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PORTLAND, SUNDAY, APRIL 29, 1906.

EARTHQUAKE AND MAN.

The earthquake at San Francisco, in comparison with earthquakes that have occurred elsewhere at various times within human history, was not severe. Loss of life at San Francisco, though considerable, was not great. Loss of property would have been small but for destruction by fire. Seismic energy diminishes as we recede from the equator—especially in the Western Hemisphere. This seems to be experience, and we do not expect violent earthquakes in America, as far north as San Francisco. Yet Lisbon, in the Eastern Hemisphere, is just about in the latitude of San Francisco; and at Lisbon in 1755 occurred an earthquake most terrible in its consequences, so far as we know, of all that history has recorded. The city was destroyed, and the number of persons who perished has been estimated variously at from 40,000 to 60,000. A large part of the city sank below the sea, and the inhabitants, engulfed, perished mostly by drowning. At San Francisco the violence of the earthquake was in no way comparable with this. The loss at San Francisco—though a considerable number were killed by the earthquake—was mostly by fire. And the fire was the consequence of modern conditions—gas pipes broken by the shock, electric currents, use of illuminants to an extent unknown in former times, tall buildings, and collection of oil, coal and other combustibles in districts which would break into conflagration at once. Loss of water supply would complete the catastrophe. By the earthquake itself San Francisco was not much hurt, though the earthquake was the cause of the consuming fire.

Of all earthquakes of which there is any precise historical record that at Lisbon, in 1755, was the worst; and it may reassure us all, whose eyes have been fixed during nearly two weeks past on San Francisco, that Lisbon has since had no similar visitation of serious kind. This catastrophe at San Francisco will pass into history and be forgotten in current life.

In literature the earthquake at Lisbon carries peculiar interest. It opened the question as to man's relation to Nature or to Providence—a question indeed not new, but awakened to new life by an incident so appalling. Voltaire wrote a poem which was an inquiry into the comfortable doctrine, "Whatever is is right." It was a subject that put both philosophers and theologians on the defensive, for it was not easy to reconcile such a catastrophe with any theory of the universe which had yet found general or respectable acceptance in Christendom. The earthquake occurred on All Saints' Day, one of the great festivals of the Roman Catholic year, and at an hour when the numerous churches of the city were filled to overflowing with worshipers. In six minutes the city was in ruins, half the population had perished; the miserable survivors were face to face with conditions the most terrible that can confront mortal beings; all the region round about was shaken fearfully, and repeated shocks kept the universal terror alive. Quick communication by telegraph and steam and methods of relief, now so familiar, were then unknown. The transmitted energy of this earthquake was across the Atlantic. In Boston every house, eighteen days later, had its memento of the perturbation, and nearly all the chimneys were thrown down.

News was then about a month in traveling from Lisbon to Geneva, where Voltaire then was. The doctrine of Pope's "Essay on Man" then had wide circulation and favor. In literary circles it was fashionable to rest in the comfortable doctrine that there was really no evil, but that all partial evil was universal good. The philosophy was summed up in the familiar line, "Whatever is is right." Voltaire's poem upon the disaster at Lisbon, written while the perturbations continued, is the most powerful and pathetic human utterance of that generation. What crime had these people committed? Was Lisbon wickeder than Paris? If an eruption like this was necessary, could it not have burst forth in the midst of an uninhabited desert? All this may seem shallow now, but it serves as a record to mark precisely how far man at that time—a century and a half ago—had advanced toward the discovery of his own ignorance. Rousseau followed Voltaire in an ingenious letter, written to uphold or justify the old notion or doctrine, so shaken in its base. Not that Rousseau was more reverent than Voltaire, but he saw in the catastrophe of Lisbon new proof of the essential evil, as he deemed it, of civilization. Savages, he observed, would not have built houses seven stories high, nor huddled a population of two hundred thousand in so small a space. In the long epistle written to parry Voltaire's poem, Rousseau does not advance anything more valuable than this: God is perfect; therefore all that occurs is the best possible; this world, then, really is, because it must be, the best of all possible worlds, except in so far as man has perverted it by a false civilization or social system. Hence Pope is right and Voltaire is wrong. Rousseau's letter, though eloquent and plausible, did not admit of a serious reply; but Voltaire retorted in "Candide," the drollest of philosophic queer stories, which throws a merciless searchlight on the flimsier optimism of the period, and stands as a perfect example of literary style, equal to the Provincial Letters of Pascal, razing a Babel tower by the wave of a feather. It is the most disillusionizing book ever written. The author carries his ingenuous young hero and his pedantic German tutor to Lisbon, where they arrive just in the nick of time to see the horrors of the earthquake. The tutor, none other than the celebrated Dr. Pangloss, is always seeking to make clear to his pupil that this is the "best of all possible worlds," by pointing out to him the exceptional benefits that may from time to time accrue from shipwreck, pestilence, rape, murder, incendiarism and all the horrors of life. In Lisbon, therefore, he has the most triumphant of chances to glorify his theory. We trouble ourselves little about such theory now. Man has learned better his place in Nature. "What I know," said Candide, "is that we must cultivate our garden." "Let us work without theorizing," said one of his companions; "it is the only way to render life supportable."

GEOGRAPHY AND CANDIDATES.

A portion of the state press is disposed to read a lecture to Marion County and Baker County on the deep immorality of having too many candidates for office, and to point to the results of the late primary election as showing the utter futility of such wickedness. Marion County, for example, had three candidates for Secretary of State, two for Representative in Congress, one for Governor and one for State Printer; and one misguided newspaper declares that as a consequence Marion County emerges from the turmoil with nothing. It is the inalienable right of any citizen to become a candidate for office under our primary system, whether he hails from Marion County or not, and the unhappy fate of the numerous aspirants for position from that County need not deter others. As a matter of fact, Marion has done just as well as any other county in the state (except Multnomah), despite the assertions of uninformed newspapers. It has the Republican candidate for Representative in Congress for the First District for the first time within the generation. In the present state administration Marion County has no representative at all, and it has been a long, long time since it has had more than one. The geographical distribution of candidates made by the late primary is as follows:

Governor, Benton County.
Secretary of State, Douglas County.
Treasurer, Clackamas County.
State Printer, Multnomah County.
Superintendent of Public Instruction, Multnomah County.
Attorney-General, Douglas County.
Supreme Judge, Union County.
Labor Commissioner, Multnomah County.
Representatives in Congress, Marion and Umatilla Counties.
United States Senator, Multnomah County.

Multnomah came out first best, but it will scarcely be contended that it had that fortune because it cast the most votes. The successful candidate for United States Senator lost his own county, but the outside counties insisted that the candidate should come from here. It will undoubtedly be generally conceded, too, that the three other Multnomah candidates were chosen because of their personal merits and not because of location.

Whatever criticism there is to be made, then, of the primary law cannot fairly be based on overpowering influence exercised by the large counties on the one hand, or of the multitude of candidates from a single county, on the other. Marion has done as well as under the old convention system; and so has Baker, which got nothing and never did get anything. Multnomah has fared well, because the state at large, and not Multnomah itself, insisted that four of the nominees should hail from Portland.

EVIDENCE OF PROGRESS.

There is evidence all along the line that the world is getting better as time goes on—not that it is getting worse, as the pessimist and the preacher-politician would have us believe. Take, for example, the matter of child labor, of which much is being said at this time. No longer ago than 1884, as stated by Dr. Fred Rogers Fairchild in an article recently published on "Factory Legislation in New York State," the employment of children under ten years of age in the factories of that state was general and attended by very grave abuses. There was no care for the protection of these infant toilers, and but little thought was given to the unchildly wretchedness of their lot. In the mill districts of Cohoes, Amsterdam, Little Falls and Utica many children began to work at eight or nine years of age, and in one mill in the former city, out of 3200 employes 1200 were children under sixteen. In New York City children began working in the gas houses at eight, nine and ten years of age, while in the crullery bakeries children of from nine to thirteen worked all night. From 5 to 25 per cent of the cigar workers were children under fifteen, many of them being about nine and some no more than four.

This seems incredible, and yet these conditions ruled in one of the most enlightened states in the Union less than a quarter of a century ago. Only by state intervention, behind which public opinion surged and protested in the name of humanity, and the pressure of labor unions, urged on by the primal law of self-protection, was this exploitation of the weak and the helpless checked.

One need scarcely refer to the changed conditions wrought by this combination of forces in the factories of New York. As the law now stands (an amendment to the first factory act passed in 1886) children under fourteen are barred from factories entirely, and between fourteen and sixteen, except under proper certification as to simple educational qualifications and normal physical development. Children under sixteen are not allowed to work before 6 A. M. and after 9 P. M.

Much still remains to be done in perfecting the child labor law in New York and other manufacturing states, but truly much has been done in this line in a quarter of a century, and especially in its more recent years.

The temptation to exploit children for profit is still strong, and mercenary parents and grasping corporations yield to it whenever possible to do so without discovery. But, as stated recently by the New York Independent, if is something to show for progress that by state intervention the number of child workers has been reduced by one-half, their workday has been shortened, their attendance upon school considerably increased, and the degree of illiteracy notably lessened.

A DREAM OF BEAUTY.

San Francisco, in the opinion of Architect Daniel H. Burnham, has the opportunity now to become a city beautiful—an American Paris. The suggestion will no doubt meet with general approval among those whose means and business energy will rebuild the city. But San Francisco will not be built piecemeal, so to speak, as it was before. The city long since outstripped the ideas upon which its foundation was laid. Here a little and there a little, its area has been increased, making the growth of necessity conform in outline to the plans that were made before such growth was imagined. This will not be the case in the sudden uprising of the great city from its ashes—the rehabilitation of its business, the upspringing of a new life, big with past and possible achievement.

San Francisco, says Mr. Burnham, "has an opportunity now to do what Paris did under Louis Napoleon in 1851—make itself one of the beauty spots of the world." If the people are willing to make haste slowly, relatively speaking, this opportunity may be worked out in grand and striking detail. But the needs of commerce press—the exigencies of business clamor—the homeless are eager for shelter. Whether or not these interests can be held in check until a more deliberate movement can be inaugurated, looking to the construction of an American Paris is a question. "The cutting of diagonal streets, and the construction of a splendid outer boulevard that will encircle the whole city" represent possibilities that are at present but dreams of beauty, the fulfillment of which may be prevented by the spirit of haste that pervades all enterprise in the New World.

THE GENERAL STRIKE.

The process of modern thought and controversy has made it necessary for readers to understand what the word "proletariat" means. It comes to us by way of France from the Latin word proletarius, and this word was formed from proles, which means offspring. Proletarius signified to the Romans a citizen so poor that he could pay no taxes; the only service which he was supposed to render the state was producing children. He made part of that Roman rabble which Virgil had in mind when he used the phrase "ignobile vulgus," vile herd, to describe the common people. Latin literature always speaks abusively of them, and no doubt they deserved their bad name. They were vicious, fickle, mercenary and cruel. The few good emperors and the many wicked ones were always afraid of them. Nero made bonfires of Christians to appease the fabble after he had burned the city over their heads. One main reason for the great gladiatorial shows was to keep them in good humor and free food was regularly dealt out to them for the same reason.

The modern word proletariat means something very different from the Roman rabble which neither worked nor received wages. In the early days of the republic when slaves were few and labor honorable the lowest class of the citizens worked their own land exactly like American farmers; but it was always hard for them to keep out of debt and the land gradually fell into the hands of the rich nobles. Rome never was a manufacturing city, and if it had been the labor would have been done by slaves, as it was elsewhere in those days. Building, clerical work, housework, teaching were also done by slaves. The wage system was not in use. Neither does proletariat mean "peasantry." The modern European peasant is a man who tills the soil. Sometimes he owns it, as in France, sometimes he rents it as in England; but he is not a wage-earner.

The proletariat is that part of the human race which lives by selling its labor. It has become numerous and important in consequence of the invention of the steam engine, which is the most momentous event in human history since the birth of Christ. The steam engine concentrated the work of supplying the world's needs in a few large cities. It gathered there great numbers of people who live by selling their labor to the owners of steam and the machinery which it drives. These owners are technically called capitalists. A capitalist, to be precise, is a man who buys labor in the expectation of making a profit out of it. The more labor he buys and the cheaper he gets it, the greater his profits. Hence the irresistible tendency of the capitalists is to enlarge their business, employ more hands and force down wages. To this tendency there are exceptions, but in the long run and upon the whole it does and must prevail.

When the proletariat ceases to sell its labor it must perish, for it has nothing else to live upon; but it does not perish instantaneously. It can survive for a time, though in want and misery, and meanwhile the capitalist's machinery stands idle and the stream of his profits ceases to flow. By refusing to sell its labor to the capitalist the proletariat therefore always injures itself more or less, but it injures the other party also and sometimes so severely that he prefers to raise wages or grant some other demand rather than suffer the threatened loss. This is the scientific theory of strikes. The refusal of a single workman to sell his labor is a matter of no import to the capitalist, but when a large number act together it is of vital consequence. Hence the constant effort of the capitalists is to prevent the proletariat from uniting to place their labor on the market or withhold it, while the workmen strive to act as a unit. If they could all act together they would be irresistible in every case simply by causing profits to cease and entirely without violence, but hitherto their concert of action has never been perfect.

Perhaps it never will be, but there is a strong tendency toward solidarity not only in the proletariat of each separate country, but also between those of different countries. There is a growing perception among all those who work for wages that their interests are identical in the main, and an increasing willingness to make common cause against the capitalists. The movement toward a universal organization of labor is only nascent as yet in America, but in Europe it has gone far. There has already been something like a general strike in Russia and now one is threatened in France.

The people of France are said to be terrified at the prospect and well they may be, for, even without violence, few things could be more dreadful. It would mean the sudden deprivation of water, food, light and fuel. Transportation would cease. Newspapers could not be issued nor letters sent. The telegraph and telephone would become useless. The more complex our civilization the more ruinous would be a general strike, for all our modern appliances depend upon the willingness of the proletariat to sell their labor. Against the resolute common determination of all laborers not to work force would be useless. The only safeguard of society against this danger, which daily grows more definite, is to make it to the advantage of the proletariat to sell their labor rather than withhold it. In other words, we must allow to the workingman a fair share of the benefits of civilization. We must cease to devise ways to exploit him and begin to study how to make him a contented and happy man.

DR. CRAPSEY.

"What entitles a man to act as a Christian minister?" This is the question which the court appointed to try Dr. Algernon S. Crapsey must answer. If belief in the historic creed of the church is a necessary qualification for the Christian ministry, Dr. Crapsey ought to be silenced, for he denies nearly every article. His opinion is that Jesus was born like other men of human parents without any special interposition of supernatural power, nor does he accept the belief that his body rose from the dead. It is not denied that Dr. Crapsey is a good and useful man, but it is contended by his prosecutors that the rejection of these articles of faith unfits him for the pulpit.

If their contention is correct, it follows that the principal duty of a Christian minister is to teach the historic creed. No matter how useful he may be in other ways, how helpful to his fellow men, how salutary his ministrations to the lost and fallen, if he cannot inculcate these assertions as to the parentage and resurrection of Jesus he is unfit to preach. It seems to make no difference to the accusers of Dr. Crapsey whether the creed which he rejects is true or false. They have excluded all the evidence which he offered upon that point. They appear to hold that in the very words themselves there is some mystical or magic virtue which overweighs all other considerations and makes them of supereminent importance. What can this virtue be?

The fact, if it be a fact, that Jesus was conceived by the Holy Ghost, is without relation to the affairs of modern life. It is as abstract as Kant's definition of the soul, which he says is the transcendental unity of apperception. Practical benefit or practical injury to mankind from holding or rejecting those articles of the creed there is none. There can be none. Nor does the teaching of them give the church influence in the world, but rather the contrary. It stimulates the opinion that the church is concerned with remote, impractical, inconsequential affairs; that it is interested with empty words rather than things; that it is out of touch with life; that it is a decadent institution without purpose or vital function in the active world of men. Not only are these abstract assertions destitute of moral influence; not only is undue emphasis upon them injurious to the repute of the church as a living force in the world, but there is grave doubt in the minds of unprejudiced scholars whether they are true or not. The evidence for them is of the slightest. The story of the miraculous conception depends upon the word of a single person who was not and could not have been an eye-witness to the event. That of the resurrection, as narrated in the gospels, is marred by contradictions so glaring and numerous that it could not be received as credible in any court.

To make the inculcation of such stories the principal mission of a great institution like the church seems almost childish. The incongruity between the vast paraphernalia of wealth and intellect employed and the object to be attained is so wide as to look like mockery. Theoretically these questions doubtless possess a certain interest; practically they are without importance. It is hardly credible that a grave, learned and godly man will be deprived of his opportunity for usefulness because his opinions upon them differ from those of some of his colleagues.

FEDERAL FELLOW-SERVANT LAW.

Railway employes, after a strong fight through their representatives in Congress, have succeeded in securing passage in the House of the employers' liability bill. If the bill becomes a law it will abolish the "fellow-servant" law and enable the employe to recover damages for injury when his employer is grossly negligent.

The passage of this law is urged in the interest of the large army of railway employes in the United States, as a measure which, by placing the heaviest end of the liability upon railroad companies, will lessen the casualties that result from various causes to railway employes each year. The fellow-servant law, in the estimation of the public, at least, is the prime cause of carelessness on the part of railway management which has resulted in a deplorable loss of human life. Representative Mann, of Illinois, speaking in support of the bill said:

> There were 931 railroad employes killed last year and 13,550 injured on the railroads of the United States. The best way to prevent a recurrence of these fatalities and to protect the traveling public from the danger and delay involved in these accidents is to make the railroad pay for the sleepy engineer who has worked for 24 hours and by reason of this overwork was unable to maintain the degree of alertness that the safety of his train constantly demands.

The proposed bill does not, and should not, make the railroad companies entirely responsible for accidents, but divides the responsibility between the employe and the employing power, thus giving the injured party a chance to recover damages according to the measure of the responsibility of the controlling power. This is just, and its requirement can hardly fail to increase the vigilance of the power that delegates to human skill and endurance the execution of its commands, to the end that the first may be carefully approved and the last be not overstrained. Proper regard for human safety and for the protection of the large property interests involved has practically eliminated the drinking engineer from the list of railway employes. Like interests demand the elimination of the overworked engineer and the sleepy train dispatcher. The process by which the latter reforms could be accomplished is relatively easy. It simply means the employment of men enough to do the work.

AS THE WILD BEAST DIETH.

The days of Murderer Smith are numbered. The deaths of too many brave men are now on his head. No more will man or posse call on him to halt. He will be shot on sight, like the wild beast whom he emulates. There may be other sacrifice of lives of brave men before they get him, for it requires fearlessness in a high degree to approach this reckless murderer, who has nothing to lose but his miserable life that he would put a heavy price on. Officer Manlon, who is dead, and Sheriff Shaver and Captain Henderson, who it must be regretted will die, met their fate with face to the front; and for that reason their successors just as bravely will attack this outlaw once they have him located. There will be little of the vainglory of the Harry Tracy episode; he feasted on notoriety and nature favored him. Outlaw Smith is finding different men and circumstances, and the circumstances are helping the men. They will get him.

Senator Pettus of Alabama is the oldest man in public life in the United States at the present time. He is a living refutation of the Osler idea in regard to the uselessness of men who have passed the age of three-score years, being now four-score and four years old. He was 75 when he entered the United States Senate; is a veteran of two wars, having come out of the Mexican War a lieutenant and out of the Civil War (in which he fought on the side of the South) a brigadier general. Senator Pettus was born when Monroe was President; he was a man grown when Clay and Webster and Calhoun were in the Senate, and was 9 years old when the great Webster and Hayne debate took place. And withal he is "eighty-four years young," is not garrulous, but speaks seldom and to the point, and hopes to succeed himself three years hence. His record is an exceptional one and shows not that aged men should be preferred to young men in National affairs, but that age does not always handicap endeavor or make its subject a useless cumberer of the ground. Well-furnished brains are a passport to usefulness, even though the hair that covers the head has been thinned by the blasts of time and whitened by its snows.

The difficulties encountered by Mr. William Ladd, in his effort to establish a newspaper to work the plutocratic schemes of the first families, entitle him to commiseration. He has, indeed, command of all the money there is in Portland, or is supposed to have, yet his little old tin cup bank is valued on the assessment roll at only $100,000. We should like to see him "give up" for the deficits of his newspaper more cheerfully than he does—hoping, however, that the deficits will not break his bank, poor as it is on the assessment roll. It is startling, however, to note that twice as much money has been sunk already in the newspaper as the valuation of the bank. But that, of course, is "high finance."

The death of Mrs. O. M. Murray at her home in this city on April 26 will place the "fatal asterisk of death" against the name of another honored woman in the records of the Oregon Pioneer Association, and remove from the ranks of the charitable and philanthropic of Portland a woman whose long life was fruitful of kind words and good works. Mrs. Murray was 71 years of age when the call came to her. Of these years 49 had been spent in this city and 54 in Oregon. A cheerful, energetic woman, a genial companion, a warmhearted friend, she will be missed from the circle which narrows sadly each year as one after another drops from the ranks and is known no more.

Up in Clackamas and Polk and other counties and all over Old Yamhill there are weekly papers whose main filling is made up by the country correspondent. Every crossroads and every little postoffice settlement has its batch of items—mostly personal or of a "personal" nature, some one of which goes to the heart of the boy or girl exiled down here in the city, most likely about his or her kin; and as he reads it and furtively wipes away a tear, his thoughts go back to the days of his childhood when there was no place like home. It will be a dreary world when the country correspondent is crowded out of it.

The Oregonian does not believe that general prosperity can ever be had through laws that enable one man or set of men to tax other men. So, if "protection" makes sheep in a particular locality sell for $6.18 a head, The Oregonian knows that somebody is forced to pay that price, or go without sheep. All the "protection" that one individual set or class get, through law, others must pay for, and The Oregonian does not conceive it to be the just object of government to force buyers to pay high prices, that sellers may get high prices. Salem Statesman please copy.

It is easy to say, as his partisans say, that "Chamberlain is the best Governor Oregon ever had." We shall not question or dispute. But this is an expression of Governor Chamberlain's admirers. Is he, then, as a Democrat, a better Governor than Whiteaker, Grover, Thayer or Pennoyer? A better Governor than such Republicans as Gibbs, Moody, Lord and Geer? Let us beware of superlatives.

While we may all have had our opinions about San Francisco as it was, we may now confess our unfeigned admiration for San Francisco' people as they are.

Desperado Smith appears to have a great desire to emulate Tracy; and he is doing very well. He will have occasion soon to recall Tracy's finish.

It may not be too late for the opponents of the North Bank Willamette bridge to insist that it be earthquake proof.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

The true greatness of Jesus, who was a humorist, a wit and a master of satire, as well as a great mural philosopher, has been obscured by a thick fog of ecclesiastical misconceptions. Even his parables are for the most part misunderstood, especially the famous one of the prodigal son, which is usually interpreted as an encouragement to thriftless ways and an oblique condemnation of honest industry, while it was meant as an ironical comment upon parental weakness and folly. Examine for a moment the details of this masterpiece of satire. A certain farmer had two sons, the elder, quiet, steady and industrious; the younger, a rake. The elder had put in his time educating himself, and afterward working on the farm. The younger had been having fun in the saloons, the police courts—and elsewhere. The elder had been making money for his father, the younger had been spending it. The elder was a comfort to him, the younger a continual trouble.

Although the parable does not say so in plain words, there are good reasons for believing that the father was weak-minded. In the first place, he loved the younger son best, notwithstanding that he was an absolute good-for-nothing, vicious and dissolute. In the second place when his unworthy favorite asked him to divide his property and give each son half, he complied. It is an unwise act for any man to dispossess himself of his property before he dies. Such conduct invariably leads to ingratitude and often to crime; but in this case it was excessively silly because the farmer knew exactly how his younger son would act when he received his share. How the division was made is not stated, but we infer that the elder son had saved up money enough to buy out his brother's interest in the land and stock. He remained on the farm, and the weak-minded father continued to live with him, while the other boy pocketed his money, without a word of thanks to the old man, and set out to see the world and have a good time. For convenience let us call this younger son Henry. Henry traveled until he came to a city run on the wide-open plan, which was just the sort of a city to please a youth like him, and there he hung around the dives until he had run through his cash. Then he went out into the country and got a job with a farmer to feed hogs. This man seems to have had a very fair appreciation of Henry's character and ability, for he paid him nothing but his board and fed him as he did his hogs. The boy stood it for awhile. Then he began to think of going back home to live on the old man again. "My father's hired hands have plenty to eat," he said to himself, "and here am I living on husks when I might just as well be loafing around home with no work to do and three square meals a day. I'll quit this job right now and strike out for the old man's."

Meantime William, the elder son, had worked diligently on the farm, which now belonged to him, saving his money, going to church regularly with his wife and sending his children to school. He must have been very kind to his father also, for the poor old fellow acted as if everything still belonged to him, and William let him have his way. Mr. Jones—the father's name was, perhaps, Jones—spent most of his time in the grocery complaining to the neighbors how mean William was, and telling them how sorry he felt that Henry had not staid at home to run the farm. He would have made twice the money out of it that William did, said Mr. Jones. Everybody winked, of course, to hear him talk, for the neighbors were on to Henry and his father, too, while William was Noble Grand in the lodge, and had already been mentioned in the paper as a good man to send to the Legislature, if it could be made all right with the boss. When Mr. Jones was not in the grocery abusing William he was perched on a stump before the house looking down the road for Henry. He knew the boy would come back sooner or later, and he knew also just what kind of clothes he would have on. So, every time he saw a hobo coming he would say to himself, "that must be Henry," and finally, one day, it was Henry, ragged, dirty and drunk, exactly as his father had expected. He had begged a quarter as he came through town and spent it in the saloon.

Mr. Jones limped down the road to meet him as fast as his rheumatism permitted and as soon as he came within hearing he began about William. "I never was so glad of anything in my life as I am to see you come back, Henry," said he. "The farm is going plumb to destruction, and Bill don't give me half enough to eat. I want you to take right hold and reform things."

"The same old noodle," said Henry to himself as he wiped a clean spot on his neck for the old man to kiss. Mr. Jones gave Henry the best suit of clothes in the house—it was William's Sunday suit—and ordered the hired man to kill the calf William had been fattening to pay for his wife's Easter hat. They sent to town for a keg of beer and invited in the neighbors and had a high old time to celebrate the return of the Prodigal Son. While this was going on William was at work in the field. Toward dark as he came to the house in his overalls and slouch hat he heard the noise of the rejoicings and, going in by the back door, he called his father out to ask what was up. "Whoopla," yelled Mr. Jones, "Henry's come home and we're going to make a night of it. No more work on this farm; nothing but nods and becks and wreathed smiles, quips and cranks and wanton wiles from this day henceforth and forever. What's the use of work, anyhow?" "Why, father," replied William, soberly, "I have worked hard for you all my life, taken good care of you and never denied you anything you asked for, and you never thought of making a party for me even on my birthday." The old man stared at William in surprise. "You don't deserve to have any fuss made over you, Billy," he returned. "You're just a steady, hardworking, decent boy. You wouldn't know how to act at a party. Go on out to the barn and do the chores and don't spoil the fun by getting mad." William did get mad, but for all that he attended to the chores and, after eating a cold boiled potato for his supper, sneaked upstairs to bed. There was no room in the house for a plain, honest man that night.

The apparent lesson of this parable is that if you want to have a good time in this world and the next one also, you must be shiftless, improvident and vicious. There will be no joy over you on earth or in heaven unless you repent, and in order to repent you must be a sinner. Therefore, hurrah for sin. It is evident, however, that Jesus could have had no intention to teach such a lesson. The parable is not to be taken literally, but as a satire upon poor, foolish human nature. The rejoicings of men and angels ought to be over what is of most value, and certainly a man of William's type is more valuable than one of Henry's.

C. H. C.

Prince Whan's Spirit Parrot.

Detroit Journal.

Min Yung Whan, the Corean Prince who killed himself as a protest against the Japanese protectorate, lived in a magnificent palace of his own, which came down to him by hereditary right, and was surrounded by an army of retainers, fighting men, slaves and women. He had a table of beaten silver, crusted with the most precious sapphires, and his state dress was so heavy with gorgeous jewels that it took two men to lift it over his head. He carried with him on his travels a great white parrot, with rose-colored lining on his wings. The parrot's beak was perforated and on either side was set with priceless sapphires. The ignorant natives believed that the great white parrot was Min Yung Whan's familiar spirit, and that when he died Min Yung would die, too. When Min Yung Whan's body was found lying on the purple cushions of his couch the great white parrot flew screaming out of the window and disappeared in the palm trees.

THE PESSIMIST.

While the charitable people of Oakland are dispensing gracious charity to the sufferers of San Francisco, the business interests are trying to get San Francisco's wholesale trade away from it. Charity is charity, but business is business.

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When a married woman conceals her age it is not done with intent to deceive her husband. She has in mind the possibilities of widowhood.

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To awaken one to a sense of his responsibilities, there is nothing like a cold bath on a frosty morning.

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A Japanese doctor named Hope
Is now at the end of his rope;
He'd no license to heal;
Now his patients will feel
How 'tis to be sick without dope.

* * *

"I have come," said Maxim Gorky, "from below, from the very depths of life, where there is naught but slum and slush. I am the voice of that life—the harsh cry of those who wallow in the mire."

"I have come from below," said Gork; "It's worse than the worst in New York.
I'm the voice of that life,
Where there's nothing but strife.
I've come for your money, so fork."

* * *

Answers to Correspondents.

GWENDOLEN.—"I have just joined the Women's Club, and have been asked to read a paper. I have thought that a carefully prepared paper on the 'Interrelation between an Extra-Cosmic Deity and His Creation' would be very interesting. What do you think?" That would be very good, but I should advise you to prepare an address on the "Duties of a Mother to Her Neighbors' Children," or perhaps, "Should the Mince Pie Be Served Hot or Cold"?

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LOUISA.—No, dear friend, the "Tetractys" of Pythagoras is not a book on etiquette. It is a symbol well-known to Masons of high degree.

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WILLIE R.—"I am 9 years old and I go to Sunday school. Last Sunday teacher told us to pray 'Bless thy little lambs this night and make them meat for the Kingdom of Heaven.' I do not think that they should kill the dear little lambs. Do you?" That is right, Willie. Always be a kind, good little boy, and you will never go to Heaven, where they do such things.

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VOX POPULI.—"In your opinion, if all the politicians and candidates for office should die at once, would our government disintegrate, and the people be precipitated into anarchy?" No; but the rest of us would be pretty lonesome.

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CONNECTICUT.—"Is Vancouver on Vancouver Island? What is the meaning of the phrase 'Vancouver, Wash.'?" Vancouver is on the mainland at the terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway. It is known to the postoffice authorities as Vancouver, B. C. Vancouver, Wash.—"Wash," being a contraction for Washington—is another city in an entirely different locality. It is sometimes distinguished from Vancouver, B. C., by being referred to as Vancouver, A. D. The initials A. D. in this connection are an abbreviation of "antiseptic dope," a soothing beverage that has made Vancouver famous. It is a wholesome remedy for nervous prostration and super-abundant physical energy. To its non-toxic properties may be attributed the unusual long life of Vancouver's oldest citizens.

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ANXIOUS INQUIRER.—"Will you tell me something about E. Pluribus Unum? He seems to be quite prominent, yet I cannot find his name in the city directory." Pluribus is not a man. He is part of our National motto, which means: "One out of many." John D. Rockefeller being the "one" and the American people being the "many." The motto is often seen in connection with the phrase, "In God We Trust." "We," in this case, also meaning the American people. John, being the "one," does not trust anybody. He takes cold, hard cash for his.

CONSTANT READER.—"A great deal has been said lately about cities rising 'Phoenix-like from their 'ashes.' Baltimore rose Phoenix-like from its ashes. Seattle rose Phoenix-like from its ashes. Chicago rose Phoenix-like from its ashes, and now I read from a hundred different sources that San Francisco will rise Phoenix-like from some more ashes. To decide a bet, will you kindly inform me what 'Phoenix-like' means, and how it is done?" "Phoenix-like" has no reference whatever to a prominent insurance company of Hartford; neither does it refer to Phoenix, Ariz. It is a bird. According to Pliny, Herodotus, William Jennings Bryan, Ananias and other romancers of early days, the Phoenix appeared and appeared again at variously stated recurring periods at Heliopolis and prepared for his demise and subsequent rebirth in a very spectacular manner. His method of accomplishing his astonishing feat varies in accordance with the capacity of the li—I mean the historian who records the event. The most popular account, and the one that is generally accepted, is as follows: The Phoenix, each time that he came to Heliopolis to do his great trick of vanishing in the smoke and rising again Seattle-like from his ashes, notified all the morning papers just where he was going to pull it off. He then built of himself a pyre of frankincense, myrrh or other odoriferous wood; provided himself with an automobile buzzer, a set of dry batteries and a can of deodorized gasoline. In the morning he was all ready for the conflagration, when the crowd began to arrive. At the proper moment he flapped his wings, and gave the official yell of the Heliopolis High School:

"Phoenix! Phoenix!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
I'm a warm bird, hot bird!
Ha! Ha! Ha!
Watch me!
Zip! Boom! Ah!

He touched the button; disappeared from view in a pillar of fire; and then, to the great delight of the multitude and the reporters there assembled, he reappeared from his own charred and smoking embers, a new Phoenix, giving the afternoon papers a chance to shout in big red letters: "He has arisen Phoenix-like from his ashes."

NUX VOMICA.—"I have read that the high handshake was originated by the King of England. It was explained that he had a boil in his armpit, and could not shake hands in the ordinary manner. Is this true?" It is partly true. The high handshake was first shook by King Edward, but the circumstances under which it happened were these: His Majesty was seen, through an open window in Buckingham Palace, at night, bidding farewell to a noble Duke. The room, being brilliantly lighted, was full of insects. The peculiar movement, which has been copied by American aristocracy, was due to an attempt on the part of the King to shake hands with the noble Duke and brush a moth-miller out of his imperial whiskers at the same time.

M. B. WELLS.