



I RECKON IT'S RIGHT.

I've wondered much at the way things go
 In this old wobbly world below,
 Where the man who toils from day to day
 Has lots more debts than he can pay—
 Always in a poverty-stricken plight—
 But I reckon it's right.

It seems so strange when we recall
 That the man who does no work at all
 Is the very chap who dresses fine
 And goes to the best hotel to dine,
 And gets his choice of all in sight—
 But I reckon it's right.

The poor old dirty son-of-a-gun
 Who digs in the mine from sun to sun
 Can't claim enough of the yellow dross
 To pay his cruel and heartless boss
 For a decent place to spend the night—
 But I reckon it's right.

I don't think God, in His heavenly plan,
 Intended to rob the laboring man,
 And give the wealth his hands produce
 To the non-producing idler's use;
 But they've improved God's plans a sight—
 And I reckon it's right.
 J. L. P.

A New York school principal says he couldn't help it when one of his female teachers "sat in his lap, clasped her arms about his neck and kissed him." Of course not, and I would have a mighty poor opinion of him if he had so much as tried.

AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE.

Dear readers and friends of The Fool-Killer, please lend me your ears. I will return them in about two minutes. I have an important message that I must deliver, and I want it to stick in the minds of my readers like a cuckleburr in a mule's tail.

And the sum and substance of my message is this:

I AM JUST LITERALLY BOUND AND COMPELLED TO BUY ME A NEW PRINTING PRESS AT ONCE.

The circulation of The Fool-Killer has become so large that I can't possibly handle it much longer with my present facilities.

There is only one of two things I can do—buy a larger and faster press or stop the paper. And I can tell you flat down that I am not going to let The Fool-Killer die. I'll kick my old press till I wear my legs off up to my hip pockets before that awful calamity shall happen.

Such a press as I need, together with power to run it, and some more type, will cost me at least five hundred dollars. That sounds like some money to the feller that ain't got it—and that's me.

To be sure, The Fool-Killer has paid me more than \$500 during the past year, but the part that didn't go for grub has all been used up in fixing the widow and myself a little stay-place.

So you see I must raise another \$500 at once, and I must depend on my army of readers to help me raise it. If you enjoy the music of my editorial fiddle, you can surely afford to give me a little extra lift in a case like this. The receipts have been very good for some time, run-

ning from five to fifteen dollars a day, but in order to get the new press put in and paid for **RIGHT AT ONCE** I want you good friends to push the subscription receipts up to fifty dollars a day. That will remove all financial embarrassment and enable me to give you a bigger and better Fool-Killer, and get it to you at the proper time every month. There have been some unavoidable delays, due to my poor facilities for getting the printing done. Now I aim to do away with all that trouble and get down to business right.

Now, comrades, here is what I want you to do: Stick your Fool-Killer in your pocket and take it with you wherever you go. Show it and read it to everybody you see, and get them to subscribe. It oughtn't to take you more than twenty minutes to get up a club of ten at fifteen cents per sub. Among 30,000 of you there ought to be at least 5,000 who could do that much. Try it, please, every one of you. Don't excuse yourself by saying that there will be enough without your help. If everybody said that there wouldn't be anything done. See?

Now, boys, I shall expect to hear from at least 5,000 of you right away with a club of five, ten, or as many more as you can get. Call your club the "New Press Club," and make it just as big as you can.

And then when I get that new press set down here and ready for work, if I don't make Old Man Devil and his plutocratic bastards have bad dreams it will be a wonder.

Now, altogether, boys! Roll in the clubs, and let's get this Fool-Killer business in shape so we can make the plutes think the devil has got 'em sure enough. Hurrah!

HUGGING TO MUSIC.

The young people who like to indulge in the giddy mazes of the waltz will hear with interest that the heads of Washington and New York society have declared that "setting" a waltz will be more fashionable from now on than dancing. The "sitting out" embodies the same position as dancing, the only difference is that you sit instead of dance. The man's right arm is around the girl's waist, while his left hand holds her right. Her left hand is placed on his shoulders, while her head rests lovingly upon his bosom, and all they have to do is to sit and listen to the music. Now that is something like it. I have always thought it was a heap of useless trouble to have to gallop a mile or two to get a hug or two. A room full of people sitting on sofas hugging to music is more to my notion. This will give the old rheumatic brethren another chance. Men waltz, not for the dancing, but for the hugging, and while a man may lose his appetite for dancing, he has to get powerful old before he loses his appetite for hugging a pretty girl.

Society etiquette is the science of making a fool of yourself to please other fools.

The Fool-Killer does not give premiums to club-raisers. But instead of that, it puts the premium money into giving you a better paper. My friends love to get up clubs just for the fun of it, and for the good they can do. They are not so little and stingy that they have to have a "premium" every time they speak a word for me. Are you that kind of a friend? If so, please let me hear from you with a big club.