



When the Dollar Rules the Pulpit and the Devil Rules the Pew.

In this world of frills and fashions,
Where the churches are so fine,
And the trade-mark of religion
Is the classic dollar sign,
There's a rule that never faileth,
And you'll always find it true—
When the Dollar rules the pulpit,
Then the Devil rules the pew.

There may be a heap of singing,
And an awful sight of prayer,
And the sermon may be answered
With an "Amen!" here and there;
But as sure as Joe's a Dutchman,
Or old Shylock was a Jew,
When the Dollar rules the pulpit,
Then the Devil rules the pew.

When the money gets to talking,
And the Master's voice is still,
And the preacher swaps a sermon
For a twenty dollar bill,
That's the time old Mister Satan
Gets the churches in a stew—
When the Dollar rules the pulpit
And the Devil rules the pew.

When religion goes a-begging,
And the Bible is forgot,
And the preacher preaches nothing
Only scientific rot,
Then the faithful old believers,
They are getting mighty few—
When the Dollar rules the pulpit
And the Devil rules the pew.

WOPE, SIR!

Whoa, Buck! Gee-haw, Jack!
Back, Bawley! I'll be hanged
if that old flop-eared hound
of fashion ain't yelping on a hot
trail this time! We poor old
plug-uglies of men have been
having just dead oodlings of fun
about feminine fashions. We
have pointed the long, bony fin-
ger of our withering disgust at
the dear, dazzling darlings of the
fashionable female flock, who
always have to keep eight or ten
hired girls to help them change
dresses as often as the fashions
change. The really up-to-date
society woman these days has to
have two good girls to study the
fashion plates, one girl to stand
at the telephone and give orders
to the tailor, two niggers to lug
the duds home, and six French
maids to help her crawl in and
out of the wonderful creations.

And then it takes two more nig-
gers to tote off the out-of-date
garments and throw them in the
river or sell them to the poor
trash.

All that dog-bited fashionable
foolishness among the fair ones
has been a source of much fun,
fuss and fury among us maul-
headed masculine mollycoddles.
But sarn my skin if it don't look
like we had better dry up. The
news comes gaily galloping over
the red-hot wires that we, the
great conservative male members
of the forked race, are going to
be initiated into a change of
fashion. Yes, sir, the fires of
fashion have actually blown over
the sex line and caught out in the
old mouldy marsh-grass of man-
dom. The decree has gone forth
that we, the men, are to wear
corsets. That is, we are to have
our coats and vests cut out by a
corset pattern, and they will fit
as tight as Dick's hat band. We
will have to tie a calf-roppe
around our middles to squeeze us
in and make our clumsy carcasses
conform to the queenly corset
curve.

And they are also going to get
out a new and revised edition of
breeches for mortal man to scuf-
fle about in. The new garments
will fit like a man had been melt-
ed and poured into 'em, and he
will look like he had swapped
legs with a bull-frog.

Poor man! He will have a
dickens of a time when he gets
into them new breeches. He will
have to stand up all the time, be-
cause if he sits down his breeches
will bust. Weep and howl, Mister
Man, for the bull-dogs of fashion
are on your track!

Whenever I see one of these
close-fisted, pinch-gutted human
hogs just hurrying and worrying,
toiling and sweating almost day
and night to lay up money, while
they never take time to enjoy
life as they go along, I am re-
minded of the Irishman who was
held up by a highwayman. The
robber held a revolver in the
Irishman's face and sang out:
"Your money or your life!" The
Irishman, trembling with
fear, replied: "Take me loife!
Take me loife! Oi'm savin' me
money for me old age."

A SERMON TO THE PREACH- ERS.

Howdy, Mister Preacher. Now
don't get scared and run away
with yourself—I'm not going to
bite you. I'm not quite so dan-
gerous as they've been trying to
make you believe. Fact is, I'm
a sort of preacher myself, only I
don't wear a jimswinger coat, a
stud-hoss collar and a stove-pipe
hat like some of you fellows do.

I am not near as pretty and
stylish looking as you preachers.
People who are absolutely truth-
ful say I ain't no beauty to look
at, and I wouldn't dare to dispute
their word. A preacher-coat
flapping around my brawny hams
would be as much out of place as
a gold hinge on a gate post;
and a stove-pipe hat roosting on
my dome of thought would look
like a car-wheel on a log-wagon.
All of which goes to show that I
ain't no flower-pot and wouldn't
hardly do to pose for a fashion
plate.

But, on the other hand, I am
just a common rough and awk-
ward country clodhopper, with
but little education and none of
your hifalutin "society polish."
Yet in my own peculiar style I
try to do a little preaching some-
times. My audience is so large
and so widely scattered that I
can't get them all together and
talk to them face to face. Never
did try to get up before an audi-
ence and spill eloquence all over
it, nohow. Guess I'd make a mess
of it if I tried that. But I like
to sit here in my office and talk
to my large audience through the
columns of *The Fool-Killer*.

But I started out to preach a
sermon to the preachers. They
have been preaching to me all
my life, off and on, and I reckon
turn about is fair play.

I like you preacher men pretty
well. Taking you up one side
and down t'other, you are a tol-
erable nice bunch, and I ain't got
a word to say against your trade.
Preaching is a rattling good job,
and a man can live easy and be
happy if he don't perish to death
at it. If you think the Lord has
picked you out and given you a
message for the people, by all
means deliver that message. But
don't jump and storm and try to

tear the house down in the time
of it. That's one kind of preach-
ing I don't like, and I am going
to stand right up to you fellows
and tell you so. I have seen some
preachers who would start out
very well, but in about five min-
utes they would be jumping up
and down like an old-fashioned
sash saw-mill, waving their arms
like a pair of winding-blades,
and yelling like forty wild In-
dians with the devil after them.
They preach as if they thought
everybody in the house was as
deaf as a post, but the truth is,
they make so much noise you
couldn't even get tail-hold on a
thought if they should happen to
express one. They mistake per-
spiration for inspiration and
racket for religion. Whenever
you see a preacher get up and
sweat down his stud-hoss collar
in thirty minutes on a winter
day, it's a sign God isn't helping
him much or it wouldn't be such
hard work.

Imagine Jesus Christ cutting
such capers as that! Just im-
agine Him going into a pulpit
and bouncing around like a rub-
ber man and yelling till you
couldn't hear it thunder! No,
sir, buddy! That wasn't the way
He preached. Not by a jug full.
No cutting didoes for Him. His
dominant characteristics were
calmness and power, and I don't
believe He wants any jumping-
jacks in the pulpit at the present
day trying to raise the dead with
their outlandish bucking and
bellowing.

The old prophet tells us that
God was not in the mighty wind,
nor the earthquake, but in the
Still, Small Voice. But the little
old sash-saw and winding-blade
pop-gun preacher hops up and
just bellows his little gizzard out
trying to make somebody think
God is talking through him.
Maybe so, but that don't sound
like God's voice to me.

Sir Oliver Lodge, a wobbly-
minded scientist who has been
caught in the current of Spirit-
ualism, says: "The boundary
between the known and the un-
known is wearing thin in places."
Aw, shucks, Oliver, it ain't half
as thin yet as your Spiritualism
slush.