



MAMMON WORSHIP.

Oh, the poverty and wretchedness and woe!

And you find it nearly everywhere you go;

From the hands of toil wrested,
All the wealth is now congested
Into hands that never earned it—
even so!

Oh, the idle rich are riding o'er the earth

And proclaiming all the millions they are worth.

While the men who earn the mil-
lions

Are denounced as slaves and vil-
lians—

All the victims of an accident of
birth.

Real manhood stands for nothing any
more;

It is gold that people worship and
adore;

Gold will buy an invitation
To the highest social station,
Though its master may be rotten to
the core.

Take the biggest highway thief you
ever saw—

Give him wealth, and he's superior to
the law;

He can buy the courts and judges,
While old Justice never budges,
But looks on in admiration and in
awe.

Take a fool that don't know water
when it rains,

Let him stumble into million-dollar
gains;

Just you watch that fellow, sonny,
And you'll soon observe that money

Is a never-failing substitute for
brains.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON.

A subscriber up in Northern Virginia writes me and wants to know if I favor the election of United States Senators by the direct vote of the people. No, Mister. I'm not in favor of electing them that way nor any other way. We ain't got one particle of use for that pestiferous pack of pot-gutted plutocrats loafing around up there and representing only the interests of Wall Street, the Morganheims and the Carnegies. It would pay us a blamed sight better to abolish the entire "Upper House," as we call it, and rent out the North end of the Capitol for a Chinese laundry.

A SERMON ON LOVE.

TEXT:—"In the spring the young man's fancy turns to thoughts of Sally Ann."

Yes, children, that's what Tennyson says, and I reckon Tennyson knows what he is talking about.

I looked out toward the east this morning and saw Spring coming over the hill with a rose in her hair and a smile on her face that would melt a polar iceberg.

And that reminded me that if I had anything to say to the tender-hearted lads and lassies I had better say it now—better take the young things by the hand in a fatherly sort of way and give them some advice before it is too late.

Spring, with all her far-famed loveliness and beauty, is a dangerous proposition. She is the queen of all the sirens and the mammy of broken hearts. Her smile is a snare and a delusion, and danger lurks in her song. When the fatal virus of Spring gets to galloping around in a young fellow's blood—better look out! There is going to be the devil to pay pretty soon. Ten times out of nine the stuff will settle around the fellow's heart and cause him to act worse than a love-sick gander at a poultry-show. Especially is this the case if there happens to be a pretty girl somewhere in sight.

Here is a reliable formula for making a love-sick fool: Take two parts gentle spring, one part gosling boy and one part pretty girl; mix, and set out in the moonlight. That's all. It will make one fool certain, and often makes two.

But I wouldn't advise you young 'uns to try the experiment. It's dangerous. Love-sickness is a terrible disease, but there are three cures for it—time, death and matrimony. Take your choice. If you can't get your choice, take something else. One thing is as good as another, and a blamed sight better.

Love is sorter like the itch—more folks have had it than are willing to own up to it. But if you have never swallowed the love-germ and felt its toe-nails

digging holes in your gizzard, you'd better not want it.

And this is the time of year, my dear goslings, that you want to be careful. Spring will be here in about three winks of a rooster's eye, and when the Easter dresses come out to sun themselves, and the Easter hats are in full bloom—then if you don't want to get that awful disease called Love, you had better shut your eyes, plug up your ears and hold your heart with both hands.

THE EDITOR'S WIFE AGAIN.

Most of you remember the little "speil" over my name a few months ago, accompanied by a picture of myself, asking you all to push The Fool-Killer "for my sake." Well, I want to tell you the results. A few sent in clubs on the strength of it; one man wrote that I should not have printed such a healthy looking picture if I wished to gain people's sympathy; another man was heard to remark that it was all a "ruse" to get money; and another man (from another state) called at our office to see if I had told the truth. These are cases that have come to my knowledge, and goodness knows there might have been much more incredulity.

The idea! As if I would have put up such a story if it had not been true! As bad as I want money, I would not stoop to lying for it. Yes, I DO want money—because at present I need it awful bad—and though I will confess that the principal reason I wrote the article was the hope that it would bring in more money, I do not feel it was a "ruse to make money." I did not ask for charity, as I knew full well that every subscriber would get more than his money's worth in return. I do not want any one's "charity," and any of you are welcome to come and see whether our conditions are as I told them. My face might fool you, as my ill health shows very little in my face, but if you could hear me cough and wheeze and struggle for breath you might think I told the truth. Anyway, I'm thinking a lot of you would think you were dying if you had to have such spells as I've suffered.

As to the home I spoke of, if

you could see us "camping" in the rear end of a dusty printing office, you might think that I had occasion to wish that The Fool-Killer would grow by leaps and bounds for a few months at least. It is our only means of income, and certainly honest and honorable, although its rough style is not exactly in harmony with my aesthetic and spiritual nature. Consequently I know that it all depends on the receipts from the paper as to when I will get the home I have dreamed of and waited for a long time. In my condition it is positively important that I get out of the dusty close quarters I now occupy, and I hope the time will not be long. As soon as warm weather comes I'm going to get out, even if I have to live in a tent.

I've done my part toward building the home, as I have designed about 25 different original house plans this winter. I finally got one to suit my "notion" as well as my needs, and it's a dandy little cottage, too. It will have an open-air porch room where I will live most of the time during the day and sleep at night, thus enabling me to get well by means of plenty of air and sunshine. When any of you want to build a new house, just write for some of my plans! They are strictly original, and no flies on them, either. Though if you are rich and want a great big fine house you needn't send for them.

So we expect to start up the framing in the spring, and then finish up the house just as fast as The Fool-Killer will permit. Although the little paper has far exceeded our hopes when we first launched it, yet if it does not grow still faster in the next few months, I'm afraid the new home will not be far enough along to be comfortable next winter.

I naturally feel a personal gratitude to every one of you who have sent and will send us subscriptions, but please remember I have not written this to "work on your sympathy," but to vindicate myself from the charge of having circulated a falsehood as a "ruse to make money."

Yours sincerely,

CORA PEARSON.