Little Lessons from the School of Experience.

Some Moss-Grown Precepts of Moss-Back Pedagogues

BY JIM NASIUM.

CHILDHOOD is the time of life when the man is either made or marred. It is the Springtime of life when the seeds are sown which later yield a harvest of ripened grain or only a crop of ragweeds.

There is much truth in the old saw that "as the twig is bent the tree is inclined," and from the way some trees are inclined I should imagine that as a twig they were trained up a crokscrew or an old augur bit. Yet when it comes right down to cases it cannot be denied that a lot of trees that are sticking up around over the landscape would cast a blamed sight more welcome shade on the earth and afford more relief to the weary plugger along life's highway, if they weren't quite so stiff and straight and didn't rear their heads so high. The crooked, knotty old lump of a tree may not provide the best timber with which to slap a gable end onto your living room, but I've often noticed that it is the most comfortable to hang around when you're all in and want rest.

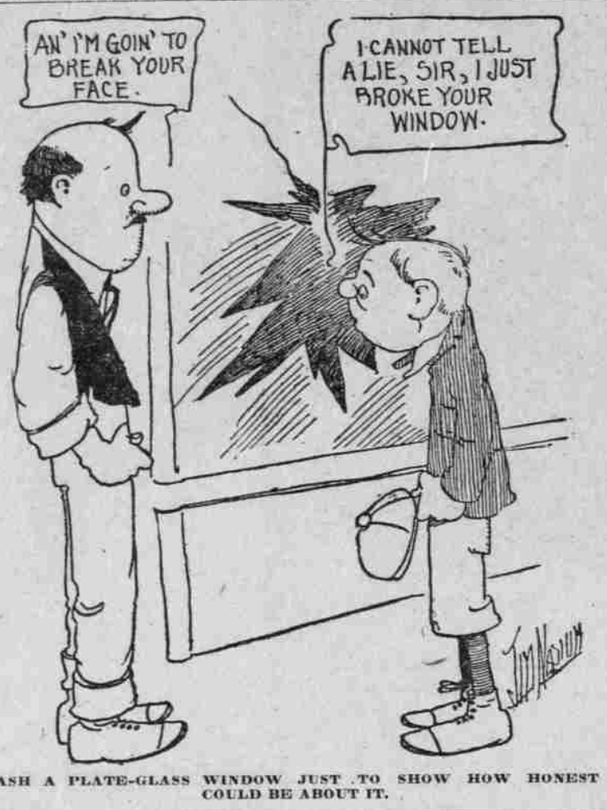
It's the straight tree that always gets the ax from the lumberjack, while the crooked one is passed up and goes right ahead beautifying the landscape and breeding vermin and green mould. This probably accounts for the few straight specimens left standing. Outside of the magnificent tree that is sighing out these sweet notes to the whispering winds, I don't suppose there are a dozen good straight ones in this neck of the woods.

This pernicious habit of cutting down the straight trees is only a verification of the saying that "the good die young." In the days of my tender budding childhood I heard this saying repeated so much that if at any time I happened to discover that I was being exceptionally good I usually went out and perpetrated some awful crime as an act of self-preservation. I say if I happened to discover that I was exceptionally good. This didn't often occur, however, as I early acquired the habit of pulling off the self-preservation stunt in advance in order to make sure of it.

To the care and attention which I gave to this important detail in my early life I probably owe my present great age and term of usefulness, as I managed to avoid early danger of being too good to such an exeent that I am not dead yet. This may or may not be a great misfortune to the rest of the world, but I am too modest to give my own views on the matter, so will leave it for a grateful army of readers to decide for themselves.

Outside of my own living manifestation of the truth of this old saying that "the good die young," I should say that there is a great deal of solid truth in it from the amount of vitality displayed by a number of people who reside immediately contiguous to my own holdout, and whom I have been trying to kill off ever since that gloomy day in the mellow past when they first butted into the full glare of my distinguished presence. The mortality among the growing good children in this neighborhood must have been frightful, judging from the remnants that succeeded in attaining their full growth. And if there is any truth in the saying that "it is a poor rule that doesn't work both ways," this remaining portion of the population out my way bids fair to smash Methusaleh's age record all to smithereens, judging from present indications.

As we go to press, there is only one good boy left in my neighborhood, and he is the kid who has had the benefit of my fatherly advice and lambastings since the day when the stork dropped him in my household. But even he is now in bed suffering with the mumps, and a phone message from his mother this morning stated that he is also showing symptoms of the measles and the whooping cough, together with indications of spinal meningitis, cirrhosis of the liver and the pip. When I go home tonight I am going to send him out to blow open a vault in the cemetery and steal the silver handles off the coffins, in order to make certain his ultimate recovery.



SMASH A PLATE-GLASS WINDOW JUST TO SHOW HOW HONEST I COULD BE ABOUT IT.

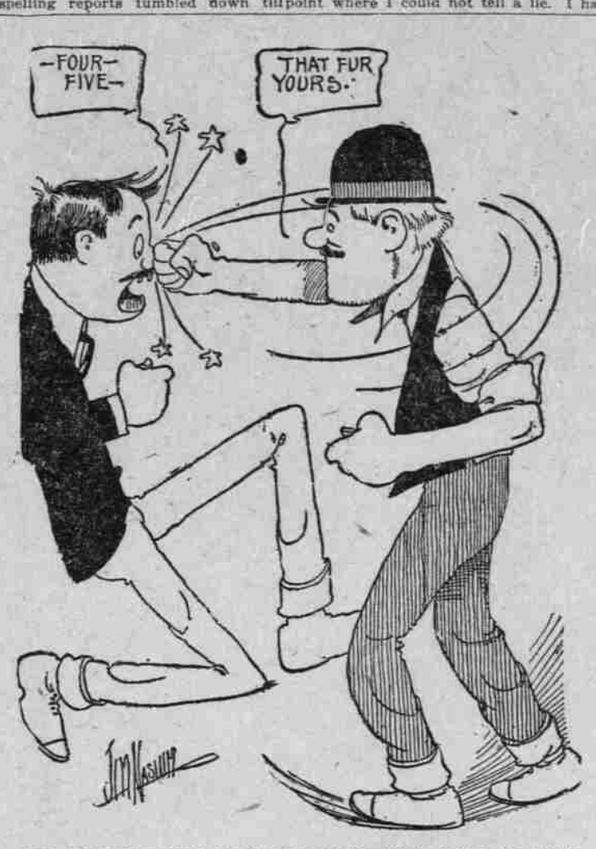
In the mellow days of childhood we have so many old saws and epigrams drilled through the spongy partition of our youthful thinktanks that it isn't much wonder we feel inclined to sled along in the track broken by our forefathers. We plug along through the old red school house days, copying these moss-grown old precepts in our copybook till we get the writer's cramp, then we diagram them, parse them and curse them all through high school. Then when we go out to stab the world in the face we attempt to apply them to some practical purpose in dealing with existing conditions, and the chances are that we get slammed through the ropes by some fellow who isn't quite so well versed in epigrams and maxims, but uses some common sense and originality.

I remember away back in the dim, misty days of the long ago how the long-faced pedagogues kept drilling it into us to "when angry count ten before you speak; when very angry count a hundred." They printed this in my reader, in my grammar, in my blue-back copybook, and I suppose if there had been any way to reduce it to figures they would have had it in the arithmetic and the algebra. I am naturally peaceably inclined and reserved in speech and don't get angry very easily, but when I do get angry I am mad all through, and I want to go on record as saying that as often as I have tried to apply this ancient precept of my school days to some practical use I have never yet been opposed to a man who would let me count more than four or five. Ihave frequently been angry enough to have counted a million, according to the deduction of the ancient precept, but I have been unfortunate in that the other fellow was always an illiterate cuss, who didn't know anything about this rule and got perniciously active before I had time to reach the ten notch. I have now adopted the wiser plan of leaving the counting of ten up to the referee.

Ringing down through the grooves of change out of the halcyon days of the mellow past, those dear old trustful days when I had faith in all mankind and thought that all writers of books were standing on the same pinnacle of intellectual ability and truthfulness which I have now attained, there come to me the distinct memory of the sweet little stories which were printed in our school books and our Sunday school papers.

As a boy I hungered for instruction, and was ambitious to become a shining light in the world. I wanted to so dazzle people with my brilliancy that they would have to wear green goggles when they came under the full glare of my presence. I read so many of these little school book stories which point out the lesson that the boy who is honest and upright and thorough in his duties will always cop the job ahead of the kid who is there with the goods, but somewhat shy on conscientious scruples when the money drawer is left ouen, that I finally began to neglect my studies and concentrate my entire attention to becoming honest and studying the art of looking people straight in the face and telling the truth. I used to practice these stunts in front of the mirror, and it never worried me any more when my arithmetic and spelling reports tumbled down they were quoted on the open market at "23," because I remembered that when I had killed Miss Jones' pet pig with a slingshot I had walked bravely up to her front door and told her the truth about it voluntarily, and this meant much more to my future success than mere figures or spelling. I got so enthusiastic along this line of instruction that I would frequently go out and smash a plate-glass window just to get an opportunity to show how honest and truthful I could be about it.

By the time I was ripe for stabbing the world in the face I had reached the point where I could not tell a lie. I had also reached the point where I could not do much of anything else. After a few ineffectual attempts to hold down jobs on my honesty and triple-plated integrity alone, I awoke to the fact that the crusty old world was too busy dealing with existing conditions to waste any time on sentimental theories.



WOULD NEVER LET ME COUNT MORE THAN FOUR OR FIVE.

The trouble with the writers of these school book yarns is that they are soaring up among the clouds of idealism, and the kid who goes out into the world to win his way like the hero of these school book yarns is mighty apt to find himself backed up in a corner and facing conditions which he is not prepared to meet. There is urgent need of a great reform movement in the system of public school education. As Mr. Roosevelt is probably too busy throwing the hooks into predatory wealth and revising the football rules, some of these days when I feel that the great world of letters can plug along for awhile without these glittering gems of mine, I am going to take a few days of and throw my great, shining intellect into the breach.

I am going to sit down some evening after supper while my wife is washing the dishes, and I am going to grind out a few volumes of school books that will make those musty old tales of our school days but a memory of a dead past. The "Jim Nasium First Reader" may not be slopping over with idealism, but it will certainly put the kids next to what they will be up against when they go out to stab the world in the face. I am going to educate the rising generation along sensible lines. These old schools book stories would do all right if the kids were going to look for a job along the golden streets of the New Jerusalem, but they are apt to put them at a disadvantage when they hit Park Row or Wall Street.

The "Jim Nasium School Books" will show the studious boy that the kid who gets there with both feet is the one who has the ability and originality to deal with all possible conditions, and isn't so particular whether he goes to Sunday school every day in the week. My stories will deal with existing conditions, and show the employer does not give a brass-mounted continental about the boy who cannot tell a lie. He hires the kid who is there with the goods and will work his head off, and then he keeps his eye on the money drawer and takes chances.

This will be a great work to round out the brilliant career of a man who has won a world-wide reputation for truthfulness. It will be a lasting monument to his name, an epitaph carved on the hearts of his fellow men. But it is not the immortal fame which actuates me. No, with my natural self-sacrificing way, it is but the uplifting of the rising generation that I seek. If I can fold my icy limbs and cross the River Jordan with the knowledge that these moss-grown old tales which hand out the impression that the qualities which "lay up treasures in Heaven" and the ones which put money in the bank are identical, if I can feel certain that these precepts have drifted back into the mellow past, where they belong, I will go with a smile on my features, feeling that I have not lived in vain.

Good Stories Told of Prominent People

"Is Generals Brave?"

"THE late Bishop Coleman," said a Wilmington divine, "used to take every Summer, a long, solitary walking trip. He wore rough clothes and slept in farmhouses. Sometimes the people took him for an aged tramp. Always he had interesting experiences.

STORY about Reginald De Koven, served the bishop in his sermons. Thus, once, in a sermon on peace, he said that if they who made the wars had actually to go out and fight them—fight them as the common soldier does, without honor, without hope, without anything desirable—warfare would speedily be abolished.

"One evening," he went on, "on a Virginia farm, a little farm boy said to him:

"'Is generals brave?'

"'Yes, to be sure,' the bishop answered. 'Why do you ask?'

"'Because,' said the little boy, 'if they are brave, I don't understand why, when the artists make pictures of a battle, the generals is always on a hill, four miles away, watching the fighting through an opera glass.'"

When Greek Meets Greek.

William H. Langdon, the lawyer through whose skill the San Francisco grafters were convicted, talked, at a recent dinner at the Hotel Astor, in New York, about municipal corruption.

"Yes," he said, smiling—his conclusion was a humorous one—"to defeat municipal corruption we must be very, very astute; the fight is then Greek against Greek; it is the jockey against the horse doctor.

"Perhaps you have heard the story? No? Well, then, give ear.

"A gentleman at a country fair saw a jockey and a horse doctor haggling dreadfully over the sale of a mare. It interested him to see two such tricky and shrewd characters opposed, and at the end of the sale he approached the jockey and asked him how he had made out.

"'I sold her,' said the man, and he held up a $5 note.

"'But is that all you got for her?' asked the gentleman.

"'It's enough,' was the reply. 'She's dead lame.'

"Chuckling to himself, the gentleman sought out the horse doctor.

"'See here, friend,' said he, 'do you know you have given $5 for a hopelessly lame mare?'

"The horse doctor wagged his thin gray beard.

"'Lame she is, I grant you,' he said. 'But hopelessly lame, no. In fact, she is as sound as I am. She's badly shod, that's all that is the matter with her. I saw it at a glance.'

"The gentleman whistled at this news. He went back to the jockey and told him what the horse doctor had said.

"But the jockey, with a wink of the eye, explained:

"'That mare is as lame as a one-legged veteran. I had her shod badly on purpose to take some sucker in.'

"At this the gentleman laughed loud and long. Hurrying back to the horse doctor again, he said:

"'My dear sir, with all your cunning, that jockey has proved too much for you. The mare is incurably lame. He had her shod badly on purpose to take you in.'

"On receipt of this news the old horse doctor shook his head gravely.

"'Well, anyway,' he said, 'it was a counterfeit $5 note.'"

The Strap-Hanger.

Sir Clifton Robinson, the head of the London tramway service, says that Londoners now desire to be strap-hangers. The English law forbids cars or buses to carry more passengers than there are seats for, so the Englishman, waiting on his corner while full 'bus after full 'bus goes by, loses many valuable minutes.

"Yes," said Sir Clifton Robinson at a recent dinner in New York, "they want to strap-hang in London now. They don't realize that strap-hanging, too, has its annoyances.

"I rode on a Broadway car the other day. A tall Westerner hung on a strap near me. He was the only strap-hanger, and he kept looking hopefully, at every corner, for some one to get off and give him a seat.

"But we were all stayers—as you say over here—aboard that car. Block after block we traveled, and still the tired Westerner hung to his strap.

"His look became angrier and angrier, and finally he blurted out:

"'Say, ain't none o' you people got homes?'"

A Patriotic Swindle.

"It is not often," said General F. D. Grant, at a dinner in New York, "that a man can perform at the same time a swindle and an act of patriotism. Yet this happened during the war.

"A New York sharper then conducted a swindle at which even Washington would have smiled approvingly.

"It was at the time when we stood in the greatest need of soldiers. This man inserted in the papers everywhere an advertisement that read as follows:

"'Notice—For $1 I will give any person positive information whereby he may avoid the conscription.'

"Replies came fast. They came at the rate of 600 a day, and dollars accompanied them.

"Then an enraged dupe, beside himself at having lost a dollar, took the advertiser to court, where the entire transaction was patriotically declared to be quite legal.

"The answer that had been sent out by the sharper was:

"'Enlist.'"

Drawing It Too Mild.

Vice-President Fairbanks, at his recent annual reception in Washington, said of a certain deplorable condition:

"We don't need new laws to correct this condition. We simply need the old laws' proper enforcement.

"The old laws have been construed too mildly. It is like the state of things in the Benedictine monks' new convent in Tarragone.

"An Indianapolis friend of mine, Wintering in Spain, lunched at the monastery of the Benedictines. After lunch he took out his cigar-case.

"'I don't suppose you object to smoking here?' he said to the white-clad monk attendant.

"'Yes, sir, we do,' the monk answered. 'There is a law against smoking in the refectory.'

"'Then where,' said my friend, 'do all the cigar and cigarette stubs come from that I see about me?'

"'From gentlemen who didn't ask about the law,' the monk replied mildly.

A Specious Excuse.

Bishop Paddock, of Eastern Oregon, declared recently that wealth was God-given, that same men were "called" to make money.

"Bishop Paddock," said a New York clergyman the other day, "is always saying wise, true, memorable things. There is no living speaker who is more interesting and more instructive.

"I remember one of his attacks on a wrong that had been speciously defended. He said no amount of talking could make a wrong a right, and he compared the culprits to a boy he knew.

"He said this boy's mother found him playing one Sunday morning in the nursery.

"'Oh, Johnny,' she said, 'I told you not to play with your tin soldiers on Sunday.'

"The boy looked up, surprised and aggrieved.

"'But on Sunday,' he said, 'I call 'em the Salvation Army.'"

Too Light.

"Booker T. Washington is a wonderful man," said a Southerner at the Tuskegee meeting in Carnegie Hall last month. "There is no orator in America to equal him.

"He's full of fun, too. Once, when Tuskegee's future looked very dismal, he declared to me that the great school was bound to pull through, that you never could tell from appearance what the future held in store.

"'Why,' he said, mentioning a famous colored poet, 'in his boyhood that chap was universally despised, even by his own mother. Even his own mother used to say of him that "she guessed hit wuz down in the books he gwine ter be hanged, and she nebber could bear dat brat, anyways, 'kase he show dirt so easy."'"

Not Hard Work.

Professor William Frear, of the Pennsylvania State College, discussed in Harrisburg the 83 kinds of breakfast foods that he recently tested for the Government.

"Most of them were very good," said Professor Frear. "The taste test, in most cases, was pleasure rather than work. To make work out of it would be to act like a little boy I know in Bellefonte.

"This little boy's mother went, last Washington's Birthday, to a reception, leaving the baby in Jimmy's care. With an injured look Jimmy said on her return:

"'Mamma, I wish you wouldn't make me mind baby again. He was so bad that I had to eat two mince pies and half the fruit-cake to amuse him.'"

Pulled Up Short.

Professor Charles Zeublin, of the University of Chicago, was reiterating at a dinner his belief that most American philanthropy failed of its object.

"Many a philanthropist, his heart beating with love of his fellow man, would be pulled up with a round turn,'" said Professor Zeublin, "if he knew what really became of the last hundred or the last thousand that he gave to charity.

"Yes, he would be taken as completely aback as the young man who said proudly to his girl in the moonlight:

"'Tell me, my own, when did you first discover that you loved me?'

"'When I found myself getting angry every time any one called you a fool,' she replied.

These Married Men.

"That excellent actress, Ciara Bloodgood, sat beside me one night at a dinner," said a Philadelphia playwright, "and with the fish some one began to talk about wifely extravagance.

"Mrs. Bloodgood listened to tale after tale of the ruinous extravagance of wives, and finally she said:

"'Wives' extravagance—oh, yes. You men are all alike. You are all like the broker who, at midnight, in his club, hiccoughed, wiped his eyes and said brokenly:

"'This is the sixth bottle of champagne I've drunk today, all through my wife making me lose my temper. It is terrible what a lot of money that woman costs me.'"

A Hard Hit.

Martin W. Littleton, the eminent New York lawyer, is noted for his trenchant wit.

"At the beginning of his career," said an Albany judge the other day, "Littleton had an elderly, prosy, long-winded lawyer for an opponent in an assault case.

"The elderly lawyer in his concluding address spoke for six hours—an interminable, foggy, stupid speech. Then Littleton rose. He smiled slightly, looked at judge and jury, and said:

"'Your honor, I will follow the example of my learned friend who has just concluded, and submit the case without argument.'"

An All-Around Man.

William V. McManus, the new president of the Letter-Carriers' Association of New York, had been discussing the ideal letter-carrier.

With a laugh he ended:

"Yes, the ideal letter-carrier needs to be as all-round, as many-sided, as divinely gifted, as the man a Cincinnati suburbanite advertised for last month.

"The advertisement ran:

"'Wanted—A man able to teach Spanish, water-color painting and the violin, and to look after a bull.'"

These International Matches.

Congressman McGavin, at a dinner in Washington, discussed the proposed 25 per cent duty on the dowries of American girls who marry foreigners.

Congressman McGavin spoke with bitter scorn of the title foreign bridegroom, whose sole claim to distinction consisted in a monocle and an expression of idiotic vacuity. He denounced "that form of international trade wherein soiled and frayed nobility was exchanged for American dollars, wrung from the lambs of Wall street, with a woman thrown in."

"But take Count Dash," some one interrupted. "Count Dash can trace his family back 800 years."

"Ah!" said Congressman McGavin. "Through the bankruptcy court records, I suppose."

Often True.

"The late Edmund Clarence Stedman, the banker poet," said a magazine editor, "was really a better critic than poet. He had a high opinion of the critic's functions. Attacks on the value of criticism always angered him.

"He used to tell about a typical attack of this kind. He heard it at a supper after the theater. It came from an unsuccessful actor.

"Mr. Stedman was replying to the toast, 'Our American Critics.' He began with the query, uttered in a ringing voice:

"'What is a critic?'

"The unsuccessful actor, in the ensuing pause, answered from the bottom of the table:

"'A man who doesn't know a good thing when he sees it.'"

They Must Be Hardy.

Secretary Wilson, of the Department of Agriculture, referred at a recent dinner in Washington to the amateur florists who spring up in the suburbs at this season by thousands.

"More florists, perhaps, than flowers, spring up," he said.

"In a seed shop the other day I heard one of these amateurs complain about the last batch of seeds he had bought. After he had ended his complaint he began to ask floral questions.

"'Oh, by the way,' he said, 'what is a hardy rose?'

"'It is one,' growled the dealer, 'that doesn't mind your wife pulling it up by the roots every day to see if it has begun to grow yet.'"

The Best Kleptomania Cure.

"When Justice Brewer," said a Kansas lawyer, "was on the Leavenworth circuit as a criminal judge, he had no patience with the pleas of hypnotism and such-like, new-fangled notions that then were coming to the fore.

"Once, I remember, a man was being tried before him for shoplifting.

"A witness said he thought the prisoner had kleptomania.

"'I presume, judge,' he added, 'you know what kleptomania is, eh?'

"'Yes,' said the judge, 'I do. It is a disease that I am sent here to cure.'"

An Odd Will.

R. W. Hebberd, New York's Commissioner of Charities, showed with a luminous illustration, in the course of a recent address, the harmful effect of indiscriminate charity.

"An old woman in Utica," he said, "had been given a pint of milk and a loaf of bread daily for eight or nine years by a rich young matron.

"Well, the old woman died the other week, and it was found that she had left a will. In this brief statement she coolly bequeathed her daily bread and milk to her nephew."

A Good Sign.

At a dinner given in Washington in honor of Admiral Dewey's 70th birthday, the famous sailor, after drinking from a loving-cup that had belonged to George Washington, said:

"This wine is superb. It is as fine in its way as the sign that I once saw over an inn door in Germany. The sign said:

"'Good beer sold here, but don't take my word for it. Hans Schwartz, Proprietor.'"

The Prosperity Convention

Upon the morning after
You always tell your wife
In point of fact you never
Felt better in your life.
With the engagement broken,
The luckless he or she
Will say they are as happy
As any one can be.
The cottager suburban
Has never any woe;
He says he will not sell it.
He loves the country so.
And thus we hold convention
And make a mighty fuss
To say to all creation
That we are prosperous.

—McLandburg Wilson in New York Sun.

Heredity Is of Paramount Human Interest

The Human Soul, From First to Last, the Offspring of God, the Spirit Man.

BY R. M. BRERETON.

MAY not the many anomalies apparent in human nature on earth be due to our very imperfect understanding of humanism, and to our common habit of viewing and judging it solely from a purely physical standpoint?

To the thoughtful, beneficent and liberal mind of today there is no phenomenon in nature more profound than the relation between the human soul and its earthly body when awake or asleep. If we view Mother Nature as the metaphysical principle of every form of earth-life, and as the art of the Creator, we may realize the fact that the human soul is as much a natural immaterial entity as is its material earthly body. Nature being the Creator's artificial agent in all that man can possibly conceive and know about creation embraces the entire perceptible and imperceptible spiritual and material universe.

Her laws of cause and effect form the sole basis of absolute science. These, as yet, in their multiplicity of relationship, have been fathomed to but a limited degree by the highest human intellect. The late Lord Kelvin, the greatest English investigator of physical phenomena, said at his jubilee in Glasgow: "One word characterizes the most strenuous of efforts for the advancement of science that I have made perseveringly during 55 years. That word is failure. I know no more of electric and magnetic force, of the relation between ether, electricity, and ponderable matter, or of chemical affinity than I knew and tried to teach my students of natural philosophy 50 years ago in my first session as professor." But though he spelled failure in such researches, he ended by saying: "What splendid compensations for philosophical failures we have had in the admirable discoveries by observation and experiment on the properties of matter, and in the exquisitely beneficent applications of science to the use of mankind, with which these 50 years have so abounded."

Nature has not given to man on earth to know the ultimate limits of spiritual and material creation, or of their multiform relationship, or of the ultra fineness of material substance, or of the capacity of chemical affinity and change. Man's sensory perceptions and intellectual faculties are altogether too coarse and imperfect for such comprehensive and infinite analysis, or for solving the differential and the integral calculus of the spiritual and physical affinities in human nature. The true borderland between spirit and matter we may never intellectually discover in earth-life; perhaps not even in the next. St. Paul's argument was "If there is a natural (physical) body there is also a spiritual body." The reasoning of the old-time Hebrew mind, from A to Z on heredity, which the Christian world has mainly followed, evolved this principle, that the human soul is primarily "the offspring" of God or Spirit-Man.

"Begotten, not made, of one substance with Father-God," is the definition of the son of man by the creed of the English Episcopal Church. Procreation is purely a physical conception of the mind of man; it can have no meaning in the spirit world. If Christ's doctrine is correct, "In heaven they neither marry, nor are given in marriage."

The creator being eternal, his artificial agent, nature, is the ceaseless exponent of all life in its evolutionary forms of ascending progression in both spiritual and physical existences. Thus we realize that nature's work is never finished; it is never fully perfected; it is ever ascending in fore-ordained stages; it is never found in miraculous leaps and bounds.

Conscience.

On earth, man's only field for observation and test, we find in humanism every stage of the consciousness of right and wrong; and we do well to remember this important fact, that the conscience is man's only measure of his moral code. This measure ranges from the highest moral code of Christ to the lowest one of the brutish Hottentot. This exhibition on earth of evolutionary progression in humanism, through the development of the conscience, has ever been, and probably ever will be, existant as long as the earth offers suitable conditions for human incarnation and physical existence. It may be said with logical reasoning that if man or angel could evolve—psychologically and ethically—during eternity, so as to be as perfect as their spirit-father, his supremacy or oneness in nature would be lost. Who then would be the sole righteous judge of each still progressing human soul's conscience?

It is well for Jew and Christian to have faith in the old-time doctrine that the origin of man is of the highest spiritual source, and that it contains that divine principle of the Christhood; however low in stature and in moral development it is everywhere observable in every race of man on earth. We probably greatly err in thinking or believing that this natural growth of spiritual and ethical development is subject at any time to a miraculous outcome. A highly civilized and humane nation was never born in a day.

Heredity shows that there has never been found in Nature any perfect equality in life on earth. It would seem that the monotony of equality was as abhorrent to Nature as is a vacuum. The only ideal equality in humanism lies in the true conception of the meaning of the brotherhood of man and of the fatherhood of God. Even in this democratic country of America we appreciate the sentiment of equality and liberty in social and business life in the abstract only.

In practice how strongly is the love for exclusiveness and limitation displayed in our social life. As there is a natural segregation in occupations, so is there the same in society and in religious and political associations. Conditions of living and environment serve to uphold these social and sectarian segregations of humanity throughout the world. As the social, domestic, political, industrial and commercial life of civilized mankind is not classless, there is no true social equality. Where can be found equality among the masses in mental and physical capacity? Even in the spirit-world of the Creator—if we accept for illustration the Bible teachings—we are told that classless society does not exist; for therein angels and archangels are defined; also Satan and his satellites; also evil and good activities. In the abstract, mankind on earth differ in nationality, in class, in mental and physical capacity, in wealth. In social, political and religious views, and in the practice of the highest ethical rules: "Thou shall love thy neighbor as thyself; Thou shalt not steal." So, to the thoughtful and experienced mind it seems that Socialism has a hard road to travel in order to overcome these many hereditary differential obstacles.

Year in and year out, we see that the exercise of justice, in the enforcement and punishment under the laws of the moral code, is not on an equality in the United States. The criminal poor in purse gets convicted and punished quickly; the wealthy and influential criminal obtains long delays through appeals from court to court after indictment; and meanwhile escapes confinement in the penitentiary through the bail system. The inequality of the human conscience is shown to prevail as much in the most civilized communities as it is in the uncivilized. Man in the physical world appears everywhere as naturally imbued with predacious instincts. History from earliest date and up-to-date evidence prove him to be a robber, a pirate, and a selfish thief by nature, hereditarily, from generation to generation. The evidence of this persistent evil among the highest educated, refined and humane people is furnished in every line of business. As a rule of everyday business, "a man's word is not as good as his bond"; so a bond or outside security is exacted from everyone who may be a borrower, or who is holding a public fiduciary position under Government, state or city, in which monetary responsibility is centered.

In this we cannot fail to perceive there exists in America today a popular distrust of human nature in pecuniary affairs. In this light a security-bond is really a stigmatic brand upon the conscience of the individual; it serves to show that no confidence can be placed in the probity of the trustee-employe. It, therefore, constitutes a baneful slur on the word, oath and reputation of all who desire such fiduciary positions. National pride may well blush at the absolute necessity for such outside security in this twentieth century, as it displays in business relations the continued belief on the part of the community in the selfish, thievish hereditary instinct of the human to be still paramount. The daily newspapers and magazines in this country afford a vast variety of this shameful evidence which forces this sad conviction on the public mind.

Heredity: Pride.

From his physical side man has hereditarily a natural desire for National and family record and reminiscence, in connection with his earth-life. Thus it is human to remember, to honor, and to beautify the tombs, graves and cemeteries of the departed; and so we have a Decoration day in the year. It is human to possess a sentimental interest in tracing back into past centuries National and family ancestry. It is well to bear in mind that all such sentimental matters are purely earth-bound in their scope. They can have no probable interest or profit for us when we return to the spirit side of life, in which earthly wealth and social position can have neither object nor use. In spirit world pedigree does not exist for spirit-souls are not bred after the manner of the flesh-body. There is no intermediate parental relationship between each spirit soul and its spirit father. St. Paul illustrates this highest conception of humanity, on the spiritual side, in his description of Melchizedec to his Hebrew converts: "Without father, without mother, without pedigree; having neither beginning of days, nor end of life; but made like unto a Son of God." St. Luke, the painter-artist, the "beloved physician," traced, from the physical side, the pedigree of Jesus back from Joseph of Bethany to Adam, who he said was "the Son of God." Thus is shown the primary and eternal spiritual side, and the secondary, temporal and physical side of man. Now, if we accept of this definition of the primary origin of man the logical conclusion we reach is that our Creator and Father must be viewed by us as the Spirit-Man. In this sense, we may better appreciate why Jesus preferred to call himself the Son of Man rather than the Son of God. Thus from both the Hebrew and the Christian logical deduction, from A to Z of heredity, the human soul is, from first to last, the "offspring" of God, the Spirit Man. So, if the Christian believes in the eternity of his Spirit Father, he must have faith in the eternity of his own life; for there can be no death or annihilation of the human soul if it is the "offspring" of God. In this spiritual sense, heredity is of paramount interest to man in earth life.

Woodstock, Or.

Their New Relationship.

Chicago News.

You'll at least be a sister to me?
Many thanks. You're exceedingly kind.
I have others; but that you won't mind.
Just at present their number is three.

I can take a magnanimous view
Of the matter. I won't be outdone.
Though I know you already have one,
I'll at least be a brother to you.

That my sisters do love me I know,
And I know their affections I prize.
I'm a pretty nice chap in their eyes.
Their regard they are willing to show.

"Mr. Smithers" sounds awfully prim.
When I'm calling you "Maggie," my dear
As my sister, it's perfectly clear
You can't get out of calling me "Jim."

And I'll hug all my sisters—like this—
And they always return the embrace,
There's no need of averting your face,
I'm bestowing a brotherly kiss.