 And her magic light is lost  
 With this memory of you

# The Prohibition Amendments

"True civil liberty depends on the safety of property," said Napoleon. And Ingersol has expressed a sentiment as broad and noble, when he wrote:

"There is but one excuse for government—the preservation of liberty, to the end that man may be happy, and while I live, I will do what little I can to preserve and to augment the liberties of man, woman and child."

The liberty, the property and happiness of the people of California, are threatened by the vicious amendments to the state constitution, that will be voted upon on the 7th of November. To the ordinary voter they are misleading, therefore they are presented in full in this article.

That the readers of THE NORTHERN CROWN, may be informed as to their actual meaning, and effect if carried at the coming election.

Two drastic amendments to the State Constitution will be placed before the voters of California at the general election on November 7. They are to be known as Propositions No. 1 and No. 2 on the ballot.

## Proposition No. 1.

The first amendment provides for TOTAL PROHIBITION, to go into effect January 1, 1920. If this amendment is adopted, it would force California to brand as out-laws the owners of 170,000 acres of wine grapes.

And yet, for sixty years the State has fostered and protected the wine industry; it has been instrumental in inducing thousands of people

from abroad to reclaim its hillsides; it has peopled our valleys and mountain slopes with men and women of thrifty and temperate habits, and has accorded to them an equal place among the foremost citizens of the land.

The four years' period of grace given our growers to pull up their wine grapes and plant something else is a hollow concession, for much of the land used for viticulture is reclaimed hillsides and desert wastes, where nothing but the vine will grow without irrigation.

It is unthinkable that the voters of the great State of California will lend themselves to such a confiscation.

This prohibitive amendment would make any person liable to a fine of \$1,000, a year's imprisonment, or both, for offering, in his own home, a glass of light wine to any guest or visitor; and as the Sacramento "Bee" pointed out in 1914, when a similar measure was submitted to the voters: "It would plunge the State into an endless turmoil of law-breaking, boot-legging, spying, prosecution, perjury, secret drinking of vile liquor, body and soul destroying drug habits, and many other evils such as long have cursed every other State where prohibition has been attempted such as continue in Maine down to the present day, despite the most drastic prohibitory law-breaking and pretense of enforcement for a long period."

## Proposition No. 2.

The Anti-Saloon League leaders

will tell the voters:

"All right, if you don't want total prohibition, vote for our compromise amendment, which exempts the wine industry."

Let us see if it really does. Section 1 of this amendment says:

"After January 1, 1918, no alcoholic liquor shall be kept, given away or sold in any saloon, dramshop, dive, STORE, HOTEL, RESTAURANT, CAFE, CLUB, dance hall or other place of public resort, except in a pharmacy or on the premises where such liquor is manufactured; nor shall any such liquor be sold or given away on or in any street, alley, park or public place."

*This means that no Hôtel, Restaurant or Cafe could serve California Wine with meals.*

*No Commercial Body, Fraternal Organization, or Individual giving a public banquet at a place of public resort could offer wine to guests.*

*No club could serve wine to its members.*

*No Summer Resort could offer or give away wine to its patrons.*

*No Grocery Store or Family Liquor Store could sell wine in sealed packages not to be consumed on the premises, and*

*the Wholesaler would be eliminated.*

*No Winery could conduct a retail business under this amendment.*

It would be impossible to solicit orders throughout the State; to deliver wine to customers at the place of manufacture; to permit anyone to sample wines on the premises, or to sell less than two gallons.

We want to warn the voters of California that this amendment is unfair, because it cuts off practically every avenue of distribution in California, and discredits our wines, when we tell visitors they should drink them in the East, but not here where they are produced

The campaign for Prohibition is a campaign of misrepresentation, of false statistics of misquotations from the old Testament, and no quotations from the New Testament, which they let severely alone. And where the "Wandering Boy," and the chronic drunk, are overworked.

We believe the people of California are too intelligent, to be "hoodwinked" by such methods, and that they will brand the two proposed amendments, that we have quoted as UNFAIR, and UN-AMERICAN, and "shelve them," with the Blue Laws that disgraced the early history of our government.

\* \* \*

It's worry, not work, which shortens life.

\* \* \*

Poor health is expensive.

# THE WALTZ

By Anna M. Morrison

LINGERING and sweet, dreamy and  
sad,

Thrilling the tide of the heart,  
Sweet sound of violin, soft tone of flute,  
Will this charm ever depart?

List to the tread measured by feet,  
Straying away into wrong—  
Hearts that are heavy—steps that are  
light,  
Misery—glitter and song.

Hold me my darling once more in your  
arms,  
Close once again to your heart—  
Innocence—crime—poverty—wealth  
Whirl as the moments depart.

Let us forget in this wildering maze,  
Life holds but sorrow and sin,  
Let us forget that the future is dark,  
Shadowed by "what might have been"

No touch of cheek, fond lip, or hand—  
We have been so long apart,  
Passionate dream in the maze of the waltz,  
Why must the moments depart?

Dreamy and sad, lingering and sweet—  
Blest by your touch I defy  
The world and the barriers that hold us  
apart,  
Here in your arms I could die.

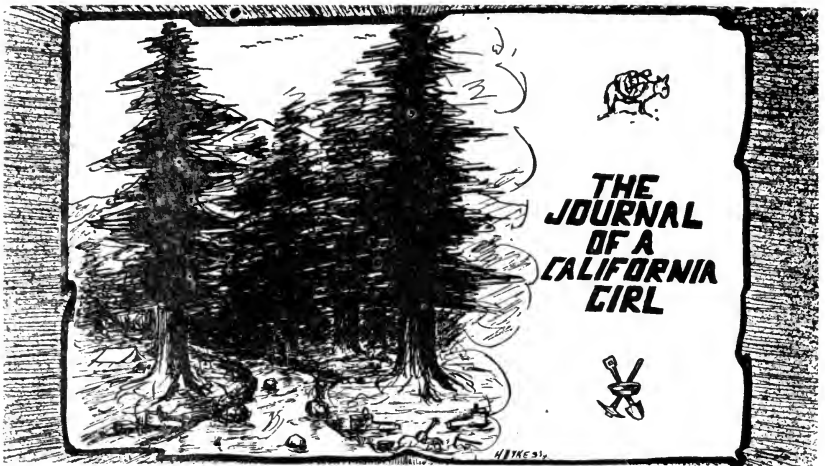
Cruel—how cruel the weaving of fate—  
A wail, and a sob, and a moan,  
Like wind that blows through the flowers  
on a grave  
Is the flute and violin's tone.

O night, with music, light and perfume,  
Your face like the face in a dream,  
Your presence, blessing my heart like  
a flower,  
Kissed by the moon's kindest beam.

Dreamy and sad, in the maze of the waltz,  
When—when again shall we meet?  
The charm of the wonderful dream of  
our lives,  
Like the music, is lingering and sweet.

Like the restless ebb and the flow of a tide  
It throbs to each throb of my heart,  
And the spell of the dream, nevermore  
will it cease,  
Though the moments so quickly de-  
part.

Oroville, March 1868.



Continued from last Issue

Colusa, Monday, June 6, 1870. Came to Colusa today. Met General Houghton in the stage coming over. The first time I had seen him since I went to school in Sacramento. His residence was next door to Dr. Haswell's where I boarded. He was surprised to learn that I was lecturing, and as he could not remain in Colusa long enough to hear me, he contributed \$5.00 anyway. I did not like to take it but he insisted, as he wished me to succeed, and earn the money to get back to school and finish my education. Yes and I are staying at the Colusa House, kept by Mr. and Mrs. French.

Tuesday, June 7th. On the stage coming over from Marysville, there was a Mr. Clayburg, who is a merchant. He seemed very much interested in me. He called today, and asked me to go buggy riding, but I refused, as I know nothing about him, and I was busy, getting ready for the evening. Lectured tonight in the Court House to a good audience. My collection was \$19.25, which with General Houghton's five, gave me \$24.25 for the evening.

Wednesday, June 8th. Went to see Gussie Morris my old school mate of Wyandotte days. She is now Mrs. Ed Jones—well; she had time to get married, and is much older than I am anyway. She was glad but surprised to see me, and learn that I am lecturing. Seeing her has wakened many memories of my early days at Wyandotte. I have been thinking of Emmeline and George, and poor Lee, whom I feel I shall not see again. Lectured again in the Court House this evening to a fine audience. My collection was \$20.50.

Thursday, June 9th. We are to go to Princeton today. Mr. J. has called three times, also Mr. C. and J. twice since we have been in Colusa, I have had many other callers, and have made many pleasant acquaintances.

Friday, June 10, 1870. Am at Princeton, Colusa County. Lectured tonight in Jackson's Hall to a good audience. Was introduced by Mr. John Boggs, to whom I brought a letter of introduction. My collection was \$11.50.

Saturday. Lectured again at the same place this evening. My col-

lection was \$10.50.

Sunday, June 12th. Ves and I started by boat for Chico. Was introduced to the captian a nice, pleasant man. It is a beautiful night. Will not arrive at Chico until morning.

Monday. Arrived at the Chico landing a 7 o'clock a. m. The trip up the moonlit river was delightful. The Sacramento is a beautiful stream running through vine draped trees and flowering shrubs and green foliage of almost tropical luxuriance. Judge Hallet was at the landing with a carriage, to take us to town which is quite a distance away. We are stopping at the Union Hotel, kept by B. F. Allen. Capt. De Haven has called, also Mr. Waterland to learn particulars, and announce, and arrange for my lecture here.

Tuesday. Have written letters and entertained company all day. Also called on Mrs. Snow, who used to live at Wyandotte.

Wednesday. Capt. DeHaven, the Rev. Mr. Burroughs, Mr. Waterland, Dr. Barnes and Etta Simmonds the step-daughter of my cousin, William Le Fevre, called today. I lectured tonight to a crammed house. My collection was \$20.50.

Thursday. Have written many letters today, and met a great number of callers.

Friday, June 17, 1870. O, this day—it is an anniversary of the soul—of all others the sweetest to me. It brings memories too pure and tender for this world. Of Rose and Jasmine blooms, the wild dove's note of sorrow, the dream of a perfect summer, that I shall not know again. I could not live, only that

duty has clasped my hand, and will not let me go, but turns my steps in more unselfish ways.

Dr. Barnes called again, and introduced Pres Longley, the "Bard of Butte"—poet and miner, whose writings I have often read and admired. He is a man of refinement, culture and worth, and possesses a nature very rich in understanding. He is going to write in my autograph album, which he carried away with him, but will return tomorrow.

I lectured tonight to a fine audience. Collection \$19.37½ cents.

Saturday, June 18, 1870. Pres Longley called this morning, and brought back my autograph album with a sentiment and poem, inscribed to me. This is the sentiment: "Come Anna Dear, O, come to me That I thy beauteous form may see, And let thy spirit's love entwine, Its sweetest memories with mine."

Chico, June 17, 1870.

"Pres"

The poem I appreciate very much and am glad that I inspire such things.

TO ANNA

"There's a picture on my vision,  
A sweet enchanting face,  
A beauty lovely and refined,  
A charm of purest grace.  
There's a spirit in that picture,  
With a wild and witching spell,  
Which thrills my lonely soul with  
thoughts,  
That language cannot tell.  
And I love her—O, so strangely,  
With a spirit's sweet desire—  
For every thought she utters,  
Is a spark of mental fire.  
And where so e're she wanders,  
My thoughts will surely go,

And whisper words of love to her,  
No other heart shall know."

June 17, 1870

"Pres"

Dr. Barnes called again, and Etta came to take me down to see cousin William and Mary.

This evening the Worthy Patriarch of the Sons and Daughters of Temperance, sent for me, and I visited the Division, and spoke to the members briefly. Collection \$2.50. At eleven o'clock at night we started for Tehama, Charley McConnell helped me into the stage. It was the first time I had seen him since I left Oroville. There were nine passengers inside the stage. We travelled all night.

Tehama, Sunday, June 19, 1870. Arrived here this morning. Charlie Harvey, who was present when I gave my first lecture here, called to see me, and introduced a Mr. Lee, and a Mr. Weitemeyer.

I lectured tonight at the school house to a large audience. I was introduced by Mr. Weitemeyer. My collection was \$13.50.

Monday, June 20th., 1870. Frank Thompson came over today, from Covelo, Mendocino County, where he now lives. We had a long talk over old times, and school days at Wyandotte. Mr. Harvey called again, and I lectured in the school house in the evening. Collection \$10.50. After the lecture Mr. Kemble and a gentleman from San Francisco came up into the parlor and I concluded to wait and go up to Red Bluff on the boat, instead of by stage. Mr. Kemble had left the boat, and walked five miles, as they were having some trouble over snags and low water. He expected

that the boat would reach Tehama about eleven o'clock, but we waited for it until one a. m., but it did not come.

Tuesday, June 21th. The boat arrived at 6 a. m. and we went aboard. Reached Red Bluff at 4 p. m. General Roley called and introduced himself. He is a leading citizen here, and had heard of me, and was much interested and offered to do anything in his power to make my stay pleasant and successful. Charlie Woodman, who lived at Enterprise, when I was a little girl, also called. I have made arrangements to lecture.

Wednesday. Lectured this evening in Smith's Hall, to a good audience. Collection \$10.00.

Thursday. Lectured again at same place. Collection \$9.50

Shasta, Friday June 24. Came by stage to to this place. Met and was introduced to Doctor Simms of New York, the great phrenologist, who is lecturing here. I attended Dr. Simm's lecture tonight, it was most instructive and entertaining. After the lecture, went to the Masonic banquet. Met Sadie Pelham whom I had known before. Had a very pleasant time. Danced a few quadrilles. Was introduced to many of the leading families here. Have made arrangements to lecture on Sunday evening.

Saturday. Many nice people called today. Attended Dr. Simm's lecture this evening.

Sunday, June 26th. Mr. Chauncy an English gentleman that I have met here, invited Ves and I to visit the Indian camp, where they are having a Fandango. It was picturesque and amusing, but no



novelty to me, for I have seen Indians and their customs all my life. After we returned we went to Sunday school, which no doubt would have seemed as amusing to the Indians. I lectured in the evening to an overflowing house, gallery and main hall both crowded. Collection \$33.25.

Monday, June 27th. Came to Weaverville, Trinity County, by stage today. Had a fine trip over the mountains, grand scenery and perfect atmosphere, clear and bracing, with white clouds drifting here and there, like billows of snow against the deep blue sky. It was one of the days that live like a

picture in ones memory. Some interesting and entertaining people aboard, especially a Mr. S. W. Ravelly of San Francisco, who kept us laughing at his wit and stories all along the way. Got into Weaverville at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, having traveled over the most picturesque road that I have seen in the state. I feel that this part of California, has a great future.

Thursday, June 28, 1870. Lectured at the theatre in Weaverville tonight to a crammed, jammed audience—was introduced by E. P. Lovejoy, editor of the "Trinity Journal." My collection for the evening was \$50.50.

## God and Man's Land

By Grover C. McGimsey



HERE'S a place a-way out yonder  
'Neath the soft, eternal hills  
Where a man can rest in comfort and  
in ease;

Where a man can watch the wild flowers  
Springing from the grass-grown glades,  
And can scent the rose and lilac on the  
breeze.

Where a man can find his heaven  
In the study of a leaf;  
And his worship in the stillness of the day;  
For its God and man's land, "Pardner,"  
There along the river's bend  
Where you see the blue sky blending into  
gray;

God and man's land, where the ripple  
And the tossing of the grain,  
Brings back memories of childhood,  
And the warmth of tears again.

# THE OLD ADOBE

## Petaluma's Historic Landmark

By Anna M. Reed

Reproduced from the Northern Crown of June 1911. by request of Petaluma Parlor, No. 27., N. S. G. W.

Through the generosity of William J. A. Bliss, a professor in the university of Baltimore, Maryland, the Old Adobe, which stands at the base of the foothills east of Petaluma, was recently deeded to the local parlor of the Native Sons of the Golden West, in memory of his father, Hon. David Bliss. The land included in the deed is about five acres in extent, and is beautifully situated upon an elevation overlooking the valley and city of Petaluma.

It was given with the understanding that it would be restored and preserved for all time, the property to be forever held by Petaluma Parlor, No. 27, N. S. G. W.

It has been more than a year since the Native Sons took up the matter of securing the Old Adobe. The lodge left the matter entirely in the hands of W. H. Early, and it is due to him probably more than to any other man, that the gift was secured.

The Adobe, although never actually a fort, was provided with means of defense. General M. G. Vallejo, who built the Adobe, never built but one actual fort north of the bay of San Francisco, and that was the barracks in Old Sonoma, where the Bear Flag was hoisted, commonly called the "Quartel" upon which he worked with his own hands.

He is certainly the best authority on the oft-disputed question as to when the Adobe was built, and the following letter written to Miss Denman of Petaluma, in 1889, gives the facts:

Sonoma, May 16, 1889.

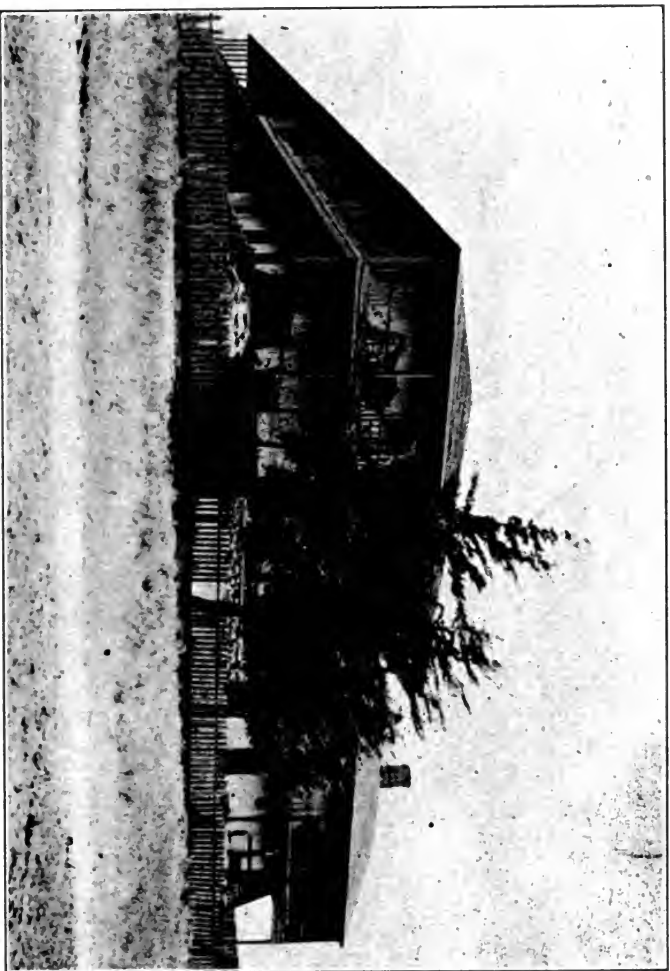
Dear Miss Denman: Your letter of the 13th inst., reached me in safety, and at your request I will narrate some of the interesting facts concerning the Old Adobe, three or four miles east of Petaluma.

I built the house in 1834 to 1844, and it was of immense proportions, owing to the different departments for factories and warehouses.

I made blankets enough to supply over 2,000 Indians; also carpets and a coarse material used by them for their wearing apparel. A large tannery also, where we manufactured shoes for the troops and vaqueros. Also a blacksmith shop for making saddles, bridles, spurs and many other things required by the horsemen.

I have a blanket still in my possession made there, and although in constant use, it is in perfect condition.

My harvest productions were so large that my storehouses were literally over-filled every year. In 1843 my wheat and barley crop amounted to 72,000 Spanish bushels



The "Old Adobe" Founded 1834. The only Landmark owned by a Local Parlor of Native Sons.



(a "fanega" or Spanish bushel is equal to one and one-half of our bushels) and my ploughmen were but 200 men. Corn about 5,000 Spanish bushels, besides a superabundance of all grains for daily use, such as beans, peas, lentils and vegetables of all kinds.

All these products were stored in different departments of this large house, besides giving freely to the Indians who lived in the surrounding country in peace with me. A large number of hides were preserved every year, also tallow, lard, and dried meat to sell to the "Yankees."

In one wing of my house, upstairs I lived with my family when in Petaluma. The south front was 250 feet long, and the building formed a large square, the house having an immense courtyard inside where every morning the laborers met and called the roll before dispersing for their various occupations.

The house was two stories high and very solid, made of adobe and timber, brought by oxen from the redwoods, and prepared for use by the old fashioned saw, by four Kanakas, (my servants) brought from the Sandwich Islands by Captain Cooper, my brother-in-law. It had wide corridors inside and outside, some of which were carpeted by our own make of carpets.

Mr. Fowler, father of Mr. Henry Fowler of Napa, was the last carpenter who worked at my old house. I sold it to Mr. White about twenty years ago for \$25,000. It was never attacked by the Indians.

When I was taken prisoner by the Bear Flag party, this house was filled with what I have already men-

tioned, and they disposed of everything.

The meaning of the word "Petaluma" signifies in the Indian language "a beautiful panorama seen in the great declivity from all points."

Hoping that this reaches you in time, and will give you a full detail of the old adobe, is the sincere wish of yours very truly,

M. G. Vallejo.

General Vallejo made his winter home at Sonoma, which afforded a touch of social life, but in the summer the general took possession of his home on the big rancho, whose broad acres stretched westward to the sea; and the Old Adobe was then filled with activity and life. Here the first schools of industry for the State of California were founded, and the Mexicans and Indians were taught the crafts and skill.

The Old Adobe occupies a unique place in our history and should be made a resort, and become a source of revenue to its owners, and as the most unique landmark in California, secure a world-wide fame. Let it be restored and beautified, the enclosed square that was once a fortification for defense can be made a garden of exceeding beauty, with driveways wide enough to accommodate automobiles and other vehicles.

The verandas should be repaired and every foot of them preserved, and floored for dancing and dining, and a resort opened under careful, capable, management, where all through the year guests from all parts of the world could be entertained with a glimpse in-

to the very earliest days and customs of California.

Only Spanish and Mexican dishes should be served, and to the tinkle of fountains and guitars the fandango should be danced and sung.

It is the only landmark that could be so used. No one would wish to dance and sing in the holy missions, held so sacred by many. But at the Old Adobe such would be but the revival of its former uses. The Native Sons of Petaluma have a treasure in this old landmark, and an attraction that could be made self supporting and beautiful, and bring many pilgrims to this historic shrine.

“None are so poor as they who

know the price of everything, the value of nothing.”

So wrote one whose exquisite genius was equalled only by the unspeakable tragedy of his life.

The Old Adobe converted into a resort and museum, will attract visitors from all over the world. Strange as the statement may seem, there is nothing so valuable to a country in the way of attractions as its ruins, for this selfish, cold, old world still loves historical romance enough, to cling to every visible link that reaches to the past, and to immortalize every land mark of the Golden West, with the best in song and story.

When you plant at the “Old Adobe,”  
 To blossom in sunshine and rain,  
 Rare flowers from the choicest gardens,  
 Plant also the roses of Spain.

The sweet Castilian roses,  
 That many a maiden fair,  
 In the days of the “Idle Forties”  
 Twined in her fragrant hair.

Or threw to the favored lover,  
 Who sang to his sweet guitar,  
 Under the latticed window,  
 In radiance of moon and star.

From those far days to the present,  
 The perfume filters down,  
 And the breath of its incense touches  
 The life of the sordid town.

And calls to a place of romance,  
 That lives in our dreams again,  
 And we pause in the strife and turmoil,  
 To plant the roses of Spain.

# EDITORIAL

BY ANNA M. 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.

We reproduce by request of the Native Son's Parlor at Petaluma the article written by us on the Old Adobe, in June 1911.

The local Parlor of Native Sons at Petaluma have a treasure in the Old Adobe, as it is a historical, and visible link to the past, and the early adventurous days of California. It is fast becoming Petaluma's greatest point of interest to the tourist, and justifies all that we said of it five years ago.

One of the prettiests tributes ever paid an American singer was at the Panama California International Exposition at San Diego July 23, 1916, when Madame Bernice de Pasquali sang to an outdoor audience of 12,000 persons at the famous pipe organ. For an hour and a half the famous coloratura soprano held the audience and playing the “Star Spangled Banner” by Tommasino's Royal Italian band, which is the Exposition's unfailling motion to adjourn, was necessary to stop the applause of the audience.

The program offered by Madame Pasquali was the most varied ever given on the Exposition grounds and the accompaniments included piano, pipe organ, violin, flute and band.

Upon this occasion, the songs of “Lawrence Zenda” (Mrs. W. E. Travis) were sung, as Madame Bernice de Pasquali is the eminent Prima Donna who is introducing them into the musical world. “In The Mountains,” which is considered one of the best compositions by a California composer, and is contained in “Lawrence Zenda's” last book, was demanded on a second and third encore, at San Diego, when it was given expression, and interpretation by Madame Pasquali's wonderful voice.

Sherman, Clay & Co. have the exclusive right to the sale of Lawrence Zenda's songs on this coast.

"THE HEART OF THE HILLS AND OTHER POEMS," by Grover C. McGimsey, will soon leave the press of the NORTHERN CROWN PUBLISHING Co., in book form. They are a remarkable collection, from one of California's youngest writers, combining a touch of the genius of James Whitcomb Riley, and Will Carleton, but in many lines superior to either.

Mendocino County should meet this production with substantial appreciation, coming from one who has had only the advantages of any boy in the way of public schools, yet who is taking his place among the writers of the day, in original thought and scholarship.

His book is beautifully and fully illustrated from original designs. The following is from the Ukiah Times, and indicates the welcome that awaits this author's forthcoming book:

"Grover C. McGimsey, whose book THE HEART OF THE HILLS AND OTHER POEMS, is now on the press of the NORTHERN CROWN PUBLISHING COMPANY, has received remarkable encouragement for one so young in the literary world, as witness this letter from George Douglas, book reviewer and critic of the San Francisco Chronicle.

"From time to time I have been privileged to read manuscript poems written by Grover C. McGimsey, and on each occasion have expressed the hope that they would be published in book form, both as a tribute to his muse and as a contribution to our western song. McGimsey has ideas and ideals and the singing quality. There is genuine inspiration in his verse for he seems to look at familiar things in an unfamiliar way and to be able to bring the beauty out of that in which more prosaic people can see nothing but the commonplace. From the earlier to the later compositions there is a marked progress in the mastery of mere technique, but even perfection in this regard is trifling compared with the richness of imagery with which McGimsey is so liberally endowed."

The letter from Mr. Douglas is but one of many received in highest praise and appreciation of his work. These have come from "The Los Angeles Express," "The San Francisco Chronicle," "The San Francisco Bulletin," "The Klamath Falls Northwestern," "The Denver Times," "The Ladies' Home Journal," "Contemporary Verse," "The Sunset Magazine," Edna Poppe Cooper, of Sonoma, author of "The Song of the Wind," and May S. Greenwood of Petaluma, author of the "Mother Pioneers and Other Poems," who has written a remarkably beautiful preface for Mr. McGimsey's book.

The commendation of Mr. McGimsey's work, by Anna Morrison Reed, has already been seen through her publication, "THE



NORTHERN CROWN." Through her and her magazine, both Miss Greenwood and Mrs. Cooper were brought to the notice of the literary world, and their wide success is an acknowledgement of the correctness of her judgment in the highest mission of her publication—the development and encouragement of talent native to California.

Mr. McGimsey's book will be issued about the first of October. It has received the endorsement of the Mendocino county board of education and will no doubt be placed rapidly in all public and private libraries.

The Paul Elder company of San Francisco will take charge of the distribution there.—The Ukiah Times, Aug. 30, 1916.

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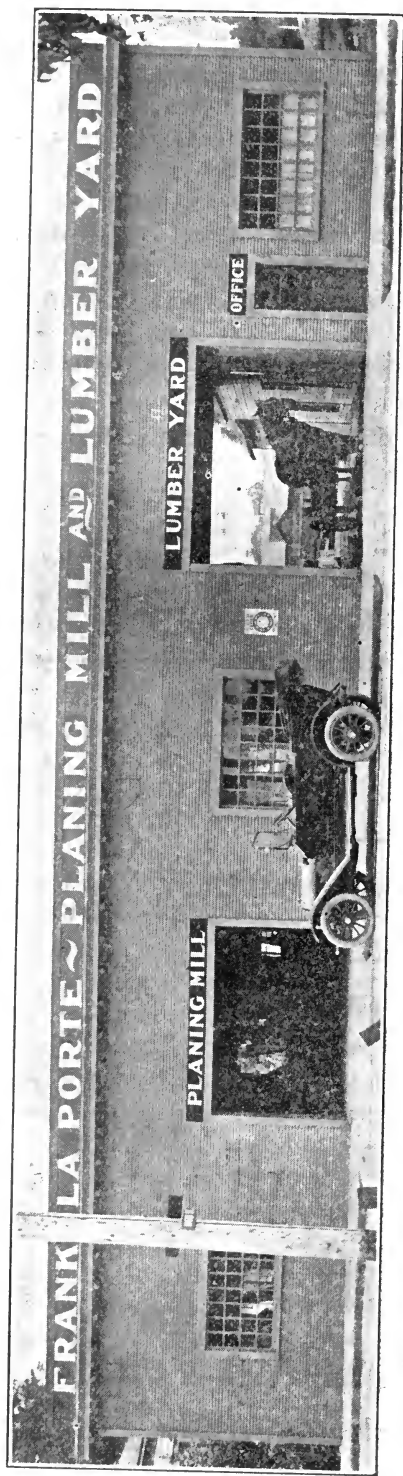
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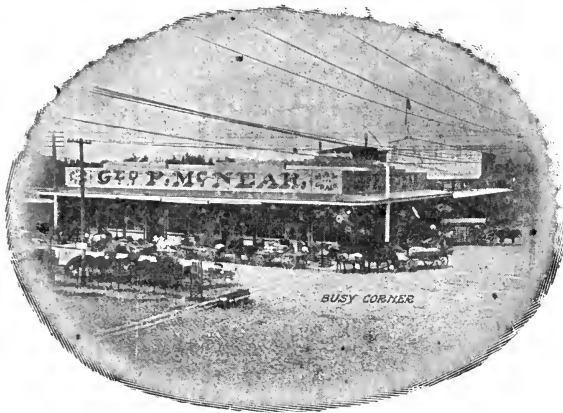
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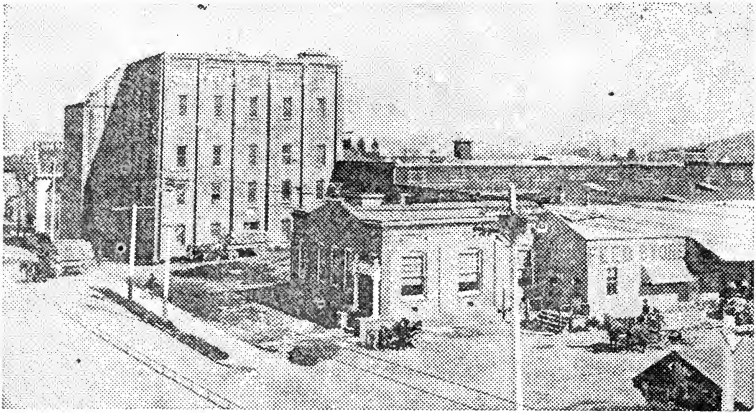
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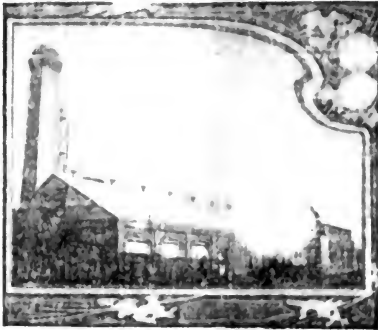
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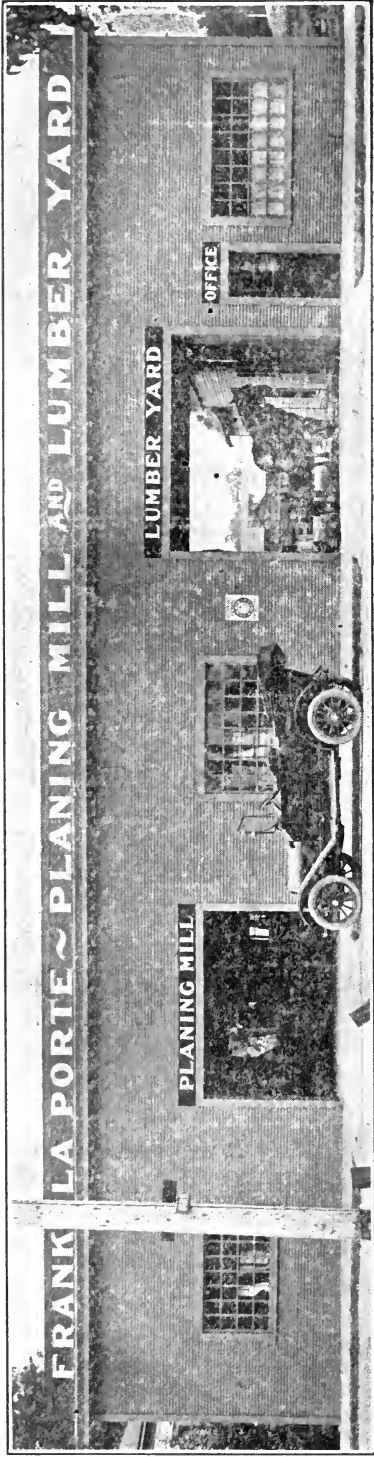
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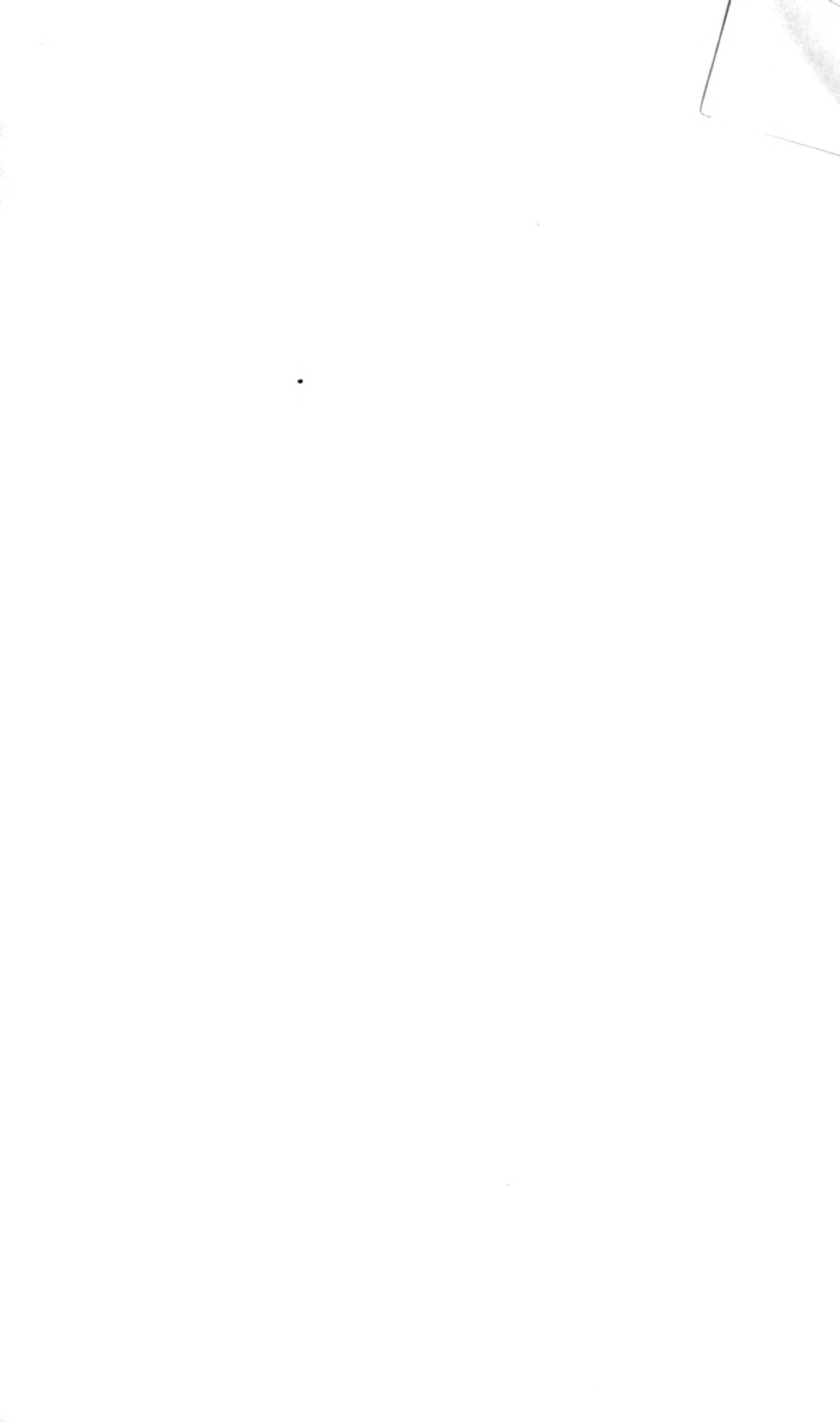
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Primitive Methods of Early Mining Days (Pan, Rocker and Araströ)

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VOL. VI.

UKIAH, CAL., OCTOBER 1916

NO. 11

## Early California Mining and the Argonauts

By the Late Joaquin Miller



THE huge foundation stones of this vast state were, from the first, set in solid gold. As in the building of Solomon's Temple, the silver thereof was not accounted. Indeed, it was more than a dozen years later that the mountains of silver that lay within the lines of California, before she gave Nevada and other territories to the Union, were really discovered. The Spanish engineers had pierced Mexico to the heart, the miners of Spain had followed their veins of silver for miles up and down the Andes, but they never had touched the Sierras. And so the discovery of silver in California was as entirely an American discovery as was that of gold. And the stranger falls to wondering why silver was discovered so much later. Let us explain this. Gold had been washed and worn down from the mountains by centuries of attrition with boulders, gravel and debris, to where it was finally found in the

lower levels of the foot-hills by the farmers and mill hands of General Sutter. Having found these particles of detached gold in this one spot at the base of the California Sierras, they searched and found it in thousands of other similar places, till finally they pursued it up the mountains to its very source and fountain head on the mountain tops. Yet, in all this ardent search they found no silver. A million men came and went, searched the Sierras through, poured out life like water, worked like men never worked before, dug through mountains of silver, so to speak, but still silver remained practically undiscovered.

Yet, particles of silver had been washed and worn down from the mountains by flood and stream for centuries just the same as gold had been washed and worn down. But silver is perishable. It erodes and resolves itself again into the elements that formed it, Diamonds,

all precious stones, perish by flame and attrition; silver rusts and rots; but a particle of gold, even the smallest particle, whatever fortune overtakes it, remains as perfect to the end of time as when it was placed in its rocky bed by the finger of God. And this is the reason why we old miners found gold so readily and followed it to its source in the mountains; and this is the reason why we did not find silver till so many years later, and found it even then only by compulsion. That is, we found gold so mixed and charged with silver that an ounce of "gold" dust which was at first sold for sixteen dollars proved to be worth only seven dollars, the largest part being silver. And great was the lamentation of the miners at the supposed loss. Some of them abandoned their work in despair; others pushed on and pierced the earth deeper, till finally the grosser metal asserted itself almost entirely. And thus was laid bare, almost by accident, the shining silver foundations of a sister state. "Silver hath a vein, but gold the place where they find it."

It is worthy of note that all the gold of California, or rather all the gold mines of California, to be found on the surface, of any great account were found almost at once. This fact strongly attests the valor, the daring, the superhuman endurance of the Argonauts. There was not a single mountain pass that was friendly to their approach. The plains were parched and arid; no maps, no foot-prints or marks of man—only the gleaming snow-peaks to guide them. A grave in the sand in the rear, two graves; three

graves; then the mountains at last, and a shower of poisoned arrows from painted savages to receive the few haggard survivors! Never since the most magnificent conception of the siege of Troy has there been gathered together such a race of heroes as came here by land and by sea in the days of old. Time has leveled the graves of their innumerable dead. Romance has glorified and cast a glamour of mingled pathos and splendor over their fearful daring and self-denial. But the world will never know how many a poor Penelope wove and unwove her twenty years away and looked out with dimmed eyes each day and night for her unreturning wanderer.

California alone was broader in those days than all the storied world of ancient times. The best part of a year was consumed in reaching these shores. Peril and privation began when the journey began. And so it was that cowards did not start, and the weak and faint fell by the way. See what a situation! "In those days there were giants in the land, . . . mighty men of power and renown.' Of such metal were the men who not only conquered an area of the earth larger than the world of ancient times, but pierced the earth to the heart and wrung from her the precious secrets of her bosom. Not a gorge, not a gulch, not a peak was left unexplored. And yet a lingering tradition lay in the minds of some of these restless men in the region of Yreka, beyond Mount Shasta, as late as the season of 1853-4, that a portion of the Modoc was still unprospected. Fremont had met with serious trouble here. On one oc-



casion he had left nearly one-half his detachment buried under some bay trees by the way; and but for Kit Crason neither the daring explorer nor one of his party would have survived the attack of this terrible and warlike tribe. Disaster even more fearful than this had overtaken many a daring party of Argonauts here; and so it came to be believed, from the very peril of it, that not only was the place entirely unprospected but surely rich in gold. A prospecting party was suddenly and secretly formed. It set out at midnight. The best men in Yreka were either of the party, arms in hand, or behind it with money and moral support. The writer, although a lad, because of much experience with Indians was as a great favor let into the secret and permitted to share the perils and prospective fortunes of the bold and excited band. Three days, or rather three nights and the first half of a day, found us in a pleasant pine wood looking down into a deep gulch where water rippled and sang among mossy pebbles that lay at the roots of tiger lilies whose flaming heads tossed level with the shoulders of the tallest man in our party. Surely no wild man, no wild beast even, had ever passed this way. Surely no tame man and this was the all-important thing to us—had ever struck a pick into this virgin lily land.

Guns in hand, our strongest hearted men were stationed behind the pines on the hills round about. The weary mules and horses were tied fast in the thicket of dwarf tamarack hard by. And even the brown nose of one poor old and eloquent

mule, old enough to want to be talkative, was tied as tight as a drum with a buckskin string from one of the men's leggins. And then with whisperings, cautious words of warning, with hope, with fear, but with hope largely dominant, the remainder of us with pick, shovel and pan stole carefully down to the cool, sweet stream and stood half hidden among the glorious wild lilies, looking for a place to begin.

And now let me note this fact—pardon the time and space, but I must write it down. As we go farther along you will know the reason why. The leader of our party among the lilies down there with the pick on his shoulder was a giant in stature and in strength, as I now remember him; the water singing there, the lilies nodding there, the long shadows of the pines pitching away across and up the steep hill beyond, tawny with its carpet of fallen quills, the men, muskets in hand, watching warily above! No one spoke. We waited for the strong man to begin, to make his choice of the spot where first to sink his pick, for so much depends on this; and no man, if the party is experienced in prospecting, ever intrudes a word upon the leader at such a moment. At length the man fixed his eyes on a little spot down the stream, and stepping briskly forward buried his pick to the handle in a place where he did not break a single lily or even disturb or soil the singing water. And that is all there is to say of this silent man, this Argonaut; he did not crush a single flower or disturb a single note in the long, lone melody of the waters, singing only for Him

who divided the waters from the dry land. And there was one there who loved him as a brother for that. And how he wrestled then, and grappled with his work! He took the shovel from the man at hand, as he stood there, knee-deep in the loosened soil, and threw it hastily in a heap high up on the brown leaves on the bank. Then again the pick, and then again the shovel, till he stood breast deep. Then again the pick was buried to the eye. There was a dull, rusty, rasping and sullen sound, as if the man might have struck a coffin lid. He lifted up the pick slowly, held it up, and then with his left hand pushed off and down the long sharp point of the pick, and with that same rusty, dull and rasping sound—an old sardine box! Prospected? Why the place had been pierced full of holes as a Tom Iron. Men had even sat here and placidly eaten sardines; and as said before, vast and savage as the Argonauts first found California, they laid her secrets bare to the core, even before they sat down to rest.

May I record the fact that no man of our party murmured or spoke at all. Swear? Swearing was not as frequent then as now. Those early men, if we except the invasion from the penal colonies of Britain, were gentlemen.

The man with the pick threw down the sardine box, climbed out of the prospect hole, and pick on shoulder, plucking a single lily as he passed and breathing its languid perfume, climbed on up to where the wondering comrades were gathering around the horses preparatory to the return home. I do not now

recall that one word of explanation was given to those on the hill. They read our faces.

One more incident in this account of a single prospecting trip. Although it is but a single adventure, it is one of a thousand, of ten thousand, and ten thousand more not at all dissimilar. As we rode silently and warily back in single file through the long rustling rye grass, a shower of arrows struck us. We saw nothing more, heard nothing more. But one of our party fell dead from his horse, an arrow buried to the feathers in his breast; in fact, the point of the arrow came entirely through and out at the back, doubtless having passed through his heart, for the man never spoke. We carried the body back with us. And this made the first miner's grave in Yreka—the first, so far as I can find out, in all that part of northern California—the grave of the strong man who would not crush a tiger lily nor soil the singing water.

Hear some testimony other than that of rude and primitive writers for those earlier men. Is it because virtue is more picturesque in the convict from the penal colonies, or the unlettered Texan, that boorishness and outlawry have so conspicuous a part in the literature touching those early times? Bear in mind that a very notable proportion of the men of those days came from Harvard and Yale and many other institutions and centres of social advancement. Read the story of those who came to the surface as judges, legislators, governors, United States senators and so on, from swinging a pick in the mines. Let it be written down and never again forgotten

in the deluge of cheap fiction, that the early men of California were often men of culture as well as courage.

It may not generally be known that those men built cities miles and miles in length in those days. Yet it is strictly true. It is to be admitted that those cities had but one street, that there were no street improvements, no sewers, no gas, bills. But still the long, winding lanes of houses that wound up and down and beside the banks of the stream where lay the miner's "claims" have quite as much right to be called cities as have so many new stations and groups of houses today.

Last summer the writer returned to one of these wood-built cities, where he worked as a miner more than thirty years before. Pine trees had grown up in the lower end of the one long street, and an Indian woman with a miserable little babe asleep on her back was burning pine cones and hulling out the nuts with her black fingers for the San Francisco market. A little farther along two Chinamen were tearing out the stones that had formed the hearth of what had once been the most imposing house in this whilom populous "city." The briars were thick and rank over the stones that once had been the "honest miner's chimney. But the gnome-like brown men crept close down to the earth and scraped up all the dust and ashes and debris to be washed in their "rocker" which sat on the edge of the once turbid but now peaceful stream close by. They were searching for the few imperishable little crumbs of gold

which had fallen from the rich miner's hand into his fire-place.

In the days of old,

In the days of gold.

Creeping up the bank amid briars and weeds and crooning to himself, came an old man with a beard like snow, as I neared the extreme end of this once famous mining town. He had a pan under his arm, and, with that old politeness and confidence of the genuine gold miner who made the days that are behind California splendid with glory, he set it down on a rock before me, shook his palsied old white head feebly at sight of the few grains of gold there, and muttering something about "striking it rich by and by," took up his pan and tottered on up to his old cabin, which, like himself, seemed sinking down very close to the bosom of our common mother.

The transition from placer or surface mining in California to tunnel underground mining was a slow but a very serious matter. No more warm, sweet sunlight for the strong brave man toiling his solid sixteen hours daily for his loved ones far away in the East. No more fervid skies for him forever, no more green trees moving in the wind on the steep hills above. No more birds, butterflies, lilies, buttercups; no more life, no more light, nothing—nothing at all now but the damp, dark, dismal, dripping mine with its creaking engines, crumbling walls, crashing timbers, disasters, death! And even hydraulic mining, a sort of half-way line between these two, was very perilous. But these bold and enduring men had come to California for a purpose,

and when the gold had gone from the surface of the earth and down beyond the reach of the great hydraulics to some extent, they did not hesitate for a single day to follow it down, down to where the heat is so considerable today in some places that even the miner can hardly endure to lay his hand upon the rocky floors and walls of his sombre world. Of the thousands and tens of thousands who thus boldly descended into the earth, how few now survive! Only a solitary man in each ten thousand I should say ever came up and back to the world with the coveted gold on his broad shoulders. When you look you find such types of physical and mental strength as John Mackay, Senator Hearst, Senator Stewart, Senator Jones, all miners who have come back to us up out of the earth our old men now. Look upon them with your hat in your hand. They are our heroes, our very few survivors; they and a gray old comrade here and there along the foothills of the Sierras, or blown at rare intervals up and down the world, are all that is left to us now of our sixty times six hundred who descended into the earth a quarter of century ago and battled there for years.

My own experience in the underground world of California was brief and bitter; so bitter that reason was almost overthrown, and I dwell upon it now only with pain and terror.

In the winter of 1854 I was employed to push a tub along a wooden track underground. It was a new tunnel; everything about it new, experimental. The mouth of the low, narrow tunnel opened out

toward the sun and the swift, clear Klamath River. I was employed because I was so small. The two men worked on their knees and breasts. On the fifth day the hillside slid in and one of the men was crushed. The water came in. My head was caught up between two timbers, lifting my face above the water.

I could hear the man groaning, till the water reached where he lay—then was the end. But as one of the men was out of the tunnel getting timbers and I happened to be near the mouth of the tunnel with my tub at the time of the slide, I was dug out by the man who escaped on the same day. I set this down as one example in a thousand that almost any surviving miner might narrate from his underground life in California. But it was from these small beginnings that the great hydraulics, tunnels, drifts, shifts, and underground cities of California and Nevada grew. It is some comfort however to know that experience and improved machinery have combined to make underground work far less perilous than of old.

There are several mining camps in the Sierras that claim the distinction of having had the first great tunnel. But no man can say certainly where and when we first went "underground." My recollection is that Grass Valley and the beautiful environs of Nevada City saw the miners first descend into the earth in any considerable bodies. And as this fine region was about the first to open the doors of the under-world and burst the rich coffers that had lain hidden there ever since the finger of God set them

down on the day of creation, so it promises to be among the last to show any signs of decay. Indeed so far from declining in any way this place is walking right along in the line, and almost if not quite at the head of the line of California progress and improvement.

But what mutations this place has seen, to be sure! There was a world of wild flowers, birds in abundance, glorious oak trees, grass. Then the placer miner came, washing up the buttercups by the roots, soiling cool, clear trout streams. The fishes turned on their sides and died. The oak trees fell in a single season. The birds disappeared. For the first year after the pick-ax struck in the grass roots of this region you would have said, "a cyclone has struck California,"

Then a woman came. Then the baby. Then a neat little cottage blossomed on the hillside, with some morning-glories growing about the door. Then another woman came. This one planted a rose-bush. The next year a man from New York planted some fruit trees. The second year they bloomed and actually bore fruit. Then the birds came back. The miners had now disappeared underground. The plough turned the soil above their heads and cows stood ruminating under the few remaining oaks. And now, when looking over this fair land only last month for the purpose of making these sketches, it was almost impossible to distinguish this portion of California from the richest and oldest hill regions of Pennsylvania. And singular as it may seem to the stranger, I must set down the fact that the largest

and most heavily-laden orange tree I have seen this side of Sorrento on the bay of Naples, is to be found in these same foothills of the Sierras, not very far from the once flourishing mining town of Oroville. (The Bidwell's Bar Orange Tree—Ed.) It grows on an old mining claim.

Auburn is another mountain town that has more than held its own in the swift mutations of time in California. I recall this wooded and watered spot as a place of "flumes" whatever Auburn may have seemed to others in the early days, I can think of it only as a place where flume on top of flume encircled the pine-set hills from base to summit. Many of these flumes carried water to the rich gravel "claims" that lay in and about Auburn. The larger number however were long deep "sluices" or flumes for conveying dirt, gravel, debris and so on from the gravel claims down to the great valley below. The hydraulic roar was here in its day, the "dump," "slickings," law-suits: sorrow enough for the poor miner and for the poor farmer in the valley below him as well. "Time and I against any two," says the Spanish proverb.

And lo! to-day this once tumultuous mining town of the Sierras is one of the very sweetest, rosiest sunniest health-resorts west of the Rocky Mountains.

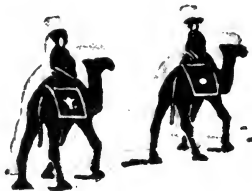
No traveler can afford to visit California without seeking out Placerville and Mariposa digging down to their old life and contrasting that stormy old life with the new. And the traveler should understand that the geological history and make-up of all this mining region from Yreka to Mariposa was as stormy

and tumultuous as were the lives of those who first possessed these rugged lands. Beds of rivers, deep, wide and tortuous, heavy with nuggets of gold were found by our miners almost on the very summits of the Sierras. Mountains turned upside down! Valleys set on edge! Rivers stood on end! Surely the Titans of old had battled here hurling mountains and valleys in their fierce combat. The great Columbia River, which draws its waters from far toward the north pole, once emptied into the Pacific Ocean through what is now called the Sacramento; at least this is the theory of observing and able engineers and miners who have, in their pursuit as gold seekers, tried to trace the dried-up and changed channels of our dead rivers. Confusion on top of confusion is what confronted the miner of California from the first. There was no order, no system, no law in the finding and following up of these old gold-bearing and dried-up riverbeds. Let us be thankful for the show of discipline and order that has at last asserted itself on the surface of the earth in the long and

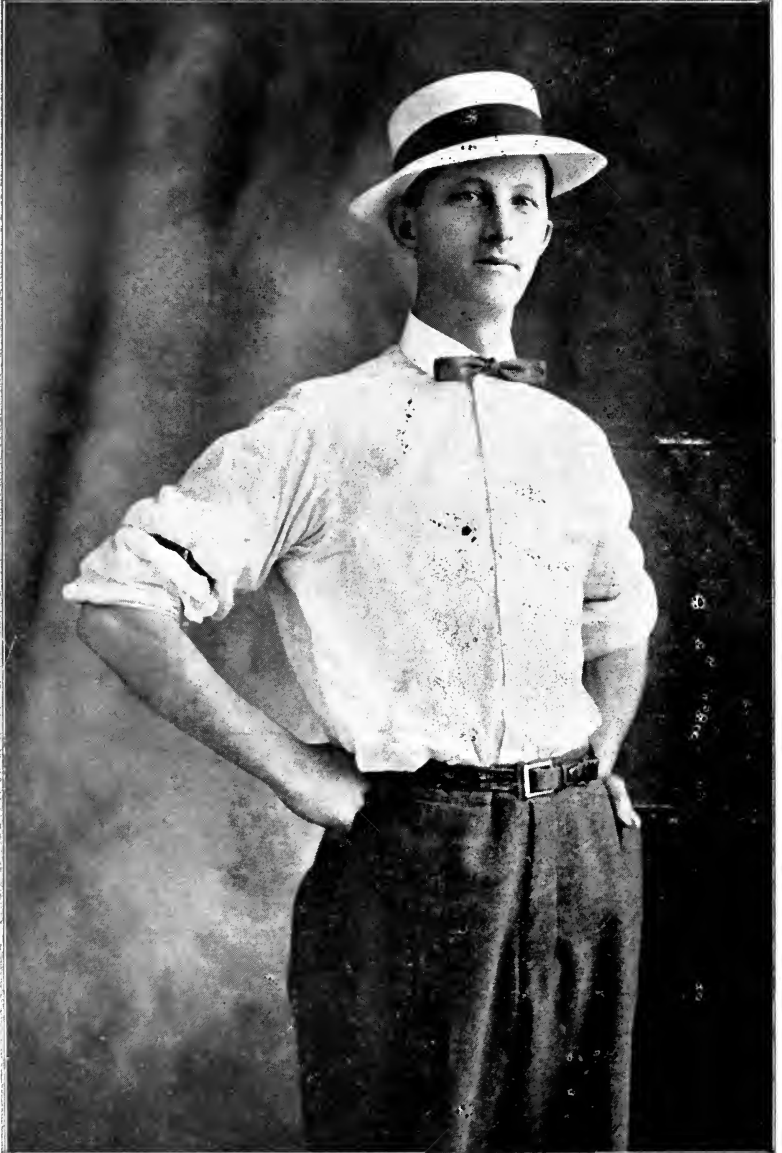
undulating lines of olive trees, orange trees, grape vines and orchard trees of all kinds that reach from Oroville to Placerville; and on past the gleaming heaps of ground quartz on Fremont's Mariposa Grant; and farther yet to Governor Waterman's mines in the San Bernardino Range.

But the great, warm, rich bosom of California is torn to the heart no more now. The transition from the placer mine to the vineyard and orchard is complete. The placer mine with all its pathos has passed into history. The dark and mysterious gnomeland under the earth is narrowing year by year. Let us hope that the brave men there may come up to the light of day soon and to remain. For California has so many things better than gold. Were our mines in a land like that of Russia, life might not be so intolerable in their depths. But in a clime like this of ours, man's place is surely on the surface of the earth in his orchard, in his garden, in the path that leads back to paradise.

Picturesque California, 1893.







GROVER C. MCGIMSEY  
Author of "The Heart of the Hills and Other Poems"  
See Editorial Section



## The Fruitage of War

By Grover C. McGimsey



RUINS, ruins, ruins,  
That is the fruitage of war;  
Ruins, ruins, ruins,  
Conspicuous everywhere.

Ruins of church and of palace,  
Ruins of lives in the bud;  
Ruins of souls in the making,  
Ruins of sweet mother-hood.

Ruins of love and of laughter,  
Ruins of homes that were free;  
Ruins of music and pleasure,  
Ruins of sweet liberty.

Ruins of art gone forever,  
Ruins of flowers in the dew;  
Ruins of books in the binding,  
Ruins of faith for the few.

Ruins of cities and nations,  
Ruins of workshop and den;  
Ruins of armies and navies,  
Ruins of factories and men.

Ruins of souls meant for worship,  
Ruins of dreams thrown away;  
Ruins of girl-hood and boy-hood,  
Ruins of hopes in decay.

Ruins of science and study,  
Ruins of virtue and smile;  
Ruins of kindness and kisses,  
Ruins of labor worth while.

Ruins of ideals and worship,  
That is the fruitage of war;  
Ruins, ruins, ruins,  
Conspicuous everywhere.

# Just Looking On?

By M. Eldridge Clay

Queer. isn't it, how a word automatically outgrows its literal meaning. or gets to mean, sometimes, just nothing at all.

"Reformer," now: abstractly it is such a methodical, staid, and comfortable sounding word; so full of assurance of improvement and all. Concretely; nothing could be farther from its literal meaning. Whew! A creature all arms, legs, and voice, most disconcerting to just medium people.

Just ask him what he intends to do with the pieces, for you will feel instinctively there is going to be lots of 'em, when he gets going, and he will look at you in surprise. What would seem but a start, to him is the grand finish. With a sublime faith he will leave the jagged remains to the power from whose hands he has wrest the business of systematic disintegration. His only the unhampered, drunken joy of the crash, that safety-valve of the ferment of bored self-satisfaction! No vinegar were closer related to its mother. Like the philosopher of old he has looked about him and exclaimed. "How many things are here I do not need." But he is not philosophical; he is nothing if not progressive. Immediately he adds: "And nobody needs them—they are bad for everybody—save the race."

In the midst of it all he may have a sane moment in which may drift across his befuddled ego the fragment: "First remove the mote."

Oh yes. that confounded mote! It is a sticker. Must be the Gentle One indulged pleasantries a time or two. For really he, the reformer, had spent much valuable time in futile effort at that removing; and he had succeeded in winking it down into an insensitive corner.

Why yes, of course! Why hadn't he thought of it before! And he proceeds in summary removal of the beam from brother's eye. Brother needs to see that all the foolish little images he has gathered in his lifetime just have to broken now. What matter if Brother is blinded in the bungling process? What matter that in despair of his blindness he curse the God who made him; that he grope in the dust for his own and find only cruel fragments that wound and torture!

You and I?

Mr. Image-breaker straightens up from his orgy, takes a long breath to get the dust from his lungs, slicks his pompadour and is ready—he is an expert now. Look out for Buddah and Billikins! They are goners if he gets an eye on them.

Of course we won't need the blinding operation. We will hand over our little gods without a word, and join the lock-step. After the immortal dog of the phonograph &c. we will know our master's voice.

And then—and then— I look into the shifting beam of good old California sunshine with its rainbow motes drifting, drifting.

Surely the Spirit that made sermons of such simple things shall not be utterly cast out from a land where through all His handiwork breathes the God of the good, the bad, and the in-betweens—"The God of things as they are."



Continued from last Issue

Weaverville, June 29, 1870.

This is a beautiful, sweet, cool day. I am to lecture again tonight.

Lectured this evening—my collection was \$27.50, and Mr. Ravelly who could not be present, contributed \$10.00.

June 30. Lectured again this evening—my collection was \$20. (We find no entry in this journal from June 30th until July 11th, 1870, but find from reference to her daily account, that she lectured on the 2d, 3d, 6th, 7th and 10th of July—and that the collections for those dates were \$19.50, \$7.75, \$13.00, \$11.00 and \$28.25. These dates were all in Trinity county. Ed.)

Trinity Center, July 11, 1870. Came from French Gulch to Trinity Center today. We started from the Gulch at 6 o'clock p. m. Travelled until past midnight, by stage, over the moonlit mountains. In the mystic light of the summer moon, it set me dreaming, something that will never be for-

gotten. John Carlin stole a piece of my hair ribbon—handsome, proud, bitter John Carlin. He feels so keenly the affliction of his lameness. Yes and I go from here to Yreka.

Yreka, July 12th. Lectured here tonight to a good audience. My collection was \$12.50.

(There is no entry in the journal of a California Girl from July 14th to the 25th. But the expense account shows that eight lectures were given at different points in Trinity and Siskiyou counties, with the following collections, \$7.00, \$17.50, \$8.75, \$11.50, \$20.25, \$17.25, \$7.00 and \$5.00. Ed.)

Friday, July 29th. Came from Yreka to Fort Jones Siskiyou county. James McConaghy was on the stage with us. I lectured the evening I arrived, on short notice, but my collection was \$7.00. After the lecture there was a dance, and Mr. McConaghy was my partner.

Stayed at the Fort all day the 30th, but on Sunday, July 31st, went to Oro Fino and lectured. Collection \$8.75.

Monday, August 1st. Returned to Fort Jones today, to make arrangements to advertise my lectures at others places.

Tuesday. Spoke again at Oro Fino. Collection \$6.75.

Wednesday. Ves and I took tea at Mrs. Heroy's today, by invitation. After tea went to the circus with Mr. and Mrs. Heroy, and Mr. Emmet Toll, a young practicing lawyer here.

Thursday. Came to "Rough and Ready" to lecture. Collection \$5.50. Met James McConaghy again. He is here on business. Emmet Toll came over with his fine team and buggy, and drove me back to Fort Jones, after the lecture. I returned to make arrangements to go to Scott's Bar. I enjoyed the drive from "Rough and Ready." Mr. Toll is intelligent and entertaining, and it was a beautiful night.

Saturday, August 6th. Emmet Toll was kind enough to loan me his team of beautiful white horses. and Ves and I drove over the mountains today, to Scott's Bar. We had to cross one of the highest mountains in California. The scenery was grand and inspir-

ing but the roads simply awful, especially on the Scott's Bar side. Ves and I are both good drivers or we could not have made the trip. I lectured tonight to a fine audience, and there was a dance after the lecture. My collection was \$14.25.


Sunday. This evening I met with Scott's Bar Division of the Sons and Daughters of Temperance. The Division adjourned and I gave a lengthy Temperance lecture, which was well received and my collection was 17.00.

On Monday, August 8th, returned to Fort Jones. I shall always remember this trip, and Scott's Bar. At that place I saw the finest dwarf Phlox that I ever saw in bloom, and the biggest toads. They came into the hotel kitchen every afternoon, and hopped around the floor catching flies. The kitchen was built into the side of the hill, with the front door even with the ground, and when the cook scrubbed the floor, as he did every afternoon, the toads would appear, and hop in perfectly friendly and tame. They were really a curiosity. The cook told me they weighed several pounds each. They certainly looked it. And the flower garden should have been called "The Garden of Toads."



# EDITORIAL

BY ANNA M. REED

“ HAT 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.

C. C. DONOVAN challenges the prohibitionists, and “calls their Bluff.”

Our young friend Chris. Donovan—God bless him! knows that “money talks.” And he is always ready to back his convictions and his principles with his purse.

Read his challenge, to the professional reformers, who would lay waste the hop and grape fields of California:

**I WILL BET \$10,000 OR DONATE \$1,000  
TO CHARITY**

In contravention of the misstatements of the Professional Reformers and Political Clergymen as to the good effects and great accomplishment of Prohibition in states in which it has been tried, I wish to set forth the following facts:

If Prohibition prohibits and is a cure for drunkenness we ought to know it by this time, for Maine has tried it out since 1852 and Kansas since 1880.

## Maine

When the State of Maine adopted Prohibition, the advocates of that movement said they did not expect to eliminate drunkenness until the generation of drunkards who lived at that time had died off; but that drunkenness would disappear with the next generation. Today we have the third generation, and what is the condition in that state? According to the report of the Chief of Police of Bangor, Maine, there were during the municipal year 1914, 3167 arrests for drunkenness. In 1915 there were 3142 arrests for drunkenness, and from March 1st of this year up to October 1st of this year, there were 1790 arrests for drunkenness.

In Portland, Maine in 1914 there were 3681 arrests for drunkenness. In 1915 there were 4365 arrests for drunkenness, and in 1916, up to October 1st, there were 3287 arrests for drunkenness.

According to the United States official figures of the Census for

1910, Bangor had 24,803 inhabitants, and Portland had 58,571 inhabitants, and according to the Chief's report of the arrests for drunkenness for 1915 we have the appalling, astounding and horrifying condition of one arrest for drunkenness out of every eight people, including babies and women in Bangor, and one out of every fourteen for drunkenness in Portland, including babies and women.

How does this strike some of the misguided ones with their California cry, "Save our Boys and Girls." They ought to send them to Maine. There is where they will be saved, where it is reported 2,415 arrests were made from 1910 to 1914 of minors between the ages of 10 and 20 years in the city of Portland alone, and where they have had Prohibition for 64 years.

### Kansas

As for Kansas. What has Prohibition done for Kansas? All I have ever heard that Kansas ever produced was cyclones and a bunch of Windy Ex-governors. Does anyone know of one great man that state has produced? It has, however, produced one great woman: the notorious Carrie Nation, who became world famous for breaking up saloons in that mis-called "Dry Prohibition State." One would think from all the wind we hear about Kansas that they were all ever so wealthy, ever so healthy and ever so holy. They have "bulled" you and me, but not Uncle Sam. Twenty-six years after Kansas had become "Dry," Uncle Sam investigated the church attendance in that state and issued the following statistics: Four states had a lower church membership in proportion to population than Kansas. Those states were Wyoming, Oregon, West Virginia and Oklahoma. Thirty-eight states in which liquor is lawfully sold were higher than in "Dry Prohibition Kansas."

They have also given out the impression that they were exempt from violent deaths or suicides, so Uncle Sam made another investigation, and issued the following statistics and facts:

Violent deaths in cities in "Dry Prohibition Kansas," not including suicides, were higher according to population than in cities in 29 other individual states in which liquor was lawfully sold.

As for suicides, the death rate from that cause in cities in "Dry Prohibition Kansas" were higher, according to population, than in cities in 20 other states in which liquor was lawfully sold. West Virginia, another Prohibition state, had a higher percentage of suicides than did "Dry Prohibition Kansas."

As for its boast of wealth of its individual bank depositors, Uncle Sam reports for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1913, as follows: In 27 states in which liquor is lawfully sold, the average saving per depositor is higher than that of the average depositor of "Dry Prohibition Kansas."

There are twice as many arrests for drunkenness in the little city of Leavenworth in "Dry Prohibition Kansas," according to the population, as there are in the great manufacturing and beer drinking city of Milwaukee.

There are one-fifth more arrests for drunkenness, according to population in Kansas City, the largest city in "Dry Prohibition Kansas," than there are in the great manufacturing and beer drinking city of Milwaukee.

I sent three telegrams to Topeka asking for their records for arrests for drunkenness, but the Chief of Police of that city refuses to give out that information, claiming on account of political purposes. There must be something rotten in Topeka.

I also sent four telegrams to the Chief of Police of Atchison and Wichita. It seems they are ashamed to come out with the true facts. They do not want to disturb the impression which has gone forth of their sanctity, with which we have been gulled.

What do you know about that for hypocritical Prohibition that does not prohibit?

In Italy nearly every one, from babies up, drinks wine. They have not only drunk it for generations, but for centuries. In Germany nearly every one, from babies up, drinks beer. They have not only drunk it for generations, but for centuries. The census of 1910 shows Maine had a population of 742,371, and Kansas 1,690,949. Italy has in round figures 33,900,000 inhabitants, and Germany has 64,900,000. There are more drunkards, besotted, filthy drunkards in "Dry Prohibition Maine" and "Dry Prohibition Kansas" than there are in the whole of Wet Italy and Wet Germany put together, where the government or the people would not stand for Prohibition one minute.

During 1914 and 1915 the Prohibition wave was at its height. What was the result? It drove people to drinking whiskey instead of beer and light wines, for beer and light wines are rather inconvenient to handle. We cannot get away from the facts.

The government reports that during the fiscal years of 1915 and 1916 taxes were paid on 59,746,701 barrels in 1915, and 58,564,508 barrels in 1916, a decrease in the beer consumption of 1,182,193 barrels.

During the year 1915 taxes were paid on 124,155,178 gallons of whiskey, and in 1916 taxes were paid on 136,226,528 gallons an increase of 12,071,350 gallons in the whiskey consumption. What do you know about that?

If Prohibition prohibits why, according to report, at the time of the lynching of Frank in Georgia, when riot and revolt was threatening in that state, was the Governor compelled to issue a proclamation to close the near-beer saloons? If Prohibition prohibits, why are saloons run wide open in "Dry Prohibition Tennessee?" I have been there, and I know they are run wide open.

I contend that Prohibition does not prohibit, for here are the facts. But you say to me: If Prohibition does not prohibit, why are you fighting Prohibition? I am opposed to it because it aims to regulate my personal habits and take from me my liberty; would force me to have a contempt and disrespect for law and regulation, foster in me hy-

poerisy and cowardice; would raise my taxes; and would destroy my home and business.

Do you know that California, on account of its products and cosmopolitan character of its people, is entirely different from any other section in the United States, and the adoption of Prohibition would mean a reign of terror, destruction of an enormous amount of capital, throw thousands of good, honest people out of employment, and ruin their homes.

How are you going to reconcile yourself with Our Lord, Who never preached Prohibition and Who never lived it, for the enormous sin on your soul by voting to destroy your neighbor's property and render him homeless.

If these statements are true, then Prohibition is not a cure for drunkenness. If these statements are not true, I will donate ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS to charity, or I will bet anyone TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS that each and every statement above, is true and correct.

Now let me hear from some one ("wind" or "conversation" don't go) who wants to raise our taxes, throw us out of employment, take from us our liberty and destroy our property.

Faithfully yours,

C. C. DONOVAN

Hop Merchant

227 Fourth St., Santa Rosa.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA }  
County of Sonoma } ss.

On this 18th day of October, in the year One Thousand and Nine Hundred and Sixteen (1916) before AGNES H. STEPHENS, a Notary Public in and for said County of Sonoma, State of California, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared C. C. DONOVAN, known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument and he acknowledged that he executed the same.

(SEAL)

IN WITNESS WHEREOF I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal at Santa Rosa, County and State aforesaid, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

AGNES H. STEPHENS,

Notary Public in and for the County of Sonoma, State of California.



Grover C. McGimsey, the Jack London of Western verse, whose picture appears in this issue of THE NORTHERN CROWN, and whose poem "The Fruitage of War" we reproduce, is being very kindly received by the California press, as witness the following:

### "THE HEART OF THE HILLS"

Grover C. McGimsey has all the rapturous admiration for beauty in man and nature which mark the true poet. He is yet young in the practice of his art, but there is no deficiency in form and technique, which is not



more than compensated for by a genuinely aesthetic spirit. He is warbling his native woodnotes wild in most of the compositions, and is his natural and distinctive self in all things save those in which he is voicing appreciation of things read. When he reads directly from the book of nature his muse has not the slightest trace of artificiality. Though a small book, "The Heart of the Hills" has many forms and many themes. If anything he is at his best when scorning the regularities of form and it is this which justifies the opinion that his work is full of promise. Those who believe that it is a good thing to patronize the singer at their own doors would do well to support this first production of one who may yet be recognized as a poetic genius by an American audience. (Ukiah, Cal.: Northern Crown Publishing Company; price \$1.)

— San Francisco Chronicle, Oct. 8, 1916.

"The Heart of the Hills and Other Poems," a little book of which Grover C. McGimsey is the author, has just been issued from the press of the Northern Crown Publishing Company and a copy sent to The Times for review. Artistically and typographically the booklet reflects much credit on the publisher. It is dedicated to George Sterling, "with profound admiration for his genius." The preface, written by May S. Greenwood, is of itself a prose poem, "heralding a new minstrel at the portals of your palace of dreams."

The Longer poems - "Trails," "The Heart of the Hills" and "The Way of the Wastes" - are redolent of the free atmosphere of the West, of the romance and charm that are most truly felt by the pioneer. It is evident that the author has leaned close to the heart of nature and mastered the rhythmic throb of its beats.

Under the marching stars the poet has strolled, gazing with awe-some eyes on the majestic swing of suns and worlds in infinite space; he has listened to the sighing of the winds and the murmur of waters; by vision and hearing he has absorbed the wonderful story of creation and the poesy of evolution. In "God and Man's Land" is the essence of the spirit of Western civilization, unconquered by the advancement of the hand of industry. —Ukiah Times, Oct, 11, 1916.

**STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.**

of the Northern Crown Magazine Published at Ukiah, California for Oct., 1916

Name of:

Editor, Anna Morrison Reed, Ukiah, Cal.,  
Managing Editor, Anna Morrison Reed,  
Ukiah, Cal.; Business Manager, Anna M. Reed,  
Ukiah, Cal., Publishers Northern Crown  
Pub. Co. Ukiah, Cal.

Owner: Anna M. Reed, (no corporation),  
Ukiah, Cal.

Known bondholders, mortgages and other security holders, holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: None.

Anna M. Reed, owner and manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 16th day of October 1916.

KEITH C. EVERSOLE,

Notary Public in and for the County of Mendocino, State of California.

My commission expires Feb. 27, 1918

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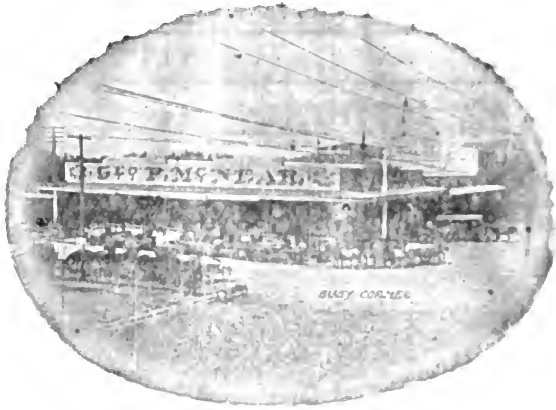
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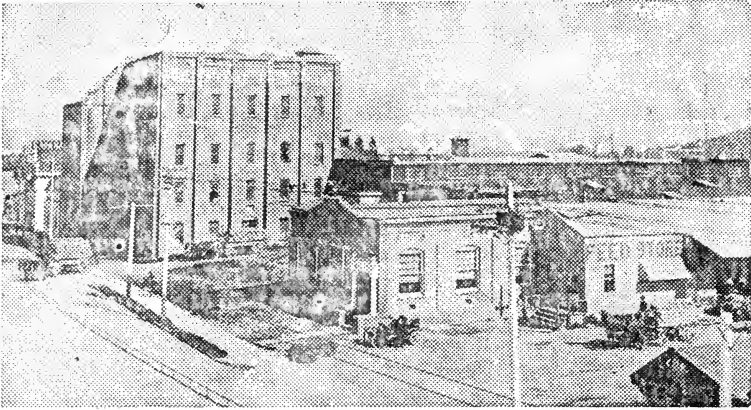
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UKIAH

MENDOCINO COUNTY

CALIFORNIA

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# THE NORTHERN CROWN

ANNA MORRISON REED, PROPRIETOR

“Entered as second-class matter August 9, 1916, at the post office at Ukiah, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879.”



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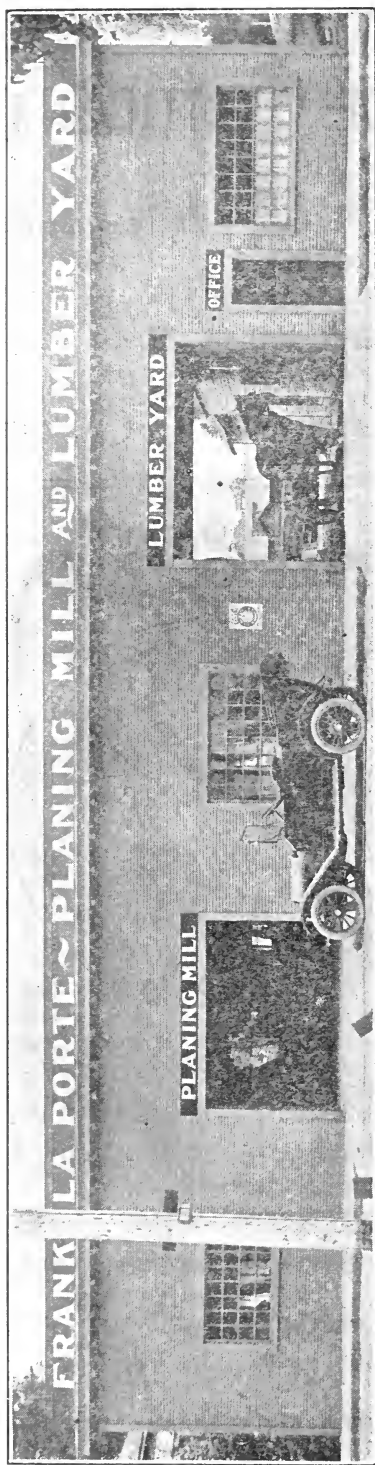
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# The Northern Crown

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

VOL. VI.

UKIAH, CAL., DECEMBER 1916

NO. 12

## ADDRESS

By the Late Col. Robert G. Ingersoll  
Chicago, April 12, 1896

Colonel Robert Ingersoll, the famous Agnostic, accepted an invitation to speak from the pulpit of the Militant Church, Chicago, on Sunday, April 12, 1896. THE NORTHERN CROWN now publishes the full text of the address. Here it is:

"There is no darkness but ignorance."

Every human being is a necessary product of conditions, and every one is born with defects for which he cannot be held responsible. Nature seems to care nothing for the individual, nothing for the species.

Life pursuing life, and in turn, pursued by death, presses to the snow line of the possible, and every form of life, of instinct, thought and action is fixed and determined by conditions, by countless antecedent and co-existing facts. The present is the child, and the necessary child of all the past and the mother of all the future.

Every human being longs to be happy, to satisfy the wants of the body with food, with roof and raiment, and to feed the hunger of the

mind, according to his capacity, with love, with wisdom, philosophy, art and song.

The wants of the savage are few, but with civilization the wants of the body increase, the intellectual horizon widens, and the brain demands more and more.

The savage feels, but scarcely thinks. The passion of the savage is uninfluenced by his thought, while the thought of the philosopher is uninfluenced by passion. Children have wants and passions before they are capable of reasoning. So in the infancy of the race wants and passions dominate.

The savage was controlled by appearances, by impressions; he was mentally weak, mentally indolent, and his mind pursued the path of least resistance. Things were to him as they appeared to be. He was a natural believer in the supernatural, and, finding himself beset by dangers and evils, he sought in many ways the aid of unseen powers. His children followed his example and for many ages, in many

lands, millions and millions of human beings, many of them the kindest and the best, asked for supernatural help. Countless altars and temples have been built and the supernatural has been worshiped with sacrifice and song, with self-denial, ceremony, thankfulness and prayer.

#### ENLIGHTENED BY EXPERIENCE

During all these ages the brain of man was being slowly and painfully developed. Gradually mind came to the assistance of muscle and thought became the friend of labor. Man has advanced just in the proportion that he has mingled thought with his work just in the proportion that he has succeeded in getting his head and his hands into partnership. All this was the result of experience.

Nature generous and heartless, extravagant and miserly, as she is, is our mother and our only teacher, and she is also the deceiver of men. Above her we cannot rise, below her we cannot fall. In her we find the seed and soil of all that is good, of all that is evil. Nature originates, nourishes, preserves and destroys.

Good deeds bear fruit, and in the fruit are seeds that in their turn bear fruit and seeds. Great thoughts are never lost, and words of kindness do not perish from the earth.

Every brain is a field where nature sows the seeds of thought, and the crop depends upon the soil.

Every flower that gives its fragrance to the wandering air leaves its influence on the soul of man. The wheel and swoop of the winged creatures of the air suggest the flowing lines of subtle art. The

roar and murmur of the restless sea, the cataract's solemn chant, the thunder's voice, the happy babble of the brook, the whispering leaves, the thrilling notes of mating birds, the sighing winds, taught man to pour his heart in song and gave a voice to grief and hope, to love and death.

In all that is, in mountain range and billowed plain, in winding stream and desert sand, in cloud and star, in snow and rain, in calm and storm, in night and day, in woods and vales, in all the colors of divided light, in all there is of growth and life, decay and death, in all that flies and floats and swims, in all that moves, in all the forms and qualities of things, man found the seeds and symbols of his thoughts, and all that man has wrought becomes a part of nature's self, forming the lives of those to be. The marbles of the Greeks, like strains of music, suggest the perfect and teach the melody of life.

#### ORIGIN OF SUPERNATURAL BELIEF

The great poems, paintings, inventions, theories and philosophies enlarge and mold the mind of man. All that is natural. All is naturally produced. Beyond the horizon of the natural man cannot go.

Yet for many ages man in all directions has relied upon and sincerely believed in the existence of the supernatural. He did not believe in the uniformity of nature. He had no conception of cause and effect, of the indestructibility of force.

In medicine he believed in charms, magic, amulets and incantations. It never occurred to the savage that diseases were natural.

In chemistry he sought for the elixir of life, for the philosopher's stone, and for some way of changing the baser metals into gold.

In mechanics he searched for perpetual motion, believing that he, by some curious combination of levers, could produce, could create a force.

In government he found the source of authority in the will of the supernatural.

For many centuries his only conception of morality was the idea of obedience, not to facts as they exist in nature, but to the supposed command of some being superior to nature. During all these years religion consisted in the praise and worship of the invisible and infinite, of some vast and incomprehensible power—that is to say, of the supernatural.

By experience, by experiment, possibly by accident, man found that some diseases could be cured by natural means; that he could be relieved in many instances of pain by certain kinds of leaves or bark.

This was the beginning. Gradually his confidence increased in the direction of the natural and began to decrease in charms and amulets. The war was waged for many centuries, but the natural gained the victory. Now we know that all diseases are naturally produced, and that all remedies, all curatives, act in accordance with the facts in nature. Now we know that charms, magic, amulets and incantations are just as useless in the practice of medicine as they would be in solving a problem in mathematics.

We now know that there are no supernatural remedies.

#### RELIGIOUS FOUNDATION MUST BE NATURE

In chemistry the war was long and bitter, but we now no longer seek for the elixir of life, and no one is trying to find the philosopher's stone. We are satisfied that there is nothing supernatural in all the realm of chemistry. We know that substances are always true to their natures; we know that just so many atoms of one substance will unite with just so many of another. The miraculous has departed from chemistry; in that science there is no magic, no caprice and no possible use for the supernatural. We are satisfied that there can be no change that we can absolutely rely on the uniformity of nature; that the attraction of gravity will always remain the same, and we feel that we know this as certainly as we know that the relation between the diameter and circumference of a circle can never change.

We now know that in mechanics the natural is supreme. We know that man can by no possibility create a force; that by no possibility can he destroy a force. No mechanic dreams of depending upon or asking for any supernatural aid. He knows that he works in accordance with certain facts that no power can change.

So we in the United States believe that the authority to govern, the authority to make and execute laws, comes from the consent of the governed and not from any supernatural source. We do not believe that the king occupied his throne because of the will of the supernatural. neither do we believe that others

are subjects or serfs or slaves by reason of any supernatural will.

So our ideas of morality have changed, and millions now believe that whatever produces happiness and well being is in the highest sense moral. Unreasoning obedience is not the foundation or the essence of morality. That is the result of mutual slavery. To act in accordance with obligation perceived is to be free and noble. To simply obey is to practice what might be called a slave virtue, but real morality is the flower and fruit of liberty and wisdom.

There are very many who have reached the conclusion that the supernatural has nothing to do with real religion. Religion does not consist in believing without evidence or against evidence. It does not consist in worshiping the unknown or in trying to do something for the infinite. Ceremonies, prayers and inspired books, miracles, special providence and divine interference all belong to the supernatural and form no part of real religion.

Every science rests on the natural, on demonstrated facts. So morality and religion must find their foundations in the necessary nature of things.

#### HOW CAN WE REFORM THE WORLD

Ignorance being darkness, what we need is intellectual light. The most important things to teach as the basis of all progress is that the universe is natural; that man must be the providence of man; that by the development of the brain we can avoid some of the dangers, some of the evils, overcome some of the obstructions, and take advantage of some of the facts and forces

of nature; that by invention and industry we can supply to a reasonable degree, the wants of the body, and by thought, study, and effort we can in part satisfy the hunger of the mind.

Man should cease to expect any aid from any supernatural source. By this time he should be satisfied that worship has not created wealth, and that prosperity is not the child of prayer. He should know that the supernatural has not succored the oppressed, clothed the naked, fed the hungry, shielded the innocent, stayed the pestilence or freed the slave.

Being satisfied that the supernatural does not exist, man should turn his entire attention to the affairs of this world. to the facts in nature.

And, first of all, he should avoid waste--waste of energy, waste of wealth. Every good man, every good woman should try to do away with war and stop the appeal to savage force. Man in a savage state relies upon his strength and decides for himself what is right and what is wrong. Civilized men do not settle their differences by a resort to arms. They submit the quarrels to arbitrators and courts. This is the great difference between the savage and the civilized. Nations however, sustain the relations of savages to each other. There is no way of settling their disputes. Each nation decides for itself, and each nation endeavors to carry its decision into effect. This produces war. Thousands of men at this moment are trying to invent more deadly weapons to destroy their fellow men. For 1800 years peace has been preached, and yet the civilized na-

tions are the most war-like of the world.

PREACHED PEACE AND PRACTICED WAR

There are in Europe today between 11,000,000 and 12,000,000 of soldiers ready to take the field, and the frontiers of every civilized nation are protected by breastwork and fort. The sea is covered with steel-clad ships filled with missiles of death. The civilized world has impoverished itself, and the debt of Christendom, mostly for war, is now nearly \$30,000,000,000. The interest on this vast sum has to be paid. It has to be paid by labor—much of it by the poor—by those who are compelled not deny themselves almost the necessities of life. This debt is growing year by year. There must be a change or Christendom will be bankrupt.

The interest on this debt amounts at least to \$90,000,000 a year, and the cost of supporting armies and navies, of repairing ships, of manufacturing new engines of death, probably amounts, including the interest on the debt, to at least \$6,000,000 a day. Allowing ten hours for a day, that is for a working day, the waste of war is at least \$600,000 an hour—that is to say, \$10,000 a minute.

Think of all this being paid for the purpose of killing and preparing to kill our fellow men. Think of the good that could be done with this vast sum of money—the schools that could be built, the wants that could be supplied. Think of the homes it would build, the children it would clothe.

If we wish to do away with war, we must provide for the settlement

of national differences by an international court. This court should be in perpetual session. Its members should be selected by the various governments to be effected by its decisions, and, at the command and disposal of this court, the rest of Christendom being disarmed there should be a military force sufficient to carry its judgments into effect. There should be no other excuse, no other business for an army or navy in the civilized world.

No man has imagination enough to paint the agonies, the horrors and cruelties of war. Think of sending shot and shell crushing through the bodies of men! Think of the widows and orphans! Think of the maimed, the mutilated, the mangled!

WEALTH WORSE THAN WASTE

Let us be perfectly candid with each other. We are seeking the truth, trying to find what ought to be done to increase the well being of man. I must give you my honest thought. You have the right to demand it, and I must maintain the integrity of my soul.

There is another direction in which the wealth and energies of a man are wasted. From the beginning of history until now man has been seeking the aid of the supernatural. For many centuries the wealth of the world was used to propitiate the unseen powers. In our own country the property dedicated to this purpose is worth at least \$1,000,000,000. The interest on this sum is \$50,000,000 a year, and the cost of employing persons whose business it is to seek the aid of the supernatural and to maintain the property is certainly as much more. So that the cost in our country is about

\$2,000,000 a week, and counting ten hours as a working day, this amounts to about \$500 a minute.

For this vast amount of money the returns are remarkably small. The good accomplished does not appear to be great. There is no great diminution in crime. The decrease of immorality and poverty is hardly perceptible. In spite, however, of the apparent failure here, a vast sum of money is expended every year to carry out our ideas of the supernatural to other races. Our churches, for the most part, are closed during the week, being used only part of one day in seven. No one wishes to destroy the churches or church organization. The only desire is that they shall accomplish substantial good for the world. In many of our small towns—towns of 3,000 or 4,000 people—will be found four or five churches, sometimes more. These churches are founded upon immaterial differences, a difference as to the mode of baptism, a difference as to who shall be entitled to partake of the Lord's supper, a difference of ceremony, of government, a difference about fate and free will. And it must be admitted that all the arguments on all sides of these differences have been presented countless millions of times. Upon these subjects nothing new is produced or anticipated, and yet the discussion is maintained by the repetition of the old arguments.

#### SOME REFORMS SUGGESTED

Now, it seems to me that it would be far better for the people of a town having a population of 4,000 or 5,000 to have one church, and the edifice should be of use not only on Sunday, but on every day of the

week. In this building should be the library of the town. It should be the clubhouse of the people, where they could find the principle newspapers and periodicals of the world. Its auditorium should be like a theatre. Plays should be presented by home talent, an orchestra formed, music cultivated. The people should meet there at any time they desire. The women could carry their knitting and sewing, and connected with it should be rooms for playing of games, billiards and cards and chess. Everything should be made as agreeable as possible. The citizens should take pride in this building. They should adorn its niches with statues and its walls with pictures. It should be the intellectual center. They could employ a gentleman of ability, possibly of genius, to address them on Sundays on the subjects that would be of real interest, of real importance. They could say to this minister:

"We are engaged in business during the week. While we are working at our trades and professions we want you to study, and on Sunday tell us what you have found out."

Let such a minister take for a series of sermons the history, the philosophy of art and genius of the Greeks. Let him tell of the wondrous metaphysics, myths and religions of India and Egypt. Let him make his congregation conversant with the philosophies of the great poets, the great artists, the great actors, the great orators, the great inventors, the great captains of industry, the soldiers of progress. Let them have a Sunday school in which the children shall be made acquainted with the facts of nature, with botany, entomology,



something of geology and astronomy.

#### NO LIGHT BUT INTELLIGENCE

Let them be made familiar with the greatest poems, the finest paragraphs of literature, with stories of the heroic, the self denying and generous.

Now it seems to me that such a congregation would become in a few years the most intelligent people in the United States.

The truth is that people are tired of the old theories. They have lost confidence in the miraculous, in the supernatural, and they have ceased to take interest in "facts" that they do not quite believe.

"There is no darkness but ignorance."

There is no light but intelligence.

As often as we exchange a mistake for a fact, a falsehood for a truth, we advance. We add to the intellectual worth of the world, and in this way, and in this way alone, can be laid the foundation for the future prosperity and civilization of the race.

I blame no one; I call in question the motives of no person; I admit that the world has acted as it must.

But hope for the future depends upon the intelligence of the present. Man must husband his resources. He must not waste his energies in endeavoring to accomplish the impossible.

He must take advantage of the forces of nature. He must depend on education, on what he can ascertain by the use of his senses, by observation, by experiment, by reason. He must break the chains of prejudice and custom. He must be free

to express his thoughts on all questions. He must find the conditions of happiness and become wise enough to live in accordance with them.

#### HOW CAN WE LESSEN CRIME

In spite of all that has been done for reformation of the world, in spite of all the inventions, in spite of all the forces of nature that are now the tireless slaves of man, in spite of all improvements in agriculture, in mechanics, in every department of human labor, the world is still cursed with poverty and with crime.

The prisons are full the courts are crowded, the officers of the law are busy, and there seems to be no material decrease in crime.

For many thousands of years man has endeavored to reform his fellow men by imprisonment, by torture, by mutilation and death, and yet the history of the world shows that there has been and is no reforming power in punishment. It is impossible to make the penalty great enough, horrible enough, to lessen crime.

Only a few years ago, in civilized countries, larceny and many offenses below larceny were punished by death, and yet the number of thieves and criminals of all grades, increased. Traitors were hanged and quartered or drawn into fragments by horses, and yet treason flourished.

Most of these frightful laws have been repealed, and the repeal did not increase crime. In our own country we rely upon the gallows, the penitentiary and the jail. When a murder is committed the man is

hanged, shocked to death by electricity, or lynched, and in a few minutes a new murderer is ready to suffer a like fate. Men steal. They are sent to the penitentiary for a certain number of years, treated like wild beasts, frequently tortured. At the end of the term they are discharged, having only enough money to return to the place from which they were sent. They are thrown upon the world without means—without friends—they are convicts. They are shunned, suspected, and despised. If they obtain a place they are discharged as soon as it is found that they were in prison.

#### THE WRONGS OF THE PRESENT PENAL SYSTEM

They do the best they can to retain the respect of their fellow-men by denying their imprisonment and their identity. In a little while unable to gain a living by honest means, they resort to crime, they again appear in court and again are taken within the dungeon walls. No reformation, no chance to reform, nothing to give them bread while making new friends.

All this is infamous. Men should not be sent to the penitentiary as a punishment, because we must remember that men do as they must. Nature does not frequently produce the perfect. In the human race there is a large percentage of failures. Under certain conditions, with certain appetites and passions, and with certain quality, quantity and shape of brain, men will become thieves forgers and counterfeiters. The question is whether reformation is possible, whether a change can be produced in a person by producing

a change in the conditions. The criminal is dangerous, and society has the right to protect itself. The criminal should be confined, and, if possible, reformed.

A penitentiary should be a school the convicts should be educated. So prisoners should work and they should be paid a reasonable sum for their labor. The best men should have charge of prisoners. They should be philanthropists and philosophers; they should know something of human nature. The prisoners, having been taught, we will say, for five years—taught the underlying principles of conduct, of the naturalness and harmony of virtue, of the discord of crime; having been convinced that society has no hatred that nobody wishes to punish, to degrade or to rob him, and being at the time of his discharge paid a reasonable price for his labor; being allowed by law to change his name, so that his identity will not be preserved, he could go out of the prison a friend of the government.

#### PRISONS NOW DO NOT REFORM

He would have the feeling that he had been made a better man; that he had been treated with justice with mercy, and the money he carried with him would be a breastwork behind which he could defy temptation, a breastwork that would support and take care of him until he could find some means by which to support himself. And this man instead of making crime a business, would become a good, honorable and useful citizen.

As it is now, there is but little reform. The same faces appear again and again at the bar; the same men hear again and again the verdict of

guilty and the sentence of the court, and the same men return again and again to the prison cell.

Murderers, those belonging to the dangerous classes, those who are so formed by nature that they rush to the crimes of desperation should be imprisoned for life, or they should be put upon some island, some place where they can be guarded, where it may be that by proper effort they could support themselves, the men on one island, the women on another. And to these islands should be sent professional criminals, those who have deliberately adopted a life of crime for the purpose of supporting themselves, the women upon one island the men upon another. Such people should not populate the earth.

Neither the diseases nor the deformities of the mind or body should be perpetuated; life at the fountain should not be polluted.

#### HOME THE FOUNDATION OF THE NATION

The home is the unit of the nation.

The more homes the broader the foundation of the nation and the more secure.

Everything that is possible should be done to keep this from being a nation of tenants: The men who cultivate the earth should own it. Something has already been done in our country in that direction, and probably in every state there is a homestead exemption. This exemption has thus far done no harm to the creditor class. When we imprisoned people for debt, debts were as insecure, to say the least, as now. By the homestead laws a home of certain value or of certain extent is exempt from forced levy or sale,

and these laws have done great good. Undoubtedly they have trebled the homes of the nation.

I wish to go a step farther. I want, if possible, to get the people out of the tenements, out of the gutters of degradation, to homes where there can be privacy, where these people can feel that they are in partnership with nature; that they have an interest in good government. With the means we now have of transportation there is no necessity for poor people being huddled in festering masses in the vile, filthy and loathsome parts of cities, where poverty breeds rags and the rags breed disease. I would exempt a homestead of a reasonable value, say of the value of \$2,000 or \$3,000, not only from sale under execution, but from sale for taxes of every description. These homes should be absolutely exempt. They should belong to the family, so that every mother should feel that the roof above her head was hers; that her house was her castle, and that in its possession she could not be disturbed, even by the nation. Under certain conditions I would allow the sale of this homestead and exempt the proceeds of the sale for a certain time, during which they might be invested in another home, and all this could be done to make a nation of householders, a nation of land owners, a nation of homebuilders. I would invoke the same power to preserve these homes, and to acquire these homes, that I would invoke for acquiring lands for building railways.

#### NEW PROPERTY LAWS ADVOCATED

Every state should fix the amount of land that could be owned by an

individual, not liable to be taken from him for the purpose of giving a home to another, and when any man owned more acres than the law allowed, and another should ask to purchase them, and he should refuse, I would have the law so that the person wishing to purchase could file his petition in court. The court would appoint commissioners, or a jury would be called to determine the value of the land the petitioner wished for a home, and, upon the amount being paid, found by such commission or jury, the land should vest absolutely in the petitioner.

This right of eminent domain should be used not only for the benefit of the person wishing a home, but for the benefit of all the people. Nothing is more important to America than that the babes of America should be born around the firesides of homes.

There is another question in which I take great interest, and it ought, in my judgment, to be answered by the intelligence and kindness of our century.

We all know that for many, many ages men have been slaves, and we all know that during all these years women have, to some extent, been the slaves of slaves. It is of the utmost importance to the human race that women, that mothers, should be free. Without doubt the contract of marriage is the most important and the most sacred that human beings can make. Marriage is the most important of all institutions. Of course, the ceremony of marriage is not real marriage. It is only evidence of the mutual flames that burn within. There can be no real marriage without mutual love.

So I believe in the ceremony of marriage; that it should be public; that records should be kept. Besides the ceremony says to all the world that those who marry are in love with each other.

Then arises the question of divorce. Millions of people imagine that the married are joined together by some supernatural power, and that they should remain together, or at least married during life. If all who have been married were joined together by the supernatural, we must admit that the supernatural is not infinitely wise.

#### VIEWS ON MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE

After all, marriage is a contract, and the parties to the contract are bound to keep its provisions, and neither should be released from such a contract unless in some way the interests of society are involved. I would have the law so that any husband could obtain a divorce when the wife had persistently and flagrantly violated the contract, such divorce to be granted on equitable terms. I would give the wife a divorce if she requested it, if she wanted it.

And I would do this not only for her sake, but for the sake of the community, of the nation. All children should be children of love. All that are born should be sincerely welcomed. The children of mothers who dislike or hate or loathe the father will fill the world with insanity and crime. No woman should by law or by public opinion be forced to live with a man whom she abhors. There is no danger of demoralizing the world through divorce. Neither is there any danger of destroying in the human heart that

divine thing called love. As long as the human race exists men and women will love each other, and just so long there will be true and perfect marriage. Slavery is not the soil or rain of virtue.

I make a difference between granting divorce to a man and to a woman, and for this reason: A woman dowers her husband with her youth and beauty. He should not be allowed to desert her because she had grown wrinkled and old. Her capital is gone, her prospects in life lessened, while on the contrary, he may be far better able to succeed toan when he married her. As a rule the man can take care of himself, and as a rule, the woman needs help. So I would not allow him to cast her off, unless she had flagrantly violated the contract. But for the sake of the community, and especially for the sake of the babes, I would give her divorce for the asking.

There will never be a generation of great men until there has been a generation of free women—of free mothers.

The tenderest word in our language is maternity. In that word is the divine mingling of ecstasy and agony, of love and self-sacrifice. This word is holy.

#### THE LABOR QUESTION

There has been for many years ceaseless discussion upon what is called the labor question the conflict between the working man and the capitalists. Many ways have been devised, some experiments have been tried for solving this question. Profit-sharing would not work, because it is impossible to share profits with those who are in-

capable of sharing losses. Communities have been formed, the object being to pay expenses and share the profits among all the persons belonging to the society. For the most part those have failed.

Others have advocated arbitration, and while it may be that the employers could be bound by the decision of arbitrators there has been no way discovered by which the employes could be held by such decision. In other words, the question has not been solved.

For my own part, I see no final and satisfactory solution except through the civilization of employers and employed. The question is so complicated, the ramifications are so countless, that a solution by law or by force seems at least improbable. Employers are supposed to pay according to their profits. They may or may not. Profits may be destroyed by competition. The employer is at the mercy of other employers, and as much so as his employes are at his mercy. The employers cannot govern prices, they cannot fix demand, they cannot control supply, and at present, in the world of trade, the laws of supply and demand, except when interfered with by conspiracy, are in absolute control.

Will the time arrive, and can it arrive, except by developing the brain, except by the aid of intellectual light, when the purchaser will wish to give, what a thing is worth, when the employer will be satisfied with a reasonable profit, when the employer will be anxious to give the real value for raw material, when he will be really anxious

to pay the laborer the full value of his labor?

#### QUESTIONS OF DEEP IMPORTANCE

Will the employer ever become civilized enough to know that the law of supply and demand should not absolutely apply in the labor market of the world? Will he ever become civilized enough not to take advantage of the necessities of the poor, of the hunger and rags and want of poverty? Will he ever become civilized enough to say, "I will pay the man who labors for me enough to give him a reasonable support, enough for him to assist in taking care of wife and children, enough for him to do this and lay aside something, enough to give him a house and hearth during the December of his life, so that he can warm his worn and shriveled hands at the fire of his home?"

Of course, capital can do nothing without the assistance of labor. All there is of value in the world is the product of labor. The laboring man pays all the expenses. No matter whether taxes are laid on luxuries or on the necessities of life, labor pays every cent.

So we must remember that day by day, labor is becoming intelligent. So I believe the employer is gradually becoming civilized, gradually becoming kinder, and many men who have made large fortunes from the labor of their fellows have given of their millions to what they regard as objects of charity or for the interests of education. This is a kind of penance, because the men that have made this money from the brain and muscle of their fellowmen have ever felt that it was not

quite their own. Many of these employers have sought to balance their accounts by leaving something for universities or the establishment of libraries, drinking fountains or to build monuments to departed greatness. It would have been, I think, far better had they used this money to better the condition of the men who really earned .

So I think when we become civilized great corporations will make provisions for men who have given their lives to their service. I think the great railroads should pay pensions to their worn-out employes. They should take care of them in old age. They should not maim and wear out their servants and then discharge them and allow them to be supported in poorhouses. These great companies should take care of the men they maim; they should look out for the ones whose lives they have used and whose labor has been the foundation of their prosperity.

#### DAWN OF A BRIGHTER DAY

Upon this question public sentiment should be aroused to such a degree that these corporations would be ashamed to use a human life and then throw away the broken old man as they would cast aside a rotten tie.

It may be that the mechanics, the workingmen, will become intelligent enough to really unite in absolute concert. Could this be accomplished, then a reasonable rate of compensation should be fixed and enforced. Now such efforts are local, and the result up to this time has been a failure. But if all could unite they could obtain what is reas-

onable, what is just, and they would have the sympathy of a very large majority of their fellow-men, provided they were reasonable.

But before they can act in this way they must become really intelligent, intelligent enough to know what is reasonable, and honest enough to ask for no more.

So much has already been accomplished for the workingman that I have hope, and great hope, of the future. The hours of labor have been shortened, and materially shortened, in many countries. There was a time when men worked fifteen and sixteen hours a day. Now generally a day's work is not longer than ten hours, and the tendency is to still further decrease hours.

By comparing long periods of time we more clearly perceive the advance that has been made. In 1860 the average amount earned by the laboring men, workmen, mechanics, per year, was about \$285. It is now about \$500, and \$1 to-day will purchase more of the necessities of life, more food, clothing and fuel, than it would in 1860. These facts are full of hope for the future.

All our sympathies should be with the men who work, who toil, with the women who labor for themselves and children, because we know that labor is the foundation of all, and that those who labor are the caryatides that support the structure and glittering dome of civilization and progress.

#### EDUCATE THE CHILDREN

Every child should be taught to be self supporting, and everyone should be taught to avoid being a burden on others as it would shun death.

Every child should be taught that

the useful are the honorable and that they who live on the labor of others are the enemies of society. Every child should be taught that useful work is worship and that intelligent labor is the highest form of prayer.

Children should be taught to think, to investigate, to rely upon the light of reason, of observation and experience; should be taught to use all their senses, and they should be taught only that which is in some sense really useful. They should be taught the use of tools, to use their hands, to embody their thoughts in the construction of things. Their lives should not be wasted in the acquisition of the useless or the almost useless. Years should not be devoted to the acquisition of dead languages or to the study of history, which for the most part, is a detailed account of things that never occurred. It is useless to fill the mind with dates of great battles, with the births and deaths of kings. They should be taught the philosophy of history, the growth of nations, of philosophies, theories, and above all, of the sciences.

So they should be taught the importance not only of financial, but of mental honesty; to be absolutely sincere; to utter their real thoughts, and to give their actual opinions, and, if parents want honest children, they should be honest themselves. It may be that hypocrites transmit that failing to their offspring. Men and women who pretend to agree with the majority, who think one way and talk another, can hardly expect their children to be absolutely sincere.

## TEACH ONLY THE KNOWN TRUTH

Nothing should be taught in any school that the teacher does not know. Beliefs, superstitions, theories should not be treated like demonstrated facts. The child should be taught to investigate, not to believe. Too much doubt is better than too much credulity. So children should be taught that it is their duty to think for themselves to understand and, if possible, to know.

Real education is the hope of the future. The development of the brain, the civilization of the heart, will drive want and crime from the world. The school house is the real cathedral and science the only possible savior of the human race. Education, real education, is the friend of honesty, of morality, of temperance.

We cannot rely upon legislative enactment to make people wise and good; neither can we expect to make human beings manly and womanly by keeping them out of temptation. Temptations are as thick as the leaves of the forest and no one can be out of reach of temptation unless he is dead.

The great thing is to make people intelligent enough and strong enough not to keep away from temptation, but to resist it. All the forces of civilization are in favor of morality and temperance. Little can be accomplished by law, because law for the most part, about such things is a destruction of personal liberty. Liberty cannot be sacrificed for the sake of temperance, for the sake of morality, or for the sake of anything. It is of more value than everything else. Yet some people would destroy the sun to prevent the growth

of weeds. Liberty sustains the same relation to all the virtues that the sun does to life. The world had better go back to barbarism, to the dens, the caves and lairs of savagery; better lose all art, all inventions than to lose liberty. Liberty is the breath of progress; it is the seed and soil, the heat and rain of love and joy.

So all should be taught that the highest ambition is to be happy and to add to the well being of others; that place and power are not necessary to success; that the desire to acquire great wealth is a kind of insanity. They should be taught that it is a waste of energy, a waste of thought, a waste of life, to acquire what you do not need and what you do not really use for the benefit of yourself or others.

## THE TRUE WORTH OF WEALTH

Neither mendicants nor millionaires are the happiest of mankind. The man at the bottom of the ladder hopes to rise; the man at the top fears to fall. The one asks; the other refuses, and by frequent refusal the heart becomes hard enough and the hand greedy enough to clutch and hold.

Few men have intelligence enough, real greatness enough, to own a great fortune. As a rule, the fortune owns them. Their fortune is their master, for whom they work and toil like slaves. The man who has a good business, and who can make a reasonable living, and lay aside something for the future, who can educate his children, and can leave enough to keep the wolf of want from the door of those he loves, ought to be the happiest of men.

Now, society bows and kneels at the feet of wealth. Wealth gives power; wealth commands flattery and adulation, and so millions of



men give all their energies, as well as their very souls, for the acquisition of gold, and this will continue as society is ignorant enough and hypocritical enough to hold in high esteem the man of wealth, without the slightest regard to the character of the man.

In judging of the rich, two things should be considered: How did they get it, and what are they doing with it? Was it honestly acquired? Is it being used for the benefit of mankind? When people become really intelligent, when the brain is really developed, no human being will give his life to the acquisition of what he does not need, or what he cannot intelligently use.

The time will come when the truly intelligent man cannot be happy, cannot be satisfied, when millions of his fellow men are hungry and naked; the time will come when in every heart will be the perfume of pity's sacred flower; the time will come when the world will be anxious to ascertain the truth, to find out the conditions of happiness, and to live in accordance with such conditions, and the time will come when in the brain of every human being will be the climate of intellectual hospitality.

Man will be civilized when the passions are dominated by the intellectual, when reason occupies the throne, and when the hot blood of passion no longer rises in successful revolt.

To civilize the world, to hasten the coming of the golden dawn of the perfect day, we must educate the children; we must commence at the cradle, at the lap of the loving mother.

#### WE MUST WORK AND WAIT

The reforms that I have mention-

ed cannot be accomplished in a day, possibly for many centuries; and in the mean time there is much crime, much poverty, much want, and consequently, something must be done now.

Let each human being within the limits of the possible be self supporting; let every one take intelligent thought for the morrow and if a human being supports himself and acquires a surplus, let him use part of that surplus for the unfortunate, and let each one, to the extent of his ability, help his fellow men. Let him do what he can in the circle of his own acquaintance to rescue the fallen, to help those who are trying to help themselves, to give work to the idle. Let him distribute kind words, words of wisdom, of cheerfulness and hope. In other words, let every human being do all the good he can and let him bind up the wounds of his fellow creatures, and at the same time put forth every effort to hasten the coming of a better day.

This, in my judgment, is real religion. To do all the good you can is to be a saint in the highest and noblest sense. To do all the good you can—this is to be really and truly spiritual. To relieve suffering, to put the star of hope in the midnight of despair—this is true holiness. This is the religion of science. The old creeds are too narrow, they are not for the world in which we live. The old dogmas lack breadth and tenderness, they are too cruel, too merciless, too savage. We are growing grander and nobler.

The firmament inlaid with suns is

the dome of the real cathedral! The interpreters of nature are the true and only priests. In the great creed are all the truths that lips have uttered, and in the real litany will be found all the ecstasies and aspirations of the soul, all dreams of joy, all hopes for nobler, fuller life. The real church, the real edifice, is adorned and glorified with all that art has done. In the real choir is all the thrilling music of the world, and in the starlit aisles have

been, and are, the grandest souls of every land and clime.

“There is no darkness but ignorance.”

Let us flood the world with intellectual light.

In conclusion, I take this occasion to sincerely thank Rev. Mr. Rusk, for generously inviting me to address his congregation. And so I say to him and the Militant Church, success and long life.



## The Call of the Wind

By Grover C. McGimsey



HE breath of the wind on the open  
ship

Blowing steadily, strong and free,  
Has a touch of life for the sailor lad

And a call of the sea for me.

Has a call so strong that I seem to hear

The waves as they come and go,

And the boatswain's call on the morning air

Of "heave-o! my lads heave-o!"

And the roll of the ship,

And the cry of the gulls,

And the voices of happy men,

All luring me back to the open tide,

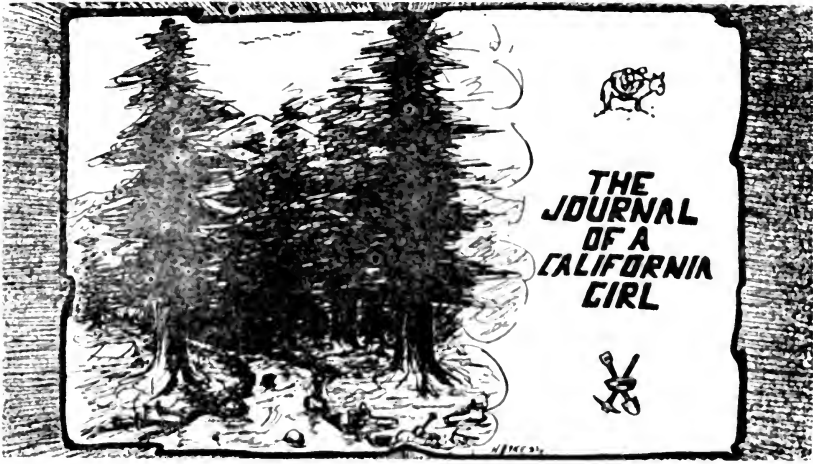
I answer the call of the wind.

I answer and wish that for one more trip

I could breathe of the salt of the sea;

Could tug at the ropes, the wheel and the sail,

In relief of my reverie.



Continued from last Issue

Tuesday, Aug. 9, 1870. Today Ves and I came from Fort Jones to this place. We found Jimmie McConaghy here. We are all invited to a pic nic tomorrow.

Wednesday. Attended a family pic nic with the the Dennys. Shall never forget it—a day to remember.

Mr. and Mrs. Denny keep the hotel at Calahan's. I think they own it, and other property there.

Thursday. Had a wonderful day. Went horseback riding with Jimmie McConaghy, up Fox Creek, found the Cold Spring. Went back to Mrs. French's home to take dinner. In the evening I lectured at South Fork a very small place. Collection \$6.75. After the lecture rode back to Callahans.

Friday, Aug. 12. We were to leave Callahan's tonight for Trinity Center, so before stage time, I went driving with Jimmie McConaghy, through romantic ways, draped with wild grape vines, and other beautiful growing things, just touched by the autumn colors. I love the natural beauties of Northern California

they garland all my memories of places and people. I am glad to travel through this wonderful land while I am young, so that as long as I live, I will have such things to remember.

Trinity Center, Saturday, August 13. Lectured here tonight. Collection \$11.00.

Sunday. Came to French Gulch, lectured. Collected \$6 00. This is just a way station very few people here.

Returned to weaverville the middle of August, lectured twice in that month there. Collections \$18 and \$10.

Remained in Trinity county until October 27, 1870. Earned in September \$96.25.

Lectured three times in October, \$56.75.

On Thursday, Oct. 27, came from Weaverville to Shasta. By a strange coincidence Mr. Raveley was again a fellow passenger; exactly four months to a day since we went over the mountains to Trinity.

Friday Lectured this evening at Shasta. Collections \$4.50. Lectured again on 29th and 30th, collecting \$18.25.

## Your Memory

By May S. Greenwood

*Beloved,—where the night-winds breathe,  
I hear you call;  
And see your face, where deeply blue,  
The shadows fall.  
In every thing of matchless grace  
Your twice-beloved form I trace.  
In Morning's rose and Evening's dew  
I find sweet memories of you.*



## A Lost Hour

By May S. Greenwood

*There was a happiness that stayed an hour  
With me but yesterday  
Sweet as a rosebud bloss'ning into flower.  
Why has that glory faded from today?  
Who was it stole the fragrance of the thing,  
Bruised the red petal broke the velvet  
wing,  
And stole the glory that fell o'er our way,  
For just one hour of a perfect day?*

J.

## “PAX VOBISCUM”

BY ANNA M. REED



HE winds of fate have blown me far —  
O morning suns, and evening's star!  
Is there a haven in the west,  
Where those world-wearied find their  
rest.

I've leaned my cheek against the wind,  
To find the heart I've longed to find,  
But only voids of empty air,  
And lonely silences were there.

Out of the clasp of loving arms,  
That failed amid life's strange alarms,  
I've drifted with these winds of fate,  
Until my way is desolate.

And now within the sunset's fire,  
I see the portals of desire,  
Where after suffering and sin,  
Death waits to usher pilgrims in.

And there beyond all things more base,  
Shines out the loving Master's face,  
Where all this restless pain will cease,  
Cured by His wond'rous words of peace.

## THE GLAMOUR OF A DREAM

BY ANNA M. REED

On the Grounds of the P. P. I. E. July 6, 1916



HERE were the world's achievements, in every triumph shown,

Records of Art and Genius, written in wood stone.

Here were the strains of music, wakened from lyre and harp,

Viol and horn, and organ sounding from dawn till dark.

Here the sun was rivalled by Myriad flashing rays,

Shining on dome and column, through courts and winding ways.

Through all this maze I wandered—through avenues of bloom,  
Where a palace held its treasure, across the wide lagoon.

Priceless and rare, beyond compare. these bronze and marble things,

While over the silent water, poised gulls on languid wings.

I loved the bloom and beauty—the fountains' rhythmic play,

Arch and dome and column, above their jeweled spray.

And where the light of morning, prised each slender spire,

And the tower, where a million jewels, gleamed in the sunset fire.

I saw all this; and dreaming, from all the world apart,

Of all those tides of being, I was the loneliest heart.

What were the world's achievements - what were all wealth and fame—

Science and art and genius that win a deathless name?

They were only a burden— a burden I could not bear,

And the beauty and bloom oppressed me--*because you were not there.*

All of the rest is nothing, if we should meet no more,

Above all sounds, I listen, to waves on a distant shore,

Where an ocean has divided, and holds us still apart,

And the days are filled with longing, and mine is a broken heart.

Vain was this dream of splendor, however it may seem,


For the whole world fades to nothing, in the glamour of my dream.

No victory or triumph, complete, as ages roll,

If after all attainment, they leave a famished soul.

# EDITORIAL

BY ANNA M. REED

“ HAT 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.

SINCE men have made, and are making, a mockery of the message of Jesus, we are giving for our Christmas Greeting, our leading article, irrespective of church or creed, the sermon of Robert G. Ingersoll, delivered in the Militant Church of Chicago, in April 1896.

We hope that those who receive *The Northern Crown*, will read it without prejudice, and heed the prophetic suggestions of the greatest layman of the nineteenth century. An understanding of his human and humane philosophy, will better fit the world to receive and practice the divine doctrine of the Savior of mankind.

THE editor of this journal has met with some friendly criticism, as to not giving enough of her own opinions through the medium of its editorial columns.

We have always felt in a manner diffident about expressing our own views, when we have such a convenient opportunity to inflict them upon the public. But since they really seem to be desired, from many quarters, we will gratify the repeated requests, and begin to say things, so that our friends and foes—if we have any, shall hear from us, from time to time upon any topic that appeals to us as worthy of mention. And we sincerely hope that we may be read without prejudice and that our readers may not be shocked, when we say, what from our view point, appears to be true.

WE have no dread of life, except the hospital and the surgeon's knife—kind as it may be at times, and no fear of death, except the undertaker.

We desire to go out of life with all the organs that we brought with us, and as we believe in the resurrection of the body, we would not like to appear, on the last day minus even an appendix. As for the undertaker, we pray God that we may be spared his ministrations.

Let those who love us—if there are any left—wrap us in clean linen, and lay us in the earth, there to resolve to kindred dust—the cleanest, kindest element.

We had a young friend once, who was apparently shocked to death by electricity—we have every reason to believe he was embalmed before

he had died—hence our horror of embalming, and the business that follows beyond life, and reaches with grasping fingers into the sanctity and the silence of the grave. This seems to us inhuman. They call the place of our final rest "God's Acre." Such it should be. Set apart by state and national laws. Supported by state and national burial funds. No individual should be allowed to live or profit, by the death of men—the thought is to the writer ghoulish and horrible. Also the idea of being mummified and placed on dress parade for the curious and the unfeeling to look with treacherous and malignant eyes, that count the cost and the flowers—upon the helplessness and the humiliation of the wasted garment that our soul had worn.

Death—and the offices for the dead, should be as absolutely private and sacred as the circumstances and ministrations surrounding birth, any publicity and display that can be avoided, is absolutely indelicate. The only thing which in our opinion excuses the office of the undertaker, is the disinfectant bath for the dead. We have no doubt that there are some people who from the time they leave the hands of the midwife, until they reach those of the undertaker are never really clean. So after all there are palliating circumstances surrounding all vocations.

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IT has been our great pleasure, to aid in the development and introduce to the literary world three new authors: May S. Greenwood of Petaluma, Edna Poppe Cooper of Glen Ellen, and Grover C. McGimsey of Ukiah, and all, of Northern California. All have been graciously received by the press of the state, authoritative critics, and others of the "powers that be."

A fourth, who for the present shall be nameless, will soon be forthcoming—the only poetical writer, whose work, perfect in rhyme and measure is absolutely true, as to description, and historical events, in the annals of California. A grateful and reliant satisfaction to the reader, in contrast to the flights of fancy, and the confusing intermingling of fact and fiction by other writers, in a land where actual conditions and things have been, and are, beautiful and tragic and thrilling enough, without the aid of exaggeration.

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The tribute to Jack London, by Grover C. McGimsey, soon to appear in pamphlet form, is a masterpiece and will live as long as the memory of Jack London lives in the hearts of the people.



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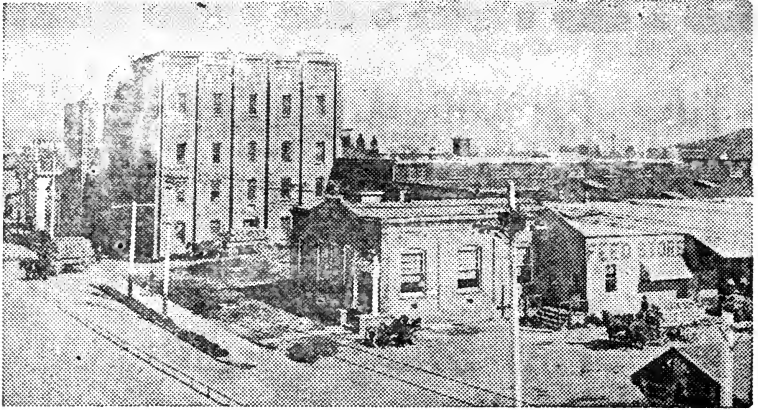
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**Golden Eagle Family Flour**  
Should Reign Supreme In Every  
**Petaluma Household**

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It's Excellent Baking Qualities Insure a Grade Best Suited for Family Use. ORDER a Sack TO-DAY Just to Know What a Perfect Flour We are Manufacturing.

**GOLDEN EAGLE MILLING COMPANY**

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Expert Repairing and Engraving

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**JOHN BLUNK**

**Watchmaker and Jeweler**

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— Largest Stock of —

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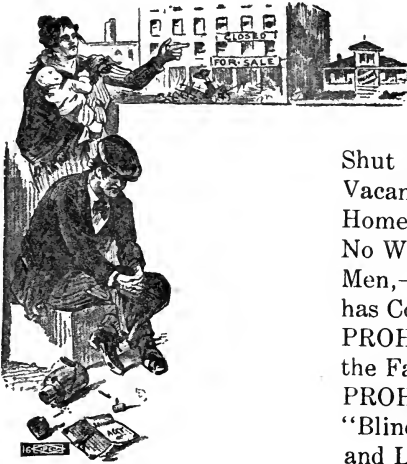
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Shut down Factories;  
Vacant Houses and Stores;  
Homeless, Hungry Families,  
No Work for Thousands of  
Men,—“PROHIBITION”  
has Confiscated their Jobs!  
PROHIBITION Curtails  
the Farmers’ Grain Market.  
PROHIBITION Breeds  
“Blind Tigers,” “Speak Easies”  
and Low Dives!

## THESE ARE FACTS

Do you wish to be guilty of such Wrongs against  
Your Fellowmen

## THINK IT OVER!

You will be Convinced that PROHIBITION is a MENACE  
to the COUNTRY

## VOTE AND WORK AGAINST PROHIBITION

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Prohibition will destroy the Wine Industry! It will destroy the  
Brewing Industry, and throw Thousands of our Members  
Out of Work

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**INTERNATIONAL UNION of UNITED  
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CAPITAL \$250,000

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## A Safe Bank



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THOS. MACLAY, President      R. RIGHETTI, Cashier  
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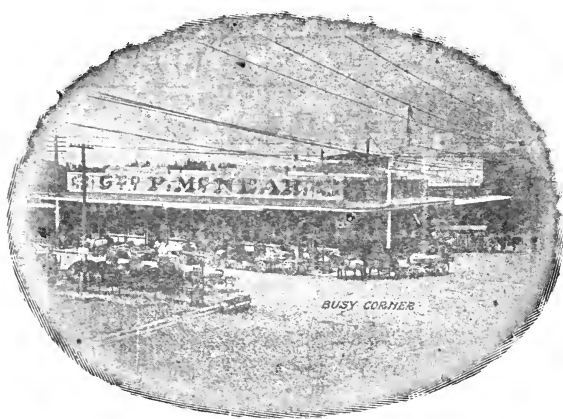
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*All First-Class Drugs, Cosmetics and Perfumes  
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—Largest Stock, Lowest Prices—  
Fine Watch Repairing and Fitting of Glasses a Specialty.  
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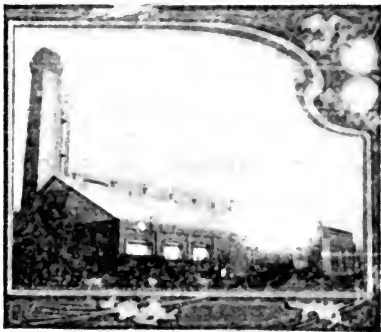
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Under the Management of J. A. McNear Jr.

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