



Leaving all jokes behind and with my hat off to the peerless I. W. W. humorist, E. H. H., I must hasten to censure him for a serious breach of confidence, neglect of duty and failure to think of everything at once—and I fear I shall be obliged to hold this grudge against him the few days I have. . . Death is the only agency that can square him—either his or mine.

In the course of moralizing on "perspiration" I came across a phase that is peculiarly adapted to the powers of Plymouth Rock Red and Rhode Island Slim. But, alas, nowhere in the dignified writings of E. H. H. do I find reference made as to why preachers perspire in the pulpits. Refusing to wait any longer I shall forthwith continue my research in that direction—even if I must undress a preacher to find out. (I'm jealous of E. H. anyhow).

The law says, "In the sweat of thy head thou shalt eat thy liver and onions." All right, deal:

The preacher, in order to convince others, as to the propriety of sweating, must sweat himself—else people would wonder how a preacher can live without eating—no sweat, no bread—that part of it is clear but it is not "why." We want to know why he sweats, and sweat isn't a thing that can be willed to come. You can't say to sweat as you would to a dog, come fido, come—no.

Let us see if we can find why he sweats: Times innumerable we have seen him mopping his brow. Way up high over the congregation, we can see the rivers of sweat glistening on his forehead only to run down his sanctified face—him mopping it with two hands, like a saloon swamper on a Saturday morning.

"Way up high" . . . we'll just dissect that: In most churches as you know—or should know, if you ain't an infidel—the pulpit is stuck way up in the air in order that the preacher can get a line, first hand, on any "message" that may come down.

Well, sir, dear sinners, the air is considerably better up there—no trick at all for him to sweat—a big congregation generating heat, below; a pious janitor shoveling coal into the furnace. . . That's one reason why he sweats.

But it sometimes happens that the preacher has led a dissolute life in his early theological career, seminary days—and has dissipated his vitality to the extent that it is next to impossible for him to sweat—heroic methods are adopted in such a case, for remember: "In the sweat of thy brow, ye shall eat thy bread."

I used to worship with such a preacher and being a strict christian I "called him" on his lack of sweat—no one ever saw him sweat a drop.

He was deeply offended and stuttered a little, so we dropped the subject there. We were pals, quite.

Next Sunday, he was in the pulpit as usual—and, wonder on wonder, he was sweating. After the service I congratulated him on his sermon and asked him how he did it—the sweat—he winked his eye. "That's easy," he whispered, "woolen underwear—I've got on eight suits."

I see: S-double E. "But man alive," says I, "you're liable to catch a death of a cold that way."

"Can't be helped," says the man of God, "sudden death, sudden glory—law is law."

He went to his reward, poor man, E. H. H. has pleased me highly, time and again—sort o'livens up this dull drab existence—the I. W. W. calls for the best in a man at all times.

(An we come pretty near getting it,

too). All our writers—grade higher than the parasites writers—great material—I alone desire to remain irresponsible.

Moral: Get a job in the Neversweat mine—and a Wobbler "ticket."

—Stay by the press; It's our AGE!

There are only two ways to catch a cold, both are sweat—either dry sweat or wet perspiration.

If you have a cold you may be sure it was caused by a sweaty condition before or after—or bottom (i. e. feet).

It being now 20-30-40-below zero you may be misled into thinking that low temperature is the cause of your cold. It is not—for if it were, then high temperature was the cause of your cold last summer, eh?

Sweat causes all colds.

You step up to a hot stove, and bake, till you sweat—bronchitis.

But you do not step up to a hot bronchitis—you're too wise for that—you move over to a lunch counter and drink a hot cup of coffee.—Good Lord, are you crazy? Why, man alive, it's a wonder you ain't dead. Don't you know that is the second worst thing you can do? It will make you sweat. And then pneumonia will set in and you will set-out.

As I was about to remark, thousands of people don't know what sweat is and its relativity to a cold. You mention sweat to 'em and their faces go painfully blank. Workers are the chief offenders in this sweating business—they also do the most coughing—to the extent that Jimpole Smith quit saying good morning to his saw gangs out in the woods because said sawyers were out of wind and could not answer. Hence it is that I issue this scrambled warning.