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AIN'T IT SO?

Old sordid sin is a hoss on wheels,
A-kickin' an' buckin' to beat the
band;
If ever you get in the way of his heels
There ain't no tellin' just where
you'll land.

The devil can pose as a perfect saint,
And a lot of the fools believe his
lies;
An' the science of passin' for what
you ain't,
Is the crucial test of the worldly-
wise.

WELL, I'LL BE DARNED!

"Darn the American flag!" In the patriotic days of old the above expression would have been considered treason of the blackest hue. Edward Everett Hale tells us about a fellow who got himself into a bushel of trouble by putting it just a shade stronger than that.

But in order to clear myself from any charge of treason, I hasten to explain that "Darn the American flag" is the latest order of the administration. The new order is said to be in line with the government's policy of retrenchment. It means that the starry banners which float above all the government buildings must be treated like an old sock—they must be darned when they get holes in 'em.

Heretofore, when a flag was worn to frazzles by flapping in the breeze, it was thrown away and a new one put up; but now Uncle Sam is going to economize. He is going to get out his old rusty darning needle and darn Old Glory till it is all darns, and then darn the darned places.

Now ain't that a "darned" poor way to economize? If the old star-studded fool would put his brogan down good and heavy on some of those billion-dollar army and navy appropriations, it might help some. But the idea of your Uncle Sam taking a piece of his shirt-tail and patching the old worn-out flags, and at the same time building more costly battleships—it looks to me like saving the hair and throwing away the hog.

A PRETTY GOOD IDEA.

Well, bless my life! They are about to get it fixed at last. Just put on your spex and read the following dispatch which was sent out from Nuremburg, Germany, on October 3:

"German naval experts are experimenting with a 'crewless warship' that can be started, stopped and steered, and the guns of which can be fired by wireless from shore. The model, the size of an average motor boat, has been operated with unfailing accuracy within a radius of 18 miles. All the apparatus on board is controlled by the shore operator."

Now wouldn't that make your granddaddy grunt? Going to dress up a big fleet of death-machines in their best bibs and tuckers and send them off to sea all alone, just like a woman bundling her kids off to school. Not a soul on board to see how they behave, but they are going to be entirely under the control of a wireless operator on the shore, and he can start and stop their engines, load and fire their guns, make them retreat, forward march, or turn around—all done by the silent and unseen power men call Electricity, and that over miles of space with no visible connection. Now if that isn't about the limit, then I don't know what the limit is.

But that opens up a new field for speculation. If one ship can be handled that way, then others can. If Germany can do it, then other nations can do it, and so when the next war breaks out the contending powers can just rig up their fleets and send them out to the high seas to fight it out. That style of wireless and manless warfare will save a great many human lives, and when one fleet destroys the other, that ought to settle it.

A soldierless war! Just think of it! That would seem to be one step in the right direction, but I'm afraid it won't satisfy this old wicked world—there will not be enough blood in it.

Turn out one gang of grand rascals and put in another. That's the idea. Whoop-ee!

SOOK, CALFY, HERE'S YOUR MAMMY.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 8.—There was an addition to the White House family today when Pauline Wayne, the first cow of the land, gave birth to a husky boy calf in the White House stables. The youngster weighs 100 pounds. At the stable it is reported that both mother and infant are doing well. Pauline Wayne is a cow of wonderful pedigree, presented to President Taft by Senator Stephenson, of Wisconsin.—Woman's National Daily.

Sook, sook, sook! Moo, moo, moo! Beezins! Calf-ropes! Hel-labaloo! Get down the old banjo and bring out the little brown jug and let's all get drunk and celebrate. This is a red-letter occasion in the history of America. Nothing of such far-reaching importance has happened since Heck was a pup. All other subjects dwindle into nothingness when compared with this glorious event. Shout it from the housetops and proclaim it in the streets! Publish far and wide the glad tidings that the Stork has visited the White House stables and that the first cow of the land has foteh forth a new-born calf.

How sweet and soul-satisfying it is to know this, and to know that both mother and infant are doing well. It was very kind of the Ass-ociated Press to run a special wire to the stable and to open temporary headquarters in the hay-loft. I don't know how we could have borne up under the disappointment if they had neglected to do this.

And to those faithful newspapers which sent their staff artists to get pictures of His Majesty, the royal bull calf, our unbounded thanks are due.

I know it must have been a holy sight to see President Taft and his Cabinet go trotting out to the stable to do homage to the new arrival. I guess they hired about five trained nurses at forty dollars a week to teach the young gentleman what his legs were made for and to train him up in the way an official calf should go.

Imagine the Wise Men of Washington marching up Pennsylvania Avenue with this song

in their mouths: "Where is he that is born Bull of the White House, for we have seen his picture in the papers and have come to see him suck?"

Great is the offspring of Pauline Wayne! Bring out the family Bible and record his name and birth-date. Write it in letters of gold, for he is a prince among cows.

Let the poor man's child go ragged and hungry. Let it die of cold and starvation. Nobody cares. But the big man's calf must have attention. It must be petted and pampered and combed and cared for like a baby, and if it gets the belly-ache the world must know it. A spraddle-legged bull calf, if it happens to be born at the White House, is more valuable than thousands of mere human children. Oh, that we might all be White House calves! Then we would be noticed.

A JACKASS-FIRING MACHINE.

History tells us that once when Gen. Arney went out to fight the Indians, he strapped a Gatling gun onto the back of a jackass, then backed the jackass into position and started the music. After the battle was over, the Indian Chief said:

"We are not afraid of your guns and your bowie knives, but when you begin to fire jackasses at us we want peace."

Gen. Arney evidently knew his business, and I wish I could hire him to fire some more jackasses I know. I would like to buy a machine that would fire jackasses. You bet I'd keep it busy. I would take it to Washington first of all and fire the jackasses who misrepresent us at the National Capital. Then I would fire the jackasses who voted for the other jackasses. Oh, I tell you I could have lots of fun with one of those jackass-firing machines.

My ginger-mill was rusty when I started The Fool-Killer, but I am now getting it in jim-dandy working order. If you want me to do your grinding for a year, just send along your corn.