



**THE COUNTRY EDITOR:**

The editor of a country newspaper is like unto a pismire just before a hard rain—trying to run four ways at once.

It would have been money in his pocket if he had never been born.

He has a devil part of the time, and a devil of a time all the time.

The smallest thing about him is his pocketbook, and the largest his delinquent list.

He says more kind things of other people and gets more enmity than any other living man.

He has been pumpled and fumbled so much that his hide is tougher as a bull skin.

He can't kick as high nor as fast as a jackass, but he can kick a blamed sight harder and keep it up until the jackass is ashamed of itself.

He never quits kicking until he has been dead a week, and it's very doubtful if he does then.

When the political campaign opens he takes the job of boosting the candidate who promises to make his paper famous.

At this stage of the game he takes a tail-hold on destiny and starts in to finish up that job, so he burrows some more money.

But a dog slips and the daddummed thing slides merrily down the broad road of destruction.

The editor tears his hair and says "Jam!"

The devil grins and throws the paste-pot at the office cat. The editor says something politically wrong and every opposition paper trots out its rooster and the editor waits for the world to come to an end or the moon to turn to a green cheese.

But it doesn't turn, neither do his delinquents turn in their dues.

He would quit the business but he can't.

When a man undertakes to enlighten the world he's never out of a job.

He always sees something that needs talking.

But the country editor is made of the right kind of metal.

He is always out of money

but seldom out of heart.

Here's to the country editor,  
Who lives for others' good,  
He peddles the news like beef-jerker's booze,  
And no doubt would quit if he could.

**CHRISTMAS.**

If the almanac hasn't chewed its "cud" wrong, yesterday was Christ's birthday.

Nineteen hundred and thirteen years ago, in an old horse stable in Bethlehem, the Christ that we are taught that we should follow, was born. He had no home nor place to lay his head—born in abrupt poverty.

He lived like He was born, even had to go with Peter a-fishing to get money to pay His poll-tax.

Reckon what He thinks of modern Christianity! How would He size up the proud and aristocratic old salvation auctioneers who are exacting five thousand dollars annually for telling the poor and hungry to jog along to Jesus! Yesterday in the very shadow of fifty-thousand dollar churches, poor and helpless children cried for bread.

I don't believe Christ could have kept a dollar in His jeans thirty minutes if He had known of one hungry baby in all the world.

Do you know of poor children in your town yesterday who received no gifts—whose parents were vainly struggling to keep the wolf from the cabin door? Aren't you fearful that Lazarus will testify against you!

You were a fine specimen of benevolence and Christianity

You have let pride and formality crowd every virtue out of your life. You are no more like the Saviour than a brindle cat.

When Christ preached the Sermon On The Mount He did not have a ten thousand dollar pipe organ, and pay the choir singers a fat salary to huddle up and screech a rag-time waltz in the face of Almighty God. The old Psalm-singing, hallelujah-hollering deacons didn't have velvet cushions under their knees to offer up hypocritical prayers.

Oh, but times aren't like they used to be. You must have salvation injected into your soul with a hyperdemic gold needle, and pay the price, or either smell sulphur and waltz with the man of horns.

**PETICOATS AND PHYSIC.**

Good-bye old physic, you've simply played thunder!

"Female doctors," by Heck! The men are gone suckers when hobble-skirt tuckers dose us upon epekeek.

Up in Yankee-doodledum there seems to be an ambition for lady doctors—petticoat pill-box fairies, spinning about like a stray cat with its tail on fire, ready to have you run out a yard of your billious tongue in their face, or set you up to a two handed puke, for \$5, collect on delivery.

No sir, your Uncle Lash has studied this business carefully, and it will never do in the world.

I have about halfway become reconciled to women riding

horseback clothespin fashion, but when it comes to a lady with not over fifteen cents worth of clothes on, (and a yard of that in ready-made smiles) to come rushing into a sick room and draw a patent stomach-pump on a billious fellow; it would prove as fatal as being lightning struck.

Then you see a man might send for the female doctor when he wasn't a blamed bit sick.

Don't you really know when a man gets sick as a covey of boiled owls, that the last thing he would have around would be a female doctor. Because when a man wants a female fumbling around him, he wants to feel well. He doesn't want to feel billious and have a taste in his mouth like the smell of a second-hand fish cart.

You have seen the doctor put his hand under the bed clothes and feel a man's feet to see if they were cold. Just imagine a female doctor doing that! Golly! it would cause a fellow concussion of the brain.

A male doctor can put his hand on a man's stomach and liver and ask if he has any pain there. If one of these hobble-skirt pill-peddlers were to do that, it would simply be murder in the first degree.

Then what if a fellow had heart disease, (which will be a common complaint when female doctors practice) she would have to lay her head down on his left breast and count the heart-beats and get her dainty curls hung on the buttons on his night-shirt and couldn't get loose, then begosh, what would a fellow do! If he wasn't dead yet, which would be a wonder, he would be crippled so bad he would have to be killed—he would never get over it of course.

Now, for these reasons, I advise that pills, plasters and stomach-pumps are only wielded by male physicians.

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