



NOT MUCH DIFFERENCE.

Old Aaron made a golden calf—
He made it, I allow,
Because he hadn't gold enough
To make a full-grown cow.

We're not much wiser than they
were—
Those Israelites of old;
We don't make ours up into calves,
But still we worship gold.

THE BIBLE AND ITS ENEMIES.

A great deal of hot air is being shot off these days about defending the Bible against the attacks of the atheists and infidels. Why, bless your soul, mister, the old Book don't need any defending. Through all the past centuries of darkness and doubt the Bible has been taking care of itself, and it is quite able to keep on doing so.

Every generation contributes its little coterie of warty-souled wise-aces who swell up on their own little bigness and try to disprove the truth of the Bible. Each one has a new method by which he is going to lambast the eternal tar out of the old Book and relegate it to the limbo of the dim and shadowy past. He makes a great splutter while he is at it, and some of the weak-kneed brethren get scared and think the Bible is in danger. But it isn't. These great thunder-guns of infidelity, who turn themselves loose against the Word of God, always manage to blow their own saw-dust brains out first. They spin around a few times like a horse-fly with a pin in the seat of his pants, or a fice dog with a bone hung in its throat, and then their little earthly spasm is over. They have not injured the Bible a particle, but they have played everlasting smash with their own poor, puny souls.

Any fool can go out in dry weather when the sun is shining and wallow in the dust and kick up his heels until he is enveloped in a cloud of dust and can't see the sun. But the sun is shining right on, nevertheless. The Tom Paines and the Bob Ingersolls of this world are just like that—they paw and scrape in the black dust of unbelief until they get their eyes full and can't see the glorious light of truth. The darkness is not in the Book, but in the men.

So many of these worldly-wise wiggletails have tried to destroy the Bible and failed that it looks like they would quit after awhile. But the poor old addle-pated fools haven't got sense enough to know when they are beaten.

See here, you self-made Solomons of the doubting persuasion, you just might as well save your breath to cool your dumpling. Your kick against the eternal truth isn't paying dividends. You remind me of an old razor-back sow trying to root the Rocky Mountains down.

KEEP YOUR GUN LOADED.

Bust you infernal gall-bag yelling "Peace!" "Peace!" but keep your gun loaded.

Yes, that's the dinkum. That's the way this high-stepping, hell-bent generation looks at it.

Send a great gang of howling Hobsons to Congress, and let them rip, rant and raise general hell trying to double the appropriations for battle-ships and other death-dealing devilment. Pay these fellows fat salaries for doing this, and pat them on the back and say, "Go it, boys! Give us war! Feed us on blood and thunder! Spend our money for guns and battle-ships and let us kill and be killed! Great business! Bully fun. Hurrah for war!"

And then spin right around on your heel and announce the opening of an International Peace Congress at The Hague or some place else, and appoint a delegation of long-coated legal lights to go there and pound the air into fine dust pleading for peace and disarmament. The Czar of Russia was the daddy of the first peace congress, but when the second meeting came around old Czar Nick was engaged in war with Japan and was too busy to attend the peace meeting. And such is life. While your peace congress is over there whooping it up for peace, your war congress is over here tearing its shirt for war. One raises money for a peace palace, and the other digs up the dough for a few more Dreadnaughts, and it's nip and tuck to see which can talk the biggest, spend the most money and get the least done.

And the flying-machine! Bless your blooming soul, the first thing after learning to fly a little, they began to speculate about how useful the thing would be in war. If the airship can't be used to commit wholesale murder in the name of war it must be pronounced a failure. That's what they would have us believe. It's a great bloody calamity when one lone daredevil gets his headlight telescoped in trying to do the turkey-buzzard stunt across the eternal Alps, but if the thing can be used to swipe out whole armies or cities in the twinkling of a sheep's tail—that will be the stuff, Fozzie.

In that beautiful and wicked city of Washington, where more hell happens in a minute than in hell itself, we have a great Peace Palace standing right dab in the shadow of a still greater War Palace, and the flutter of the Dove's wings is drowned in the rattle of the guns.

Wave an olive branch and yell "Peace!" till the rafters of heaven ring, but keep your gun loaded.

It is stated on good authority that 17 multi-millionaires own and control this country. Neither the President nor Congress would dare to do anything against the wishes of these 17 men. And yet there are some people foolish enough to call this a free country. Oh, the dickens!

SISTER CHURCH AND BROTHER WORLD.

Time was when you could distinguish the difference between a church member and a sinner by their daily walk and conduct, but you can't do it any more. Sister Church has taken the arm of Brother World, and they go galloping around together like two young fools at a country dance. They galavant up to the house of God together, and there they sit snuggled up in the amen corner looking as innocent as two pet rabbits. A stranger would be sure to think that the angelic pin-feathers were sprouting out behind their shoulder blades. While the poor old preacher is working for dear life at the handle of the old gospel pump, the Church and the World sit there with their mouths open like a gang of young cat-birds, looking as sanctified as an angel's grandmother. But as soon as the benediction is pronounced these two inseparable companions, the Church and the World, go hiking off to the devil's stomping-ground, where the gossips and the toughs congregate, and there they almost rupture their leather lungs trying to see who can reel off the biggest and nastiest yarns.

Some people seem to have an idea that religion is a thing that they can put on and off with their Sunday coat—that they can be a saint in the church house and a devil everywhere else. But they can't cram that sort of doctrine down old Saint Peter's wind-pipe. When these double-faced hypocrites get to the Golden Gate and try to slip through on the sly, old man Peter will grab a chair-post and frail the devil out of them.

There's no seventeen ways about it, a man simply can't serve God and the Devil at the same time, neither can he serve God one day and the Devil the next. He must choose one side or the other, and then stick to it like a puppy to a root.

The professed Christian who tries to stand in with the world by doing as the world does, will discover sooner or later that he never did have religion enough to save the soul of a chicken-louse.

I like to see a man show his colors by getting down in the dust with his new pants on to lead in prayer. And it's all right for him to bellow "Amen!" every minute during the sermon if he wants to. All that looks good to me. But when I see the same sanctified sniperjack set himself up as the ring-leader of a gang of neighborhood rowdies, cracking coarse jokes and spinning vulgar yarns for the amusement of said rowdies, I feel that somebody ought to get busy with a blacksnake whip or a two-handed paddle with holes in it.

We American hypocrites send ship loads of Bibles to the heathen Chinese, and they make them into fire-crackers and send them back for us to celebrate the birth of Christ with.

SNUFF-DIPPING GIRLS.

Look here, you little old ignorant, backwoodsy, snuff-dipping goslings, I'm talking to you now. I know how you slip out behind the house and smear your mouths with that infernal old nasty stuff. Gee whizz! You must have a dog's stomach. A snuff dipper's mouth reminds me of the back door of a tanyard. If you have seen other fool girls swabbing their tattle-traps with a solution of snuff and slobber, I can't imagine what you saw about it worthy of imitation. The habit is so nasty and repulsive that any decent girl ought to be ashamed of it, and no respectable young man wants a sweetheart with a bale of snuff caked in each corner of her mouth.

You wouldn't dare let your mammy catch you dipping snuff, and you are fools enough to think she will never know. But that's where you are mistaken. Any mammy with sense enough to grabble taters or feed the pig will not be long about catching up with you. And when she does find it out, if she is the mammy she ought to be, she will remove everything but your hide, and then get a peachtree limb and proceed to remove about half of that.

PROVERBS REVISED.

- 1 The proverbs of Pearson, the editor of The Fool-Killer.
- 2 My son, hear the instructions of this paper, and forsake not the advice of its editor.
- 3 The editor by wisdom hath founded The Fool-Killer, and by understanding hath built up its circulation.
- 4 The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, but the reading of The Fool-Killer is funny.
- 5 A wise man readeth and handeth to his neighbor, and a man of understanding getteth up a big club.
- 6 Blessed is the man that sayeth unto his neighbor, "Look here! This is a good paper. Don't you want to subscribe?"
- 7 And why wilt thou be cheated by a strange paper, and pay thy money to a stranger?
- 8 Say not to the club-raiser, "Go, and come again tomorrow, and I will subscribe," when thou hast the money in thy pocket.
- 9 A funny paper maketh a glad subscriber, but a foolish paper is a heaviness to the reader.
- 10 The fining pot is for silver and the furnace for gold, but The Fool-Killer killeth the fools.
- 11 As vinegar to the teeth, and as smoke to the eyes, so is The Fool-Killer to the rascals and hypocrites.
- 12 The fool wanteth his paper sent on time, but the wise man payeth in advance.
- 13 Commit thy nickels and dimes to my pocketbook, and thy subscriptions shall be recorded.
- 14 Whosoever subscribeth to The Fool-Killer showeth wisdom, and he that getteth subscribers is wise.