

### WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE.

I taken sick one time, I did;  
An' called in Doctor Smart;  
He listened through his hearin'-tube  
An' laid it to my heart.  
"I will not keep you in the dark—  
The honest truth is best;  
You may live several weeks if you'll  
Just lie around an' rest.  
But, in the meantime, let me say,  
You must take this three times a  
day."

I called another doctor then,  
An' this was Doctor Wise;  
"Your liver's out of fix," he said,  
You need more exercise.  
Get out and rough it on the farm,  
An' dig an' lift an' sweat,  
An' change your diet—eat the things  
You haven't allers et.  
You'll soon be dead if you don't obey,  
An' take six doses of this a day."

I straightway called another man,  
An' this was Doctor Quack;  
He punched me in my tummy-tum  
An' beat me on the back.  
"Your kidneys are a wreck," he said,  
"Your blood is mighty thin;  
Your lungs are weak, an' I'm afraid  
Consumption has set in.  
Go South or West somewhere an'  
stay,  
An' take twelve doses of this a day."

Perhaps they knew. I would not dare  
Dispute a blessed word;  
But I went on an' paid no heed  
To all that I had heard.  
I did not take the dope they gave,  
Said "Bosh!" to their advice,  
An' my own treatment of the case  
Has worked out awful nice.  
I'm well an' hearty now, you know.  
The Doctors? They're dead long ago.

### A REBEL PREACHER SKINNED.

I have been hearing sermons  
all my life. Have heard good  
ones, bad ones, and all other  
kinds. But I'll be civilly dog-  
goned if I didn't add a new one  
to my list last Sunday.

I was in a neighboring town,  
and as the devotional hour ar-  
rived I strolled into the biggest  
church I could find, expecting to  
spend a rather dull hour listen-  
ing to the baritone bellowings  
of a red-headed Bible-beater.

The preacher got up and  
stretched himself and gave a tug  
at his Adam's apple, and sailed  
in. First off, he kicked the old  
Bible under a bench and read the  
10th chapter of the History of the  
Civil War. Then he took for his  
text the 24th verse of said chap-  
ter, which reads as follows:

"Verily I say unto you that  
Jesus Christ was a pretty smart  
fellow in his day, but he couldn't  
touch Bob Lee and Stonewall  
Jackson with a forty foot pole."

Then the great preacher spat  
on his hands and began to outline  
the plan of salvation as laid out  
by Bob Lee and Stonewall Jack-  
son. They were the saviours of  
mankind and the only hope of a  
dying world. All that talk about  
Jesus was tommyrot—the im-  
portant thing was to have faith  
in Lee and Jackson. If a man  
had toted a musket in the Reb  
army and had followed blindly  
where Bob Lee led, that was

enough. His title to Heaven was  
as safe as a coon up an old hick-  
ory and the axe lost. All that  
remained to be done was to at-  
tend the next Confederate Veter-  
ans' Reunion at Wilkesboro and  
get a deed to the finest mansion  
in Heaven, with bath and toilet  
on every floor and Confederate  
headquarters in the cellar.

The preacher went on to tell  
in glowing language of how Bob  
Lee created the universe and of  
how Stonewall Jackson suffered  
for the sins of the world. It was  
all very bong-swong, and would  
have been pathetic if it hadn't  
been so funny.

The very idea of a preacher of  
the gospel getting up in the pul-  
pit and shooting off such a volley  
of rebel rant! It was enough to  
make any decent congregation  
vomit. Such a line of gab might  
have done very well for a politi-  
cal speech down at the cross-  
roads, but it was entirely out of  
place in the house of God. And  
even those of the congregation  
who were in sympathy with the  
spirit of reblodm must have felt  
ashamed of themselves and their  
preacher.

I have no word to say against  
the Southern soldiers in the Civil  
War. Of course many of them  
were good men, and in following  
Lee and Jackson they doubtless  
thought they were doing right.  
The question of whether or not  
it really was right does not enter  
into this discussion. The point is  
that Lee and Jackson got the  
glory while the fool privates got  
the bullets. They were just like  
the poor common cusses of today  
who allow the captains of indus-  
try to lead them around by the  
nose. As industrial conditions  
are today, the money lords get  
the gold and the glory, while the  
poor devil gets a bent back and  
blistered hands, and poverty,  
sickness, death and an unmarked  
grave for himself and family.

Maybe there is a sort of reward  
for being a soldier—even a rebel  
soldier—if a man can get himself  
immortalized in the histories and  
preached about from the pulpits  
as Lee and Jackson and their  
kind have done. But the poor  
private who marched and fought  
and bit the dust, and was buried  
like a hog in a ditch, and whose  
name will never be known—  
where does he get even?

Whether, in war or in peace  
the big rascal is after the gold  
and the glory, and he knows how  
to use the common cuss as a cat's-  
paw to rake in the rewards. Tens  
of thousands must suffer and die  
and be forgotten in order that  
a favored few may wear the  
chaplet of fame and be worship-  
ped in song and story.

This old world has gone raving  
becussed on the subject of sol-  
dier-worship, anyhow. Of all the  
professions in the world, I have  
the least respect for fighting. A  
blamed old bull can fight. Give  
me the man who can think, and  
feel, and win victories of peace.  
Shame on the preacher who will  
try to exalt the fighting Napo-  
leon above the peaceful Christ!

See club rates on first page.

### ANOTHER MILLIONAIRE MESS.

My stars alive, people! I would  
hate like blazes to be a million-  
aire and belong to the smart set  
and have to go all their gallop-  
ing gaits from year to year.

There is a class of rotten rich  
people in this country whose only  
purpose in life seems to be to get  
married and then get divorced  
and marry again. Just that, and  
nothing more. And the oftener  
they can get married and divor-  
ced the higher they stand in "so-  
ciety."

The latest landslide of gilded  
gossip among the high-flyers is  
something about Frank Gould  
and his ex-wife, Helen Kelly  
Gould Thomas, and so forth. Mrs.  
Frank, it seems, got tired of Mr.  
Frank's company. Of course  
Frank is a fool, but Helen decid-  
ed he was not just the kind of a  
fool she wanted to share her  
sheets with. So she trotted off  
to the divorce mill and got un-  
tied from Frank. There wasn't  
any more feeling or sentiment  
in it than there is in swapping  
horses. These things come in as  
a matter of course. They are  
down on the life-programs of  
such people and if they didn't  
come in on schedule time it would  
be a calamity.

The separation seems to have  
been agreeable all around, and  
so they got a divorce and got  
drunk to celebrate the happy  
event. In the divorce it was  
lovingly stated that the three  
Gould children should be the  
property of the parent who should  
abstain from further angling in  
the matrimonial mud-hole. If  
Helen remained unmarried the  
children were to be hers. If she  
hitched up again and Frank  
didn't, then they were to play on  
his side of the fence.

But Helen has found her sec-  
ond fool and Frank has found  
his, and they are both hitched up  
again. Now where do the Gould  
brats belong? Can you figure it  
out? Seems to me they don't  
lack much of being orphans.

If a complete history of the  
Gould generation was written it  
would certainly be a corker. It  
would be just a tabulated list of  
marriages and divorces; of din-  
ners, drunks and debauches; of  
silk and sin and shame. Just a  
few years ago the world's gossip-  
ing tongue was set wagging on  
account of the connubial capers  
of Anna Gould and her no-ac-  
count Count Boni Castellane, who  
had a shop-worn and frazzle-tail-  
ed title to swap for a bag of gold.  
Still more recently we had to  
wade up to our arm-pits in the  
river of gossip about the delight-  
ful divorce proceedings of How-  
ard Gould and his dearly-beloved  
Katherine. And now Frank and  
Helen have played their little  
piece before the footlights. Mar-  
jorie, the famous beauty of the  
family, was married not long  
ago to several more millions and  
got a fellow named Drexel thrown  
in for good measure. The time  
is about up for Marjorie to put  
in her application for a divorce.

The family reputation must be  
kept up at all costs.

And it isn't the Gould family  
alone. All that miserable multi-  
millionaire set are afflicted with  
the same awful disease. Before  
I would belong to such a set, I'd  
get me a brass bill and eat worms  
with the chickens.

### BACON AND BOOZE.

Of all the far-fetched and in-  
fernal arguments that were ever  
hatched up by the bug-house  
brain of a blubbering booze-  
artist, here is one that caps the  
stack. The editor of a local pa-  
per, in adding his mite to the dis-  
cussion of the high cost of living,  
drags in the startling statement  
that the prohibition law in North  
Carolina is responsible for the  
high cost of meat. Shades of  
Dad's old sow! What a clincher!  
Now we have it straight from the  
fountain-head of wisdom, and the  
question is settled. It must be  
a thrilling sensation to be smart  
like that.

Several years ago, when gov-  
ernment distilleries were as thick  
throughout North Carolina as  
fleas on a yaller dog, it was the  
custom to fatten hogs on "still-  
slop." The stiller built a hog-  
lot adjoining his booze-factory  
and all the neighbors brought  
their hogs there to be fattened on  
the "slop" which ran into the  
lot through great nasty troughs.  
The farmers sold their corn to the  
stiller and took their pay in lik-  
ker for themselves and "slop"  
for their hogs. And they thought  
they were getting a great bar-  
gain.

But now the stills have been  
driven out, and the rivers of  
still-slop have ceased to flow,  
and that is the reason the people  
can't raise hogs any more—be-  
cause there is no still-slop to fat-  
ten 'em on.

Great argument! Profound  
reasoning! Of course no one ever  
thought of feeding corn to hogs.  
But why couldn't it be done?  
Why wouldn't a bushel of corn  
do a pig more good than just the  
slop that a bushel of corn would  
make? Do the four-legged hogs  
fare better on the dregs of the  
corn after the "drunk" has been  
extracted for the use of the hu-  
man hogs? That seems to be the  
way our wise editor looks at it.  
But he is so infernal cross-eyed  
that if he should cry the tears  
would run down the back of his  
neck.

The prohibition law responsi-  
ble for the high price of meat!  
Why, you might as well argue  
that the mud between a little nig-  
ger's toes is responsible for the  
changes of the moon.

### Result of One Smile.

One smile makes a flirta-  
tion. One flirtation makes two  
acquainted. Two acquainted  
make one kiss. One kiss makes  
several more. Several kisses  
make an engagement. One en-  
gagement makes two fools. Two  
fools make one marriage. One  
marriage makes two mothers-in-  
law. Two mothers-in-law make  
a red hot time.