



TO MY CLUB-RAISERS.

Friends, I hardly know how to express my thanks to you for the splendid work you have been doing for me. If I had a thousand arms, and every arm was a thousand miles long, I'd just like to hug every one of you. But I've only got two poor little arms, and they are kept so busy that I don't hardly get time to hug my old woomern.

My appeal, in the December issue, for help to buy a new printing plant for The Fool-Killer was well received and the response has been very gratifying. The clubs have literally poured in from every nook and corner of the United States. Several club-raisers have sent three or four clubs a week right along. I have been trying to acknowledge the receipt of all clubs, but during December they came so fast that I got behind and couldn't catch up. Therefore a good many clubs were not acknowledged in the usual way. To those club-senders who did not receive my card of thanks, let me say here that I appreciate your kindness more than mere words can express.

The total subscription receipts for December, 1911, amounted to \$269.40. That was not quite as much as I was hoping for, but it did pretty well. That amount will go a good piece toward paying for the new press, but you know there are some running expenses that must come out of it. And there must be a gasoline engine to run the new press, also a paper-cutter and some more type. So you see we are not quite out of the tight place yet. I called for \$500.00 in December, and got a little over half of it. This time I will not name any certain amount, but please send just all you possibly can. I will use it for the equipment and improvement of the paper. Comrades, you know The Fool-Killer is your paper as

well as mine, and after awhile, when it covers the nation even as rags cover the poor, you will be glad that you gave me a helping hand in time of need. Therefore continue the good work which you have so bravely begun. Don't rest and don't let anybody else rest until every grown man in your neighborhood is a subscriber to The Fool-Killer. If ever the common people needed to do some independent thinking it is now, and The Fool-Killer will give them something to think about.

Now go it, good boys! Just "shell the woods" with Fool-Killers and don't let a man escape. Let the clubs pour in here like four men a-measuring apples, and if I don't keep 'em awake you can have my head for a maul.

How I Got Left.

When I was a little chap, just growing up, I was about as poor and seedy looking as they made 'em. Ain't much better yet, so far as looks go. One Christmas our Sunday School was going to have a big "tree." I went with the boys to cut the tree, and I helped to lug the darn thing two miles and put it up. And if I got as much as one stick of striped candy you may shoot me. I was "poor trash," and it would disgrace the Sunday School to give me anything. I notice that the same rules are observed to-day. When the Christmas presents are distributed, the rich kid (who don't need anything) gets a whole arm-full, while the poor kid just has to stand there and slobber his lower lip full and then drink it.

CHRISTMAS BEGGARS.

There have been more "beggars" in this neck of the woods during the recent holidays than Carter had oats. I never have learned for certain how many oats Carter had, but it must have been a monstrous pile of 'em.

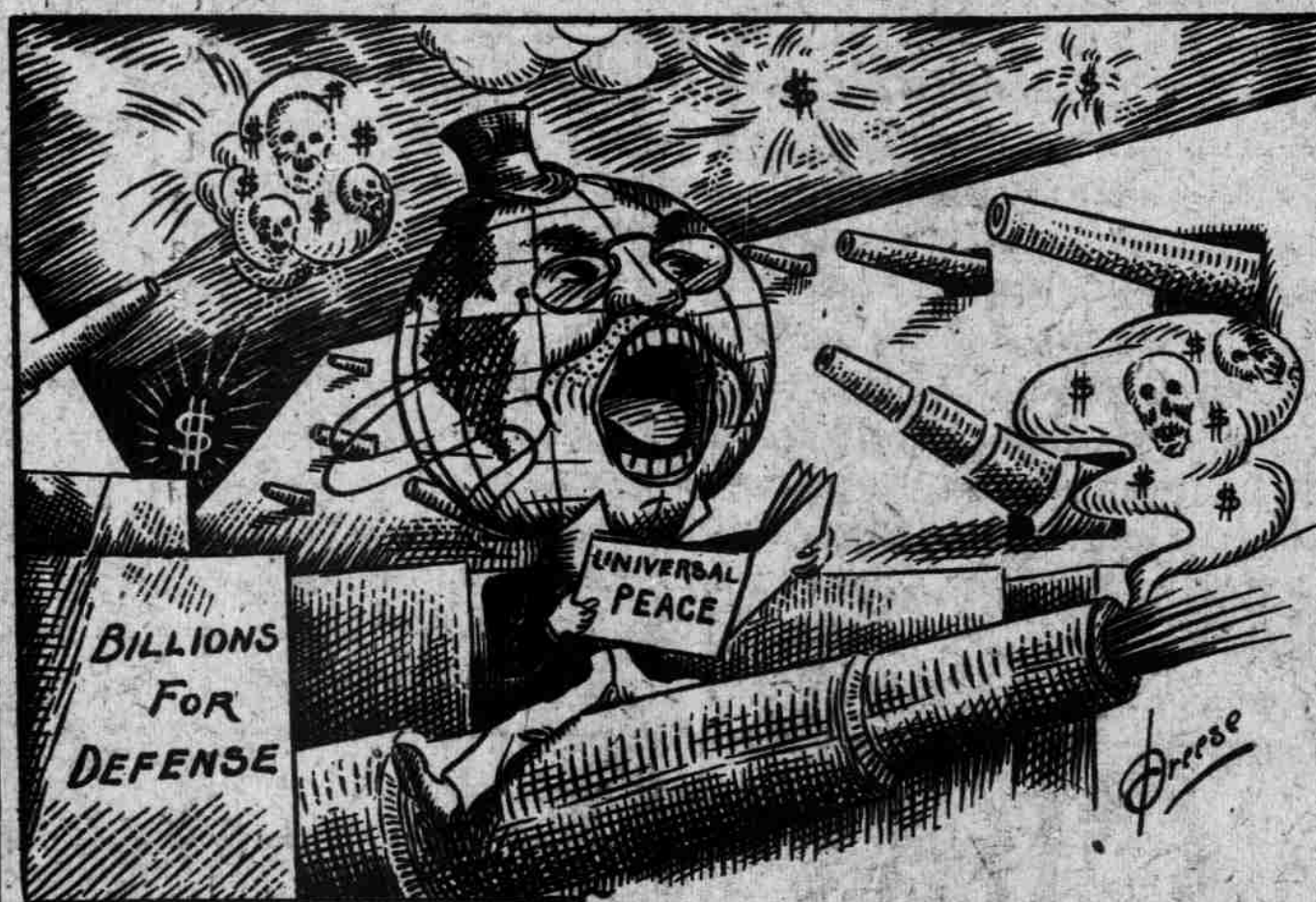
I am not much popular around here, and the women and girls don't usually smile at me unless they want something. So when I see a big holiday smile coming towards me with a woman or girl clipity-clip right after it, I always know what's coming next. Here it is:

"Oh, Mr. Pearson, I'm SO glad to see you! We are getting up money to buy the children a Christmas treat. Won't you please give something?"

And with that smile hanging over me like a hatchet over a turkey's neck, what can I do? Not a darn thing but cough up. And to make it still worse, I don't hardly get over the first shock till I see another smile coming with a girl in its arms, and the same performance has to be enacted over again. And again and again, till I get sick and tired of it all.

What next? Why, bless your granny's rheumatism, they go ahead and buy candy and dolls and other junk, and maybe fix up a Christmas tree. Then if you will listen to the names as they are called out, every 'daggasted one will belong to well-to-do families who are a heap more able to buy things than I am. The poor little ragged waifs who live in cabins and who don't have nice clothes to wear—they never get a smell of the Christmas goodies. And yet God knows if anybody needs a little bit of Christmas cheer, they are the ones.

But our good Sunday School Christians are afraid it might sorter contaminate their eminent respectability if they should stoop down and touch hands with the poor and needy.



Drawn especially for The Fool-Killer by Lawson C. Dreese.

MISTER WORLD ENJOYING HIMSELF.

Oh, here's our old friend, Mr. World, a-straddle of a gun;
He loves that little music-book—but murder is such fun!
While songs of "Universal Peace" are falling from his lips,
His navy-yards are busy building bigger battleships.

A cannon for a tuning-fork to get the proper pitch,
And death for all the under dogs and money for the rich;
A lot of silly twaddle in an Arbitration Court,
And then another "Dreadnaught" and another frowning fort.

A missionary crusade to the lands beyond the tides,
And guns to shoot religion into their old stubborn hides!
The World's a bloody hypocrite and sings a drotted lie:
The chorus of its Song of Peace is, "Keep your powder dry!"

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON.