

A CITY OF THE PLAINS.

BY GROVER TOWNSHEND.

AMONG THE GREAT ORGANIZERS OF THE WORLD MUST BE RECKONED JOHN ALEXANDER DOWIE WHO, ON THE SHORES OF LAKE MICHIGAN, HAS LAID OUT A CITY WHICH IS DESIGNED TO HOUSE A MILLION OF PEOPLE, AND OF WHICH ITS FOUNDER INTENDS TO MAKE A WORLD CAPITAL.

THE world respects an organizer. Its heroes in religion, in war, in statecraft, and in commerce have all owed their practical success to their capacity for organization. It matters little what doctrine they preach, so that they have the power to group men about a central idea. Mahomet's "There is one God, and Mahomet is his prophet," and Napoleon's "The world for France," were one in their material effect upon a generation. Today the Kaiser Wilhelm, Joseph Chamberlain, J. Pierpont Morgan, and John Alexander Dowie are not so much emperor, minister of the crown, company promoter, religionist, as they are organizers. Above the herd of statesmen and politicians they stand supreme; their genius for organization, in wholly different directions, has made of them rulers of the people.

If there be no divine right of kings, there is at least a divine right of leadership vested in certain men. To this category belongs John Alexander Dowie, the preacher who has founded on the shore of Lake Michigan a city, who

out of a tract of farm land has constructed a town complete within itself, owning its own government, peopled by thousands of immigrants from all the States of the Union. In six months Dowie has accomplished what in other communities, destitute of a central head, it would take generations to achieve.

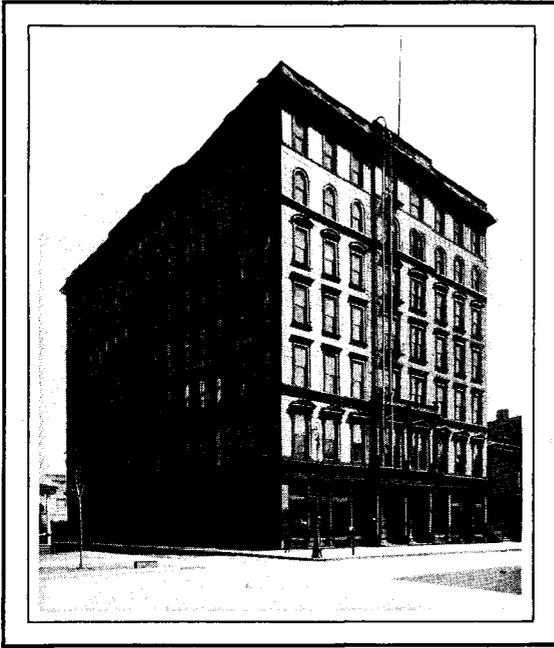
With Dowie as a religious teacher the outer world has nothing to do; Dowie as an organizer commands the interest and the respect of every observer. To provide the means of expansion, Dowie exacted a tax of one tenth of the income of all those who accepted his direction. With the sum thus gained he purchased some ten square miles of territory on the shore of Lake Michigan, forty two miles north of Chicago and the same distance south of Milwaukee. There he planned his City of Zion, and there within the last six months he has settled ten thousand people.

Just as in Washington the city radiates from the Capitol, so in Zion



ZION CITY AFTER SIX MONTHS OF DEVELOPMENT.

the center will be a great white marble temple. From this as a hub, boulevards will spray outward as the spokes of a wheel. Each boulevard will be three hundred feet in width, with a central rib of parkway filling one third of the space. Connecting these main arteries will be the avenues, each one a hundred and fifty feet wide. Connect-



THE ZION HOSPICE IN CHICAGO.

ing the avenues will be the streets, seventy five feet wide. The whole follows a strict geometric plan, and when finished will be—so its founder declares—the model city of the world. The two and a half miles of shore will be embanked, laid out with docks, harbors, and wharves. There Dowie proposes to gather the commerce of the great lakes.

To insure proper sanitation, he has decreed that the residential and the business sections of the city shall forever remain distinct. No citizen has any proprietary right in the land. He is only a lessee, though he holds title for eleven hundred years, such titles to expire on July 15, 3000 A. D. To insure the purity of the city, lessees undertake not to use their sites "for any purpose contrary to the will of

God, and particularly not for the sale of drugs, tobacco, or alcohol in any form, for houses of ill fame, theaters, gambling houses, or for the raising of hogs or selling them." In these ways the city is to be protected from the plagues which have cursed other aggregations of humanity.

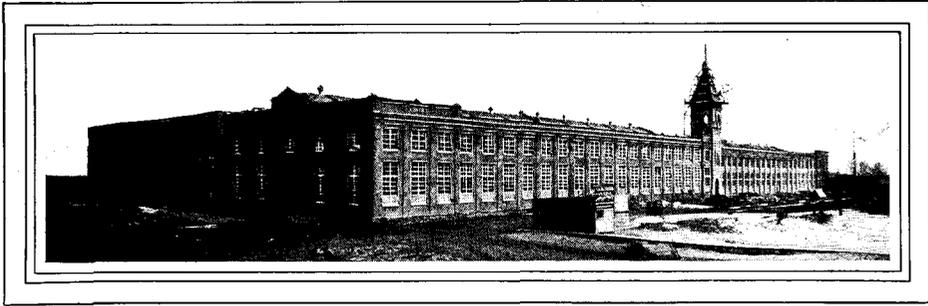
All of this not merely exists in the brain of the organizer, but is in process of active development. Thousands of people are at work creating the City of Zion. Already there are brick works in operation turning out forty thousand bricks a day. There is also a lace factory covering five acres of ground, the only one of its kind in the United States. The temporary tabernacle seats six thousand people. The city is incorporated under the laws of the State of Illinois, and possesses its mayor and town council. In their hands is the municipal government of the community.

The organizer of Zion does not propose to confine his energies to his own city. He intends to make of it a metropolis. He dreams of it as eventually a world capital. Politically he has founded what he calls the "theocratic party,"

whose platform is the extension of the Zion City organization throughout the United States. It is his intention, wherever possible, to place theocratic candidates in office.

Educationally Dowie projects another complete scheme of development. Starting with kindergartens and elementary schools, students will proceed through high schools and colleges to a university which will be the keystone of his system.

All great organizers have been men of wide ideas. Dowie's ambition is bounded only by the terrestrial horizon. Beginning with his mushroom city on Lake Michigan, he proposes to control a county, a State, a nation, a continent, a hemisphere—eventually the world. Were he immortal, the task in some of its features would not be impossible—



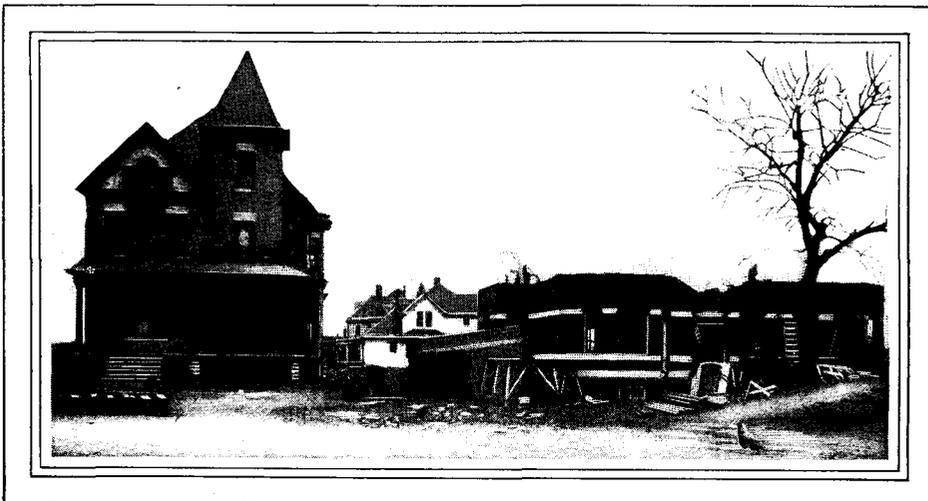
ZION CITY LACE FACTORY, CONTAINING EIGHT AND A HALF ACRES OF FLOOR.

at least on paper. As it is, it is founded, as has been most earthly power, upon the inspiration of one man, would mean the dominion of the planet. Fortunately or unfortunately, no great organizer has ever left his equal as suc-



THE HOUSES OF ZION CITY.

his indomitable courage, his power to execute. A succession of great organizers, inspired by the same central idea, would mean the millennium—or chaos.



THE TEMPORARY HOME OF DR. DOWIE IN ZION CITY.

The Vanquishing of a Vaquero.

HOW YELLOWTAIL SAVED THE RANCH—AND ME.

BY ETHEL WATTS MUMFORD.

I.

I FIND that I simply must explain how it happened, or I shall never be able to go East again, so many perfectly absurd stories have somehow sifted back home—stories placing me, to say the least, in an uncomfortable light. I feel that I owe it to myself to tell all the circumstances. The worst of it is, that the foundation is quite correct. In matters of this kind the bare statement of fact isn't truth.

Seven years ago we came out here—father, mother, and I. "Out here," I may as well explain, is Obispo, California. Poor father was very hopeful then, and firmly believed he was on the high road to recovery. Of course his enthusiasm took the investment form—it nearly always does. He bought the Santa Veronica ranch, and out we came, to live what he called the "free life of the range." I don't believe any life is free, but I can positively state that, from the feminine standpoint, ranch life is more completely shackling than any effete existence it was ever my lot to survive.

Mother and I worried along somehow. I was only seventeen, and everything was interesting. Mother was not thinking of herself, only of father; and he was happy. We had every kind of fancy cattle and horse, and our house was one litter of poultry catalogues and pig prospectuses. We were most bucolic. I derived great satisfaction from posing to the cowboys—vaqueros, they call them—in a red shirt and corduroys, a sombrero over one ear—for father gave me a pinto pony, and I rode astride, feeling very picturesque and swashbuckling.

We had four years of it—very happy years to me, in spite of the housework mother and I had to do. We never could depend on servants, of course.

We were so far away that Chinamen, who are very clannish, didn't like the job, and father simply couldn't digest the Spanish cooking the hands wanted. So we often shared the kitchen with Maria Jesus Jose Manuela Herrera, the wife of our head vaquero; she concocting *chili con carne* by the tubful, we doing our best to turn out a soufflé omelet from utensils that tasted of ancient lard. Maria was not strong on clean up.

We did get on, though, contrary to all expectations. We actually made the place pay. Father got several government contracts for horses, and we sold our fancy stock to other tenderfoots who were settling and blowing money into "gentleman farming."

Then father died.

I won't dwell on that time, but pass on to conditions as we had to face them later. All our money was invested in Santa Veronica. It was paying, but we couldn't get out except at a fearful sacrifice. Besides, mother clung to the place. She could not bear to leave the old cracked adobe that father had adopted with such delight. So we made up our minds to stay on.

II.

I WENT out and talked to the hands. They were very polite, and promised to stand by me and help out; but it wasn't very long before the fact that we hadn't a man on the place began to make itself felt. Cattle were lost. I found out that a good half of our boys were running into town and making things hot.

Herrera was a jewel. He stood over the lot and swore beautifully when they came in, I by his side trying to look stern, and mother barricaded in the *sala*. Things quieted for a time, till our first big round up was in progress.