



IT IS IMPORTANT

Some people say:
 "Oh, Pearson, why do you talk so much about theology? That isn't of any importance, nohow."
 Yes, it is, too.
 Much more important than you think.
 Of course a man might go through life like an idiot and be such a fool that he wouldn't be accountable for his sins, and in that case he would be all right anyhow.

But who wants to be an idiot? I prefer to have a rational mind of my own and use it.

And I tell you right now, Mister Reader, if you want to be an intelligent man—if you want to understand the meaning of the great events that are happening in the world today—then you MUST get acquainted with True Theology. There is no other way to understand these times and the strange events that are crowding in upon us. They are all linked up with God's divine plan and dovetailed with prophecy to such an extent that you cannot separate them. And you cannot understand one without understanding the other.

The reason people get the idea that Theology is not important is because they are thinking about the old orthodox theology, which really isn't worth two cents a ton, to be paid for in raw rabbit skins. You cannot make the old theology fit in anywhere. If you try to make it fit at one place it is all out of socket somewhere else—sorter like trying to weld a grubbing hoe to a goose's bill.

Harding and Dougherty think they have pulled a great stunt in refusing to restore to Eugene Debs his full rights of citizenship. They seem to think that will cripple his influence with the people and cause him to sneak around like a puppy with a sore tail and apologize for being alive. Mighty little do they know about Debs and the great towering beauty of his world-wide fame. The peanut politicians, in their efforts to be little Debs, remind me of a ground-lizzard trying to throw dust in the eyes of an eagle.

TRYING TO SOBER UP.

The nations of the world today remind me of a gang of red-nosed drunkards who have guzzled old corn juice till they are just about all in. One morning after an unusually big spree they wake up with an unusually bad headache, and right then and there they resolve to cut it out.

They say among themselves:
 "Look here, we have been feasting at the flowing bowl for many years. We have been having a he old time together, wallowing in the mud, pickling our guts in alcohol, and spending our substance in riotous living, while our families have suffered for the bare necessities of life. We have looked upon the wine when it was red, and we have painted our noses like a September sunset. We have graduated in the fine art of spewing, and we have groaned and cursed with more than fifty-seven choice varieties of headache. We have enjoyed all this in our debauched and drunken way, but we are at last waking up to the fact that it isn't a paying proposition. We begin to see that it hasn't helped us any. We realize that it has been a great curse to us and our families. Go to, let us call a Disboozement Conference and see if we can agree among ourselves to sorter begin to "taper off." We are afraid to quit all at once, as that might upset our constitution and be too great a shock to our families, but we see an urgent need of cutting down the amount."

Hon. Snarles E. Spughes is chairman of the Drunkards' Disboozement Conference, and he gets up and reads his plan of disboozement as follows:

"I propose that we all agree to limit ourselves to two quarts a week or less, depending on the size of our bellies and that no more be made until the present supply is used up. And I further propose that all the likker that is too poison to drink shall be poured into a crawfish hole."

Then up jumped every delegate in the house and swore that his likker was absolutely pure and good, and he wasn't

willing to pour out any of his supply, but he was perfectly willing for the other fellows to pour out theirs.

And then every fellow unbuckled his belt and swelled out his belly in order to show how big it was and to prove that he was entitled to a little more booze than anybody else.

Thus it went on from day to day, and they couldn't agree on any method of "tapering off." Nobody suggested that they pour it ALL out and quit short off and be done with it.

I wonder if the Disagreement Conference at Washington has got sense enough to take a hint?

FALSEMAN H. OLDBERRY

Four years ago a millionaire mutt by the name of Falseman H. Oldberry, from Michigan, bought himself a seat in the Benited State Senate. And after four years of parleying over the matter, that august body of peanut politicians has voted to permit "Senator" Oldberry to retain his bought seat and draw his breath and his salary, even after the "Senator" had acknowledged the spending of \$195,000 to elect him.

That is poor business, but it seems to be good Republican politics. Everybody knew from the very outset that the Republican machine in the Senate would whitewash the old Huckleberry and allow him to hold his bought seat. But the most remarkable thing about the whole proceeding was the resolution adopted in seating him. The language of the resolution is such as to add to the infamy of the act itself. It is admitted in the resolution that the amount spent was "too large, much larger than ought to have been spent," and then says:

"The expenditure of such excessive sums in behalf of a candidate, either with or without his knowledge and consent, is contrary to sound public policy, harmful to the honor and dignity of the senate, and dangerous to the perpetuity of free government. Such excessive expenditures are hereby severely condemned and disapproved."

That language is the pure stuph, all right, if it had been

backed up by actions to correspond. But in the very same breath the senate turned right around and said:

"Here, Huckleberry, you may continue to hold your bought seat in this millionaire club. We don't quite approve of the way you got it, but you are a good Republican and you may keep it. And you had better be thankful that you are a good Republican, too, because if you had been a Democrat or a Socialist we would have kicked you out before the water could get hot."

And they would.
 It is all a political game, and the very brazenness of it is enough to make the devil blush with shame.

If a Socialist should be honestly elected to the Benited States Senate by an overwhelming majority, he would never be allowed to take his seat.

But one of their own political gang can be just as stinking rotten as the very sewers of hell and get by with it slick as howdy.

Machine politics!
 Money power!
 Corruption!
 Oh, what a gang!

I have just now for the first time seen a picture of "Senator" Huckleberry in a newspaper, and his face reminds me of a piece of saddleblanket tied over a pumpkin.

IMPORT SOME WIND

It is beginning to look like there will have to be a law passed to import some wind for Washington.

The region along the Potomac has never been able to supply more than the normal requirements of the house and senate; and now that the Disagreement Conference has also been in session for nearly four months, and all these august bodies chawing wind about 24 hours a day, I am not surprised to hear that the wind in that community is getting mighty scarce.

I am just waiting to see who will introduce a bill to appropriate some money to import some wind.

Hold your nose and say "Senator Huckleberry" three times, and then spew.