WHEW! STORY ABOUT AN EGG

Once upon a time, an egg was laid by a hen. Most eggs with which we are familiar are laid by hens, but this was a particular egg, laid particularly by a hen. People who were present at the final fate of this egg say that the hen must have been particular about laying it, as no other egg they ever met possessed such a redundancy of concentrated potentiality. There's a shorter and uglier word with which they really describe the power of this egg, but we're some dog on literary eclat, when we try.

Once upon a time, we said. The exact date, within a century or two, is wholly immaterial, according to those who were in at the finish. This egg would have been just as good and no worse if laid in the pleniocene, the dinosaurus, or the thrologdite age. Suffice it that this egg was laid by a hen and, in April of the year of our Lord, 1912, came into the possession of one Francis T. McNeill, a promising young business man of Redding, Cal.

This egg was very precious to McNeill and so he even carried it to the services conducted by Rev. Glen McWilliams, an evangelist of wondrous power from Los-Angeles, who was painting the sins of Redding sinners with a master hand. We imagine that some of Mr. Williams' pictures fitted McNeill's sins pretty close. Anyhow, at a favorable pause in Rev. McWilliams' word painting, Mr. McNeill, either as a confession of sin, or as a spontaneous contribution of pigment for painting, arose and cast the subject of this story full at the Rev. McWilliams. Whereupon, each sinner of that concourse of sinners, his wife, his man servant and his maid servant, arose, went home and turned on the hot water for a bath, while Rev. McWilliams burst into what the police authorities who have him in charge declare to be foul and profane language.

Ordinarily, you wouldn't expect this from a preacher, but we tried to impress upon you, early in this story, that this was no ordinary egg. Moreover, such was the potentiality of this egg that the police having been introduced to it, in a circumambient way, arrested Mr. McNeill and had him fined $25 for casting that egg. Justice, say people who were present for one brief moment, or less, when that egg was cast, for the egg was smashed and any fellow having an egg with all that concentrated, illimitable potentiality ought to have kept it to start a revolution in some country where the public is down-trodden and oppressed.

The moral of this story is one which we have often, perhaps too indirectly, tried to inculcate—Know Thy Eggs! Even the smooth, white, innocent looking egg that's in your pantry today may be enough to make a preacher swear, which is sure some potentiality.