

HELLO, WHIFFLEDICK!

The following putrid package has just been delivered to me from some low-down, lousy, lopped-livered larrupin' lunk-head who is too much of a measley coward to give his name and postoffice address. The mess was written with a dull lead pencil in a very ignorant, stragglin' sort of hand. Not knowing the rascal's real name, I am going to call him "Whiffledick," just for the sake of a handle to pick him up by. Now listen:

"Too the editor of the fool killer sur—I rite this letter too caul you Down a little. you seam too think you air orful smart, buttin in Aboute whot aint none of yore Bisness. I seen a peece in one of yore isshews whar it sed terbacker and snuff wos nasty. Now lookee here mister editur I have chawed terbacker all my life and my ole womern she dips, and we air both as clean as you air. and I seen whar you throwed off on sum of our high offishuls, callin them ole rascals, plugs and sich like. You and your little ole paper ort too be driv out of the country. now mister fool killer I gues this letter will cook yore dumplin so good by."

Law sakes, Whiffledick! And you thought you'd call me down a little, did you? Dog-bite your rotten skin, you'd have to call me down a long distance before I'd be down on your level. And, besides that, I absolutely refuse to be called down to any such a depth of moral depravity as the plane of life you occupy. You need not have told me that you chawed and your old woman dipped. I knew it. There was enough ambeur on your letter to kill a dozen of the toughest old Tomcats in the state. If I would print your copy of The Fool-Killer on a tobacco leaf and throw in a bale of snuff as a supplement, I guess you and your old woman would subscribe for a hundred years in advance. You are a pretty looking old drippy-chinned rascal to be trying to "call me down." I'll bet you ain't washed your face nor put on a clean shirt in six months. A plunge-bath in a hog-wallow would improve your smell, you rotten old reprobate you. And yet you have the gall to come ranting around here and trying to tell The Fool-Killer what its duty is.

Hold on there, Whiffledick! I thought I was done with you, but I ain't. What "high officials" is it that have hired you to defend their records against the attacks of The Fool-Killer? It strikes me that any official who has to depend on you for protection had just as well throw up his hands and surrender. And let me just whisper this fact into your wooly old ear: A "high official" is no more in my sight than any other common fellow. If he behaves himself and does his duty I will not pester him; but if he goes crooked I'll biff him just as quick as I would a one-gallus rail-splitter. Now tote your freight, Mr. Whiffledick, and if I ever have to give you another skinning you won't get off as easy as you have this time.

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THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

THE LAW OF THE EARTH.

Life for life is the law of the earth;
Death for death is the price we pay;

Battle and bleed from the hour of birth

Back to the arms of the primal clay.

Only the seed that falls and dies
Lives again in the tender plant;
And the blood of a thousand murders cries
Through every life that the heavens grant.

The atom dies that the worm may live,
And the worm must die for the fowl to feast;

And the fowl, ere long, its life must give
To prolong the life of the hungry beast.

And then we follow the winding way,
With life and death in the mingled plan.

Till the beast his head on the block must lay
To feed the life of his master, man.

The soldiers march to the roll of drums,
And many a battle is bravely planned,
And the fight goes on till the finish comes,
And men must fall that the state may stand.

And, oh, how transient is the state!
For kingdoms crumble like the clod,

And all our works that seem so great
Are play-things in the hands of God.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON.

HELEN—HIGHWATER!

Sarn my skin if it don't beat bobtail! Now just think—there have been pink-colored duds on the markets of this old world ever since Heck was a pup. Many of the common cusses, and a few of the uncommon cusses, have paddled around in pink to their heart's content. But it wasn't any use. They couldn't get the fashion world set on fire. The dinky-dee darlings of fashion's four hundred were as blind as bats and could not discover that pink was "purty" until one day when Miss Helen Honey-Bunch Taft, that great, strappin' she-male offspring of Big Bill, jumped head foremost into a pink hobble-skirt and went waddling about over the ballroom carpets of Washington Town like an over-

grown spring pullet with her legs tangled in a hank of stockin' yarn.

And then, bless your soul, there was something doing in the fashion world. It suddenly dawned on the gay and giddy bunch that pink was THE thing and in about three shakes of a sheep's tail every high-kickin' hussy in all the rotten realm of Snobdom had made a raid on the drygoods stores, and came forth harnessed and hobbled and bibbed and tuckered in a complete outfit of the wonderful "Helen pink."

Helen pink! Helen Highwater! Also Helen Blazes! Such a drivelling display of fashion's flunkified foolism is enough to make a smile play over the face of a wooden Indian, or tickle the funny bone of a brass nigger. Pink dresses ain't one doggon bit prettier than they have always been. Years before Helen Taft was ever thought of a pink dud was just a pink dud, and that's all it is now. But they had to wait and let her set the fashion, because she is the pampered progeny of a pot-bellied president.

I can remember the time when it was "Alice blue" this and "Alice blue" that, and all because the daughter of Ted the Terrible had an old blue frock. But those days have passed. "Alice blue" has gone into oblivion, along with the sweet-scented cigarettes that Alice used to smoke. We are now living in the pink age and under the reign of the pink petticoat. Everything must conform to the prevailing color. The dudes must wear pink breeches, chaw pink terbacker, and kill enough booze to paint their noses the same beautiful Helen pink. If you want to be the pink of perfection in society circles these days you must dike yourself out in pink all over—even your teeth and the white of your eyes must be Helen pink. Among the dog-loving degenerates of fashion's realm pink poodles are all the go. If some second Luther Burbank will rise up and go to breeding pink dogs he would soon have John Rocky faded to a pale shade of pink.

Next thing we know they will be sending a gang of painters scootin' up Jacob's ladder to change the blue sky to Helen pink. And after this great earthly fashion show is over and done, and the returns come in and the votes are counted, the fanatical fashion fools will take the elevator down and get acquainted with Helen Blazes.

MORE IDIOTORIALS.

It is lots easier to raise belly than brains.

Money makes a move, and the devil seconds the motion.

"Truth crushed to earth" has to get up by itself, but a lie always has help.

You can get justice in our courts—if you have enough money to pay for it.

This has grown to be a country of the millionaires, by the millionaires, and for the millionaires. If it ain't so the devil's a witch.

They say there is a "Total Abstinence Club" in Congress. I'll bet it ain't got more than one member, and he don't meet once in ten years.

Do you reckon they'll charge a-body house rent in heaven? If not, where in the gee-whiz do the big stuck-up churches get their authority for charging pew rent?

A little retrospection once in a while may be a good thing, but it don't pay to look back over the past too much. Remember what happened to Mrs. John W. Lot, of Sodom, for looking back.

If you will take a copy of Webster's Dictionary and chop it up fine with a feed-cutter, and then spread the stuff out on a plank and try to read it, you can get as much sense out of it as you can out of the ordinary "legal paper" fixed up by a gang of lawyers.

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