

MODERN FABLES.

BY GEORGE ADE.

Author of the Girl Proposition.

THE MODERN FABLE OF THE MIS-DIRECTED SYMPATHY AND THE COME-BACK OF THE PROUD STEAM-FITTER.

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One day a lowly Steam-Fitter, who received only ten cents an hour for filling his pipe, was sent to do a job of repairing in the Palatial Residence of a Syndicate Mogul.

While he was hammering merrily at his task, trying to fill out an 8-hour day, the Lady of the House came and watched him. Her heart was touched with great pity for any man who still had his appendix and whose picture had never appeared in the Sunday papers. So she had the Butler bring some Charlotte Russe for the humble Toiler. After he had eaten one of her gold-clip cigarettes and gave her a few minutes of his time, in spite of the fact that she did not belong to the Union.

"This is a swell joint you've got here, Lady," said the Steam-Fitter. "The only thing that makes me sore is to think that all of this Hot Dog you're throwing on comes out of the pockets of poor, hard-workin' guys, such as me." "You wrong us," said the Great Lady, in a tone of gentle sadness. "My husband never flims-flams the poor laborer. All that he has made by shining the cut on the small stockholders. We are much interested in the working classes and wish to establish a free lecture course, so that the poor may learn all about Anthropology. Very often I go and sing Solos at Mission Entertainments, but in spite of this my poor husband is pictured as a hungry octopus who has taken a death-grip on the Consumer."

"I'd hate to be a Corporation Director," said the Steam-Fitter. "The Mug that controls a Million Bucks ain't got a friend on Earth except the people who happen to be with him at the time. All the Congressmen throw bricks at him and the Editorial Writers toast him to a crisp. The Rainbow Weeklies put him in Cartoons as having four Chins and a Waist measurement of 52, whereas all the Money-Getters I ever spotted were as thin as Rails and looked as if they had to live on Tea and Toast. But the Workingman! He's the Boy that gets all the Violets. When they put me into a Cartoon they make me out to be a handsome Charley with my sleeves rolled up and a set of muscles that would make Jeffries ashamed of himself. I always wear a dinky Paper Cap and a full growth of Presbytery Whiskers. Every time I see a picture of the American Workingman in three colors, I'm glad that I'm not a low-down Capitalist. I may not handle as much coin as some of the Shell-Workers that hang out in Wall Street, but any time that I feel discouraged all I have to do is dig up 30 Cents and go to a Variety Show and then I find out that I am the only true-hearted and honest American, except the gallant Volunteer. The very best friend that Union labor has in this country is the Vandyville Artist who works 25 Minutes a Day for \$175 a Week."

"Still, with your restricted income, you cannot seek the elevating influences of our kind of Society," said the Lady of the House. "That must grind you a good deal, especially if you have children growing up. I can imagine that it would be hard lines to know that your offspring have no Social Careers awaiting them."

"Me and my wife lay awake nights and cry about it," said the Steam-Fitter. "We thought for a while we might save up and buy Jimmy an Auto, but when we looked in the Catalogue we found that the Price was \$1000. So we decided if he wanted to practice Homicide it would be cheaper to get him on the Police Force. Being too poor to send him to a University, we let him take lessons at a Boxing Academy and now, when any one starts Rough House, he's almost as handy as a regular student. He can smoke Egyptian Cigarettes and blow the Smoke through his Nose and he gives me the Laugh when I call him down, and so I feel that we have accomplished by Home Training what might have been expected from a College Course. As for Vivian, our bright-eyed little Daughter, she is the simplest High-Flyer that speeds the Boulevard. When it comes to French Breads and the long Straight Front and all kinds of Blouse hanging in front of her, she can make the average Society Lady look like a barn imitation. She has one of these wig-wag Walks—the kind that makes people jump off of the Sidewalk. Of course, she is only the Daughter of an obscure Steam-Fitter but she gives you a Pointer. You can't tell by lookin' at one of these Palace maidens what kind of Clothes her Father wears. When it comes to Luck, I can't see that the Hellness has any edge on the simple Working Girl. As for hunting into the Social Swim,

she has a Scheme all framed up, by which she expects to become acquainted with all of the gold-plated Johnnies who infest the Municipality. She is going on the Stage to be a Show Girl. She says that the Debutante seldom has more than one on her Staff while the Show Girl can take her Pick of a large Bunch. So you see that in these Days of Public Schools and cheap Reading Matter and custom-made Imitations, even the most Humble can occasionally make a Bluff at being the Real Thing. So long as my Children hoot at my Suggestions and tell me every Day where to get off or how to back over the Dump, Papa will not be altogether discouraged in regard to their Social Careers. In fact, the only thing that worries me is the Fear that I won't be able to keep up with them."

"I am glad to find you so Philosophical," said the Millionaire. "After reading several Books written by College Professors who disguised themselves as Laborers and went and lived among the down-trodden Masses, I have supposed that a Steam-Fitter was a rather gloomy Proposition."

"Why should I be gloomy? The formal Dinner Party is the Champion Gloom-Factory and I never have to go near one of them. I don't have to wear my Intellect at a Frazzle keeping up with the Popular Novels. When a Foreign Musician or a Lady with a new System of Culturitis bobs up on the Horizon, I don't have to go chasing around, letting on that I am interested. You never see me at one of these punk Amateur Performances, applauding the Bank Accounts. Nobody expects me to make any Calls and I never drink Tea except when I want it. The Scandal Sheets never show up my Family History and as far as I can learn, my Wife never hired a Detective to watch me. It is true that sometimes I find nothing on the Menu except Corned Beef and what goes with it, but I tear into it with an Appetite that would set worth \$500,000 to Rockefeller at this Minute. And now, Lady, according to the Rules of the Union, I must knock off for today, as it is 5 o'clock."

"Your story has interested me," said the Lady of the House. "I should like to visit your Family and write a Paper on the Home Life of the Toilers." "I'm sorry we can't have you," was the reply. "You Society Ducks don't care who you invite but I'm an Officer in the Union and I'll queer myself if I begin to associate with the disreputable Rich. You'll have to put up with your own Kind."

Moral: The Wealthy have nothing left except Money.

Biggest of American Cats.

With a step as noiseless as a falling leaf, a huge tawny beast glides like a ray of light among the pines, over the boulders, across canyons, and up the cliffs of the mountains of southern California. Books say it is a puma, scientists say it is Fells concolor, but to the men "with the bark on," who study animals from life only through the sights of a rifle, it is a mountain lion.

It is never called "painter" or catamount west of the Arkansas. Some men hold that the panther of the southern and middle west states is identical with the mountain lion of the Sierra Nevada, Sierra Madras, and the Rockies, but that is not true. The panther is short-bodied, short-legged, proportionately heavier, though not so large as the grizzly, in color, and is the more ferocious of the two.

It is to be regretted that for the information of posterity those who write natural histories for their information are not more correct in the statement of what they allege to be facts. A standard authority has written that the size of the full-grown mountain lion or puma, is: "Height, 2 feet; length, 6 feet; weight a trifle over 100 pounds according to its condition." Not long ago a mountain lion was killed near Campo, in southern California, that was nearly a foot taller, over two feet longer, and weighed nearly two hundred pounds. Many have been killed that were eight feet in length and weighed about 150 pounds.

They have recently been reported quite numerous in the hills at the northern extremity of the coast range, so numerous, in fact, that the ranchers are organizing a "drive" to kill them. A mountain lion drive. They are also numerous in the San Bernardino range, and on down through the mountains of the peninsula or Lower California. It is difficult to account for the increase, unless it is owing to the disappearance of grizzly bears.

There is a mortal feud between the two, and a grizzly will remove a small part of the mountain to get at the cubs of a lioness. Indians say that a mountain lion can kill a grizzly. It is not true. A dozen lions might dare one of the old monarchs to death, but for one, two or three lions to do it is not creditable.

They are huge cats and have all the characteristics of cats. They are

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night prowlers, but start off on their excursions before night in order to be near water holes by the time other animals come to drink. In the mountains away from the ranches, where they must depend on the chase and not thievery for their food, they follow deer, wild sheep and other game up and into the mountains as the summer advances and return with them when the higher ranges are covered with snow. At whelping time they generally hunt some secluded place high up, an almost inaccessible cliff, if there are any caves or a rocky cave, if they can find one. Once an old lioness and her cubs were found in the hollow caused by the uprooting of a sugar pine. Drifting leaves and spruce needles had almost filled the hollow, making an excellent nest.

In hunting a grizzly it is nine to one that when found he will fight. In hunting a mountain lion there is an element of uncertainty about it whether there will be a fight or a chase. Surprise them at the kill when they are hungry and they will fight for it. If their cubs are in the vicinity or if they are cornered there is apt to be a quick, hot and dangerous fight on your hands, possibly before the hunter is ready for it. At such times he must not be crowded, nor yet should a chance be waited for, as with the grizzly. In one leap a mountain lion can clear about twenty feet on a level. Any part of his body is more vulnerable than that of a grizzly, so, if a lion comes out at caps and bounds, hunters do not wait for a head or a heart shot, but shoot at the forequarters if they can, but must shoot and shoot quick. But, as a rule, they are cowardly brutes despite their size and strength.

They have one uncanny characteristic in common with the smaller members of the feline family. On a deserted street late at night one often notices he is being accompanied by a house cat. Not at his heels as a dog, but first on one side, then on the other, sometimes ahead, sometimes behind, slipping along in the shadows of the buildings or quickly across a ray of light from some window; he does the same, apparently not noticing, but surely keeping company.

A mountain lion will do the same in the hills. Up in the Cajon country, in San Bernardino county, an hunter left a prospect he had found and started for camp one evening just about sundown. The camp was a good four miles away down the canyon.

Up near the head of the canyon where he was it was not over twenty yards from a camp, with sloping walls covered with chaparral. He had gone one-third of a mile when he saw a long, yellow body slipping through the bushes on his left, and all the while he had a small pole pick. For over two miles the big brute kept him company, first on one side, then on the other, sometimes ahead, but generally keeping the same distance.

In the evening or late in the afternoon, when the sun has dropped behind the mountains, leaving the gulches in semi-twilight, it is certainly not conducive to buoyancy of spirits to glance back up the gulch and see about fifty yards behind one of these brutes trotting demurely along on the trail. A few moments later and it may be anxious to do good as the average business man is to increase his bank account, the world would have been won to God long ago. There are many who look pious and join heartily in singing "We'll work till Jesus comes," and then from one week's end to another do little or nothing in the way of uplifting fallen man. There is one thing certain—many church members who call themselves Christians will not keep the recording angel busy in setting down their good deeds. Some of us, I fear, are on a par with a man whom I saw at a camp meeting a year or so ago. The camp was raising money to send missionaries to foreign fields. The man I mention sat next to me and shouted "amen!" at almost every sentence from the preacher. I thought him to be an enthusiastic until the collection basket was passed, and then saw him turn to his brother, saying: "Will you give me five pennies you can give me for a nickel?" and one of those pennies fell into the collection basket! God help the missionaries if every man acts on that principle.

According to the unchangeable word and law of God we all, small and great, expect to stand before the judgment bar of the Eternal King. There are those who believe that after death the soul appears immediately before the great white throne and then receives its final and everlasting reward or condemnation. Others believe that the day of judgment will not be until the resurrection, and that we shall stand before the judgment seat of Christ. Regarding which of these two views we adhere to, we know that we must face the day of judgment. And when that day does arrive how small we shall feel. There are none perfect, and then we shall remember things now forgotten. We are prone to gloat over our good deeds and to excuse our failures. Then we shall be judged by strictest equity, and as the revealing spirit brings all things to light, we would fain turn our faces from them. In that day we shall be judged by the things we have done, and we shall regret more than lost opportunities.

A certain man—a member of Dwight Moody's Chicago church—was never fully converted until he dreamed that he had died and gone to judgment. He was a man inclined to think much of himself. Like the Pharisee, whom Christ mentioned, he tried himself on his piety and goodness. One night this man dreamed, and in his dream

thought that he had come to judgment. Filled with exalted thoughts of his past life he felt no fear. But the spirit of God revealed his past life to him in a light that he had never thought of. His own littleness and selfishness and egotism arose before him as a great overhanging and condemning evil, and more than all did his conscience accuse him of things he might have done and had failed to do. Aching hearts around him and even in his own home and in his selfishness he had not spoken a cheering word; suffering he might have easily alleviated, but did not; loving deeds he might have performed, but had neglected. When the dreamer awoke he was a changed man. He forgot his self-praise and, like the publican, smote himself on the breast crying, "Lord be merciful to me a sinner."

Before we can become successful Christians we must realize that lost opportunities will never return. Yesterday is past forever, and no human agency can recall it. Its deeds have passed into the history of our lives, and the power of ours can undo the evil or perform the good we failed to do. The present is ours, with all its rich golden opportunities; we can take it and use it. The future lies before us, pregnant with opportunity that is also ours. By the pardoning grace of God, through the finished work of Christ, we can be forgiven of the negligence of the past; but no power divine or humane, will permit us to live over the past again.

When Dr. Andrew was pastor of Grace church, he received a note from a sick lady, asking him to visit her. Andrew received the note Sunday morning after he had finished preaching. He was somewhat tired after services, and even though the request was an urgent one and the sufferer near at hand, he decided to rest that afternoon and visit her the next day. The following afternoon, the preacher went to the house and saw a crepe fluttering from the door. "Perhaps I have delayed too long," he thought, and soon found that he had. He was informed that the lady had died that morning and that even to the last she had hoped he would visit her and give the spiritual advice and comfort she needed. Andrew's opportunity of helping that one had passed forever. He could not deeply regret it, but regrets would not bring the dead to life. So my brother, we can all look upon the past and see bright opportunities that have passed. Paul, previous to his death, said: "I have fought a good fight," and yet I doubt not that Paul permitted some golden opportunities to pass him. It were useless my brother, to brood over the past. Let us look to the present and into the future with hope undimmed and do the small things that come to us every day.

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THE IRISH LAND BILL. It Was Discussed in the House of Commons Yesterday—Mr. Healey and Secretary Wyndham Spoke.

London, May 7.—The adjourned debate on the Irish land bill in the house of commons was resumed today. Several unimportant speakers were followed by Timothy M. Healey (nationalist) who commented on the "curious fact that only two absolutely ignorant speeches against the bill came from the liberal side of the house."

Referring to the question whether the bill would make for home rule, Mr. Healey pointed out that the measure was supported by the latter members who he said ought to know best, better than "English amateur politicians, however respectable."

Mr. Healey said he did not grudge the terms which the landlords were getting. He said he regarded the bill as being a measure of peace, which he hoped would infuse a new spirit into the hearts of Ireland and England.

T. P. O'Connor while criticising its details, defended the bill. He said it was no leap in the dark. Peasant proprietorship in Ireland had been most successful. The evicted tenants must be restored to their holdings. The house added must now "choose between a great measure of land purchase and chaos and anarchy."

In the house tonight, John Morley, who was received with opposition cheers, said the bill was bold and courageous measure and a revolutionary extension of the land purchase system. Mr. Morley said the bill marked the collapse of the system by which England had governed Ireland since the Union led to further changes.

Winding up the debate, Mr. Wyndham made light of what he called the "Bogey of 'home rule.'" The conclusions the government had arrived at seemed illogical. It had arrived at them in view of three considerations which it considered essential to meet to deal adequately with the congestion in Ireland, to cheapen and expedite judicial procedure, and to protect the interests of the general tax payer. The Irish secretary said he desired that this great occasion should not be lost and that he did not despair of passing the bill. The division was then taken and the bill passed its second reading.

An analysis of the division shows that all the nationalists, the main body of the ministerialists and almost all the liberals voted with the majority. The minority consisted of the radical section of the liberals including Sir Charles Dilke and a couple of Unionists.

In the lobbies of the house Mr. Wyndham's speech was interpreted as meaning that the government is very willing to consider reasonable amendments to the bill.

A Speech Without Words.

Francis E. Leupp says that probably the shortest speech ever delivered in congress was by "Ben" Butler, of Massachusetts, says the Nebraska State Journal. An Ohio member had fallen foul of him one day and poured upon him a torrent of abuse which would have excited general indignation but for an unconsciously ridiculous gesture with which the orator accompanied almost every alternate sentence; this tempered the disgust of his hearers with mirth. He would raise his arms just as high as his head as possible and then wring his hands as if he were making a delirious attempt to wring them off. Butler sat through the speech with his eyes half closed, not moving a muscle. He rose when his assistant finished and stood calmly in the aisle. After perhaps a minute of silence he began: "Mr. Speaker!" Another impressive pause, and expectancy reached nearly the burning point. Suddenly raising his arms, Butler reproduced exactly the awful gesture of the Ohio congressman. Then his arms fell to his sides, and for another minute he stood silent. "That is all, Mr. Speaker," he said finally, and sat down. "I just wanted to answer the gentleman from Ohio."

Atrocious Murder in South Carolina.

Charleston, S. C., May 7.—About nine miles from Camden yesterday, Spain Kelley met W. F. Creech in the road, riding in a buggy with a friend. Without a word of warning, Kelley stopped his horse, leveled his gun and fired Creech, who was wounded, raised up and begged his assailant not to kill him, but Kelley fired again.

A passer-by took the wounded man into his buggy and rode rapidly away. Kelley took his horse out of the buggy, mounted him and pursued the flying vehicle for about three miles when he overtook Creech, who had stopped with gun and pistol eight times, killing him despite his pleas for mercy.

Creech was a Tennessean. The trouble, it is said, was about Kelley's sister.

Woman Ticked a Real Estate Agent.

District Court Clerk George S. Bogart, of Bayonne, N. J., is house-hunting desperately. He has a wife, seven children and a dog, and no owner or agent will rent him a dwelling. Yesterday a woman with a fine home, cured a house by a ruse. She had tried for a week, but the agents all refused when she told how many children she had.

She had a friend take her children to a cemetery, and then called on a real estate agent. When he asked the fatal question she said:

"I am the mother of nine, but they are all in the cemetery now."

The agent expressed sorrow and gave her a year's lease.—New York World.

Two Prominent Men Killed.

Moultrie, Ga., May 7.—Colonel M. J. Dr. Frank Daniel, physician for the Georgia Northern railway, were killed last night by Dr. Daniel's motor car's Pearsall, solicitor of the city court, and colliding with a log train on the Georgia Northern. The gentlemen had been fishing and were returning to town in the motor. A heavy rain was driving in their faces and they held an umbrella in front. Neither saw the log train, which was backing. Six cars of the train were derailed. Colonel Pearsall was from Morganton, N. C.

The Saginaw Wreck.

Baltimore, May 7.—Captain Charles of the steamer Hanna Hata from New York, which arrived here today, reports that he examined the wreck of the steamer Saginaw which was sunk in a collision with the Hamilton on Monday night and that it is very dangerous to navigation. The wreck lies two miles southwest of Winterquarter light house in thirteen fathoms of water, and two of her masts projected twenty feet above the water. The Saginaw lies in the track of the coasting trade.

CASTORIA

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An orthodox Russian observes 135 least holidays every year. He probably has no foothold in Russia.—Augusta Chronicle.

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