



ISAAC WAGNER

ELIZA SHILLING-WAGNER



THE SIX CHILDREN OF MR. AND MRS. ISAAC WAGNER

All married; all had children; all the grandchildren living, except two; all the great-grandchildren living, except three; all the Isaac Wagner children lived to be seventy years old or more, except one. Father had brown and mother had gray eyes. Three of their children had brown and three had gray eyes.

ISAAC WAGNER FAMILY TREE

WITH COMMENTS BY
E. R. WAGNER

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PREFACE

Related to You—All of One Blood—The Wagners

A SHORT TIME AGO there lived an unusual man in one of the large cities of the Central West. He understood the day and used his opportunities. Money came to him through his investments, like they carry it into a bank. The rich and poor alike came to see him, for he kept an open mind and an open door. He was so uncommon that he wore a blue shirt without a tie, a plain suit, and shoes with holes in them. He was not a tuxedo man, but his descendants became famous as jurists, legislators, and even a President is numbered among them.

One day there came into his office a man to beg for help.

“What will you have?” asked the great commoner.

“Money,” said the man.

“Why do you ask me for money?”

“I’m a relative of yours.”

“What’s your name?”

“Clark.”

“I don’t remember anyone belonging to our family by that name; how are we related?”

“Why, wasn’t Adam the father of us all?”

The great commoner reached into his pocket and pulled out a handful of coins and picked out a penny and laid it in the palm of his hand.

“Why, how is this that you give me only a penny?”

“Well,” said the great commoner, “if all your relatives give you that much, you’ll have more money than I have.”

In small and great affairs he always used his universal mind in dealing with men. So, reader, do the same, in dealing with this short story of—A Long Journey—

THE HUMAN RACE OF THE WAGNERS

E. R. W.

THE SEED IS THE LIFE

“I planted some hollyhock seed by the garden wall—
Some grew small and some grew tall,
Some grew red and some grew white,
But they all grew—for your delight.”

THERE ARE A FEW people who do not know their father's name; then there are a great many who do not know the name of their grandfather; and then there is a countless host of people who do not know the name of their great-grandfather. Perhaps there is only one in a million who can name a dozen ancestors in succession. People who do not care for their ancestors often lack the knowledge of the present-day conditions and future prospects. The student who knows the past almost knows the future, for in today already walks tomorrow. Proper pride of our forebears should make us humble and grateful. It should inspire us all to cut a new notch in the totem pole of fame.

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INTRODUCTION

I HAVE GATHERED this bit of history from neglected cemeteries, church records, deeds, wills, tombstones, and books. Forty years ago I wanted to publish the booklet, but it seemed too incomplete. Now, at seventy, I wish I had forty more years to reduce it one-half and make it say twice as much.



The greatest autobiography that ever has been written:

“When I was fifteen I was a student; at thirty I could stand; at forty doubts ceased; at fifty I understood the laws of heaven; at sixty my ears obeyed me; and at seventy I could do whatsoever my heart desired without swerving from the right.”—*Confucius*.

ISAAC WAGNER FAMILY TREE

CHAPTER I

The Wagner Family From 1483

IT MAY BE OF INTEREST to find that the Wagner family originated with Doctor Martin Luther, on the maternal side, through his daughter Margaret, who married W. Kuhlheim. Through their children on the maternal side comes the founder of the Wagner branch, Tobias, whose occupation was a coppersmith and engraver in Nordlingen. A son of his became Senator in Heidenheim. His son, Tobias Wagner, was pastor, professor, chancellor, and dean in Tubingen, and died in 1680.

He again had two sons, one of whom became a minister and the other a doctor. One of these became the progenitor of the Danish branch. His son's name was George Wagner, and George's son was John, who became surveyor in Heidenheim. John's son, John Ludwig, who died in 1792, was agent in Koenigsbronn. His son, Frederick Carl von Wagner, who died July 5, 1847, enlisted, as he thought, in the Prussian army, but by mistake it happened to be in the Danish army, and he died in the capacity of a Danish colonel. His son, Moritz Carl Frederick August von Wagner, became likewise a Danish colonel, and died as such in the year 1849. His son is the present Dean Ludwig Carl Moritz Wagner in Saskjobing. His sister was the late lamented Lady Schraeder.

Reverend and Chancellor Tobias Wagner's second son became the progenitor of the American branch. His son became a minister in Hausen near Tuttlingen. He, too, had a son, Tobias by name, who became minister in Heilbronn, where he remained until June 13, 1742, when he received a call as chaplain for General S. Walter Colony at the Brodd and Muscongus rivers in Massachusetts and Maine. He came to America with his wife and five children, where three more were born. He left the colony in 1743 and became pastor in Tulpehocken,

Pennsylvania. It was he who joined in matrimony the Reverend Doctor H. M. Mühlenberg to Anna Maria Weiser.

He sought to organize an orthodox Lutheran conference in contrast to Muhlenberg and the other minister from Halle, who were of the pietistic order. He had a somewhat polemic disposition. He returned to Germany in 1759, while all his children remained in America and submitted to reordination by the Bishop of London. He later became minister in the margraviate of Brandenburg, and died in 1775 as pastor in Wurttemberg. His daughter, Catherine Elizabeth Wagner, married G. Heintzelmann of Lancaster and became the mother of Major General S. P. Heintzelmann, who died May 1, 1880, in Washington.

One of the sons, John Christian Wagner, was father to Mary Wagner, who on December 19, 1811, was married to a descendant of the old Swedish colony, John Stille. She became the mother of six children, among whom was Doctor Alfred J. Stille of Philadelphia and Professor Doctor Charles Stille, dean at the University of Pennsylvania.

We here have a somewhat widely branched family tree originating with Pastor Tobias Wagner, the son of Luther's daughter, Margaret. How many, or whether any of the numerous ministers in this country by the name of Wagner belong to the same family, it is impossible to say. For further information consult *History of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in America from 1620 to 1820*, page 394 ff.

Translated from the Danish by
Reverend A. C. Petersen, of Waterloo, Wis.,
in *Kirkelig Samler*.

We kindly claim relation to all of the Wagner "blood"—and even more. We are tracing at this time, on the maternal side, our family line back to Luther's time. We find that the Wagners in Europe are as famous, and as numerous, as the Smiths in America.

CHAPTER II

My Father's People

OUR FOREBEARS lived in the famous Tulpehocken Township, Berks County, Pennsylvania. The grandson of this family, whose name was John, a son of Nicholas Wagner, who probably married a Himes in Tulpehocken and to which union four children were born, viz., John, Nicholas, Isaac, and Abraham, in 1812, in company with George and Dan Wagner, probably cousins, left Berks County and went to Snyder County. John bought a farm at sheriff sale, which became the old homestead and was owned by William G., the youngest son, in 1906.

John married Catherine Goss, and from this union were born: Sophia Wagner-Riddle; Isaac Wagner; Jacob, who overworked in a contest of cutting oats for a Mr. Wilson and died at the age of twenty-two, and was buried in Big Valley near Belleville; Abraham Wagner; Anna Wagner-Dreese; John Wagner; Solomon Wagner; Reuben Wagner; Matilda Wagner-Schwartz; Betsy, who died at the age of six months, whose grave is unknown; and William G. Wagner—eleven children in all.

All these children are dead except Reuben and William G. Wagner, whom I visited in 1906 and there learned much about my beloved father, Isaac Wagner, the originator of the "Isaac Wagner Reunion."

CHAPTER III

My Mother's People

WILLIAM G. SHILLING of Snyder County, Pennsylvania, was born October 20, 1793, and Miss Catherine S. Krick was born November 6, 1800. She was married to William S. Shilling, and to this union were born: Rachel Shilling-Bubb-Dieffenbach; Elizabeth Shilling-Isaac Wagner; Isaac Shilling, and William Shilling.

The Shillings and the Kricks were very creditable people in property and religion. You can find their well-marked graves in a little Lutheran churchyard near McClure, Pennsylvania.

Mrs. Catherine S. Shilling died in 1875 and her husband in 1882. Their four children are all dead at this writing (1928), but their grandchildren and great-grandchildren represent a numerous and lively group that have maintained an interesting "Shilling Reunion" for more than a decade near Lewis-town, Pennsylvania.

CHAPTER IV

The Burial of My Grandparents

GRANDFATHER JOHN WAGNER was born in Berks County, Pennsylvania, on December 25, 1791, and died in Snyder County, near McClure, Pennsylvania, on October 7, 1848, of consumption. Grandmother Wagner was born January 13, 1796, and died December 4, 1851. When grandfather died, a neighbor by the name of Fries hitched up four black horses to a big wagon with an old English blue bed, sometimes called "schooner," and drove over to Wagner's. After a brief service in the home, the body was carried into this wagon and grandmother sat at the foot of the coffin and the ten children sat around the body of the father as a watch, or guard, as they proceeded to the church and cemetery. A Reverend Peter Schindler preached the sermon from II Peter 1:14: "Knowing that shortly I must put off this my tabernacle, even as our Lord Jesus Christ hath shewed me."

Three years afterward grandmother died, and the same man, same wagon, same horses, same preacher, and same text were used for Grandmother Wagner's funeral. They did not bury in family lots in those days, but in a row, and grandmother is in the same row as grandfather, but about a square apart. (It was democratic.)

These graves are marked with creditable marble slabs, with name, date of birth, and death, and the text used for funeral discourse. There are over 2500 dead in this country cemetery by the little brick church on the hill. The living here are few, but the dead are many. Betsy's grave is unmarked and unknown—with millions of others. I believe that every handful of dust will represent some body of the past. Sacred dust—eternal life.

CHAPTER V

Isaac Wagner, Founder of the Reunion

THE FIRST FAMILY REUNION was held in the early autumn of 1872 on the Isaac Wagner farm, Brady Township, Huntingdon County, Pennsylvania. How well I remember when sister Annie and brother Will struggled with the wording of the printed invitation.

There were nine of John Wagner's children living at this time, and all were present except one. They came in the afternoon and evening. Then came the supper hour, out on the lawn before the big brick house. It was a most gracious meal, mingled with tears and laughter. Following this came family worship, with reading, singing, and prayer—three hours long. The men slept in the barn and the women in the house, almost like the Boaz story in harvest time, of long ago.

Breakfast over, morning worship until 12 noon. Dinner over, singing, prayer, and religious experiences until 5 p. m. The evening worship was held in the house around the organ. A wonderful good-will spirit was present. They prayed that peace should be in every heart—passing all understanding—and that love should be given to all friends and enemies.

Uncle Sol and Reuben had married sisters—Susannah and Hannah. Unfortunately they had quarreled to the degree that, when meeting, they would not speak to one another. One of the brothers, who seemed to understand the need and the moment, arose and said: "Now Hannah, forgive and forget and meet Susannah halfway." In tears, she arose and said: "I will." Then two brothers stepped to the side of Susannah and gently lifted her to her feet and said: "Meet Hannah halfway." The two sisters rushed into each other's arms and wept. Others laughed with divine joy, prayed, and sang "Blest Be the Tie That Binds Our Hearts in Christian Love." It was the most dramatic event I have ever witnessed. The theater imitates, but this was real. It was a reconciliation, not

for money, but for eternity. It was the high spot of the reunion. It should be the high spot of every family reunion throughout our land, and the high spot wherever sin has marred and separated nations.

The next reunion was held at Sophia Riddle's home, forty-five miles east of Brady Township.

On both sides of the house of Isaac Wagner, the uncles and aunts died quite young, except Uncle Reuben and William G. Wagner. These were living in 1906, when the Isaac Wagner children held their first reunion in the orchard planted by their father in 1876. This reunion was largely brought about by Harr Wagner, author and publisher, of San Francisco, California. Samuel Wagner arranged to take relatives from Huntingdon down to the old farm in an autobus. This was a great treat; for many it was their "first" auto ride.

The next great reunion was held in 1926, the Sesquicentennial year. Brother Samuel M. Wagner had died in 1914 and sister Annie in 1920. Brother William J. Wagner had left Big Valley about 1884, going to Kansas and then on to California. In all these forty-two years he had never visited the home of his youth, but in company with his brother Harr, and in his seventy-seventh year, made the trip across and back again, enjoying every minute of the journey. Sister Jennie could not be present on account of sickness in her family, but the three brothers were there with a host of nieces and nephews and their families.

We met June 25 on the old farm. Mr. and Mrs. Ray Brown made us as welcome as though our parents were still living in the old home. It was the crystallized essence of sweet hospitality. Harry W. Wagner was elected president. While it will not be necessary to meet every year in a formal reunion, you can readily see it will be quite necessary to meet at least once every fifty years to promote fellowship and orderly authenticated history, so that this work may be preserved and added to by all oncoming generations. If it be in accordance with the Divine Will, may these reunions be carried on until the land and the sea give up their dead.

CHAPTER VI

A Short Personal Sketch of Isaac Wagner

HE WAS THE FIRST-BORN SON. On account of his father's early death, he likely became the head of the family. He taught school in the building that stood on his father's farm.

Uncle William G. told me this story as we came out the lane of the old Wagner home: "There on that spot stood the building where your father taught school, in the German language. Teaching a little boy his A B C's, he said: 'Do you know what letter that is?' 'No, I don't,' said the boy, 'and you don't either, but if you'll come home with me, my mother will tell you what it is.' " Surely a boy who esteemed his mother that much ought to have been Governor of the state.

Isaac Wagner married when he was twenty-six years old. His first rented farm was three miles out from Millroy, owned by Samuel McDowell. He must have loved his landlord, for he called his third child Samuel McDowell Wagner. Later he moved to a farm on the southwest edge of Millroy. Several years later he purchased a farm of 140 acres, the second one back of the Kishacoquilas Seminary, known as the Eastman farm. During the Civil War he traded this farm for 214 acres, seventeen miles up the valley in Brady Township, Huntingdon County, Pennsylvania. Now he was out of debt, but it was a very poor trade, both financially and for educational advantages, for the traded farm was within five minutes of a seminary where his six children could learn Latin and Greek.

He hardly understood the driving of a golden railroad spike into a tie near Utah, connecting the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, *mit eisenbahn*. This great accomplishment put millions of acres of government land upon a ready and hungry market, at \$1.25 per acre. It seemed that almost everybody wanted to sell in the East. Father loaded up with four more farms, and in six years land came down to one-sixth of its cost. Father lost his four farms and had a \$500 mortgage on the home



REUNION OF 1906

place. It was a land tragedy, but after all it was a blessing in disguise, for it sent four of his children into the public schools as teachers and later all four to college. One of the sons became a minister and the other writes some of the school books for the state in which he resides.

Father was very close to being six feet tall, but never weighed more than 160 pounds. His eyes were searching black, and his hair was raven to the end of his life. We esteem him as a wonderful father, for with all our youthful folly and many mistakes, I remember receiving punishment from his hands but once. He was so patient and thoughtful at times. He made his home pleasant and everyone was given a most cordial welcome to his house. Through his great social and hospitable spirit he became the leader and founder of the Wagner reunions.

After the panic that followed the Civil War, when my father was sixty years of age, he said to me: "Son, my life has been a failure." "Oh, no," I said. "Just think, father, you have your splendid home, the little farm, mother, and six children living and hundreds of friends. To be the father of six creditable, grown children—such splendid facts represent the condensed essence of success." Five of his six children lived to be over seventy, and the other died at sixty under an operation. All his children are married, all have children, and all the grand and great-grandchildren are living except five. A most remarkable life line!

Father and mother are buried in the Lutheran cemetery, Allenville, Pennsylvania. The graves are marked by footstones and a small marble pillar.

CHAPTER VII

A Bible Biography

AT THE END of Malachi is a record for marriages, births and deaths. Here we find in father's own handwriting, viz.:

Mr. Isaac Wagner was married to Eliza Shilling
February 9th, A. D., 1847.

Catherine Ann Wagner was born 21st of January,
A. D., 1848,

William John Wagner was born 17th of May, A. D., 1850.

Samuel McDowell Wagner was born 8th day of February,
A. D., 1853.

Edwin Reuben Wagner was born the 11th day of March,
1855.

James Harrison Wagner was born on the 20th day of
March, 1857.

Lavina Jane Wagner was born on the 19th of September,
1859.

DEATHS:

Eliza Wagner died March 13th, 1884, at 2 o'clock
in the morning. Aged 59 years, 11 m., 12 d.

In Reverend Wagner's handwriting, viz.:
Isaac Wagner died Sept. 7th, 1887, aged 65 yrs., 8 m., 15 d.

CHAPTER VIII

First Branch—Catherine Ann Wagner

SHE WAS THE OLDEST of six children of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Wagner, and all through her years she was as full of life as an egg is full of meat—sprightly in conversation and wonderfully efficient in service. She graduated from the Roxbury school and then spent several years at Selinsgrove Seminary. About this time she developed a very severe case of typhoid fever, lasting the full nine weeks, with considerable delirium. She recovered, but was so affected that one side of her face perspired freely, while the other side was as dry as a desert. She taught public school for two years in the Ridges.

About this time she declared she would not marry a man who used tobacco and did not belong to the church. And then there came along a splendid young man with red cheeks and auburn hair who used tobacco and wasn't famous for church-going. He joined the church and ceased using the weed and they were married. His father purchased the McCarthy farm and the bride and groom moved in and lived there until the undertaker carried them away.

They both were excellent workers, for they rebuilt the house and a fine big barn. They improved the place so that many said: "You have the most beautiful yard and garden between Belleville and Mill Creek." Sister developed an unusual *gemuethlichkeit* and loved her kin, for she often said to the writer: "Entertaining your relatives is something like heaven." Just before I would arrive as a visitor, she would go into the garden and pluck the most beautiful flowers and put them on the dresser of the guestroom alongside the pictures of my best friends. It was the sweetest essence of hospitality, and hospitality is the *first essential of heroes*.

In 1903 she visited her brother in Cincinnati, Ohio, in company with brother Samuel and wife. It was the first time she had been out of the state, but lovers of flowers and astronomers

travel through all the universe with heart and mind. She was a loving neighbor, a patient mother, a faithful wife, and a devoted Christian. She was at church when her husband died suddenly, without being sick, of apoplexy. Mrs. Wagner-Metz died a few years later in her seventy-third year. They are buried in the family lot by the Lutheran Church of Allen-ville, Pennsylvania.

FAMILY TREE OF CATHERINE ANN WAGNER

CATHERINE ANN WAGNER was married to JOHN A. METZ at the bride's home August 17, 1870, and to this union four children were born:

PORTER METZ, born October 4, 1871. Married to CLAUDIA RUDY September 2, 1903, and to this union seven daughters were born:

GRACE METZ, born October 9, 1904. Teacher in Belleville High School.

BLANCHE METZ, born February 14, 1906. Nursing at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

RHODA METZ, born December 4, 1908. Student in Belleville High School.

MARY METZ, born August 24, 1912.

MAY METZ, born January 27, 1914.

HELEN METZ, born June 21, 1920.

JANE METZ, born February 13, 1927.

MARY METZ, born May 14, 1873. Married to EDWARD HUEY February 6, 1895, and to this union seven children were born:

JAMES HUEY, born November 14, 1895.

JOHN HUEY, born September 7, 1897. Married MARY B. CHILCOTE in November, 1921, and to this union three children were born—DOROTHY WILLIAM, and CHARLES.

PAULINE HUEY, born August 19, 1902.

ELEANOR HUEY, born July 30, 1904. Teacher in public schools.

FREDERICK HUEY, born December 1, 1908.

METZ HUEY, born April 13, 1912.

MARY HUEY, born June 6, 1915.

MARGARET METZ, born June 25, 1885. Married in April, 1905, to FREDERICK BROWN, born July 31, 1879, and to this union three children were born:

ANNA BROWN, born January 7, 1908. Teacher in public schools.

MARION BROWN, born November 6, 1910. Student.

PORTER BROWN, born September 19, 1913.

CHARLES METZ, born September 2, 1889. Married to HAZEL HUEY May 14, 1914, and to this union two sons were born:

ROBERT METZ, born January 21, 1916.

HARRY METZ, born September 12, 1918.

CHAPTER IX

Second Branch—William J. Wagner

WILLIAM J. WAGNER was the second child of Isaac Wagner and Eliza Shilling and the first son. When only six years of age he got hold of a limber switch and going through his mother's cucumber patch, struck at the tender vines, saying: "Didn't I get you? You bet I did!" But his mother discovered him as he was finishing his self-allotted task, and it is said a large apple switch suffered so much that it could not be used another time. When a very young man he ran away from home to make money by rafting lumber logs down the Susquehanna River to Harrisburg. About this time father laid down the rule to his six children: "Stay with me until you are twenty-three years of age and I'll give you \$700 for an 'out-setting,' or you can leave home at eighteen and I'll give you two suits of clothes." He stayed.

After this he became a close companion with his father in buying and selling stock. Later he became a butcher, but business was up and down for a number of years after the Civil War. Kansas seemed to him the brightest spot on the horizon of the United States, for she had just enacted her prohibition law, and he reasoned: "Where men are sober, there business is good." Then he went to Kansas and made some money, but his wife died. Then he sent his little daughter to Monticello. Misfortune and disappointment overshadowed his life beyond measure.

But at this time California began to throw her glow over the East and he took his two little sons and went to San Diego, where he saw an opening for the meat business in Los Angeles. He started a shop in that city and made enough money to buy the house and shop, but just before the deal went through, the smallpox broke out in his family. His meat was burned, his business was ruined, and his family suffered long from the

dreadful disease, so that in less than a year he lost everything except his family.

In 1876 he attended the Centennial at Philadelphia, and in 1926, at the age of seventy-six, he crossed our great country in company with his brother Harr, visiting the Sesquicentennial and the home of his youth, which he had not seen for more than forty years. He attended the third Wagner reunion in 1926 and "wore the everlasting smile" which he has bequeathed to his youngest grandchild, Virgil Newton Wagner. He returned to Montara, where he has made his home for about twenty years.

FAMILY TREE OF WILLIAM J. WAGNER

WILLIAM J. WAGNER married ADA RUBLE in 1871 near Lewistown, Pennsylvania, and to this union four children were born:

ISAAC NEWTON WAGNER, born September 17, 1872, in Huntingdon County, Pennsylvania. Grew to manhood in San Diego, California. Married November 30, 1895, at Los Angeles, California, to DORA E. THOMPSON, who was born in 1876 at Ringgold, Iowa, and to this union six children were born:

FRANK J. WAGNER, born March 4, 1898, at Los Angeles, California. Married to ROSELLA HARRIS in Porterville, California, in 1921, and to this union two children were born:

PAUL DAVID WAGNER, born April 22, 1924, in Bell, California.

JAMES CARROLL WAGNER, born December 25, 1926, in Norwalk, California.

GOLDIE BELL WAGNER, born December 11, 1900, in Clearwater, California. Married RUSSEL ULERY September 12, 1921, and to this union three children were born:

ELSIE ESTELLA ULERY, born February 18, 1923, in Porterville, California.

JAMES ALBERT ULERY, born February 19, 1924, in Strathmore, California.

ROSALE MARIE ULERY, born April 10, 1927, in Strathmore, California.

HARR LEROY WAGNER, born December 23, 1903, in Tulare County, California. Joined the United States Navy in 1927 at San Diego, California.

RALPH WANE WAGNER, born September 5, 1907, in Tulare County, California. Killed at Pasadena, California, December 31, 1926, by an automobile driven by a Japanese.

VIRGIL NEWTON WAGNER, born November 11, 1910, at Los Angeles, California.

H. VINCENT WAGNER, born April 5, 1913, at Los Angeles, California, and died May 25, 1913.

ARTHUR WAGNER, born in Brady Township, Huntingdon County, Pennsylvania. On August 14, 1914, he married Mrs. Berry's daughter, MRS. CORA BERRY, with one daughter, Dorothy, an artist in San Francisco, California.

EDWIN REUBEN WAGNER. Died at the age of nine.

ANNIE GOLDIE WAGNER. Married at the age of nineteen. Mother and child died in 1902.

CHAPTER X

Third Branch—Samuel McDowell Wagner

SAMUEL MCDOWELL WAGNER was born February 8, 1853, three miles north of Millroy, Pennsylvania. When a lad of ten years the family moved to the Wagner farm in Huntingdon County, where he went to school and grew to manhood. Sister Anna was the "home girl" and Samuel was the "home boy." When about seventeen years of age, we were all sitting around the table in the old kitchen of the new home. Suddenly and without a word Samuel tilted his chair and fell backward in a faint. It frightened us all. He was not sick. I had never before seen him faint. Water and vinegar were brought, and in a few minutes he became conscious again. After great fear we were all filled with gladness, and the picture is as vivid in my mind as if it happened during the last hour, instead of sixty years ago. Is the mind capable of forgetting anything? Why and how do some things enter our soul's being and refuse to be forgotten or to vacate?

When about twenty years old he had his first and only serious sickness. Doctor Jacob Metz attended him and diagnosed the case as "inflammation of the bowels," known today as typhoid fever. Mother was so watchful in her care, that after an alarming period of delirium he fully recovered and became the strongest member of the family.

We went to school together at Roxbury in the old log schoolhouse, which had little light, high desks at either side, and long benches that were about as comfortable as sitting astraddle of Stone Mountain. Our first teacher was a Mr. Hoar, who had only one arm with which to punish us, but he certainly had the strength of "two-in-one," at least for the little ones. Physical fear of the teacher in that day must have been a public crime against the best intellectual progress of the pupils. He was stern and as unyielding as the Gneiss rocks on Stone Mountain. I think the unmitigated Civil War hurt, hindered, and overshadowed our public schools for two generations. "The Good Shepherd goes before his sheep. They

hear his voice and follow Him." The good teacher goes before her pupils. They watch her examples and imitate them. Perfect love casteth out fear and a little love makes everything brighter and better.

Our brother joined the church at Allenville, four miles away, under the preaching of Reverend J. M. Steck. Here he was faithful, for he was elected an officer of the Council and performed his duties so well that he was kept in some office almost the rest of his life—some forty years. Kindness was the kingly power that kept him moving onward, upward through his few failures and his boundless success. He was successful in living with his family, for he made home pleasant. He was successful in living so kindly toward his children, for they were his constant companions to the end of the path. He was successful in brotherly kindness toward his neighbors, for they all loved him. He was successful in living kindly with his church companions, for they kept him constantly in office. He was successful in dealing with his customers, for he kept so many of them to the end of his days. He was successful in dealing with his labor helpers, for it seemed that every man who ever worked for him came to his funeral, for they crowded both churches to the doors at Huntingdon and Mill Creek. He was successful in living with "The Great Teacher," for he believed with all his heart and actions: "When my faith embraces Christ, then I have the righteousness of Christ and the forgiveness of all my sins."

In 1879 he married Mary J. Speck of Mill Creek, and to this union were born two children, Dorothy Pearl and Harry Warren. Then two years later they moved to Wooster, Ohio. While living there they persuaded mother Wagner to visit them. She returned home very happy. Mother died in 1884, and then father offered the farm, rent free, if they would care for him to the end of his few remaining days. His father died September 7, 1887, and in his will he made his son administrator of the estate, which responsibility he kindly administered satisfactorily to all.

About this time his cousin Isaac Dreese persuaded him to enter the stave business. In this he eminently succeeded, sending three and four carloads a week to his customers, in season.

He moved from the farm to Huntingdon, where he anchored for more than twenty years. In 1903 he took his family to the St. Louis Exposition. In 1908 he went to California to visit his two brothers and sister, one of whom he had not seen for thirty years, and, on meeting, his wife declared it was the most emotional greeting she had ever witnessed in all her years. It was so great that she thought they would die in each other's arms. It seemed to her that the love of Jonathan and David was being translated into real life.

In 1913, in company with his pastor, Doctor F. R. Wagner, he attended the Brotherhood convention meeting in Cincinnati, Ohio, in the First Lutheran Church. After hearing the prayers, the singing, the Scripture, and the addresses, he leaned over to the writer and whispered: "Brother, this is almost like heaven." In less than a year he died, ready and ripe for the spiritual kingdom of God.

Who could write a "sketch" of such a soul life? Only the Divine Recorder can measure the span of such a passionately soul-loving man and brother. He died in his sixty-first year, and was buried at Mill Creek, Pennsylvania. Ten years later his devoted and loving wife was laid by his side. The daughter and son took up the banner that this brave father laid down so early in his good and useful career and have carried it forward in a most creditable manner.

FAMILY TREE OF SAMUEL McDOWELL WAGNER

SAMUEL McDOWELL WAGNER married MARY J. SPECK of Mill Creek in 1879, and to this union two children were born:

HARRY WARREN WAGNER, born in the Isaac Wagner home January 7, 1882. Was married October 2, 1917, by his uncle, Reverend E. R. Wagner, in Bellevue, Kentucky, to MARCELLA RAMSEY, who was born at Mann's Choice, Bedford County, Pennsylvania, and to this union five children were born:

SAMUEL MOWRY WAGNER, born July 21, 1918.

MIRIAM ELIZABETH WAGNER, born January 3, 1919.

RICHARD WARREN WAGNER, born October 13, 1921.

HAROLD WINFIELD WAGNER, born May 19, 1924.

DOROTHY RUTH WAGNER, born September 6, 1927.

DOROTHY PEARL WAGNER, born August 21, 1880. Teacher in Huntingdon, Pennsylvania, public schools.

CHAPTER XI

Fourth Branch—Edwin Reuben Wagner

THE SUBJECT of this chapter is Edwin Reuben Wagner, the third son and fourth child of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Wagner. He was born near Millroy, Pennsylvania. At the age of seven his parents moved from the Eastman farm to the Roxbury farm, where he grew to manhood. Here he went to the old log schoolhouse, still standing, and a Mr. Hoar was his first teacher. Two years later his father sold an acre of his farm, on which a new brick school was built by Samuel Grove. We loved the old dingy building, but we loved the new one better—the large playground where we played “Town Ball,” the new walls, new desks, plenty of windows, and a blackboard clear across the front of the room. William Brown, John Goodman, and Adam Rupert were our best teachers. Mr. Goodman kept a five-foot hickory pointer and a hickory switch on the molding above the blackboard, always in sight. Father read in family worship the Twenty-third Psalm, where it says: “Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.” Well, I want to assure you, as I sat in that school, that pointer and rod were not very much comfort to me.

When he finished the course at public school he went, in company with his brother Harr, to a summer school at Mill Creek taught by E. J. Zook. Here we learned enough to get a certificate to teach in the public schools. We both taught for two winter terms. Then, in April, 1877, we prepared to leave for Wittenberg College, located at Springfield, Ohio. This announcement rather shocked father. Brother Will and sister Annie had previously married and lived in their own homes near by, and now two more were leaving permanently. “For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother.” Father was more than half sad, for he saw the family circle “breaking up,” and he said: “We’ll all go to Huntingdon and have a family group taken, for it probably will be the last time

we'll all get together." This thought was translated into action and we started at the break of day for Huntingdon, ten miles away. When we were passing the Goodman farm you could see in the dim light two calves feeding in a clover field on the upper side of the road. Father looked up and said: "There are two calves that are not going to college."

We took the train later in the day, and unfortunately it was wrecked just beyond Cresson. The engine went over on its side and three baggage cars were derailed. We arrived in Springfield six hours late—almost midnight. We slept in the old dorm of Wittenberg and woke up the happiest students in the world. But my joy was soon turned to the other side of the ledger, for I discovered that when we were wrecked I had been robbed of every cent I possessed. I was four hundred miles from home and didn't know a soul from whom I could borrow one dollar. My blues were worse than the long Danube—more like the Pacific Ocean. I remember walking over to the city just after I discovered my loss, and Harr said: "Brother, don't be so downhearted. Here's two cents for capital," and he handed me an old verdigrised coin. They put us in the attic and for three months we boarded ourselves. Then Honorable J. L. Zimmerman taught us the art of "enlarging" pictures, and after that we never suffered for money. For instance: A year later I was crossing Newport Commons near Cincinnati, when I picked up five twenty-dollar bills in a loose roll and never could find an owner, not even by advertising.

He studied for ten years at Wittenberg and never missed an examination—one-half year in preparatory, four years in collegiate, three in theology, and three years in postgraduate work for the degree of Ph.D. He says: "When one remembers the unselfish men, the Christian men, so able and who labored so patiently to awaken the best that was in the student, it gives us an added inspiration of unmeasurable gratitude for our professors of those sacrificing days." He declares further that he would not exchange his Wittenberg diploma for the ten best farms in Ohio, and it is a state that produces presidential timber.

On graduating, the two brothers made a trip to Washing-

ton, D. C., New York, and Boston, and while in the last-named place they called on the poet Henry W. Longfellow. When near the Craigie house, where he lived, they came to an ordinary grocery store, with the sign "Longfellow's Grocery Store." One brother said: "See, brother, literature doesn't pay; Longfellow has to keep a grocery store."

In July of 1887 he went to Europe to study a year in Berlin. He specialized in psychology and theology with Stuckenberg, Weiss, and Ebinghaus. Then in travel three months to Wittenberg, Dresden, Vienna, Venice, Naples, Rome, Florence, Milan, through Switzerland, Paris, and home.

In 1888 he married Dora L. Hawker of Dayton, Ohio, and honeymooned to San Diego, California, where he gathered a very successful mission on First Street of that great and growing city of the South. After three years he received a call to St. Paul's, Cincinnati, and accepted. Here he built a church and parsonage. This was real mission work, where he labored among Lincoln's common people that God made. Some mischievous boy wrote on his church with chalk "Wagner's Sleeping Car." Then the pastor thought it was time to wake up and he put four colonies of bees in the church tower. "Why do you keep bees in the church tower?" asked a dissatisfied member. The pastor replied: "To keep the pulpit sweet; and, in addition, a colony of bees represents what a church should be in every community: To gather the honey without injuring the flower and to pollenize every fruitful blossom." The pastor stayed twenty-four years with this church.

Many churches might be measured by the number of young men who are persuaded to enter the ministry. One autumn Pastor Wagner accompanied three young men to Wittenberg College. His idea of alumni loyalty was to keep someone constantly at college whom he had persuaded in that direction. In telling a neighbor pastor of his great delight in the three young men who were taking an upward step, the neighbor said: "But you are losing the best part of the church." The pastor answered: "It is more blessed to give than to keep."

He says: "The saddest hour and the saddest service of all my life was the farewell service in 1915 in St. Paul's, Cincinnati." He had made the announcement twenty years previous

that when the congregation was out of debt he would resign. It was the keeping of this promise that caused the resignation, and we understand anew Dr. Fawcett's hymn:

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love.
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above."

A unanimous call was tendered him from Trinity Lutheran Church of Bellevue, Kentucky, which he accepted. It is just across the river from Cincinnati. Here he built a brick parsonage with a distinctive "prayer closet," eight-sided, on the second floor, with no window in it except in the ceiling, of leaded glass, with the eye of God burnt in. He helped put a Carnegie pipe organ in the church. He accomplished this work in a little over two years and then resigned to retire to Dayton, Ohio, where he has made his home for the last ten years.

He believes that his three outstanding events are: The planting of an orchard of a thousand fruit trees, building the prayer closet, and the preaching of the Gospel—and the greatest of these three is the last.

FAMILY TREE OF EDWIN REUBEN WAGNER

EDWIN REUBEN WAGNER married DORA L. HAWKER October 3, 1888, and to this union four children were born:

EARL WILLIAM HAWKER WAGNER, born October 18, 1889, in San Diego, California. Married RUTH MILDRED KLAPPERT March 14, 1914, in Cincinnati, Ohio, and to this union three children were born:

GRACE MILDRED TEBBS WAGNER, born December 1, 1914, in Buffalo, New York.

RUTH LOUISE WAGNER, born June 5, 1920, in Cincinnati, Ohio.

JANET MARIE WAGNER, born September 16, 1923, in Cincinnati, Ohio.

HAROLD HARR WAGNER, born August 27, 1891, in San Diego, California. Married MARY JEANNETTE BECK of Dayton, Ohio, July 30, 1927.

DOROTHY ELIZABETH WAGNER, born November 17, 1893, in Dayton, Ohio. Married to CAPTAIN F. F. CHRISTINE of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, May 7, 1925.

DANE ATLAS WAGNER, born January 30, 1909, in Cincinnati, Ohio.

CHAPTER XII

Fifth Branch—James Harrison [Harr] Wagner

IT IS OFTEN CONCEDED that one should be seventy years old or dead before the story of his life should be written. We are very glad that "Number Five" is not dead, but wonderfully alive at slightly beyond seventy. Intuitively we believe a man does not come into his best sense until he arrives at the age of seventy. It is often true that the best years of a man's life are between seventy and eighty,* if he has lived the preceding years "temperate in all things."

James Harrison Wagner, known as Harr Wagner, was born in Kishacoquillas Valley, Pennsylvania, on his father's farm near a seminary where they taught Latin and Greek. The geese of Rome may have often saved that wonderful city, but they almost ended the life story of baby "Jimmie." It was on a beautiful morning in April that he wandered out into a side yard unobserved. The geese are particularly cross at this season of the year, and they surrounded the three-year-old child and pulled him down. They pinched his hands and face until black and blue, and injured his nose so that after seventy years it still bears the imprint of that early conflict. Mother heard the geese striking high notes, as if they had triumphed over some foe, and immediately went out and carried the unconscious child into the house. Had mother been less mindful, or hard of hearing, the literary and educational history of San Francisco would have been different, the school system of the state would have missed an inspiring and prophetic leader, and the state itself would have lost a man who, for almost half a century, has stood for the moral, educational, and religious element that gives a state upstanding power.

His father always led his children a strenuous life, for he was not only a farmer, but a buyer of sheep, cattle, and land. The land had to be cared for and the sheep and cattle had to be

* Written January 15, 1928.



Photo by Captain Christine

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transferred from where they could not be used to where they were needed. Thus he often traveled through five counties in a single trip. Then, travel awakened the intellect almost as much as the schoolroom. During these early years he must have imbibed his strong impressions of "geography." He graduated from the public school at Roxbury, Huntingdon County, Pennsylvania, and then attended normal school at Mill Creek and Martinsburg. He taught school for two winter terms, leaving his native state in the spring of 1877 for Springfield, Ohio, to attend Wittenberg College. Here he remained for over four years, was elected editor of the college paper at the beginning of his senior year, and graduated as class poet. He started out to be a minister, with his brother E. R., but in publishing the *Wittenberger* he acquired an intense taste for writing and publishing. He visioned the immortal motto, "A drop of ink may make a nation think."

Imbued with Berkeley's historical line, "Westward the star of empire takes its way," immediately after graduation he took the train at Springfield, Ohio, for San Francisco, California, and carried with him only two books, a dictionary and the Bible. He didn't have enough money to buy the *Chronicle*, so he drifted to Hollister and leased a paper called the *Pacific Coast*, which he published with so much success that in four months he sold the lease for a good price. He gave one-half to his parents, and with the remaining capital returned to San Francisco and purchased the *Golden Era*, which he made a creditable magazine. About this time he met Madge Morris, the poet, and four years later she became his wife. She has written two poems, "The Desert" and "The Golden Gate," which bid high for immortality. We doubt if the imagery and depth of interpretation quoted from "The Golden Gate" has ever been surpassed:

"Thy harbor, O Soul, is filled with sails,
 Freight with messages, wonder tales,
 From the lands that swing in the sapphire sky,
 Where the gardens of God in ether lie.
 If only the blinded eyes could see,
 If only the deaf mute heart could hear.
 The ocean of knowledge is open to thee,
 And the Golden Gate is near."

Then San Diego came along, and, wanting wider publicity, persuaded the young collegian with his *Golden Era* and his newly wedded wife to move to San Diego. Here he entered into the great spirit of enthusiastic California and, with two others, established the "San Diego College of Letters." In a year and a half it had a splendid faculty with 150 students on the roll. Then he was elected County Superintendent of Public Instruction. When the ballooning of real estate ended he returned to his first love, San Francisco. Here he turned the *Golden Era* into the *Western Journal of Education*, and under his editorship it became the official organ of the State Department of Education. Later he established the Harr Wagner Publishing Company, which publishes Western books by Western authors, and it now looks as if he was anchored in San Francisco until he comes to the end of the path.

THE MAN

Harr Wagner measures about six feet in height and weighs a bit over two hundred pounds. He is wonderfully endowed in form and feature, and possesses the kindly spirit of a prophet. He has poetic eyes and his face beams as though it had a story to tell. His radiating presence always introduces him most favorably. The first time he called on the Superintendent of Public Instruction of Chicago, and presented his card, the Superintendent said: "Why, Mr. Wagner, I'm glad to meet you; let us go to lunch and we can talk." They have been friends for years. Joaquin Miller, "The Poet of the Sierras," and a lifelong friend, said of him: "He leaks a little at the bung, but he is a barrel of good cheer." He was and still is a prohibitionist, yet when he dines with publicans and sinners he sips a little bit. He has in his arteries blood like Luther's, for he will fight when a principle is involved, but in nonessentials he is very patient and liberal. He is also a character that has a host of friends.

The writer was coming West at Cheyenne, and in conversation with a lawyer who did not know I was his brother, said: "Do you know anyone in San Francisco?" "Yes, a Mr. Harr Wagner." The lawyer said: "He has a good reputation in California."

The first money he made at Hollister has been the golden

rule of all his life. He believes that money's only use is to part with it well and mostly before you die. It is said that he will even borrow money if he hasn't any to help a friend. Such a character represents the condensed essence of goodness.

THE AUTHOR

When a student at Wittenberg, as one of the editors of the college journal, he showed marked ability in writing. His "Pencil Pets" were republished by other college papers, and his "Consilience of Titles" of Shakespeare's plays gave him college fame. His first book, "Street and Flower," was published in 1883, and suffered like all fiction, but his "Pacific History Stories" is a book worth while and is now taught in parochial and public schools. He was the inspirer and made possible "A Man Unafraid," the story of John C. Frémont. Ella Sterling Mighels closes her remarkable "Literary California" with a Harr Wagner production, and Joaquin Miller in his volume "Complete Poems" does him the same honor. He will, in the near future, publish the "Biography of Joaquin Miller and His Other Self—A Human Document."

SIDE INTERESTS

David Starr Jordan, by his statement, "The way to get rich is to get the unearned increment," induced Harr Wagner to indulge in several speculations. He organized and became president of the San Diego College of Letters at Pacific Beach, with an endowment of three-quarters of a million in real estate at "boom" values. The depreciation of real estate made this enterprise a financial failure, although the College of Letters is now a successful military academy.

In 1903 he reorganized the Playa Vicente Rubber Plantation and Development Company of the State of Vera Cruz, Mexico, and as president of the company directed the planting of eight hundred thousand rubber trees and three thousand acres of para grass at a cost of over a half million dollars. The continuous revolution and banditry since 1912 has resulted in making this property a liability rather than an asset.

In 1906 he organized the Montara Realty Development Company, and purchased a mile square of land on the ocean shore at Montara, San Mateo County, only a few miles from

the San Francisco city limits. He graded streets, built twenty miles of sidewalks, installed a sewer system, an electric light plant, hotel, houses, and began the building of a beautiful model city. The failure of the Ocean Shore Railroad and the lack of safe and rapid transportation has depreciated the value of property and investments. He, however, continues his residence at Montara, and awaits the near-approaching developments that will make Montara an ideal suburban city.

TRAVEL

While he was very young in this old world of ours there sprung up the great desire to visit Palestine and particularly Bethlehem at Christmas time, but he was so benevolent that he practically gave his money away faster than he received it. Under this condition you will readily see that his bank account was never favorable for such a trip. His invalid wife had a poetic fire that will never be dimmed by the passing years, and yet she was so frail through all her life. She said to me, pointing to her husband standing by my side in 1921: "There's the best man on earth." About three years later she passed through the Great White Gate and was buried in the San Jose Cemetery.

Now Morris, his daughter, had become an efficient financier. This alert, traveled, cultured, lovable, and refined daughter said: "Father, I'll finance your trip and care for the business." So his great wish was translated into action after so many long years had passed. When one waits forty years for his candy it ought to taste sweet when he gets it, and he surely did enjoy going to the wonderland where the greatest teacher, prophet, and prince of peace lived, died, and ascended—the Christ.

FAMILY TREE OF JAMES HARRISON (HARR) WAGNER

JAMES HARRISON (HARR) WAGNER was born March 20, 1857. On March 30, 1886, he married a widow, MADGE MORRIS, the poet, whose maiden name was Margaret Morris Hilyard. She had one daughter who, after her mother's marriage, took the name of Pearl Wagner. Pearl married M. B. Johnson, State Senator of California. Madge Morris Wagner died February 27, 1924, in Montara, California, and is buried in Evergreen Cemetery, San Jose, California. To the union of Harr Wagner and Madge Morris one child was born:

MADGE MORRIS WAGNER, JR., born July 2, 1887, in San Diego, California.

CHAPTER XIII

Sixth Branch—Lavina Jane Wagner

LAVINA JANE WAGNER was the sixth, last, and youngest child of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Wagner. She was born on the Eastman farm, near the seminary in Kishacoquilas Valley, Pennsylvania. She grew to womanhood on the Wagner farm in Huntingdon County and attended public school at Roxbury. At the age of sixteen she became the editor and originator of the "Roxbury Rose Bud," a paper read weekly in a literary society carried on through the winter months for social improvement. She taught school in Clearfield, Snyder, and Huntingdon counties. One year she attended Wittenberg College. In 1884 our mother died and she stood alone on the threshold of the broken home.

She was a tall, slim, talented girl with good health and rosy cheeks. She was a perfect picture of her father, with coal black hair and eyes. She had a host of friends and was loved and admired by many. Yet, the blood ties of her brothers seemed the strongest bond, and they were all in the West, so in 1885 she started Westward to cast her lot with the hardy pioneers. She landed in San Francisco, where she found J. D. Wagner, a cousin and father of Lloyd A., and her brother Harr Wagner.

Two years later she was married to George M. Havice in San Francisco. The bride and groom honeymooned to San Diego, where Mr. Havice accepted a position in Lower California as superintendent of some mining property. They anchored in and around San Diego for twelve years, when they received the appointment to the San Ramon Government Farm of Zamboanga, P. I. They took their little family of three and steamed across the Pacific Ocean, nine thousand miles, to a strange land and stranger people—the Moros. The law of life and growth was about the same, but the climate was hotter than that of San Diego. Here they brought order out of confusion, enforced sanitary rules, and gave the people

good examples of right living. They taught the natives to use the hoe, the mattock, the plow, and the school. While residing there, General Leonard Wood, Philippine Governor, visited the farm, and Mrs. Havice declared that he was one of the most delightful guests that she had ever entertained.

The unwelcome visitor over there, the honey bee, is larger than the hornet and has a sting more bitter than the wasp. The mosquito is proportionately large. The monkey, the carabao, the python, and the boa constrictor are most unwelcome neighbors. One afternoon while the whole family was taking a siesta, a snake came sliding out of the near-by forest and passed unobserved under the house. All the Philippine houses are built without cellars, and ten feet above the ground. All natives and foreigners observe this custom, and the ground floor is never used for living purposes, the second story being safer and more healthful in every respect. In the night Mr. Havice heard an unusual noise under his house, and rising, took a searchlight and climbed down the ladder. He turned his searchlight under the house and to his great amazement saw the gleaming eyes of a twenty-foot boa. He backed slowly away, secured an aid and a gun, and returned and blew the serpent's head off, but not until the night thief had crushed nine of his ten best chickens.

One day Mr. Havice was out in an unfrequented corner of a cocoanut grove and came across a litter of wild pigs. He succeeded in capturing one, but as he picked it up the baby pig began to squeal most heartily, whereupon the mother pig came out of the brush with a rush and a snorting growl that made the captor take to his heels. The enraged mother gained on him, and he ran around a bunch of banana bushes. Still she gained, and only his knowledge saved him, for he knew that if he would drop the pig the mother would stop. Sure enough she did, but she snorted after him: "If you come back I'll rip the life out of you with my tusks." This piper's son he stole a pig and away he run, but he dropped it before he got home.

The superintendent was having his men clear some ground, when they came upon a colony of bees, the large kind, like hornets and very vicious when disturbed. The Moro laborers

rushed out with much speed, and the tremendous fear that they expressed made it seem that they were barely escaping with their lives. The superintendent couldn't get them back to work. He went forward to see what the difficulty might be, that his men were so terrified, and he soon found out, for the bees got after him, and, as he turned to flee, one stung him on the back, rather low, which served to increase his speed to such a degree that the bees could not keep up. We constantly live in danger of a thousand stings and in reach of a million pounds of honey.

After four years of splendid service the family returned to the United States in 1905. Mr. Havice was appointed superintendent of the Playa Vicente Company, State of Vera Cruz, Mexico. He took his family and went down into a poorer civilization than they found in the Philippine Islands. Here he built a "Casa Grande." His work was clearing land, planting rubber, and growing hogs and cattle. They had wonderful prospects on acres of such fertility that they would grow everything from rubber up. Then came the heinous murder of Madero, and Mexico has had a very unstable and unsafe government ever since. The Philippines have prospered, but Mexico has failed utterly as far as the company is concerned. After being there a few years, the natives became more and more unlawful. Then Mr. Havice sent his family back to the United States. Later the natives attacked him and hung him up by the neck until black and blue. Letting him down, they would demand where he had his money hidden. They did this several times. Mr. Havice said: "Gentlemen, you have every peso we possess. You can kill me, but it will cost your government dearly." Then they let him go, penniless, shoeless, and hatless, and he escaped barely with his life to the City of Vera Cruz, many miles away.

He returned to his family at Montara, California, where he lived for the last twelve years, taking care of his property. He died November 15, 1927, after two years of severe suffering. He left a good, faithful, loving, and devoted wife and three children, all of whom are doing well in the world's service.

FAMILY TREE OF LAVINA JANE WAGNER

LAVINA JANE WAGNER was married January 24, 1887, at San Francisco, California, to GEORGE M. HAVICE, and to this union three children were born:

HAZEL HAVICE. Married to ALVIN BUCKLIN December 14, 1912, and to this union two children were born:

ALVIN HAVICE BUCKLIN, born August 23, 1915.
Died in 1923.

HARVEY HAVICE BUCKLIN, born June 5, 1920.

MARION HAVICE. Married to EVERETT L. OSBORN in April, 1911, and to this union four children were born:

MARION MARJORIE OSBORN, born June 22, 1912,
in Olathe, Colorado.

EVERETT OSBORN, JR., born in 1914, in Olathe,
Colorado.

GEORGE HAVICE OSBORN, born in 1916 in Montara,
California.

ROBERT PAUL OSBORN, born in 1918, in Montrose,
Colorado.

GEORGE HAVICE, JR., born September 17, 1895, at San Diego, California. Married February 24, 1918, to HILDA VON HAGEN in Montrose, Colorado, and to this union four children were born:

HILDA GAIL HAVICE, born January 25, 1920, in
Montrose, Colorado.

LOIS HAVICE, born May 31, 1921, in Montrose,
Colorado.

GEORGIA CAROL HAVICE, born January 16, 1923,
in Montrose, Colorado.

DAVID HARRISON HAVICE, born August 21, 1924,
in Montara, California.

CHAPTER XIV

Honor Thy Father

IN THE BEGINNING of life how much we need a father's help and a mother's love. Ever since I was old enough to know, I have always pitied the orphans, and the older I grow the more I pity them. How grateful every child should be who has been blessed with parental care. The first time I saw my father to remember him as such was on a summer day. We children were playing under a large tree and he must have wandered into the orchard to see if the August apples were ripe. An older brother said: "There's father." Turning, I saw a tall man about five rods away standing by a golden wheat shock, looking toward us. It must have been Sunday, for he looked as if he had just returned from church. His face was shaved clean, save burnside, and whiskers under the chin. He looked scrupulously clean, comfortable, healthy, and happy. He held me in his arms when I was christened at the church. We met at the table three times a day, but I remembered neither his form nor feature. There was something in the day, something in the place, or some new power in my mind to know, that enabled me to distinguish and remember the statement of my brother and the face of my father. I had seen him a hundred times before and a thousand times afterward, but all had gone into the glebe of forgetfulness. Here was an impression I have not forgotten, and it now seems I never can forget it. Was it the beginning of some new life in my being?

"Temperance is the moderate use of useful things and the total abstinence from all those which are evil." My father believed and taught this definition. I never saw him take a drink, smoke a cigar, nor use tobacco in any form. He was a total abstainer from everything which was pernicious and unnecessary. When my oldest brother began to nibble at tobacco, one day my father called up his four boys and said:

“My dear sons, I will give you, for abstaining from the use of liquor and tobacco until you are twenty-three years of age, the best horse in the stable, saddled and bridled, or if you prefer money, \$150.” A silver dollar seemed to me then as big as the moon. It is unnecessary to say that we all gladly accepted this generous and wise reward. I thought father was doing a very foolish thing in paying us for what we were going to do anyway. But my father was wiser than I, for one pleasant Sunday afternoon about five years later we were all sitting on the porch in a sort of a family circle when my oldest brother pulled out a big plug of tobacco of which he had used freely. Whereupon my father remarked: “Well, William, you have swallowed the horse, bridle, saddle, tail, and all.” The poor fellow blushed to the very roots of his hair. He tried hard to quit, but when you are sliding down hill sometimes it is pretty hard to stop. I think it is a case where you had better “quit before you commence.”

My father joined the Lutheran Church in the beginning of his life. He was soon elected deacon, elder, and superintendent. He was in one or the other of these offices nearly all his life. I remember once we were going to Sunday school when my father reached over the fence and plucked off a wheat head and the bloom of a clover stalk. These two he carried to the log schoolhouse on the mountain side. When it came to the closing of the Sunday school he took the wheat head and the flower and talked to us about “What man can do, what God has done, and what He will do for children who trust and obey.” In the beginning of my life he awakened the highest and deepest thoughts.

Years after his death one of his pastors wrote: “The names of your dear father and mother awaken many most precious memories. How many pleasant hours I spent in their home. What encouragement they gave me in my labors. How much I enjoyed the company of your father and mother. I call up yet their familiar forms and faces as when I first met them almost fifty years ago. How much they did to make my stay pleasant, by their warm welcome and their sympathy with me in my work. . . . Well, things have changed since those days, but the devotion of your parents is bearing fruit in the interest

of the Master's kingdom. I have lived long enough to see the difference between the really pious home and the home of irreligion. I am sure that the benedictions of devoted parents are still following you. I rejoice in the thought that though dear ones pass away, that does not end their prayers in our behalf. A parent's prayers still plead for children when they have passed away. The covenant still remains as secure as when, in their arms, the water of Holy Baptism was sprinkled upon our boys, while the tears of living affection fell, baptising us with a mother's love and sealing the prayer, 'God bless my child.' For what is our joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of the Lord Jesus Christ at his coming, for ye are our glory and our joy."

After the will was made the end came just before the Bible limit—three score and ten. Dispatches were sent to California and Berlin: "Father is dead." The neighbors came and offered their sympathy and help. In two days everything was ready. In the morning the yard was filled with stanch and sturdy farmers and loving neighbors. They were the sons and daughters of toil, the students of nature, and the worshipers of God. When all was ready prayer was offered, a hymn was sung, and then started the long funeral procession for the brick church four miles away. Someone has well said: "The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal, every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open; this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude." Our beloved pastor preached from the text, "Let me die the death of the righteous and let my last end be like his." At the close of his sermon he said: "This righteous and faithful father certainly has not lived in vain, in view of the state nor in the judgment of God. He has given support and religious training to four sons and two daughters who will somewhere mark the face of the earth with kind words for the weary and noble deeds for the helpless. This loved and honored father, after a long year of patient suffering, has quit the earth and gone to his home of rest. For many years he has been a successful leader and officer in this church. He was an excellent Sunday school superintendent because of his great

love for children. They always clung to him wherever he went. He was well known in business circles from Philadelphia to the middle of Ohio, and always for honesty and as a most lovable man. He grew up in our beloved church and died in the most holy faith of the gospel of Jesus Christ. A few days before the close of his eventful life on earth he would lose consciousness for a short time, and on recovering would say to those anxiously watching around his bedside: 'I've been with Jesus. He'll soon heal me.' Thus he died in the most blessed trust of those who love the Lord, and in the greatest peace he passed through death unto life. Beyond the grave we are born of the spirit and begin a still more wonderful life."

I wish that I could hold my father's hand
Against my lips in reverence and truth—
And ask him to forgive each act of mine,
That grieved him in my thoughtless, wayward youth.

* * * * *

I wish that I could lock the gate, and lose
The keys, to folly's fount of fruitless tears—
That I could keep my hands from reaching for
The hollow phantom of the shapeless years.

When death has solved its mystery of pain,
When I have crossed the bridge from sphere to sphere,
I wish that God would let me come again,
And tell you what I could not tell you here.

MADGE MORRIS WAGNER.

CHAPTER XV

Honor Thy Mother

YOU WHO HAVE NOT laid in the cold ground a dear father, a tender mother, an affectionate sister, or a beloved brother, cannot feel as I feel, and these thoughts cannot touch broken cords of your heart nor revive the love that outlives the tomb—the noblest attribute of the soul.

How strange a thing is death? What a mystery it embodies? It is the deadline of our earthly existence, and of those who have gone over we know naught. I had never thought upon death; I considered it no fit subject for youth. But now, since it has come into my home and heart, I do remember that when a mere child a little cousin playmate was taken away. As I stood beside my mother, looking upon his cold and pallid features, I turned to her and asked: “Why is Jimmie so still?” I did not know then why he should be so quiet on that bright May day, and why he held a bunch of snowballs on his little breast, nor why the rosy color had left his always blooming cheeks. Mother led me away into another room and took me upon her lap, and with tears in her eyes taught me that I, too, must die. This was my first idea of death.

“The child that lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb—
What should it know of death?”

I left the room and wandered alone over our playground, pensive and sad. How strange I felt all that day. I had spent an hundred other happy days, and I remembered them only as a sweet night's sleep. But that day, when my cousin fell into that dreamless sleep, is more vivid to me now than yesterday. But other playmates soon took his place and childhood's stream flowed on as smooth as ever. Ah, it was almost a time when sleeping and waking were one.

How little the well think of death. At the sight of blood or

at the first tinge of pain, we ask: "Will the erlking come?" Nature has worked well with me, for I have been so blessed in health that I know not that I have teeth, feet, hands, or head except through the will. I am almost so well that I hardly realize my physical existence. So this matter of great importance has been of little interest to me. Perhaps there are others who rush madly on through life, who look not to the right nor to the left; of the consequence they take no thought, but as one striving to gain a race, run headlong to win the empty honors of this world. In the hurry and worry of this active life too many forget the chief end and good of man. We think our neighbors mortal, but we act as if our own selves were destined to an immortality here on earth. I thought my home would last forever, and lived as though my mother would never die. We forget too often, or alas we have never learned, "It is appointed unto all men once to die." It was a wise king of ancient days who appointed a learned man and dressed him in royal attire in which he was to appear every morning and repeat in solemn voice this single sentence: "Oh, sir king, remember this day that thou art mortal." And I would paraphrase and say: "Remember, all who tread the earth, thy self and friends are mortal." To know this, need not fill your soul with sorrow, for when rightly understood will add a new link to life's chain. My mother's death widened my thought life and strengthened my dependence upon Him.

Someone has said: "It is a sad and solemn thing to die." It is indeed a sorrowful moment when called to the bedside of some dear friend and see that one pass from the scenes of this life to the one beyond. 'Tis sad to see that friend take the last lingering look of the yard, the garden, and the fields, and to hear the last faint whisper of the sweet farewell. 'Tis solemn to lay that friend in a windowless grave and hear the last mocking sound of the shovel on the clay. Yes, it is a sad and solemn thing to die, but did you ever think that it is more solemn to live? How little we know of life—it's all beginning, beginning, beginning. What death means I know not. It may be a bounded sensation—a dreamless sleep. It may be a happy relief—the spirit in paradise.

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

A long time ago a man sat upon the plain in the land of Uz, unconsciously playing with the sand, for he was weighed down with a great grief and unsoothing sorrow. His reason asked: "If a man die shall he live again?" It is no more marvelous to me that we should live again, than that we are living at all. It is less marvelous that we should continue to live than that we began to live. What that other life will be I know not, nor do I care to speculate as to what it may be. I am conscious of the fact that in this life God has wonderfully provided for man; how much more then will He provide for that higher life that comes hereafter. But do not commit the error of delaying to live a righteous life until your latter days; much less go into the next world trusting your chances of eternal peace to the opportunity of repentance after death. The die is cast somewhere, and who wants to run any risk on such an uncertain eternity?

"My knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all
And I shall be with Him."

I believe that many men, even wise men, fear to die. But yet death is not man's foe, but a real friend, and he who is not prepared to receive him and entertain him is not at home in this life. Men would not fear death so much if they would do less and think more. We are short lived and continually dying creatures. Here we die daily. The stigma of death is upon us now, not that it will come. Why should a man be in love with his fetters, though of gold? Our life here is like that of a man in prison under the sentence of death, but whose pardon has been written out, and the Governor will bring it to us and set us free. There is no death to the Christian. The glorious gospel has taken away its sting and filled the future with a blessed hope. It was unwavering faith in the gospel that made

our mother so noble, so true, so faithful, so loving, and so devoted. It was her increasing faith that made her worthy of our love and tears.

“Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Her tender care bestowed;
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.”

The death of my playmate and my mother made a deep impression upon my heart. They added a new link to the beginning of my life.

Our pastor said in his funeral sermon: “Mrs. Eliza Wagner was born sixty years ago in Snyder County, Pennsylvania. She joined the Lutheran Church at the age of twenty-one and was married the following year. She was a faithful wife and a devoted and loving mother of six children. She taught them to pray, saw them all in the church, and was ever untiring in leading family worship—devoted, consistent, and faithful to all the teachings of her church. She had a deep love, a blessed hope, and a strong faith in the atonement of Christ. Just before her death she raised her hands to heaven. She sought not the aid of her physician, her husband, nor her children; but with supplicating voice she prayed to the author and finisher of our faith, ‘Oh, thou great Jehovah, bear me up.’ Closing her eyes she leaned back into the arms of her son and fell asleep, surrounded by her children.

“The sun of every family is a Christian mother. That beautiful light has gone out from yours. A dark shadow has fallen upon you all. It will touch your hearts as long as you continue in this world. Words cannot picture, gifts cannot restore, nor can gold measure the loss you have met. Could I bring some offering that would drive away the awful shadow that has fallen upon you, I would cheerfully do it. No word nor gift of mine can lessen your loss. God’s word alone can sooth the sorrows, smooth the smarts, and heal the wounds that death has made. I, too, have stood by the grave of a loving and devoted mother and can sympathize with you today. I know your hearts will often ache. Her place can never be filled, and the home will often seem desolate—no light, no

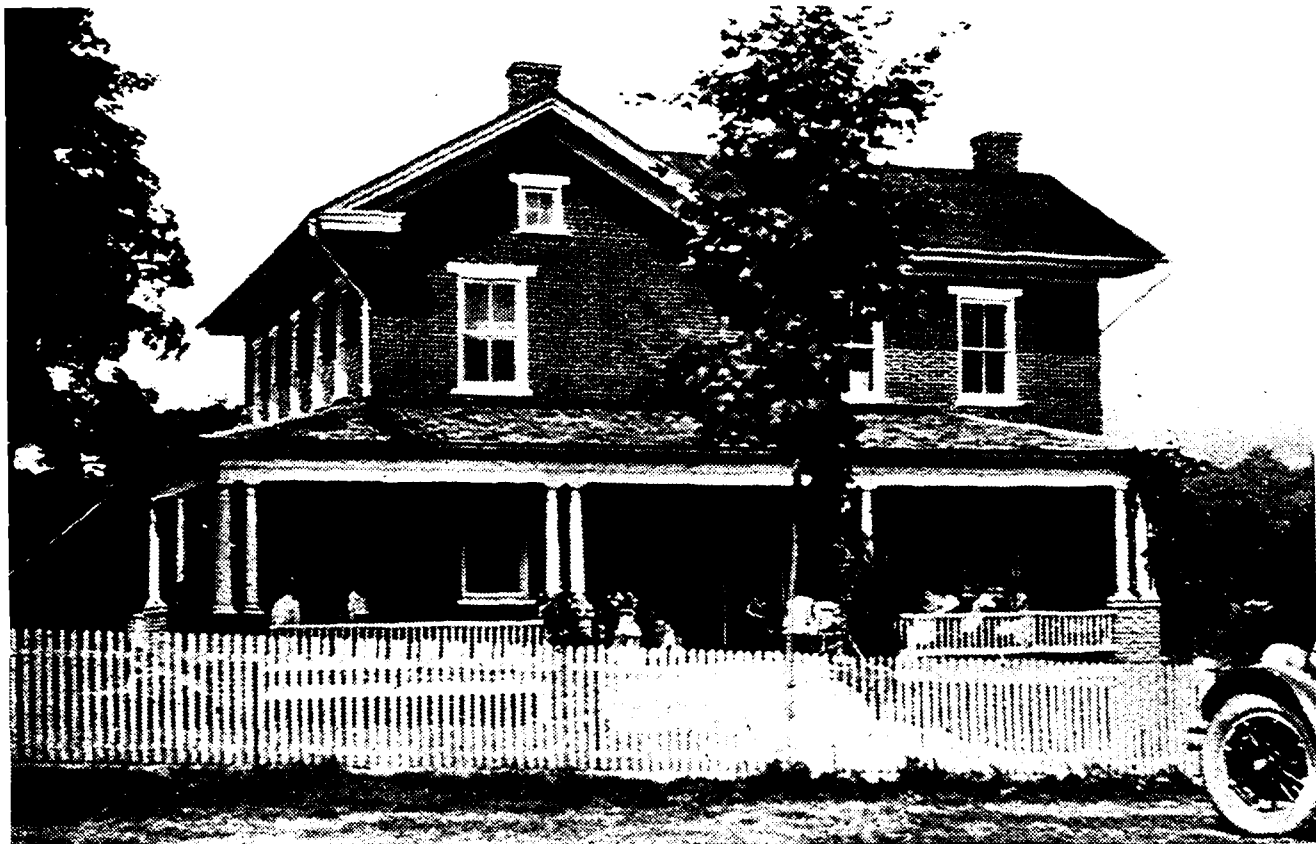


Photo by Captain Christine

THE RESIDENCE OCCUPIED FOR MANY YEARS BY THE
ISAAC WAGNER FAMILY
BUILT BY ISAAC WAGNER IN 1868

sun, no mother. Then will come the thirsting and burning cry of your soul:

‘Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.’ ”

Two sons, on account of distance, could not be present at the funeral. One who lived in Ohio started in time, but his train missed connection at Pittsburgh and he arrived one hour too late to see the last visage of his mother, after coming five hundred miles. Oh, with what sorrow and aching heart he must have stood by the new-made grave where they laid her to rest between two sheltering mountains. With what grief this fond son must have gathered the pebbles from his mother’s grave and carried them back to Ohio as rich memories of the mother that now sleeps in the quiet valley she loved so well.

“O noble woman, never more a queen
Than in the laying down
Of scepter and of crown,
To win the greater kingdom, yet unseen;

Teach us how to seek the highest goal,
To earn the true success—
To live, to love, to bless—
And make death proud to take a royal soul.”

TO MOTHER

This is Mother's Day—a day set
 Apart to honor the unlimited
 Love and sacrifice that are
 Inseparable with true motherhood.

I want you to know that I have a
 Whole-hearted respect and
 Appreciation for the love
 And sacrifice you have given us.

Your life as a mother of a home
 Has been beautiful; your struggles
 Have been constant. In return
 We give you our only fitting offering—
 Our love.

HAROLD.

University of Cincinnati.

TO FATHER

DEAR FATHER:

So sorry I was not home to help celebrate your birthday. Seventy-one years—what a short time in a busy, happy life. Really just getting ready to live, with a wealth of experience as a background, to enjoy the fruits of the future.

Floyd, referring to the difficulties his father was experiencing, said in an offhand moment that he scarcely believed there was a God, when things like that happened to his father. He was not thinking correctly. His father's religion and life give Floyd his richest environmental factor for true happiness. That should be sufficient reward for both father and son and justify the religious effort.

There is an immortality on this earth represented by those qualities of a father living on and finding expression in the son somewhere along the road. Happy, indeed, if these qualities be for goodness and tempered with a broad sense of religion.

If there be any joy in knowing that you have a son who is trying to think, and see life clearly, and desires to incorporate the goodness expressed by the life of his father, then you should be happy.

May each birthday bring greater happiness by the appreciation of the richness of the life that surrounds you.

Your obedient son,

HAROLD.

Philadelphia, March 11, 1926.

CHAPTER XVI

Family Anecdotes

IN THE LATTER PART of the decade of 1860, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Wagner built a barn and a house on the southern half of 214 acres. The other half they sold to a brother for \$4000. Wheat was worth \$3.50 a bushel, and they put \$5000 in the new buildings, which were large, convenient, and comfortable. After the death of our parents the farm was sold for \$2500 to a son. He kept it five years and sold it for \$1900—114 acres of land, with the buildings comparatively new. The rise and fall in the value of land and its products is a problem that rulers and ruled have not, as yet, been able to solve. Some day, some way, let us stabilize both.

THE PIGS IN THE PARLOR

Wheat came down to fifty cents a bushel, and money among the farmers was scarce, so father said to a furniture dealer, "I'll trade you two pigs for that parlor set," consisting of six chairs, two rockers, and a stand. "How much will the pigs weigh?" said the dealer. "Oh," says father, "about 225 pounds apiece." Later the trade was translated into action and father brought home the furniture. When mother had arranged it nicely on the new carpet, father brought in his six children and each was asked how he liked the "family Christmas gift." "Fine!" "Excellent!" "I like the rocking chair best," said the oldest son, who had most of the family chores to do. And when it came to the last one to answer, he drawled out: "Well, it looks better than if we had put the pigs in the parlor." (I. L. Shilling owns the six chairs.)

THE PISTOL AND THE COON

Isaac Wagner, in the last half of his life, devoted much of his time to buying stock in Blair, Jefferson, and Indiana counties. The cattle he sold to butchers and the sheep he shipped to

Philadelphia. Checks were not used in 1870 as today, and thus he was required to carry large amounts of money.

He traveled alone on horseback, and in the backwoods of Blair County he was held up by three hunters. It was a place where one could travel five miles through the woods without seeing a house or meeting a living soul. One of the hunters stood a hundred feet up the road and the other two right by the horse, one holding the rein and the other demanding his money—and he took it. When father returned home some days later and related his experience, the older members insisted that he carry a revolver. To such an idea he was very much opposed, nevertheless his two older sons went to Huntingdon and purchased for him a revolver and then persisted in their idea until he half-heartedly accepted.

On the next buying trip he started out with his revolver. The two sons started two weeks later by train to Galitzin and walked north to Jefferson County, where father and sons were to meet at the home of Noah Dreese. The evening of the day came for their meeting. The sons arrived first, and when the sun was very low father came riding up on old Dolly. It was early October and a happy meeting for all concerned.

At supper time the conversation was very animated, for company often awakens the interest and the intellect. Father said: "Mr. Dreese, I almost was successful in getting you some wild meat." "Why, how's that?" asked Mr. Dreese. "Well, do you remember that three miles down the road there is a cornfield on the east side and a woods on the west side? When passing along there a raccoon ran out of the cornfield right in front of us. I said 'Whoa, Dolly,' jumped off, and treed the coon on a tree perhaps seven inches in diameter. He climbed about twenty-five feet to the first fork and lodged himself there, looking down at me with a quizzical look, seeming to say, 'Now if you want me, come and get me.' (Unfortunately, father was left-handed and couldn't throw straight, and of such advanced years that he was not an expert climber.) I threw and threw until I was so tired I couldn't get the stones up to the coon, and I thought of a fence rail. I tried to bump him out, but he refused to be bumped, so I had to come away without him." One of the sons said: "Father, why didn't

you use your revolver?" Leaning back and laughing, he said: "I jolly, I never thought of it."

Some time later father lost his revolver in the same neighborhood and a ten-year-old boy found it. He did not reveal his find to his parents, but when a neighbor came visiting one Sunday afternoon with his family, he took another boy of like years into a back room to show him his rich find. A member of the family had occasion to go into this back room where the new find was being exhibited by the finder, and as the door opened the boy quickly thrust the revolver between his legs to hide it. The revolver went off and the bullet went through the boy's foot, causing him to faint. All were very much alarmed and confusion reigned.

The story of such an unusual accident spread until it soon reached a newspaper, and later was copied by the *Huntingdon News*, which went into the home of Isaac Wagner. The two sons who purchased the revolver read the item. Knowing that father had lost his weapon, they said to him when he returned home: "That's your revolver." "Oh, no," said father. "Well, when you are in that neighborhood, go and see," said the boys, and sure enough they were right. The coon escaped, the boy recovered, and father got back his property.

A SNAKE WITH A BEARD

Father had a family living on his farm by the name of Wise; but they were not always "wise" in their observations, as you shall shortly learn. They had two sons and four very interesting daughters. One of these daughters, about fifteen years of age, was returning home alone from an afternoon visit at the Shafner farm. She was coming up the "back road," not very much traveled, and which was cut about two feet into the ground; a post fence was on either side, with dewberry briars climbing up to the first and second rail. Being filled with considerable fear, she kept looking to the right and left, when suddenly she saw a snake at the side of the road under the first fence rail. She started home with all the speed she possessed, and, almost out of breath, cried: "Oh, mother, I saw a snake with a beard." "Oh, no, no," said the mother. "Yes, I did mother; come with me and I'll show you." But the mother

wasn't hunting snakes "with a beard." Then Helen told her story to her two brothers with such earnestness that they found a shovel and a hoe and were willing to go back with her and fight the Gila monster "with a beard." The three started back with considerable banter, and soon arrived at the place. Sure enough, there was the snake. But, it had just swallowed a fox squirrel and half the tail was hanging out of its mouth.

THE FIRST KISS

In the earlier days it was the custom to top the corn. Later when it was ripe, three and four families would get together and have a husking bee. The sons and daughters would go to the fields with great joy, for they put love into their labor. The young men laid down the rule that the first one finding a red ear of corn in his husking would have the privilege of kissing the prettiest girl. The maidens tacitly protested, but the young men declared that "the majority rules." In that day it was more difficult to kiss a girl than husk a bushel of corn. Sixty years afterward, at King's Creek, Ohio, I was introduced to a motherly woman whose face beamed the fullness of life. She said to me: "I knew your father, and he kissed me at a husking bee." What little things one will remember. Perhaps "the sum of life is made up of trifles," but love is no trifle.

A STORY FATHER ALWAYS LOVED TO TELL

Once a stranger met a family just as they were driving out from the house where they lived. The gates were broken down and the fences were very much neglected. The members of the family were talking loud and acting as though they were very angry. "Why, what's the matter?" asked the stranger. The father replied, "We are moving because this is such a bad neighborhood and the worst neighbors I have ever known." The stranger answered, "You are likely to find poor neighbors wherever you go." A little farther on the same man came to another family who were also moving, and they were all crying as though someone were dead. The stranger said, "What is wrong?" and the man answered, "Why friend, we are moving out West and we have so many good neighbors that it

almost breaks our hearts to part from them." The stranger said, "Don't worry; go on, you'll find good neighbors wherever you go."

THE SNAKE IS STILL IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN

Two brothers were making a field larger by taking down a worm fence and cleaning out the briars and bushes. Father discovered a small snake about a foot long, and while one of the brothers had his back turned, picked it up by the tail and slipped it into one of the pockets of his trousers. Then, pretending that he had run a thorn into his finger, and holding the injured hand in the other, he turned sideways to the brother and said: "Get my pocket-knife out! Hurry, hurry!" The brother thrust his hand in quickly, but took it out quicker as he touched the rough, cold, squirming snake.

THE BLIND RACE

Three brothers were putting in hay one afternoon and, upon finishing the job, the horses were unharnessed and all three rode out to the pasture. One of the brothers said: "Let's have a race." "All right," said the other two. The writer was riding the only blind horse on the farm. All three drew up in line and started from a standstill. The pasture was as level as a meadow, but unfortunately a double furrow crossed our race course. When we came to this furrow the blind mare's two feet went down into the furrow, her knees buckled, her nose plowed the ground, and I went over her head, rolling in the grass, unhurt. I was soon on my feet and one of the brothers called back, "Come on, you'll win yet." It was my first and last race, but I learned the lesson: "Many a man rides a blind horse to a more fearful fall."

THE HEATHEN CHINEE

In 1882 the writer was stopping at the Pico House in Los Angeles while doing some work for the *Golden Era*. In that day the Chinamen were the chambermaids, and as I had considerable writing to do I often remained in my room until noon. When John Chinaman came in to put the room in

order, I noticed that he wore a rather large bracelet of beautiful pearl on his wrist. While making the bed it seemed to me to be very much in the way, so I said to him: "John, why do you wear that big bracelet?" He answered: "Me faller, me no hurtee." Then I asked him: "John, what if I would fall?" He replied: "You get hurtee." Then I thought I would try his faith in his magic wrist ring. As we were on the second story and only about ten feet from the ground, I said: "John, you fall out the window, for I want to see how that wonderful bracelet works." John quickly answered: "Me no such damn fooler."

A FATHER'S PRIDE

One Sunday, after mother's excellent dinner, the whole family was together in the sitting-room. The six children ranged from ten to twenty. Mother said: "How the children grow; why I believe Jennie is as large as Jimmie." Father said: "Stand them up in a row." After being placed according to birth, father added: "A fine string of fish." The oldest and youngest were girls. Sister, looking down the line, said: "A girl at each end for ornament." Mother accepted the compliment and father never forgot the observation.

THE MOST EMBARRASSING MOMENT OF MY LIFE

In the autumn of 1876, after visiting the Centennial in Philadelphia, I began teaching my first school, which was located in Huntingdon County, Pennsylvania. It was a country school and my salary was \$22.50 per month; my board was \$2.50 per month. The school numbered about twenty-five scholars, aged from six to twenty years. They were a most interesting group and among them was a stocky boy about ten years old, slow in motion and drawling in speech. He looked as if his hair was cut once a year and never combed. His name was White, but his hands never looked like they were any relation to his name. One day a nice red-cheeked sixteen-year-old girl came to me at the dinner hour and complained that someone was taking the apple out of her dinner basket. She said it had happened several times. "Well," said I, "you watch and

see if you can discover the guilty one.” Several days later she came running into the schoolhouse, saying, “It’s Tommy White, it’s Tommy White, who takes my apples.” Now Tommy’s parents had a splendid span of bay horses—almost a perfect match. They had the best of care and the whole family loved them. Even the children fed them small lumps of sugar. Upon receiving the above message I rang the bell for the closing of dinner hour. When the school quieted down I called Tommy before the whole school for punishment. You have all observed how quiet school gets when some scholar is to be punished. I asked: “Tommy, did you take the apple?” Not a word. Then I said: “Don’t you know it’s wrong to steal?” No answer. “How would you like it if I would take part of your dinner every day?” Unmoved and silent as the sphinx of Egypt. “Tommy, suppose you had a bushel of apples on your back porch and I would come every night and take one until they were all gone; how would you like that?” Continued silence. Then I thought of the horses they loved so much, and I asked: “Tommy, what would you do if I would come and take one of your horses?” Then he looked up and said: “Why, I’d kick your a—s.”

CHAPTER XVII

A Hundred Books in One

IN THE FOLLOWING PAGES I have tried to present a few sentences around which you could write a whole book. Every book is written around a few words. Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" is written around the word "Christian"; "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is written around "The Black Slave"; "The Circle" is written around the single sentence "Every man must discover God with his own lamp." The Bible is written around the two Hebrew words expressing "In the beginning God." This genealogy is written around "*Honor Thy Father and Thy Mother.*"

In the beginning God.

The end of the human race is unthinkable.

Adjust your life to the law that God has made, and then the blessings of earth and Heaven will be yours.

Law is the harmony of the world whose seat is in the bosom of God.

"Do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God" and then you will not even need an automobile to run about in order to find happiness.

The great laws are self-operative.

The magnetic pole attracts all needles to the central source of power; so the universal law attracts all peoples to "his court."

The free-will gift is one of the attributes of angels—taxes are often surrendered with an inward curse.

In matters of faith you must not use force. “Know the truth and the truth shall make you free.” Anyone rightly interpreting this fact would be free under any government.

My task is to awaken the giant to see himself instead of his strength.

The lamented President Wilson had not time to reduce his fourteen points to seven. War kills time and almost everything else that is good.

Think reader, think, and don't read so much diluted stuff. Dilution is delusion. Do not clip the wings of imagination. Let them roam where they will.

Let the Wagners go to Bethlehem to be taxed—for a new birth.

Human radium is the active agent that translates life into action.

There is no questioning the fact that alcohol lowers the motor power of man.—*Doctor H. H. Wagner.*

In war that nation will win which puts the most sober men to the front, yet some people want our nation to have more alcohol. Many believe them to be poor puny patriots.

Alcohol in every color and in every degree as a food element is destructive to plant, tree, animal, and human life.

The life insurance companies which have quite thoroughly investigated the problem will tell you that the one who is a total abstainer is a preferred risk.

Only a clear mind can think God's thoughts after Him; only a heart unhurried can live out its natural life, and only a steady hand can glorify the Divine Carpenter.—*Willard*.

Why I never smoked: Father came upon me suddenly while I was smoking. I quickly hid the lighted pipe on the inside pocket of my vest, and while he was talking to me it burnt a hole in my shirt, undies, and flesh. It put me in bed for over a week and I have never smoked since.—*I. R. Johnson, Reno, Nevada*.

My traveling friend was asked if he was a Swede and he answered: "Oh, no, no!" "Why, you look like a Swede, with light hair, high cheek bones, etc." "No, no," said the man. "My mother says I am half human."

Two travelers, both past seventy, were going West and met for the first time in Iowa. Near Cheyenne they were discussing possible future years. One said: "I'm on the road to ninety." The other replied: "I'm on the road to Reno."

Learn to think and write like Caesar: *Veni, vidi, vici*.

The conscious (the body); the subconscious (the mind); the superconscious (the soul) is an endless development.

In an orderly city in Ohio there is a society to which no one can belong until he has reached three score and ten, for it is believed a man never gets good sense until he is seventy years old—and then it is sometimes doubtful.

Every life is a book—but it is seldom written so that another can read it.

Our wants are many; our needs are simple and few.—*A Preacher*.

The man becomes indued with dynamic power when he submits his will to the sovereign will of the universe.

A rose in your garden is just as beautiful to me as if it grew in mine. My possessing it adds nothing to its beauty.

MARRIAGE: The completion of the conjugal bond is the begetting of children.—*Doctor Ort.*

Families with only one child are the real undertakers of the race.

The best and happiest father and mother I ever knew were the parents of a natural number of well-ordered children.

You can build a house in a day, but it takes a whole seventy years to build a home for a family.

Many a man is shorn of his strength as he sits in the lap of a Delilah.—*Doctor Ort.*

“It is good for a man not to touch a woman.”

Women are to be honored as the mothers of the race.

Man should not lower the spirit of his soul for the gratification of his body.

There is a book that teaches the dignity of the body, the culture of the mind, and the wonder of the soul in the highest degree, and blessed is he who finds it.

Learn to be honest in the dark and virtuous without a witness and then you will be on the road to the best life in this world.

The man who does not revere his mother and love one woman well is not fit to write on any subject—except logarithms.

Have you considered the degradation of education which fails to reproduce itself?

“Race suicide.”—*Roosevelt*.

Seedless flowers, fruitless trees, and childless people are much alike.

An organization has no right to exist except for the good of all.

The wealth of life is the wealth of years well lived.

I believe you can be taught how to become a millionaire within a year. Seek until you find.

“Heaven lies about us in our infancy”—and from seventy to eighty, if one has lived the middle life temperate.

Let every act of mine be such that any one imitating may be benefited thereby.

It seems that food does not determine dreams, for I once knew a friend who ate turkey two days in succession, and the first night he dreamed he was in heaven and the following night, after eating cold turkey, he dreamed he was in the other place.

Our hearts are like gardens—they produce as they are cultivated.

Our minds are somewhat like our stomachs—they produce as they are fed—until converted.

Doctor Joseph Cook did the writer a very great service when he said: “There are only four great novels in the world—Paul and Virginia, Les Misérables, Vanity Fair, and Scarlet Letter.”

The “novel” reader, when he awakes, may also be benefited by the same saying.

“He who steals the old man’s supper does him no harm.”—*Franklin*.

Eat half as much and live a half longer.

All food is medicine, and if you take it properly you’ll not need the doctor very often.—*Isaac Wagner*.

Bathe your body daily and your mind in the great stream of human thought.

People perish because they do not know how to take care of the outside and the inside of the body.

The best thing for the insides of a man is the outside of a horse.—*J. H. Patterson*.

The body is fearfully and wonderfully made, and the more you know about it the better and longer you will run it well.

Within the range of your vision is all the food to make you well and keep you happy.

Some people love dogs more than they do their neighbors, and such people will always be poor and unhappy.

Charles W. Eliot did the world a great service when he condensed a million books to fifty. Under this idea I believe every newspaper in America could be improved 200 per cent.

If our children in the schools are permitted to pass through them, using only one-tenth of their possibilities, then it is easy to believe that America is not rich or prosperous.

The greatest modifying influence on man is religion; for on earth there is nothing great but man; in man there is nothing great but Christian mind.

Everyone has two parents, four grandparents, eight great-grandparents, etc. If we were to count back for thirty generations (about 900 years) we might be surprised to find that the number of ancestors had grown to about 1,500,000. This, however, is but a small part of the total number behind each of us. Most of the forebears were good, but probably some were not. Yet all of their traits are in us, either active or latent. The good traits may be strengthened and the evil ones suppressed by training our subconscious mind in correct habits. This is the purpose of religious education. This insures success. Let us follow the rule for success given in the Bible: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

THE ENDLESS END