



THE SUFFRAGETTE.

She stands in regal splendor—
The woman of to-day—
The queen of home, and likewise
Of regions far away.

She looks upon the failures—
That boastful man has made
In every line of business
And every field of trade.

And then she presses forward
And opens every door
That had been barred against her—
And this the men deplore.

In every field of action,
No matter where or when,
She takes the gage of battle
And wins against the men.

The home is hers supremely,
And there she'll ever shine,
But woman is no longer
A helpless, clinging vine.

The star of hope is rising
Along the social skies;
She reads its faithful message
With calm, far-seeing eyes.

She'll vote against the bar-room,
The brothel and the den,
Where virtue falls a victim
To lust of wicked men.

Shut up, you foggy cowards
Who sound the warning note—
Who think it would be fatal
To let the women vote.

You sing the praise of woman
In home's enchanted realm;
Why fear ye for the nation
With woman at the helm?

So here's to Woman Suffrage
And all it may denote;
Bring on your snow-white ballots
And let the women vote.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON.

RATS, HAIRPINS AND STORE TEETH.

O-my-o! He-haw! Yum! Here it is! Two fair damsels of Providence, Rhode Island, recently inserted their lily-white fistlets into boxing gloves and waded into each other to settle the question as to which one should have a certain young dude that both of the gentle wildcats were smashed on.

Don't know what I'd do if I were in the young man's place, but it seems to me he's in hard luck no matter which gets him. After the sugar coat wears off of the honeymoon, suppose she takes a notion to practice her pugilistic powers on poor little hubby, what could he do? In the hands of a wife like that he wouldn't be any more than a dry leaf in a whirlwind.

PEARSON PLUS PRINTER'S INK.

Boys, there is only one of me. I can only be in one place at a time. But The Fool-Killer is a multiplied edition of myself, and it can be present in many places at once. It can go wherever the mails go, and it can talk better than I could talk if I were there in person.

The printing press is a great machine. It enables a man to multiply himself and send himself out over the world. Thus he is able to form a much larger circle of acquaintances than he could otherwise do. If a man has something important to say and can only talk by word of mouth, his field of usefulness is necessarily limited. But if he takes advantage of the printing press and multiplies his thoughts on paper he can send his personality to the ends of the earth and make friends with people who will never see him in the flesh. I want to inject my own individuality into the columns of The Fool-Killer to such an extent that my readers everywhere can feel that old Pearson himself is talking to them from the printed page.

And to you, dear readers—you who have already stuck your feet under my literary table and feasted your center of sensation on my intellectual cookin'—to you I must look for help in getting myself introduced among strangers. Every one of my more than ten thousand readers knows hundreds of people that I don't know. If you will introduce me to all the folks you know, and the other fellow will introduce me to all the folks he knows, I will soon know most everybody and most everybody will know me. And when I get everybody acquainted with this multiplied edition of myself—The Fool-Killer—then I will be able to do some talking worth listening to. Every new subscriber means a little more money, and the more money I get the sassier I can talk.

A man who never tries to sing at any other time will crack away at it when he gets into a picnic wagon.

The Pappy of Rome is fixing to ride this country to the devil pretty soon. He has done got us bridled and saddled, and just the other day he tightened up the belly-band one more notch by electing a Roman Catholic United States Senator from New York.

COULDN'T GET IT.

In last issue of The Fool-Killer I promised to print a picture of my ugly self in this issue—if I could get one to print. Well, I tried three different times, but the camera couldn't stand it. The last one I tried exploded and blew the photographer straight up through the sky-light and he hit the ground a-running and hasn't been heard of since. But the neighbors say it is still raining heel-taps and broken glass around there.

Whenever I can muster up the nerve to tackle another photographer I will try again. You shall have that picture if I have to stand in front of the looking-glass and draw it with a fire coal.

DON'T TAX THE BACHELOR.

Some rose-comb rooster recently writ me a ream of rot in which he implored me to turn my biggest guns on the Old Bachelors and give them a blistering bounce. But I ain't a-goin' to do it, nary step I ain't. Instead of that, I am going to hang this modern Haman with the same rope that he wanted me to hang the Old Bachelors with.

The unreasonable cuss wanted me to advocate a bachelor tax, making the poor old bachelors pay a tax of ten dollars a year on their misery.

Now, dearly beloved, I suspect there are two kinds of bachelors—those who want to be bachelors and those who don't. I might take a notion to vote for a tax on those who want to be bachelors—those who have had plenty of chances to escape bachelorhood and wouldn't take advantage of them—but the poor fellow who tries his infernalst to get a woman and can't—for him I have no feeling but pity. You can blame the men for being bachelors all you please, but in most cases they are not to blame. The women are getting so doggon independent these days that a fellow has got to fish with mighty tempting bait if he catches one.

Let a man fall head over heels in love; let him write spring poetry and love letters; let him lose four nights a week sitting up with the dear thing; let him be just as big a fool as the average love-sick fool ever gets to be; and then let the dear thing trot off and marry some other pair of breeches. Do you think the fellow who got left ought to be taxed? I

don't. Of course it might have been the best thing that ever happened to him, but you couldn't make him see it that way to save your life. The poor fellow has built dream castles; he has imagined for himself all the happiness that his heart could hold; and then he has seen the dream go all to smash, like a rose-bud when a cow steps on it. The "cottage for two" dwindles down to a bachelor's bedroom with no fire-place and not half enough cover. He has to sew on his own buttons and darn his own socks, and if he "darns" a few other things in the time of it, we know very well there's a reason.

At least half the bachelors would rather be husbands, but they can't—the poor fellows don't have any chance. They somehow miss the combination to the matrimonial game. They can't get the kind of women they want, and the kind they could get the devil wouldn't have. And so they have to back up into the shalves of bachelorhood and singlefoot it down the path of life to the tune of "What Is Home Without a Petticoat A-Hangin' On a Nail?"

Tax the bachelors? Nit. Tax the pumpkin because it ain't a water-melon. Tax a blind man because he can't see. But for the Lord's sake don't put any more burdens on the bachelor. He is miserable enough as it is.

P. S.—I am not a bachelor.

Two things that look mighty awkward—a woman harnessing a horse, and a man dressing a baby.

Those who think Taft's administration is "colorless" had better look again. But maybe them niggers have turned white since he appointed them.

"Every son-of-a-gun of us suckers ought to fall headlong on our stomachs three times a day and thank God that wind, water and salvation are free, if nothing else is."—The Square Deal. The above sounds very strange coming from an editor who has repeatedly expressed his disbelief in any God and who has put himself down as a disciple of old Bob Ingersoll. Down deep in their heathenish hearts these Smart Eleck infidels don't believe their rotten lies. If they do, what in the mischief makes them stagger off onto expressions like the above—expressions that give the direct lie to their creed?