



**BACK TO THE FARM.**

Back to the farm, is the cry we hear  
Bubbling up from a thousand  
throats;

Back to the old home place so dear—  
Back to the chickens and calves and  
shoots.

Back to the farm, is what they say,  
Over and oft with tongue and pen—  
Back where the smell of the new-  
mown hay

Blends with the cluck of the setting  
hen.

Back to the farm, is the lawyer's  
plea—

Dig your bread from the friendly  
soil;

Then he goes North and takes his fee,  
In a city court, from Standard Oil.

Back to the farm, the doctor cries—  
Health is hidden among the hills;  
And then to the town he quickly flies  
And opens a joint for drugs and  
pills.

Back to the farm, says Preacher  
Brown,

There is joy and length of days;  
But he never refuses a call to town  
Whenever his salary wants a raise.

Back to the farm, where Nature  
rules—

And I will admit that the farm is  
nice;

But why in the thunder don't these  
fools

Come over and take their own ad-  
vice?

**DRESSED UP SOME.**

Well, folkses, I have just made  
The Fool-Killer a present of a  
new head. Look at the top of  
this page and see how you like it.  
I got tired of seeing this little  
missionary go out into the wicked  
world wearing such a plain,  
every-day sort of head. And so  
I seated myself with pen in hand  
and proceeded to create an appropriate  
head-piece after my own artistic  
design. I have tried to convey to  
the reader's mind, through the  
medium of this beautifully  
illustrated head-piece, some idea  
of how The Fool-Killer aims to  
shake up the devil and his angels.

Look at the picture and observe  
how the bomb of Truth has ex-

ploded in their midst, and how  
they are being blown seventeen  
ways for Sunday. It is lifting  
their claw-hammer coat-tails and  
causing them to turn double som-  
ersaults in every direction.

I have always had a habit of  
making whatever I wanted with  
my own hands, and when I want-  
ed a designed head for The Fool-  
Killer I didn't go and employ a  
high-priced artist to draw it for  
me. No sir! I simply sat down  
with my pen and ink and drew it  
myself. The lettering and the  
pictures are all my own, and  
while it shows plainly that it is  
a home-made job, perhaps it will  
be of more interest to my readers  
for that very reason. I didn't  
want it to look too "store-made,"  
nohow.

So when you show this paper  
to your friends, call their atten-  
tion to the signature of the artist  
in the lower right hand corner—  
tell them that the fellow who  
writes the "juice" for The Fool-  
Killer also draws the pictures  
when they are needed.

The Fool-Killer is right proud  
of its new fall hat, and, like most  
other folks when they get on  
something new, it feels consider-  
ably "dressed up."

**KEEP YOUR GUN LOADED.**

Bust your infernal gall-bag  
yelling "Peace! Peace!" but  
keep your gun loaded.

Yes, that's the dinkum!  
That's the way this high-step-  
ping, hell-bent generation looks  
at it.

Send a great gang of howling  
Hobsons to Congress and let them  
rip, rant and raise general hell  
trying to double the appropri-  
ations for battleships and other  
death-dealing devilment. Pay  
these fellows fat salaries for doing  
this, and pat them on the back and  
say, "Go it, boys! Give us war!  
Feed us on blood and thunder!  
Spend our money for guns and  
battleships and let us kill and be  
killed! Great business! Bully  
fun! Hurrah for war!"

And then spin right around on  
your heel and announce the open-  
ing of an International Peace  
Congress at The Hague, or some  
place else, and appoint a delega-

tion of long-coated legal lights to  
go there and pound the air into  
fine dust pleading for peace and  
disarmament. The Czar of Russia  
was the daddy of the first peace  
congress, but when the second  
meeting came around old Czar  
Nick was engaged in war with  
Japan and was too busy to attend  
the peace meeting. And such is  
life. While your peace congress  
is over there whooping it up for  
peace, your war congress is over  
here tearing its shirt for war.  
One raises money for a peace  
palace and the other digs up the  
dough for a few more Dread-  
naughts, and it's nip and tuck to  
see which can talk the biggest,  
spend the most money and get  
the least done.

And the flying-machine! Bless  
your blooming soul, the first  
thing after learning to fly a lit-  
tle they began to speculate about  
how useful the thing would be in  
war. If the airship can't be used  
to commit wholesale murder in  
the name of war it must be pro-  
nounced a failure. That's what  
they would have us believe. It's  
a great bloody calamity when one  
lone daredevil gets his headlight  
telescoped in trying to do the tur-  
key-buzzard stunt across the eter-  
nal Alps, but if the thing can  
be used to swipe out whole armies  
or cities in the twinkle of a  
sheep's tail—that will be the  
stuff, Roxie.

In that beautiful and wicked  
city of Washington we have a  
great Peace Palace standing  
right dab in the shadow of a still  
greater War Palace, and the flutter  
of the Dove's wings is drown-  
ed in the rattle of the guns.

Wave an olive branch and yell  
"Peace!" till the rafters of  
heaven ring, but keep your gun  
loaded!

**PROVERBS REVISED.**

1 The proverbs of Pear-  
son, the editor of The Fool-Killer.

2 My son, hear the instruc-  
tions of this paper, and forsake  
not the advice of its editor.

3 The editor by wisdom hath  
founded The Fool-Killer, and by  
understanding hath built up its  
circulation.

4 The fear of the Lord is the  
beginning of wisdom, but the

reading of The Fool-Killer is  
funny.

5 A wise man readeth and  
handeth to his neighbor, and a  
man of understanding getteth up  
a big club.

6 Happy is the man that  
sendeth in a club of ten, for he  
shall get a fountain pen or a  
good pocket-knife.

7 A foolish son is a heaviness  
to his father, but my premium  
razor is a dandy.

8 Honor me with a club of  
seventy-five, and thy pocket shall  
be filled with a gold watch and  
a new fob shall adorn thee.

9 This watch is more precious  
than rubies, and all the watches  
thou canst desire are not to be  
compared unto it.

10 A club of subscribers is  
the principal thing; therefore get  
up a club and with all thy get-  
ting, get a premium.

11 Blessed is the man that  
sayeth unto his neighbor, "Look  
here! This is a good paper.  
Don't you want to subscribe?"

12 And why wilt thou be  
cheated by a strange paper, and  
pay thy money to a stranger?

13 Say not to the club-raiser,  
"Go, and come again tomorrow,  
and I will subscribe," when thou  
hast fifteen cents in thy pocket.

14 A funny paper maketh a  
glad subscriber, but a foolish  
paper is a heaviness to the reader.

15 The fining pot is for silver  
and the furnace for gold, but The  
Fool-Killer killeth the fools.

16 As vinegar to the teeth,  
and as smoke to the eyes, so is  
The Fool-Killer to the rascals and  
hypocrites.

17 The fool wanteth his paper  
sent on time, but the wise man  
payeth in advance.

18 Commit thy nickels and  
dimes to my pocket-book, and thy  
subscriptions shall be recorded.

19 As a jewel of gold in a  
swine's snout, so is a copy of The  
Fool-Killer in the pocket of a  
hobo.

20 Whosoever subscribeth to  
The Fool-Killer showeth wisdom,  
and he that getteth subscribers is  
wise.

When I get hold of the tail-end  
of an idea and begin to pull,  
something has got to happen.