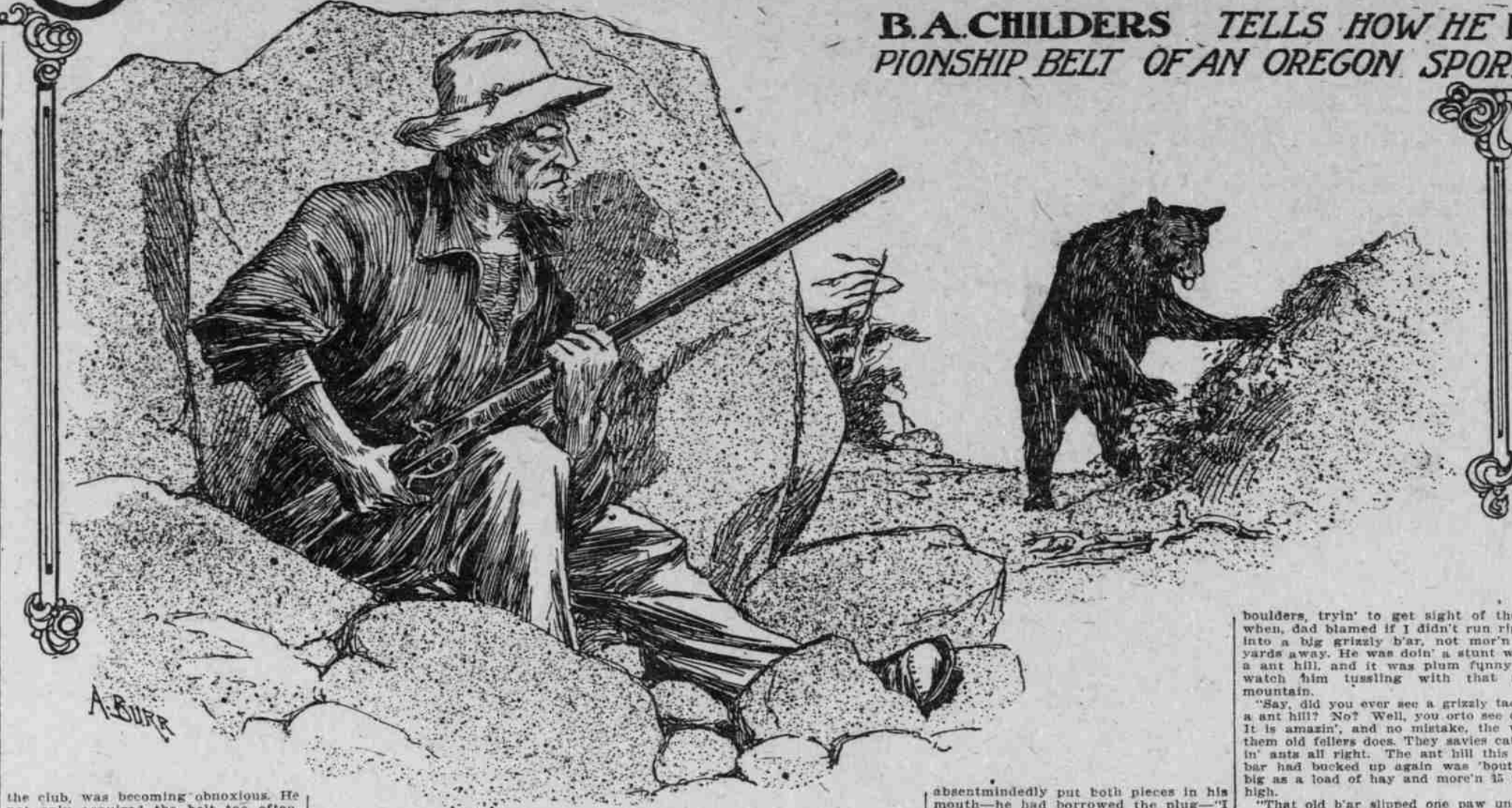


OLD MAN CARVEY Beat the HILL

B. A. CHILDERS TELLS HOW HE WON THE CHAMPIONSHIP BELT OF AN OREGON SPORTSMEN'S CLUB.



BY B. A. CHILDERS.

Nobody likes a liar who tells malicious falsehoods. Nobody likes a liar who can tell bigger lies than the man who does not like the liar. You will observe that these lies lie along the line of lies, and that they lie leisurely.

Seaside, Or., boasts of a concatenation of liars unexcelled. Many of them lie awake all night just because they like to lie. They follow all the tortuous ways of the prevaricator and study his methods of mendacity, for the sole object of excelling him along the lines of his richest mental endowment.

It must be understood that these men never tell lies that injure anyone. They do not gossip; do not dig up skeletons of a man's past failures and exhibit the ghastly bones to a grinning world. If a man of that ilk, a digger, happens to join their ranks he is soon made to feel that he is an undesirable acquisition. Some member will delicately hint that his room is much more desirable than his company. If this hint fails, someone will suggest something connected with carrion. An ex-detective's dead reputation almost always conceals the ghoul that he would better skidoo.

One member of the Liars' Club went so far as to tell an unwelcome filth-peddler that he would throw him into the river. It may seem strange, but the fellow took the hint and left. He has not outraged his unwelcome carcass since. Evidently dressed a bath, I am making these explanations to show that, while we admit that we are liars, we draw the line and bar all persons of malevolent intent. The lies of each member are figments of his own brain, and, like bread pills, are harmless. A whole bar, taken in one dose, would not hurt a child. All of our lies heard of once, would not stain the soul of an infant.

We have a belt which the champion liar always wears. It is often worn in places during an evening session. It is transferred from one champion to another, with downcast eyes, and solemn stillness. Each member strives for it, and yet dreads its reception. For the moment it places him in the center of the searchlight where all of his moral sinuosities stand revealed of his fellow-liars, while they may hide their mendacity in the gloom of obscurity. He has one consolation, however. His possession of the belt is usually limited to the next story.

Lou Wilbert, a prominent member of

the club, was becoming obnoxious. He not only acquired the belt too often, but was beginning to show an exultant spirit, unworthy of a liar and a gentleman. He was always the hero of his own story and he always came off with flying colors. One night, after being unusually boastful in telling of a combat with a gigantic black bear, which

he slew, single-handed, Charley Brennan—Charley being the belt's good deal himself—turning to old man Carvey, a Canadian Frenchman, 80 years old, said: "Mr. Jarvey, you are an old-timer, tell us your most exciting experience in

bear hunting. You must have had some pretty stirring times in the old Hudson's Bay trapping days. Give us your best story."

"Well," said the old man as he leisurely bit a plug of Star in two and

absentmindedly put both pieces in his mouth—he had borrowed the plug—"I think the most excitin' time I ever had was with a big grizzly bear on the North Fork of Crooked River, in the Blue Mountains.

"I'd been chasin' a pair of mountain sheep all day, and 'bout 3 o'clock I was snoopin' around among a mess of

boulders, tryin' to get sight of them, when, dad blamed if I didn't run right into a big grizzly bear, not mor'n 50 yards away. He was doin' a stunt with a ant hill, and it was plum funny to watch him tussling with that ant mountain.

"Say, did you ever see a grizzly tackle a ant hill? No? Well, you orto see one. It is amazin', and no mistake, the way them old fellows does. They savvy 'catchin' ants all right. The ant hill this old bear had bucked up again was 'bout as big as a load of hay and mor'n 15 feet high.

"That old bear slipped one paw under and the other paw on top, and just lifted that ant hill straight up in the air, and was standin' there shakin' it like a bull-dog would a comb.

"Them ants was comin' through the hole like wheat from the spout of a thresher, an', right in front of that old

bar, was a pile of ants' 'bout two feet high, an' more a comin' every shake."

"That old bar didn't know I was in a thousand miles of him, an' I just got down and haw-hawed, like Lou does when he tells a story." At this point every one looked at Lou. He was unhooking the belt.

"Well, sir, when that old bar got 'em all out, he pitched the bill off to one side, an' he went down and put his arms around that pile of ants, the claws meetin' on the other side, opened his mouth, and blame bust it if every one of them ants didn't walk straight into his mouth and down his neck like a lot of trained pigs. He didn't stop to chew them, an' I don't know whether a bar chews his cut or no, I don't think this one could."

"I've heard that a man is always in a good humor when his stomach is full, but it don't work on a grizzly bear, by a long shot, for when I took a shot at him, he let out a big 'woof' and come for me like a house afire.

"I was in a hell of a fix. My gun belt, a muzzled rifle, was empty, and there was no tree to climb. No use runnin', for he'd be onto me afore I could go a hundred yards, an' I know it."

"Well, I just stood, waitin', sort of paralyzed as it was, and that ole grizzly comin', woot'n every jump."

"When he got close to me, I noticed that he had his mouth wide open, and then a sudden inspiration, like them post fellows has, sizzed me. I jumped at him, thrust my arm down into his mouth, caught him by the tail, and, with one mighty jerk, turned him wrong-side out."

"Well, sir, he was the most surprised bar you ever sawed. He went 'woofin' over the mountain, sheddin' ants at every jump. He butted into a boulder and turned over in the snow. I measured his track and by George, he was a leetle over 15 feet long.

"Say, Lou," exclaimed the old man, turning to where Lou had been sitting, "I was so satisfied when no one was looking he had faded out into the night, a good liar, gone wrong."

All about the club were little pieces of leather. They were all that was left of our champion liar belt. Disgusted at his inability to lie artfully, Lou had destroyed our only means of distinguishing one liar of the club from another, and left us helpless, at the mercy of any mendacious individual who might appear in from Portland, Astoria or way points.

New York Stock Exchange and the Panic

Instead of Starting the Storm It Had Begun to Weather It Ere the Country Realized Its Approach.

BY ALVIN BOODY.

IN TIMES of industrial depression, the public mind is looking about for the cause of the troubles which beset the country, and is, therefore, more than ordinarily impressionable, we are never, apparently, to be spared the spectacle of the demagogue rising, for applause only, to heap loud and denunciatory abuse upon everything which capital and brains have accomplished in an effort to further the perfection of business economy.

In the present instance, these noisy and ignorant word-artists seem to be making a mighty effort to convince us that the New York Stock Exchange, with its attendant facilities for stock speculation on a large scale, is the chief offender; they would have us believe that this institution, as characteristically pictured by them, serves merely as a means for promoting a variety of unrighteous schemes comparable only to downright piracy; that its members, artfully disguised as financial counselors, are a rascally group, constantly plotting to relieve an unsuspecting public of its investment seeking wealth; that, in short, it has become a vast financial chamber of horrors, the very existence of which must forever blight and arrest the industrial progress.

While such a volume of abuse may possibly accomplish the purpose of creating a false idea of the functions of the exchange, what it really stands for and its immense importance to the economical transaction of the country's business, it in reality displays a pitiful ignorance of the subject of speculation, and the causes which invite and stimulate it.

To start from bed-rock principles and considered in the broad sense, speculation, which is fundamentally neither more nor less than a necessary legitimate employment of credit with capital, will exist as long as civilization endures and is as necessary to the industry and well-being of a nation as was law are to its proper political regulation. It is the principle from which springs every form of business achievement, individual or corporate. Without it, not only progress and development, but existence itself, would be impossible. The spirit of enterprise which creates our farms, builds our factories, constructs our railroads, cuts our timber, and opens our mines is speculation, because it is accomplished by credit and attended by risk. No business venture is certain of success. In a country such as ours, where vast natural resources present an almost unlimited field for industrial enterprise, speculation is the engine of the growth and spread of a great commercial enthusiasm, attaining such unreasonable limits that greater business risks, of average size, are undertaken and carried to more reckless heights than would be possible in lands less abundantly endowed.

It is this speculative spirit to take advantage of these alluring opportunities, which causes values to fluctuate in a proportionately violent manner. Where values fluctuate, speculation is inevitable and the more so, the more the individual who chooses to employ his capital in this manner should not be permitted to do so, whether it be undertaken in stock values or land values, farm products or livestock. The man who purchases certificates on the New York Stock Exchange, depositing 10, 15 or 20 per cent of the sum required for the acquisition of the stock and pledging the shares bought as security for a balance, is employing his funds in every way as legitimately as he, who, seeking to profit by a possible rise in the value of real estate and not possessing the amount required, borrows by mortgage whatever sum may be necessary to complete the purchase. In either case, the money loaned to consummate the transaction is properly and lawfully employed, and the transaction itself perfectly regular in every way. The only criticism that can, with any degree of propriety, be made of such dealings, is that of the risk involved; but that, again, is the sole business and concern of the individual himself. His preference for changing his capital in the hope and possibility of large and immediate profit, at commensurate risk, to that of employing it in a less hazardous, but in a manner bringing a deferred result, cannot disturb those who are more conservative and, consequently, does not concern them, the views of Theodore Roosevelt, William J. Bryan or other nearly eminent authorities to the contrary, notwithstanding.

The chief criticism of speculative operations, as conducted on the stock exchange, is directed at the manner itself

of employing the huge sum which is, undoubtedly, utilized in these dealings; and the statement is solemnly made that if the use of money in this way were to be prohibited, panics would never occur and the country would proceed without a misstep, onward and upward, along the paths of industrial progress. This, in effect, would mean that we are not to be permitted a choice of employing our capital in a credit, but are to be restricted to the purchase of Government bonds which our wise and solicitous Legislators. Sublime theory! What a relief it will certainly be if we are to be freed from the worry and vexation of having to decide for ourselves in what manner or form our business ventures are to be made! Why not make the purchase of Government bonds the only lawful employment of funds, individual or corporate, and have done with it? Give the minds of our lawmakers a little more time to develop the purchase of securities at the prices then prevailing.

It is undeniable that a very large sum of money has been employed in stock speculation, but aside from the unquestioned right of those who have it to so employ it, it must not be forgotten that, if to this fact is charged the check which our business activities have recently started, liquidation in securities was started a full year before the actual panic occurred, and the prices which were paid immediately thereafter was not as severe as some of the lots which the market had received earlier in the year. It would certainly appear, from the fact that the prices of securities were far from being the direct cause of the panic of last fall, the stock exchange should be given credit for starting to weather the storm before it had even begun to blow, and for its part in the business highway, serene in the belief that not a cloud obscured the financial sky.

Furthermore, during the process of this drastic liquidation, a majority of houses with Stock Exchange connections were persistently calling attention to the disproportionate and alarming expansion of bank loans to deposits and cash holdings, and counselling extreme caution and conservatism in the purchase of securities at the prices then prevailing.

If our people at large had shown the same keen judgment and foresight as was exhibited by the prudent speculators who loudly denounce, or if they had observed the storm signals flung out in our greatest financial center, there would have been no disturbance of the simple reason that business enterprise would not have been carried to that reckless extent which ultimately strained credit to the breaking point and brought tumbling down an industrial structure reared to absurd heights.

To those of particularly restricted vision, who base their outcry against the Stock Exchange on the collapse of the Copper stocks, and consequent exposure of the misuse of the funds of the banks controlled by Morse, Helms and their friends, asserting that Helms and his associates precipitated the bank panic in New York, it is only necessary to reply that United Copper is an unlisted stock and not dealt in on the Exchange at all, but on the curb. Furthermore, the Exchange can in no way be held accountable for the fact that these men were permitted to secure the control of these banks, and to proceed to use the funds thereof for the purpose of exploiting the unlisted stocks of their copper and steamship companies.

There is, however, a certain feature of stock speculation on the Exchange which has called forth much criticism, probably deserved, and that is the manipulative and rickety resorted to in the effort to move prices one way or the other. This ground and lofty tumbling of security values, as particularly exemplified by individuals, cliques and factions, is not to be condoned, but it is, after all, a force limited in its effects and a cause of pecuniary damage, if any, only to the parties involved and their followers. It is limited in its effect, because security values in the same degree as values of any other kind, most positively and ultimately respond to the universal law of supply, demand and intrinsic value. No man or group of men can more than temporarily maintain prices out of line with actual value and earning power.

Looking at the subject, broadly or specifically, and examining all its features from its inception to its practice, we must find that speculation in values will continue as long as the industrial activity of nations is subject to varying degrees of intensity; that it is an

absolutely regular and legitimate business risk, and that its bearing and effect upon our business life has been grossly exaggerated. If it is to be regulated or restricted, the means for accomplishing it must come from within the exchanges and not from the halls of legislation, for it is purely a matter between the operator and the broker.

We live but we never seem to learn. If, instead of trying to fasten the blame for our periodical financial crashes upon some institution or some specific practice, we should make some intelligent effort to curb our natural commercial hilarity, we should find that a step in the right direction had been taken.

Portland, March 12.

Advertising His Wares.

A preacher in a college town in Western New York recently decided that the best

PA'S HOME COMPANION

Entered as 2nd Class Male Matter MARCH 22, 1908 PA SUNSHINE SOCIETY

Our Motto: BE A PA!
Pat. Applied For

This paper is devoted exclusively to the interests of the American Pa. It is anti-Ma, advocates life imprisonment for bachelors, and looks forward to the day when nobody except a guaranteed pa can get a job on the public works.

EDITORIAL PARSNIPS.
We call on Theodore Roosevelt to bring the American Ma under Federal control.

The Pa Furnace Club is about to disband for the season. The annual report shows that the members carried one million tons of ashes up fifteen million cellar steps during the winter 1907-S.

The New York branch of the Pa Sunshine Society reports more than 3,000 applications for admission to the Painless Pa-Killer.

OUR WEEKLY PA PATTERN.

THE PA BUFFET PANTS.
-Contain liquor cabinet, humidor, cocktail mixer, cracked ice and siphon of wicky.
-Invaluable for gay old pas.
-Send 10c in stamps to

PA PATTERN COMPANY.
When ordering, state whether quart or pint sizes are desired.

POEMS PAS OUGHT TO KNOW.

Most every Pa that I have saw
Looks kind of sad around the claw.
—The Lady of the Lake: Scott.

way to increase the attendance at his church was to advertise. So he took up a part of the paper in town with a small display got up not unlike a theater advertisement.

"How long since you have been to church?" was the first line in black type interrogation. "Better go tomorrow," was the next line. "Try the First —" continued the advertisement, mentioning the name of the denomination that is not essential in the context.

Then followed the subjects for the morning and the evening sermons.

The pastor has designated for the evening sermon, "Boysville," and he invited for the purpose of hearing what he had to say. "All boys, all who once were boys, all who dislike boys, and all who like them."

Highly Practical.
"Your business college for young ladies seems to be all right."
"It is all right."
"Do you give the girls a good, practical business training?"
"In reply to that question I can only say that 80 per cent of our graduates marry their employers the first year."

HOUSEHOLD HELPS FOR PESTERED PAS
By Henry Wyandotte.

Dear Sir:

What is the simplest way to serve a small meal to a party of friends who escort one home at 2 a. m. from the club? Cautious.

Tie them securely to lamp posts a block away from the house and smuggle out the remnants of breakfast to them next morning.

Dear Hen:

What is the best way to prevent trousers from getting shiny? Elegant.

Carry them over your arm.

"BEST WAYS"
By Mr. Bella Kute.

THE BEST WAY
for small pas to enter home late at night is to come in disguised as the cat.

To keep liquor in the house is to move the furnace, place bottle in a hole underneath, then replace furnace and pipes. Thus you can snatch a hasty drink every time you go down cellar.

To be a happy Pa is not to brood too much over being married.

PA ATHLETIC SPORTS.

Brutus Pierpont Harriman, of Hoboken, N. Y., amateur middle weight Pa, has been adjudged winner of the annual Pa Jockey Club Wash Tournament. More than a thousand had entered their trained pas in this event.

OUR PRIZE PA PUZZLE.

500 copies of our edition de lux volume, "Wines and Other Pats," as prizes.

Is this man a Pa? If so, what would he give not to be? State answer in dollars and cents.

We Are All Criminals and Convicts

The Ten Commandments, Continued With Special Application to Adultery and Adulteration.

BY J. L. JONES.

THE ten commandments are stretched like a ladder from earth to heaven. The first one at the top relates to God in the highest. The last one at the bottom applies to man on earth in the beginning of his experiences. We must begin at the bottom. Before we can keep the commandment "Thou shalt not commit adultery," we must keep the law "Thou shalt not covet," for covetousness is adultery.

Adulteration is the mixture of incompatible substances. Things that are pure in themselves may be spoiled in the mixing. To dump a lot of salt, sugar and coal oil together would spoil the whole batch and the more ingredients you add the worse the composition becomes. Purity implies separateness. The separation of the elements is a primary and essential process in establishing the new order. Adultery in its legal, technical sense, means a specific offense against statute

law, but in its general sense it means all impurity in sex relations. This is supposed to be a subject that cannot be discussed. It is like a contagious disease that some folks are very much afraid of catching and others very anxious to disseminate.

There is no law to vaccinate people with any virus that will make them proof against exposure. There is no commission appointed to inquire into the causes of adultery and report to Congress. No board of health has issued an official bulletin on the nature of the microbes that spread the infection. There is no spray in use to kill them. The disease is allowed to ravage the Nation unchecked, to destroy its hundreds of thousands and cripple and disfigure its millions. We are as much afraid of it as the natives of India fear the mandating tigers that lurk in their jungles.

It is not my business to take off the lid. Gentlemen like Mr. Jerome are paid for performing that service—I am not a limb of the law; I am a branch of the vine.

The beginning of adultery is in the deterioration of those fruits of life which constitute genuine orthodoxy. The word orthodoxy means right teaching and properly applies only to the teaching of that truth which is to make the world free. The world is in bondage not because the genuine absolute truth is lost.

We are taught in the histories that the Roman Empire was converted to Christianity under Constantine. The truth is that the simple faith of Christ had become sufficiently corrupt to be adopted as a state religion. Christianity was paganism.

Later on Constantine enumerated that great adultery that made Rome the mother of harlots, the harlots of course being the protestant and dissenting sects that sprung from the illicit union between an apostate church and a pagan state.

In the beginning the Christians had protested against the iniquities of Roman paganism and were persecuted for it. Under Constantine, the church "stood in" with the state and became a partner in its crimes by indulging them. The word constantine means "standing together."

Since then the clergy have been expected to pray for rulers no matter how wicked, and exhort to matter how vicious. The early Christians did not do this. That it is the reason they were used for torches to light Nero's gardens. Modern Christians are persecuted for righteousness because they do not stand for righteousness. They don't know what it means.

The next step in declension was that the Church of Rome claimed the same ultimate or absolute authority in matters of faith that the Roman Emperors actually possessed in matters of law in the disposal of property and office.

This is the doctrine of absolutism, the same being in religion as the divine right of kings in politics.

Later on the Church of Rome became so notoriously corrupt that intelligent people could no longer accept her claims to absolutism or infallibility. Those who protested were called heretics, but the meaning of this word is now almost forgotten.

What is called the Reformation was the beginning of complete religious disintegration. The protestants began to form churches on their own authority, without the authority of Apostolic succession, to which Rome still clings. Then these churches began to break up. The next crop of protestants were called dissenters. They were still further from the center. The disintegration has increased and dissenters multiplied till now we have universal religions, as well as political anarchy. If all the Anarchists were deported there would not be anybody left.

There is no absolute authority in religion or politics. One man's opinion is as good as that of another. The vote of the criminal counts as much as that of the honest man, and more, if he votes often. The dictum of any street preacher is as authoritative as that of the Pope of Rome, if we choose to accept it. The greatest thinkers deny that there is any such thing as absolute truth.

Of what use would be a thermometer if there was no point fixed from which to number the degrees? If there is no absolute truth, there can be no point from which to count the de-

gress of relative truth. The order of succession is inherent in nature. One is the fruit of prime number. All others are inferior, because they are not prime. Arithmetic would be impossible without an initial unit to begin to number from.

If there is no absolute truth there can be no sufficient authority for anything in religion or law. We are under no obligation to believe anything or to obey anything. We are not in a good position to combat anarchy.

When Chicago police get their authority to club unemployed men for going on the streets, or to torture prisoners after the manner of the Spanish inquisition? Are we relapsing into barbarism or backsliding? Do we want to work up an export trade in anarchists? We might profitably begin by weeding out the most murderous of those that are in the public service.

In England there is little trouble with anarchists because there the police are not permitted to usurp autocratic powers and assault and murder people at will, nor are they permitted to put innocent people into a torture chamber and compel them to confess to imaginary crimes in order to divert attention from the real crimes and plots hatched among the craftier than use the police.

In many large cities the police are suspected of being in league with criminals. They seldom arrest one and seem to manifest more energy in punishing men than in any other part of their duties.

Of course they are not wholly to blame for this. Like lawyers, they perform most cheerfully the duties that are most liberally paid for. They are mere pawns in the hands of the plutocrats. Soldiers and police are not quite responsible for the horrors that are perpetrated under their supervision. They are under orders from superior.

I hope the editor and reader will pardon this digression. I want to show that there can be no secure foundation for authority except in truth. It was a recognition of the fact that prompted the Roman Catholic Church to promulgate the dogma of infallibility.

But this did not mend matters any, for the Church of Rome is not infallible, and neither is the Pope. The Pope is a feeble old man about to die one of these days and any one who falls into the grave is not infallible. Infallible means incapable of falling.

Death is the wages of sin, not the reward of righteousness. The final absorption from sin implies a full pardon, an acquittal, a remission of the penalty of death. Only the immortals are infallible.

This last infallibility, this genuine absolute authority, which is the right must be restored. It must be manifest again on the earth. This means a real knowledge of God and the manifestation of the love of God again in their immortal manhood.

God is a rock and he is also a consuming fire. This looks like a contradiction or an absurdity. But this rock is the one fortress that can stem the tide of universal anarchy and stand the storm of impending social dissolution.

The absolute truth is the only spray that is strong enough to kill the germs of adultery and the other infections that scourge this quack-cursed world.

Spraying the germs of adultery for the removal of parasites. Light is an effective spray for the removal of many secret evils that breed in darkness. It is a preventive for the errors of youth and the follies of age. But after the disorder is far advanced, it needs fire, which is the most effectual of all purifiers.

In the light of the higher law we are all criminals and convicts, traitors and rebels, aliens and anarchists. We are all under sentence of death. We are all condemned to die. Our freedom is only a fiction. Our righteousness filthy rags. Our legal procedure is a burlesque, like a kangaroo court. Our piety is a holy show.

We ought to repeat with sincerity, with lowly, penitent and contrite hearts the words of the general confession and the litany: "We have sinned and strayed from the ways like lost sheep. We have done those things which we ought not to have done and we have left undone those things which we ought to have done. And there is no health in us. But thou, O Lord, have mercy on us, miserable offenders. Spare thy people, O Lord, spare thy people whom thou hast redeemed with most precious blood, and be not angry with us forever. Kyrie Eleison, Miserere Domine."

(Corvallis, Or.)