

DIARY OF CAIN, SON OF ADAM, DISCOVERED ON LAVA BUTTE

Central Oregon Savant Unearths Record of Oregon's First Native Son, Which Throws Light on First Chapters of State's Development

Bend is near the center of the original civilization. Cain, son of Adam, saw the site of Bend when the reformers drive him from the Klamath country. At least, so says a Bend writer in the following article which appeared in the Oregon Journal, Portland, of Sunday, April 13:

Spurred to action by the announcement of the alleged prehistoric discoveries of Prof. Hallock of Harvard, as published in Portland papers some weeks ago, a Central Oregon savant, Professor U. R. Easy, the eminent archaeologist of Shaniko Flats, has thrown off his inherent scientific modesty and today gave to the world a partial story of his astounding Biblical find made near here. Professor Hallock, it will be remembered, claims that he has located the lost city of Enoch, built by Cain, the son of Adam, near Klamath Falls. Professor Easy sets forth facts that amplify the statements of the famous Peabody Museum expert, and no doubt will create a storm of interest in scientific circles.

In brief, the most interesting document of the ages is claimed to have been brought to light. It is the diary of Cain. Through the fortunate discovery of a key to the language in which it is written the world is now given a unique and intimate insight into conditions that immediately followed the birth of man. Also the diary establishes final proof of Professor Hallock's contentions and removes any vestige of doubt that the Klamath country was the first home of civilization. As a matter of state pride the literary heritage of Oregon's first native son is vastly valuable, and is being closely guarded in the vault of a local bank.

Cain's diary is written on copper, and was found by Professor Easy in a cave that winds under the lava fields surrounding Lava Butte, a prominent hill some 10 miles south of Bend. The report is as follows: By Professor U. R. Easy, of the Crook County Anthropological Experiment Station.

While long in possession of this

secret, my natural modesty coupled with my distaste for publicity has caused me to withhold it. It is true that I also feared some criticism of my veracity. But now that my esteemed contemporary Hallock has made his report, and everyone is saying he is a liar, it seems desirable to publish the results of my researches and so come to the rescue of my fellow sufferer in the realm of research.

On one point alone do I differ. Hallock maintains that the Garden of Eden was situated in "a continental region," known as Tula, which subsequently was buried beneath the seas. That is incorrect. A footnote in Cain's diary (whose private nature prevents me from translating it) expressly states that the original Garden was in Oregon. If anyone doubts it, they are referred for modern verification to the Oregon Almanac and other publications of the state immigration agent.

Mr. Cain Speaks For Himself.

So I will let Cain speak for himself, the following paragraphs being verbatim translations from his diary: "Tula, February 6.—The rainy season has set in. Father complains of rheumatism, and speaks fiercely regarding what he calls Oregon mists. I fear he is aging. Mother still looks like a girl, although she celebrated her 127th birthday last week. Abel made her a new sheath gown of leaves, with lamb's down border. I didn't think it much, but Eve liked it. Somehow that boy Abel always gets ahead of me.

"February 10.—The natural resources of this place are wonderful, but Adam says they don't compare with his old quarters in the Garden of Eden. There it wasn't necessary to irrigate at all, he says. He is funny about Eden—doesn't like to discuss it and never told me why he left. But once I heard him and mother talking about the old days and they said something about apples that put me to thinking. It seems that an apple and a serpent had something to do with the move. Perhaps he had trouble with the Apple Growers' Union, and that's why they made him

go out and get a homestead.

"February 16.—I've been thinking. Adam told me how to think, although he said I wouldn't ever have to do it if I just wanted to go to something he called the State Legislature. Father is always talking about things I don't understand. It seems as if he was looking ahead and could see things that will come to pass hundreds of years later.

He Gets the Colonist Idea.

"February 20.—Thinking again. What we need here is population. You can't have development without people, and development increases land values. Adam says increasing land values will prove a bad business and that some day some one will spring the Single Tax idea and try to get a constitutional amendment. But Dad says it won't work. Don't know what to do about it.

"March 1.—Father had another one of his dreamy spells today. Said he could see what would be happening thousands of years from now. That always makes him feel blue. When the old man gets that way I humor him and so I listened while he told me that away along in 1900 folks wouldn't believe we ever lived or that there ever was a place called the Garden of Eden. That made him mad. He told me to write down what I did, so there'd be a record for future generations and no one could doubt my word. Said I would, but don't see where those future generations are coming from. That's a mystery to me. And how the deuce are we going to get immigrants?

"March 11.—Got an idea. I'll get married! Father seems to have made a success of it, so why shouldn't I?

"March 12.—Durn Abel. He has the marrying idea, too.

"March 18.—Abel is after my girl. He'd better look out.

"May 3.—Not much fun these days. The old man made me go out and till the fields. Abel tends sheep. I'd rather till sheep than tend fields. Father talks about the back-to-the-land movement, but it doesn't look good to me.

Eve Turns Over New Leaves.

"May 9.—Sunday, and I don't have to work. Talked to Dad about the marrying idea. He just grunted. Asked him what a woman was made of and he said, 'Spare ribs.' I didn't understand, but never let on. Asked him what a man was made of, and he said, 'A woman thinks a man is made of money, son.' He is sore these days because Eve is getting queer ideas about dresses. She's always wanting to turn over a new leaf and Father thinks that is awfully extravagant. He says two good outfits of leaves is all anyone needs. The other day he told her that a wife should be satisfied to live in the style she was accustomed to before marriage, and when she asked him if he knew what she was accustomed to he told her never to argue a question.

Adam's Awful, Awful Pun.

"May 15.—I asked Dad today what Eve was made for. 'Adam's express company,' said he, and it was the first time I'd seen him grin since the day Abel poked his hand in the fire to see what it was like, years before. He said to mark today red in my diary, because that was the first pun ever made. He also said that a couple of thousand years from now a thing called an editor would kill a man if he tried to repeat it. He said some day when the world got really civilized there would be a law against puns. But that pun set him thinking about an animal he called an express company. I didn't understand much of it, but gathered that an express company is a sort of octopus that some day will mate with a beast called the high-cost-of-living; its greatest enemy will be a quarrelsome animal named parcel-post.

Dad's too wise for me."

[Here a number of the copper plates of hieroglyphics are missing. I presume they were destroyed or lost. The narrative apparently is again taken up a hundred years later. In the interim Cain had been cast forth from the home of Adam and his wanderings had taken him to Klamath county, where he founded the city of Enoch, described by professor Hallock. If I am able to discover these missing pages—as I think I may—the story of the development of the race previous to the Flood will be complete. If successful I plan to give the priceless record to Reed College in Portland. Easy.]

The First Knocker Knocked.

"August 4.—Well, that is over, anyway! Abel was a knocker and I had to do it. I hated to, for a fellow gets attached to his brother after living together two centuries. After the row I had to move, and fell in with a lot of people and we came down here into the land of Nod, and built a city which I called Enoch, for my oldest son. I forgot to say I got married.

"I often wonder how father is getting on. He was 999 years old when I last heard of him. Last night I dreamed that the time will come when instead of killing people they will be put in prison for life. Think of being jailed for so many years!

"December 25.—The other day we formed the first commercial club in the world. There was a glorious meeting and fine speeches. But when it came to paying the dues there was a row. My ninth wife says we've set an example that always will be followed. That's the worst of being a forefather; everything one does is an example. It's a nuisance.

Earliest Irrigation in Oregon.

"January 23.—Things are happening fast these days. Yesterday a man came to me explaining that the way to make money was to start an irrigation company. He said that as I owned all the land there was, it would be easy; all I had to do was to make the settlers put up the cash, then spend it on what he would call 'organization expenses' and leave the settlers to finish the project. But just then I was busy with a plan to keep our people from going to Canada, so I told him not to bother me. Another crank had a scheme to keep the home folks prosperous; it was a poor year for the hunters, and his idea was to put a tariff on iguanodon and other dinosaur hides so that hunters from other districts couldn't bring them in and undersell our men. I started the tariff and ever since there has been a row and the common people say the privileged classes get all the best of it. They say they want a tariff commission and a special schedule on stoneware. Life is getting awfully complicated.

"March 10.—Spring before last a man started a newspaper here. He calls it the Enochian. It comes out once every year and is a noisy sheet. It is cut on stone tablets that are very convenient; the other day a man killed his mother-in-law with one of them.

"July 4.—I have become a promoter. Somehow Adam (since he sees what the world is coming to, he's not as sore about my trouble with Abel as he used to be) got wind of the matter and wrote me; he says the time will come when they'll build a penitentiary for promoters, whatever that is. So I called him up and explained, but the old man never entirely approved. The scheme is to sell orchard tracts and we've named the corporation the Enoch Orchards Land Company. Father asked if we could raise apples—he thinks he is some expert on apples after the Eden incident—and I told

him of course we couldn't, but that it didn't matter, because all we wanted was the money. He accused me of being crooked, but I said it didn't look any worse to me than stealing forbidden fruit. That made him mad and he hung off.

Skinning the Original Settlers.

"August 2.—Company great success. Settlers coming in fast.

"August 11.—Trouble. Settlers find some of the orchard land is under water and some of it on the lava fields. They make ridiculous complaints. They annoy me.

"August 20.—More trouble. In fact, I'm having an awful time. A letter from Adam says he heard the federal authorities are after me. The settlers have formed an association and some of them today got out the world's first petition. I find that a petition is an affair that makes everyone think that he knows more about running things than the people do who are running them. That's why they are popular and everybody signs them. The day after the first one there were 162 of them on the streets. One is addressed to the governor and asks him to investigate the moral condition of Enoch, which is bad—I mean, the petition is.

"September 7.—What do you know about that? The governor wired me to resign. Shan't do it. He must be a relative of mine, and I won't let a relative boss me.

"September 9.—Noah's Ark! Everyone has turned on me. Now they've got out a recall petition and Williams Jennings Burns, the famous Biblical detective, is on my trail. History is being made fast these days but that doesn't help me at all.

"September 10.—Burned my ledgers. Going to leave.

The Luckless Prehixidoterous.

"September 11.—On the road north. Left all but 11 of my wives, for a man can't be too careful in a matter of this kind. Ran over a prehixidoterous that weighed four tons but left him in the road.

"September 12.—Horrors! We are pursued. As I write, my faithful men are equipping the portable flying machine. These may be my last words that ever will reach future generations. I am standing upon the top of a steep volcanic cone. Below me lies a beautiful river and a great body of timber. If it were not for those petitioners and that orchard scandal, I'd start another city down there, for it looks awfully good to me. * * * It has taken four hours to scratch those last words upon the brass. My men will hide this diary nearby. Good-bye, world of tomorrow—I am off—

[And thus, abruptly, ends this fragment of Cain's diary, and the remainder of his remarkable story is lost to humanity, unless Professor Hallock perchance discovers missing pages among the reported finds of the ruins of Enoch.—Easy.]

SUMMONS.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Crook County.

The First National Bank of Bend, a Corporation, plaintiff, vs. J. H. Bean, J. F. Bean and A. C. Lucas, defendants.

To J. F. Bean, above named defendant:

In the name of the State of Oregon: You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of the plaintiff filed against you in the above entitled action within ten days from the date of the service of the same upon you if served within this county or if served within any other county in this state then within twenty days from the date of the service of the same upon you or if served upon you by publication thereof then on or before the 8th day of May, 1913, and you are hereby notified that if you fail so to appear and answer for want thereof the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in the complaint on file herein, to-wit:

For a decree that the conveyance NW 1/4 of the SW 1/4 of Sec. 27, Tp. 17 S., R. 12 E., W. M., to J. F. Bean be declared fraudulent and void as against this plaintiff and that the said J. H. Bean be declared to hold the said property in trust for said defendant J. H. Bean and his creditors.

That the conveyance of NW 1/4 of NE 1/4 and NE 1/4 of NW 1/4 and Lot 1 of Sec. 7 and SW 1/4 of SE 1/4 of Sec. 6, all in Tp. 13 S., R. 11 E., W. M., to A. C. Lucas be declared fraudulent and void as against this plaintiff and that the said defendant A. C. Lucas be decreed to hold this property in trust for the defendant J. H. Bean and his creditors.

And that the said J. F. Bean and A. C. Lucas account under the direction of this court for all of the property aforesaid so conveyed to them and that said property be sold and the proceeds of said sale be applied to the satisfaction of plaintiff's judgment and that the plaintiff have judgment against said defendants for the costs and disbursements of this suit and for such other and further relief as to the court may seem just and equitable.

This summons is served upon you by publication thereof in The Bend Bulletin, a weekly newspaper of general circulation published at Bend, Crook county, Oregon, for six successive weeks by order of the Hon. G. Springer, judge of the county court in and for Crook county, Oregon. Said order being made and entered the 26th day of March, 1913, in the above cause and this summons is published and dated for the first time this 26th day of March, 1913.

VERNON A. FORBES,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

3-9

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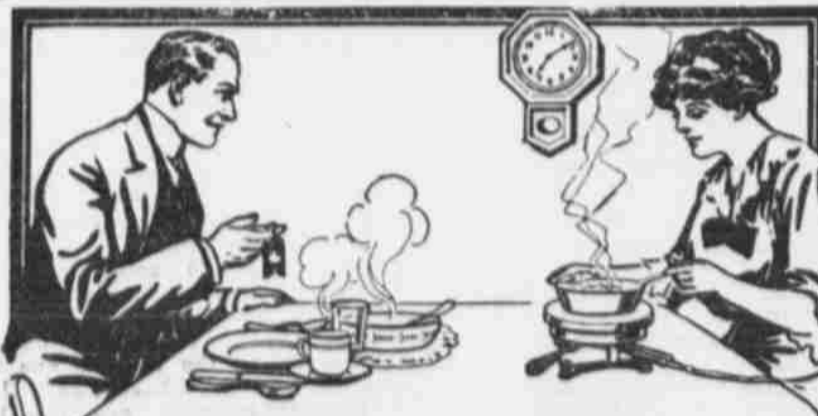
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