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THE CHILDREN AT THE WHITE HOUSE GATE

Old Hardtimes in the White House sits;

He chaws his 'backer and he spits;
He smokes his coffin-nails and blows
The smoke out through his nasty nose.

His intellect is anchored fast
To all the mummies of the past:
With brain made out of buckwheat
dough,
He thinks in terms of long ago.

He don't know anything to do
To help in Nineteen-Twenty-Two;
And then to make the matter wuss,
He doesn't seem to care a cuss.

To millionaires and movie stars
He gladly lets down all the bars;
When old plute politicians call,
He finds the time to see them all.

He gives his time to golf and such,
And never seems to mind it much;
He finds the time to take his rides,
And do a lot of things besides.

But when the children of the poor
Come supplicating at his door,
And beg for mercy through their
tears—
Oh, that's a plea he never hears.

The big and shiney limozines
Of plutocrats and fashion queens
Pass in and out from sun to sun,
And he can see them every one.

But he can't see the little tot
Whose daddy has to lie and rot
In some old filthy prison cell
For just denouncing Woodpile's hell.

Again, for twenty times, they come,
And stand there pitful and dumb,
Their small sad faces lined with tears,
And old beyond their tender years.

"The children of the prisoners, sir!"
And there's a restless, angry stir—
"Them rats again? A-hem! A-hem!
I ain't got time to fool with them!"

Another limozine turns in;
The stiff policemen bow and grin;
The Child Crusaders at the gate
Must wait and wait and wait and wait.

Is this America? Great God,
Is this the consecrated sod
Bought long ago with blood and pain,
Where Justice once was said to reign?

—James Larkin Pearson.

Popular theology covers a
heap of ground, but it's smeared
out terrible thin.

"SERGEANT YORK"

Doggon it, boys, I'll just tell you what. If you want to be some pumpkins and have your picture printed in the Literary Digest and all the high-muck-a-doodles wanting to slobber over you—why, blame-take it, you'll have to load yourself up with guns and go out to some public place and kill more people than any other man ever killed, and then you'll be famous and get medals enough to make you look like a dry-land fish, and everybody will just fight for a chance to smell of the ground where you walk.

At least, that's the way Sergeant York got his'n. He wasn't nobody much, and didn't look a sarn-taked bit better than some of the rest of us fellers. But he was said to be a mighty good religious sort of a chap, and so tender hearted that he wouldn't even kill the weeds in his mammy's garden.

But they bundled him off to the camp down in Georgia and trained him for a soldier just the same. Then to France, of course. And one day during a battle he got scared so stiff that the German bullets wouldn't penetrate his hide. They just bounced off like shooting green gooseberries against a stovepipe. In that condition he walked around there and killed Germans till they were piled ten feet deep, more or less, all over a ten-acre field. Then he rounded up all the rest of the German army and drove it in to camp, gave Pershing his orders for the night, and went to bed.

That was all.

But it was enough.

Now Sergeant York is back at home with his nice freckled hide as sound as a new dollar, and his fame so great that he can't walk without stepping on it.

Now you tell one.

A victory for Beveridge in this prohibition country? Oh, Mr. Volstead, come here quick!

At last they have elected George Washington to the American Hall of Fame. Lucky old George! Now maybe he will stand some chance of being remembered. Bull's foot!

BAPTIST MONKEY-SHINES

Wake Forest College, located at Wake Forest, North Carolina, is a Baptist denominational school. It probably heads the list of Baptist schools for men in this section of the South. All Baptist families in North Carolina, at least, who have sons to educate—and are able to do it—send them to Wake Forest. My people were Baptists, but I never went to Wake Forest, because I was too poor. And I am rather glad now that I didn't go, because I would very likely have been crammed so full of the popular errors that I never would have seen the Truth. There was a time when I wanted to go to Wake Forest worse than anything, but God had something better in store for me than a diploma from a Baptist college. It would have ruined me. I can see that very plainly now.

But I notice that Wake Forest is having its troubles over the teaching of evolution. It's all right with the trustees and the big city preachers of the denomination. But some of the common folks out in the backwoods don't like the idea of being a first cousin to the ape, and they are threatening to start something.

Now, Dr. William Louis Poteat, the President of Wake Forest College, is a member of the Baptist church, and I suppose he is a D. D., whatever that means. Anyhow, he claims to be a Christian. But at the same time he believes and teaches the Darwin theory of evolution. The trustees of the college have lately passed resolutions endorsing his views.

All of which may be very proper for them if they see it that way, but I am sorter puzzled about one thing.

Namely:

As a Baptist, Dr. Poteat must necessarily believe in the immortality of the soul. He just could not call himself a Baptist unless he believed that.

On the other hand, it is to be presumed that he thinks the lower animals do not have immortal souls. Because if they have, some evangelist ought to put up his tent in the cow pasture and preach to the cows.

They ought to send a basket of Bibles to the frog-pond and save the souls of the tadpoles.

All right.

Now if tadpoles have NOT got immortal souls, and if men HAVE got immortal souls, and yet if man evolved up from a tadpole or a sand lizzard, I ask in all seriousness—

Where and when and how did man get that immortal soul?

Up to a certain place he was just an animal WITHOUT a soul. But if he was ever going to be a man WITH a soul, there would have to be a time somewhere along the line when an immortal soul would come down from heaven and crawl into that animal. Just how far up the scale do animals have to come before they can shoulder a Testament and start to Sunday School? Has science ever figgered that out?

Then again:

President Poteat and the faculty and trustees of Wake Forest College cannot make any place in their scheme for the redemptive work of Christ unless they believe in the FALL of man as recorded in Genesis. And if man has been going steadily UP all the time, when did he fall? Must have been when he fell out of a cocoanut tree and broke his tail off.

Oh, dear me!

Where's the turpentine?

PLAY THIS ON YOUR NOSE

Feller at Columbia University says he is going to fix to play a tune on your nose with different kinds of smells. Going to arrange the different odors into a musical scale and make you smell the tune instead of hearing it. That will be great stuff. But in order to play modern jazz by that method he will have to put in some Redemocan politics, a nigger gal's union suit, and a few trimmings from a hoss's foot.

If Indiana and Pennsylvania are any sign, it seems that the Republicans have set their heads to kill some of the biggest chinch- es on their old political bunk—and then sleep on it some more. Better just burn the old bunk and sleep on the floor, I guess.