

**THE BOOKLET OF
THE
GOLDEN LEAVES**

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The Booklet of the Golden Leaves by LeRoy G. Davis

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LEROY G. DAVIS

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BY LEROY G. DAVIS



Published by.....

B R O A D W A Y
P U B L I S H I N G
C O M P A N Y

835 Broadway New York

1904

TO THE EARNEST WORKERS

IN

EVERY WALK OF LIFE

THIS BOOK

IS

DEDICATED.

5-12-6185

140491

PREFACE.

In submitting this little volume to the public, the author does not forget the fact that the subject treated is a very serious one, and one of great moment, demanding the best thought of the greatest thinkers of the time; nor does he forget the equally patent fact that it is presumption on his part to enter the lists. It is, however, his earnest belief that any material which tends, even though but slightly, towards a solution of this grave problem along equable lines, should be welcomed by all seekers after truth. In "fear and trembling," therefore, the author adds this bit of suggestion with the sincere wish that it may aid to some extent in bringing about a settlement of the question which shall be at once consistent with and helpful to the uninterrupted progress of the human race.

It is not intended, in any part of this poem, to cast a slur upon individuals or classes. Human nature is much the same in all men and classes of

men; so much so that a casual observer will admit that some of the most deluded anarchists, once given wealth and power, become the most heartless oppressors and are the first to forget the needs of the masses, while some of the greatest benefactors of the masses were born and raised in luxury, and use their wealth and position to better the condition of their less favored fellowmen. Whatever criticism may be deserved is deserved as individuals first, and classes afterwards. If a man is a man he will be a man wherever circumstances place him, and if he is not a man, it is hard to make a man of him in any vocation or profession.

THE AUTHOR.

THE BOOKLET OF THE GOLDEN LEAVES.

PRELUDE.

All greatness is envied by blackguards
And "nothing succeeds like success."
The richest, with wine in their tankards,
Despise the poor dog who has less.
With greatest contempt for the masses
And thinking of naught save himself,
The "Plutocrat" rides on his passes
And gloats o'er his ill-gotten pelf.
He lives his life only for pleasure
And piling together of gold;
He cares not for plaudits or censure,
But seeks its increase many fold.

With reckless, remorseless persistence,
He follows the gold-beaten track,
Not dreaming of rightful resistance
And scorning to pause or look back.

The Booklet of

He holds to his way without turning,
Nor recks he the poor by the road
Whose lives he has filled with heart-burning,
Or swamped in the sin he has sowed.
He sees, as he travels the highways,
No laborers, suff'ring, oppressed;
He takes them for steps in the byways
By which his ascent has been blessed.

No man ever saw him but wondered
If in him were found any good;
Yet ninety-nine men of a hundred
Would fain take his place if they could.

While labor enraged and excited,
And blind in its fury and zest,
Strikes hard that its wrongs may be righted
And mangles its own mother's breast.
Its vision, too clouded by passion,
To see the real cause of its woe,
All classes receive condemnation;
It treats all mankind as its foe.
Not stopping for murder or treason,
Not counting the ground it has lost,
Regarding not causes nor reason,
Too desperate to care for the cost,

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By passionate hatred misguided,
Imbued with a sense of its wrongs,
Then chaos and riot collided,
Binds labor anew with its thongs.
The agonized cries of the bleeding
Bring tears to the eyes of but few,
For people are selfish, unheeding,
Discarding the old for the new.
All energy bent to the lifting
Of self to the top of the hill
Precludes giving aid to the drifting
Allows them to sink where they will.

All men are now seeking preferment,
Or lifts up the ladder of life;
But all do not seek with discernment,
Or stop at deception and strife.
In trusts and in great combinations
That seek to all products control,
In gambling and huge speculations
Which promise in riches to roll,
With wild mining ventures like bubbles,
Their stock without money or ore,
And schemes that end only in troubles
For poor who have savings in store,