

R. H. JARRETT

*The  
Meaning  
of the  
Mark*

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## Introduction

This book is a record of an experiment in larger life. The elements of the experiment were blood and tears, bone and muscle, and other significant factors such as heartache, aspirations, weariness, dumb fear, blind hope and soaring joyousness.

These common elements of human nature compounded through many years produced a man—a man with a philosophy, a purpose and a message. His message found expression in the form of a modest but vital book entitled *It Works*. This was his first book. He made no claims to authorship, but he could not refrain from telling others of the plan that had given him health, wealth, happiness and more perfect self-expression.

On the front cover appeared a mark, simple in design but profound in meaning. It was the mark of the cross and a square within. Although not mentioned or explained in the text, nevertheless, it attracted attention and was really the undisclosed reason for the book. The mark was the focus of the author's thought and summed up the central idea of this extraordinary book.

*It Works* became the guide and handbook of a multitude of earnest men and women seeking more abundant life. It spurred them on to a venture of faith and supplied them with a concise plan for eliminating wrong ideas and establishing right ones. In the lives of thousands, it demonstrated the transforming power of divine energy. To those people the mark provided a convenient reminder of their new vision.



Some adopted it as a personal symbol. Copies of *It Works* by the hundreds were bought and given away as a practical means of sharing with friends the blessings and benefits derived. Wherever the book went the mark of the cross in the square was seen on the cover. Its meaning, if not understood, was at least surmised by many.

Great numbers wrote the author in gratitude and enthusiasm for the changes it wrought in their lives. It was the conviction of those who were privileged to read those letters that there was a need for another book—a book of wider scope developing the emphasis and the spiritual implications as well as the practical aspects of this philosophy of soul power and material prosperity. Such a course would

scatter the good news inherent in the mark to a much wider audience and remove all chance of anyone missing its full message.

The simple mark of the cross and square seemed much too big to risk leaving it on the cover of a book without comment. It clamored to be put inside a book of its own, to be written out, explained, indeed proclaimed as a theme in the consummation of a resounding credo.

Consequently, it was urged upon the author as an opportunity and an obligation that he undertake the larger venture of this present volume to fully explain the meaning of this mystic mark, which has such far-flung power to makeover lives when its significance was comprehended and applied.

As you read these pages, you will see how aptly this task has been done. Here, in three versions, or interpretations, is given a vivid and fascinating exposition of the meaning of this mysterious, potent mark. The fullness of its meaning spans a spread from humble earth to the highest heaven. It ties the finite to the infinite and lifts the remotest reach of the human life to the throne of God.

—Jewell F Stevens, December 1<sup>st</sup>, 1930

## Authors Foreword

It is my prayer and confident hope that the reading of this book may impart new power and greater prosperity, and that Paul Omar's price mark of success may become the life mark of many people.

The popular tendency will doubtless be to accept this mark and employ its influence for the sake of temporal benefit. Such a course is quite proper but there is much more than this to the mark. It is the embodiment of an eternal truth. It proclaims a true relationship between God and man. Jesus summed up the law in terms of its meaning—honor God and serve man. The angels of the plains of Bethlehem chorused its supreme significance in the song that the ages will always echo—glory to God in the highest and on earth, peace, good will

toward man. It is this higher ideal that is of vital importance.

Because of the age-long truth embodied in the meaning of this mark, I take no personal credit for this book except for the opportunity of writing it down. Even this would have been most arduous, if not impossible, without the kind help of many friends and the advantage of wide contacts that have provided me so generously with material incidents and examples.

I especially appreciate the unflagging interest and helpfulness which the publishers have shown when suggesting editorial revisions that have clarified the text. Also, I am grateful to Teresa Gustofson, for the typing of the manuscript, and to Angela Crawley for reading the proofs.

As in the case of my former book *It Works*,  
I prefer to be known only by my initials.

—R.H.J., November 15<sup>th</sup>, 1930

## The Tin Gee Gee

I was strolling one day down the Lawther  
Arcade,  
That place for children's toys,  
Where you can purchase a dolly or spade  
For your good little girls and boys.  
And as I passed a certain stall, said a wee  
little voice to me:  
O, I am a Colonel in a little cocked hat,  
and I ride on a tin Gee Gee;  
Then I looked and a little tin soldier I saw,  
In his little cocked hat so fine.  
He'd a little tin sword that shone in the  
light  
As he led a glittering line of tin hussars,  
Whose sabers flashed in a manner à la  
military.  
And that little tin soldier he rode at their

head,

So proud on his tin Gee Gee.

Then that little tin soldier he sobbed and  
he sighed,

So I patted his little tin head.

What vexes your little tin soul? said I,

And this is what he said:

I've been on this stall a very long time,

And I'm marked twenty-nine, as you see;

Whilst just on the shelf above my head,

There's a fellow marked sixty-three.

Now he hasn't got a sword and he hasn't  
got a horse,

And I'm quite as good as he.

So why mark me at twenty-nine,

And him at sixty-three?

There's a pretty little dolly girl over there,

And I'm madly in love with she.

But now that I'm only marked twenty-nine,



She turns up her nose at me,  
She turns up her little wax nose at me,  
And carries on with sixty-three.

And, oh, she's dressed in a beautiful  
dress;

It's a dress I do admire,  
She has pearly blue eyes that open and  
shut

When worked inside by a wire,  
And once upon a time when the folks had  
gone,

She used to ogle at me.

But now that I'm only marked twenty-nine,  
She turns up her nose at me.

Cheer up, my little tin man, said I,  
I'll see what I can do.

You're a fine little fellow, and it's a shame  
That she should so treat you.

So I took down the label from the shelf

above,  
And I labeled him sixty-three,  
And I marked the other one twenty-nine,  
Which was very, very wrong of me,  
But I felt so sorry for that little tin soul,  
As he rode on his tin Gee Gee.

Now that little tin soldier he puffed with  
pride,  
At being marked sixty-three,  
And that saucy little dolly girl smiled once  
more,  
For he'd risen in life, do you see?  
And it's so in this world; for I'm in love  
With a maiden of high degree;  
But I am only marked twenty-nine,  
And the other chap's sixty-three—  
And a girl never looks at twenty-nine  
With a possible sixty-three!

—Fred Cape

# PART 1

## Chapter 1: A Mysterious Impulse

You may put down three million dollars as Mr Omar's contribution to this endeavor, quietly remarked the young secretary to a group of businessmen seated around the table in a private dining room at the Union League Club.

Three million dollars was said as easily as most men would say thirty cents and was indeed a small sum of money when compared with previous contributions of many millions which Paul Omar had made to various worthy projects for the betterment of mankind.

Bewilderment and surprise flashed over the faces of those sincere men. They were temporarily stunned. A terrific noiseless explosion would have caused the same

effect. Three million dollars! True, they were all fairly well-to-do, prosperous men. On average, their incomes were about \$30,000 per year. \$100,000 would have been a significant start on the five-million-dollar housing plan fund. But three million? Three-fifths of all they needed coming from one man. The very thought of it was almost inconceivable, especially to Frank Barnard, the youngest and one of the most active of the group.

Where and how did Paul Omar get all these millions? How did it feel to give away such an enormous sum? Would he tell me the secret? These were the selfish thoughts which flashed through Barnard's mind as he looked at that unassuming man sitting there next to his secretary.

Barnard watched Paul Omar closely. He sensed an unusualness about the man—some quality entirely different from anyone he'd ever met. The questions about his money were forgotten in the overwhelming desire to know what made Paul Omar so different from other men. What was the mysterious power he had which the others did not have or were not able to harness? What was that something that made this man an outstanding personality? Barnard yearned to know and possess it for himself. It was something far greater than the knowledge of material value. It seemed like a sureness as to the purpose of life. Absence of fear would not define it as fear apparently had never existed for him.

Paul Omar was sure—that was his chief characteristic. His actions and his

conversations indicated his sureness. For example, Barnard remembered his remark about Lindbergh. The success of Lindbergh was due to the soul desire of a majority. Barnard had not the least idea what he meant but he did know this remarkable man was sure of what he said.

During this trend of thought, Barnard caught the kindly, loving look of Paul Omar turned on him. It seemed to say, "Come to me, I'll gladly tell you what I mean and many other things that are now troubling you. Come and learn my secret and you too may become an outstanding personality, a power among your associates."

That persistent, mysterious impulse possessed Barnard for the remainder of the day. It seemed to whisper, "Go and see Omar, your opportunity is at hand." Then

common sense would war with intuition and suggest the absurdity of such a visit. Several times in the night, he awakened with a feeling that Paul Omar was present in his room. Through sleep-drugged senses, he could hear Omar talking and explaining his secret. About eleven o'clock the next morning, finding it impossible to disregard this ever-conscious urge, Barnard left his office and took a taxi to Omar's office with the intention of making an appointment for a future interview.

He presented his card and was greatly astounded when the clerk returned and said, "Mr Omar was expecting you, step right in." When the door closed and he was alone with the man who intrigued his imagination and interest by giving away three million dollars on a previous day,



Barnard was plainly embarrassed. Mr Omar's kindly greeting and his cordial urge to take a comfortable chair beside the desk helped little to abate the embarrassment. He was here in Omar's office, but why?

Paul Omar waited and finally said, "Well?"

That 'well' brought Barnard to the realization that he must speak.

Haltingly, he began. "Mr Omar, some unknown force has compelled me to visit you. Your personality, your manner—you are a remarkable man. I want to be like you. What is it that makes you so different, so outstanding, such a power, so remarkable?"

Here, his voice failed him, and he could say no more.

Omar did not answer him immediately but just smiled that kindly, powerful smile.

“I knew you would come to me and I’m glad you did. Then he abruptly asked, “By the way, have you read *The Tin Gee Gee*?”

Upon receiving a negative reply, Omar recited the entire poem with a smile of retrospection lingering on his face.

“The beginning of what you want to know happened many years ago when I was re-marked from twenty-nine cents to sixty-three. It happened almost as quickly as did the re-marking of the little tin soldier in the toy shop.”

All embarrassment was gone. This man who could give away millions was extremely human. He could talk about changing the price on a toy soldier and said

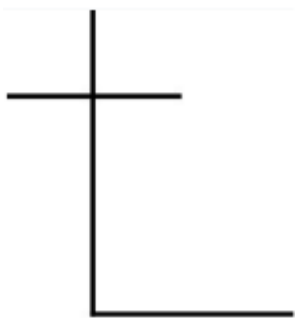
that he himself had once been marked as low as twenty-nine cents.

“What a change since then,” laughed Barnard. “You need no price mark now, everybody knows it.”

Omar’s face became grave. “Well, I wish they did,” he said musingly.”

Looking at Barnard intently with a slight hesitancy of speech he continued, “Yes, there is still a price mark. It is in code—few understand it. You cannot decipher it now, but as I know your desire and the purpose of your wish to be sincere, and because I understand the mysterious power which sent you here, communicating to me your intentions, I will gladly give you the price mark placed on true happiness and worldly wealth.”

Taking a pencil in his hand, he made this mark.



Out of this visit grew many interesting, enjoyable and profitable evenings; some sessions lasting until the small hours of the morning.

These evenings with Paul Omar gave Frank Barnard a new conception of God's Law of Possession, a definite reason and purpose for his life on this earth, a positive assurance of life hereafter, and a symbol, sign or mark to guide and strengthen him—the mysterious price mark.

To decipher this mark and cherish it in your heart, you, like Barnard, must gather and kindle the thoughts scattered through this volume.

*What is all knowledge but recorded experience, and a product of history, of which, therefore, reasoning and belief, no less than action and passion, are essential materials?*

—Thomas Carlyle

To continue reading *The Meaning of the Mark*, you can purchase the complete volume, including Part 1, Part 2, and Part 3, for as little as \$0.99USD. You can access this life-changing work [here](#)!