

**BOOGY MAN IN RELIGION
LOT OF HOOEY, JIBES
PROSPECTOR REYNOLDS**

(Continued from page three)

ago I was in one of Billy Sunday's meetings. Billy, as perhaps you know, has a wonderful gift of gab, as well as some small ability as a contortionist. He is honest enough to state publicly that he never read the Bible through, knows nothing of theology and only took up preaching because there was more money in it than in playing baseball. He is always more than ready to teach other people how to raise their children, though he certainly did a botch job on raising his own boy. At this meeting I speak of, the house was jammed and Billy was at his best. He was preaching about the Devil, whom he represented as the most powerful Being in the universe, next to the Lord. Warming up to his subject, he took off his coat and tossed it onto a chair. He said that no one on earth was safe from this bad god, who took pleasure in undoing all the good accomplished by the Lord and described minutely some of his activities, which the Lord was powerless to hinder at present, but would administer punishment for at some later date.

Then he shed his vest and started to gallop up and down the platform as his arguments became more impassioned. This violent exercise made him perspire profusely, so he stripped off his outside shirt and heaved it after the other garments. In ringing tones he told of the irresistible power and craft of this prince of hell, at whose bidding unnumbered legions of demons were unleashed, to wreak havoc upon the defenseless inhabitants of the earth.

Then, rushing to the edge of the platform, he threw himself upon his stomach and, shaking his closed fist downward in the supposed direction of the lower regions, shouted, "Satan! we've got you licked. It is no use for you to fight any more. You are done." All at once, in a flash, my mind pictured this awful and powerful bad god (as Billy had described him) looking upward from the bottomless pit at a tiny microbe of a man who was shaking his fist at him and telling him he was licked, and the expression on his face as my imagination pictured it was so darned comical that in spite of myself I burst into laughter, much to the disgust of the righteous audience in my immediate vicinity, who turned around to look at me and give me the "bad eye." I did not mean to be disrespectful, but I have a strongly developed sense of humor and that was too funny

for anything, and caught me too quick before I could bite my tongue.

However, Billy might have been right about it, after all, as the Good Book tells us that when we are pestered by this Devil, five short words, "Get thee behind me, Satan," will dispose of him in a hurry. So if it is that easy, why all this fuss and commotion over a matter of no importance?

Incidentally, during the war when Billy was making the big talk about going over to France to cheer up the boys in the trenches, I wrote him an open letter which was published in one of the leading daily papers of the city in which he was at the time, advising him that it was not nearly so dangerous to stay at home and fight the Devil as it would be to get over in the trenches where the shells were flying around. He probably paid no attention to my letter, but anyway he changed his mind about going.

I wish to particularly emphasize the fact that during my life in the west I have gained (and held) the friendship of many clergymen of various denominations, even though I have occasionally unmercifully roasted some of their methods and beliefs. It is possible, as you may know, for a man in any walk of life to be broad-minded and sincere. And whenever I meet such men I never fail to accord them my fullest respect, regardless of what religious beliefs they may entertain. However, I am not in the habit of taking for granted

any statements made by our clergy-at-large that cannot stand the light of reason.

It is well to remember that in the past the uneducated masses have been oftentimes deluded by assertions made by members of this fraternity. For instance, not so long ago that anyone has forgotten it, the illiterate were led to believe that terrifying comets approaching the earth could be scared away by the ringing of church bells. Statements like that, though made with pious intent, always should be taken with a few grains of salt, to counteract the effects of the poison on the system.

**LETTERS
to the Editor**

To the Editor:

In an account of our Medford which appears in the American Educator published by Bellows Durham company of Chicago is the statement that her population in 1910 was 8840 while in 1920 it was only 5756, a decrease of 35 per cent. This sounds rather fishy to us. We wonder if The Miner would dig up the facts for us. The Miner is good at digging up things—we are told that is how it came to be a Miner.

For the benefit of any newcomers in the country, we might state that Medford is the east suburb of Jacksonville. We understand

Medford has a little paper to which we might have resorted for our information. We know it would have been glad to have told us if the statement in the Educator was NOT so, but if it were, er, er, well, we would not wish to tempt our brother to prevaricate.

I have confidentially asked one or two brother farmers of Jacksonville about this matter. Of course they were more or less envious of our eastern suburb, as always is the case where a suburb succeeds from under the parental roof. They told me this decrease in Medford's population might have been caused by the bite of the Boom Bug in 1910. This aforesaid suburb of Jacksonville is

going to have a monstrosity there on June 3-9. I believe they call it "The Oregon Diamond Backed Jubilee" and it sports 75 rattles and a buttonhole. Now since I have lived all my life in Jackson county I feel that I am entitled to be classed as a pine-burr and these, as well as the pine-ears, have a fatherly interest in the hole of the country.

So I am offering a word of caution to those in charge of this mysterious leviathan to be careful and not let any of Medford's citizens get bitten by old Diamond Backed Jubilee. It has the sound of being something venomous and although it should swell her population for a time, the aftereffects

might prove similar to those received from the bite of the Boom Bug.

Jubilantly yours,
BERT HARR.

We're told that a beer drinker must start with the hard stuff before becoming drunk. At that, he's seldom a becoming drunk.—Weston Leader.

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