

CORRESPONDENCE.

Z. A. COFER, Statham, Ga.—Editor Fool-Killer, Dear Sir:—I am sending you five more subscriptions to your paper. This makes ten I have gotten up for you. Now be as sassy as you can. Hope you will have success with your paper. I enjoy reading it.

R. A. KEATING, Zaddock, Mo.—Editor Fool-Killer, Dear Sir:—I received your card this morning on the first train, and the next train brought The Fool-Killer. Was certainly glad to get it. The Fool-Killer is the sure thing. It is not very good for the fools, but it is the thing for old Mister Wise Peepul.

J. O. WELLS, Hartford, Ky.—Editor Fool-Killer, Dear Sir:—Enclosed find 75 cents for which please send The Fool-Killer to the enclosed names for one year. I have gotten in possession of one of your sample copies and like it, and everyone I have shown it to likes it. So I have made up a small club and am mailing it to you. If you will mail samples I think there will be other subscribers. Yours with best wishes for success.

C. G. ROGERS, Cashiers, N. C.—Editor Fool-Killer, Moravian Falls, N. C., Dear Sir:—As it is the 28th of the month and we have not yet received our April issue of The Fool-Killer, we fear the man who wrote you the letter and whom you named "Whiffledick," has come and given you a knocking down, since you refused to be called down. However, we hope this has not been the case, for we still want your little spicy journal of wit and humor to visit our homes each month. We look forward to its coming and don't see how we could make out without it, since we have got the habit. Let us hear from you, and what day of the month you print your paper, so we will know when to look for it, so if it was to get lost in the mails we could send for another copy. (Dear Bro. Rogers:—I wrote you a personal letter in reply to the above, but I will also print your letter here and add a few words of comment for the benefit of other readers. As to the date on which The Fool-Killer is issued, I am sorry to say I have not had any definitely fixed date so far. It was my intention, and is still my desire, to mail out the paper right at the first of each month, but owing to sickness and other unavoidable delays I got to running behind a little every time, and it seems an awful hard matter to catch up any more. For several issues past I have been mailing near the last of the month, and that has caused a lot of bother and misunderstanding among the subscribers. A monthly paper should be mailed so as to reach the subscribers about the first of the month, and I will arrange my mailing that way just as soon as possible. But for the present I hope the readers will bear with me patiently. I assure you the paper will be mailed to you some time during the month, and maybe you will enjoy it the more if you get right good and hungry for it. The printing and mailing of The Fool-Killer has grown to be a big job, and with my limited facilities it takes a long time.—Editor.)

HUBBARD'S LITTLE YALLER DOG.

Gentlemen, I am going to tell you the worst tale on North Carolina that I can think of at this writing. It is this:

Down among the sand-hills, at Elizabeth City, N. C., is the stomping ground of the most miserable, measley, journalistic jumping-jack that ever defiled the mail-bags of these United States. This inkiniverous animal wears across the seat of its pants a sign-board bearing the name, "The Down Homer," and it is published by a little bunty, bald-headed bunch of brag and bombast answering to the name of W. O. Saunders. This same Saunders is fully convinced in his own mind that he is the goods. To start with, he has been drinking deeply at the intellectual fountain of the great East Aurora Borealis. He thinks the sun rises and sets in Hubbard's navel, and he firmly believes that the universe was made in the Roycroft Shop.

And so, with the passing of time, Saunders has managed to imbibe all of Hubbard's meanness—all of his rotten theology and his materialistic philosophy—without getting so much as a smell of Elbert's better qualities.

I myself am a great admirer of Hubbard's genius and versatility as a writer and thinker, but I am not blind to his faults. His theology is dangerous in the extreme, and much of his high-toned philosophy is founded on false theories. But he was cunning enough to know what sort of mental pabulum the wicked old world wanted, and he set out to furnish the goods. To be a leader, although he led people to hell, suited Hubbard's vanity better than going to heaven alone.

It is perhaps true that Hubbard has more imitators than any other man living, and W. O. Saunders is one of the least of his imitators. Saunders goes so far as to ape the Roycrofters in their manner of dress. He wears the big turn-down collar and the flowing Roycroft tie, and he twists his little bald head to one side and tries to look just as Hubbardish as he possibly can. The imitation is so palpably evident that a blind man could see it. The poor little fellow has "had his likeness taken," with the big choke-rag in the foreground, and he has hired the artist to Hubbardize the features as much as possible. This picture he prints on the front and back cover pages of The Down Homer, and fills in between with some of the most infernal rotten hell-broth that ever disfigured white paper. He kicks the old Bible around like a foot-ball and makes fun of the faith that is the anchor of the soul for countless thousands. He rubs Jesus Christ out of existence like a small boy rubbing chalk marks from a blackboard. He squirts a sluice of blasphemy at God Almighty and heaven goes out like a match in the wind. Oh, it is wonderful how the great Saunders can annihilate things! He can spit on hell and put it out, and make the devil climb trees and cry for mercy. He can use his necktie for a sling, put the earth in it and throw it from here to—to—East Aurora, I guess.

But I notice that Saunders, the terrible destroyer, does not build anything in the place of what he

tears down. He would knock a crippled man's crutch from under him and leave the poor fellow prostrated in the road. He would steal the last sweet potato from a poor blind nigger and give him nothing in its place.

And again, in looking over the ground after the cyclone has passed, I notice that things are pretty much the same as they were before Roycroft Saunders annihilated them. It seems that things have a very ugly habit of refusing to stay annihilated. The Down Homer can upset the Bible on every page, but the Old Book is just like a cube of granite—it's still right side up. He upsets it again, thinking sure he's got it this time, but it's still right side up. Every side of it is just alike, and every side is the right side. They can up-end it and tip it over, and turn it and twist it all they please, but it will fall right side up every pop. Maybe Saunders will discover that fact after awhile. But in the meantime it's real comic to stand off and watch him strain his mortal guts out trying to pry the Eternal Truth off of its hinges.

In one of its recent issues The Down Homer tried to chew up The Fool-Killer and spit it out, but it got choked on the truth and had a jeeminy-fit and fell over in it. Now it can crawl up and rub the sand out of its eyes and try me another pop if it feels like it.

Now in conclusion, I will explain what the name Down Homer means. It signifies that the editor's final home is down—way, way down yonder where they don't shovel snow—and Saunders is on his way home.

THE LATEST WAR NEWS.

Diaz has resigned.

Diaz has not resigned and don't intend to.

The war is ended.

It is now thought that the war will end before long.

There is no telling when the war will end.

There has not been any war in Mexico.

The fighting continues along the border of the United States.

There has not been any fighting anywhere about the border.

Several Americans have been killed. No American has been hurt.

The Insurrectos have the Federals on the run.

The Federals have the Insurrectos on the jump.

Madero has surrendered.

Madero has never thought of surrendering.

A great battle was fought last week in which twenty-five thousand Federals were killed and wounded, and one Insurrecto sprained his ankle.

Later report says that no battle was fought. The guns were merely firing a salute.

Later: No guns were fired at all.

A reliable dispatch says that terms of peace have been arranged.

A reliable dispatch says that the war clouds are darker than ever.

A semi-official report says that an epidemic of lice has broken out among Madero's men.

Madero officially denies that he ever saw a louse.

If you want the war news, read The Fool-Killer.

STILL BEHIND.

Just as usual, this issue is away behind time, and I am afraid some of the subscribers will not get the May issue until May has made her little bow and departed. I'm awful sorry for this, but have not been able to help it. I am working under great difficulties, and have to get out the paper just whenever I can. But I am hoping that before long I can catch up with old Father Time and send out each issue on the first of the month for which it is dated. This being so late is an annoyance to me and causes a great deal of confusion among the subscribers. But please understand that I will catch up as soon as possible, and in the meantime, let the clubs roll in.

A FOOL OF LONG LYING.

A news dispatch from Boston contains the following gob of information:

"Because his father prevented his marriage to the woman of his choice, Joseph Plummer, of Milton, N. H., has remained forty years in bed. He is now 71 years old. The girl he loved is dead, but the old man has not been told; in fact, he refused to speak of her from the very day when he said to his father: 'If you will not let me have her I will go to bed.' He went to bed. The father, thinking this perversity of youth would pass in a few days, carried him his meals. But he did not get up. He continued in bed day after day, week after week, year after year. Now he is so weak from his long inactivity that he has lost the use of his legs entirely."

An exchange prints the above and heads it: "A Fool of Long Standing." But I can't see, to save my life, where the "standing" comes in. Seems to me "A Fool of Long Lying" would express it better.

Gee-whiz, but wasn't he some man, though? The news item says he has been in bed 40 years and is now 71 years old, which would have made him 31 years old at the time he went to bed. In this country a man 31 years old is supposed to be free and at liberty to marry whoever he doggon pleases, without the aid or consent of any daddy on earth.

The idea of a middle aged man giving up and going to bed just because his daddy didn't want him to marry the girl of his choice! Why, he didn't have sand enough in his gizzard to rattle in a chigger's bladder, and was too mortal lazy to draw his own breath. If I had been in Joe's place, and was going to let Daddy boss the job to that extent, hang-taked if I wouldn't have got Daddy to go out and select me a wife to suit his own notion. A character weak enough to wilt down and give up like Joe did ought not to have been very hard to please.

Why, I'll bet that fool has worn out enough bed clothes in the last 40 years to pay for a good farm, and been more trouble to his folks than 'leventy-nine pairs of twins. I guess the old man got sorry he didn't let his middle-aged infant have the girl and go to thunder with her. But the girl, if she was worth shucks, must have thanked her God and the old man Plummer that she was lucky enough to escape.