



**A FEW LITTLE DURNS.**

In writing this thunder—  
These sermons and rhymes—  
I have to think "dammit"

A good many times,  
But since that is cussing,  
A fellow soon learns  
To make out with only  
A few little durns.

In reading the papers  
And watching the mess  
The leaders are making,  
And all the distress,  
I get so durn fretted,  
And tickled in turns,  
I just have to let out  
A few little durns.

No matter how tretted  
And angry I am,  
I always remember  
To never say dam.  
But, oh, when my spirit  
With righteous wrath burns,  
I need in my business  
A few little durns.

The durn politicians,  
And sky-pilots, too—  
The leaders of fashion,  
And all the durn crew—  
The gait they are going  
Most fittingly earns  
The impressive rebuke of  
A few little durns.

Just "durn" isn't cussing,  
In moderate use—  
No more than a snow-bird  
Is part of a goose.  
When used by a man who  
For righteousness yearns,  
I hope there's no harm in  
A few little durns.

Dear reader, be patient—  
I know it sounds rough;  
But I am the fellow  
That's writing this stuff.  
I know what is needed  
In these-here concerns,  
And you must allow me  
A few little durns.

You can't change the devil  
into a saint by sprinkling holy  
water on his tail.

**PEACE IS A GREAT THING  
NOW**

Gee-whillikins!  
Talk about quick-change art-  
ists!

But you just ought to look at  
the hang-taked plute preachers.  
During 1917 and 1918 every  
doggon D. D. in the country was  
out whooping his blamed head  
off for the war. He went about  
preaching "patriotic sermons  
and telling the people what a  
"holy" cause it was and how  
they must go and fight and die  
for it.

Yes, fight!  
Kill!  
Slay!  
Butcher!  
It was God's will—so they  
said.

The command, "Thou shalt  
not kill," was forgotten.

The Prince of Peace was for-  
gotten.  
And if any man dared to  
stand up for the principles of  
Jesus, the confounded preachers  
were the first ones to yell,  
"Crucify him!"

It was awful what a bad thing  
peace was in those days.

But now look!  
And listen!  
From every gilded pulpit in  
the land comes one continual  
monotonous stream of hypocrit-  
ical peace talk.

Well, I don't object to peace  
talk.

I wish there was more of it.  
But what I want to know is—  
why didn't these same mealy-  
mouthed "servants of God" talk  
that way four years ago?

If peace is a good thing now  
it was a good thing then.  
You know why.

They were confounded sneak-  
ing cowards, and hypocrites as  
well. They wanted to stand in  
with the Big Ikes in order to  
save their own fancy hides.  
They didn't have the courage  
to stand with Jesus and go to  
jail with Debs.

But now when the tide has  
turned, and it seems to be popu-  
lar to talk for peace—Jeru-  
salem!—what peace advocates  
the dear old D. D.'s are!

Most reverently and prayer-  
fully I say it—

Durn such preachers!

**THE ROMAN MUD-GOD**

They have had another big  
spree over in Rome. And right  
here is just as good a place as  
any to tell you about it.

You know they keep a little  
deputy god over there to tell the  
Creator how to run the universe,  
and to forgive the sins of good  
Pappycrats who want to play  
hell and pay for it.

This little deputy god claims  
that he has all power on earth  
and in heaven, and even tries  
to exercise authority as far a-  
way as Texas.

The Pappy of Rome is always  
an old dried-up bachelor, so  
skinny and ugly that he looks  
like the running-gears of a  
witch. But they let him live in  
a palace bigger and finer than  
Solomon ever dreamed of, and  
he could hire Rockefeller to tote  
holy water to wash his infallible  
hoofs. And when he takes a dip  
of snuff the pappycrats all over  
the earth begin to sneeze like  
their blamed heads would come  
off. All of which seems to  
prove that he is the real tar  
baby that Saint Peter found in  
the woods.

But just a few weeks ago this  
powerful assistant deputy mud-  
god of all creation woke up one  
morning with a dark blue pain in  
the central hemisphere of his  
night-gown, about half-way be-  
tween his infallibility and his ap-  
petite.

And now, Mister Madam, if  
you want to know what happens  
when an all-powerful mud-god  
gets a pain in his old fermented  
belly, you just ought to have  
been there. In less time than it  
takes to tell it the whole hill was  
working alive with pappycrat  
doctors, each with his hamper-  
sack full of Punk Powders for  
Pale Popes, and all ready to in-  
sert their little funnels and pour  
double-distilled desolation into  
the belly of a groaning god.

It must have been a curious  
sight. There lay an old skinny  
man who claimed to have all  
power on earth and in heaven,  
and yet he didn't have power  
enough to manage his own gut-  
works and keep from getting  
sick. And there at his gilded  
bed-side stood forty or fifty  
goat-whiskered M. D.'s all try-

ing to keep the old feller out  
of the grave.

"Power" indeed! As well  
might a doodle-bug claim that  
he could operate a coal-mine.

There probably wasn't much  
the matter with the old codger  
at the start. A big dose of  
salts and a 48-hour fast would  
very likely have straightened  
him out all right. But the doc-  
tors kept on pumping dope in-  
to him till they finally straight-  
ened him out—on a plank. I  
have a strong suspicion that  
they just filled him so full of  
medicine that he busted. But  
after he was dead nobody could  
tell that he looked any more  
powerful than any other dead  
man. They cut a few big fan-  
dangoes around him and hauled  
him off to the bone-yard. Thus  
ended the career of Rome's  
great deputy-god.

But the stars kept their places  
in the heaven. The sun con-  
tinued to shine. The "end of  
time" didn't come. Which was  
all very strange in view of the  
fact that the earth had to do  
without a deputy-god for near-  
ly a week before the cardinals  
could get their god-factory  
started and make another one.  
It must be a fact, after all, that  
there is a God somewhere else  
besides in Rome who has some-  
thing to do with running things.  
And it causes heretics like me  
to wonder if the world wouldn't  
have rocked along just the same  
if the cardinals had never got  
another pope made.

I believe it would.  
But the pappycrats were not  
willing to risk it, nohow. They  
got the holy oil can and oiled  
up their god-factory, then pour-  
ed a lot cardinals into the hop-  
per, and one of them came out  
a brandnew deputy god, looking  
just as infallible as a fodder  
stack.

So everything is all hunky for  
awhile longer, I guess—till this  
one gets a pain in his belly.

Miss Winifred Stoner, the  
"wonder girl" who speaks twelve  
languages, has just been married  
to a Frenchman who speaks  
seventeen languages. There is  
sure to be trouble. If they can't  
find anything to quarrel about  
in one language they are mighty  
apt to in another.