



And a Package of Seeds.

And this, dear fools, is the time of the year
That the seed catalogues begin to appear,
Full of all kinds of pictures an artist can draw,
In all sorts of colors that ever you saw.

The women folks, and the men folks, too,
Just read them catalogues through and through;
They soon make out their various needs,
And off goes an order for a package of seeds.

The seedsman—drot his "seedy" soul—
He gets that order and smiles a smole,
And wraps up a bunch that really appears
To have lain around there for a dozen years.

Then calls a nigger and tells that coon
To get that bundle off pretty soon;
And the mail man cusses and says, "Confound!"
Because he must lug them seeds around.

Old Congressman Paunch is a pretty good man—
He sends us some seeds whenever he can;
But the funniest thing—the stingy scamp
Just puts on his name instead of a stamp.

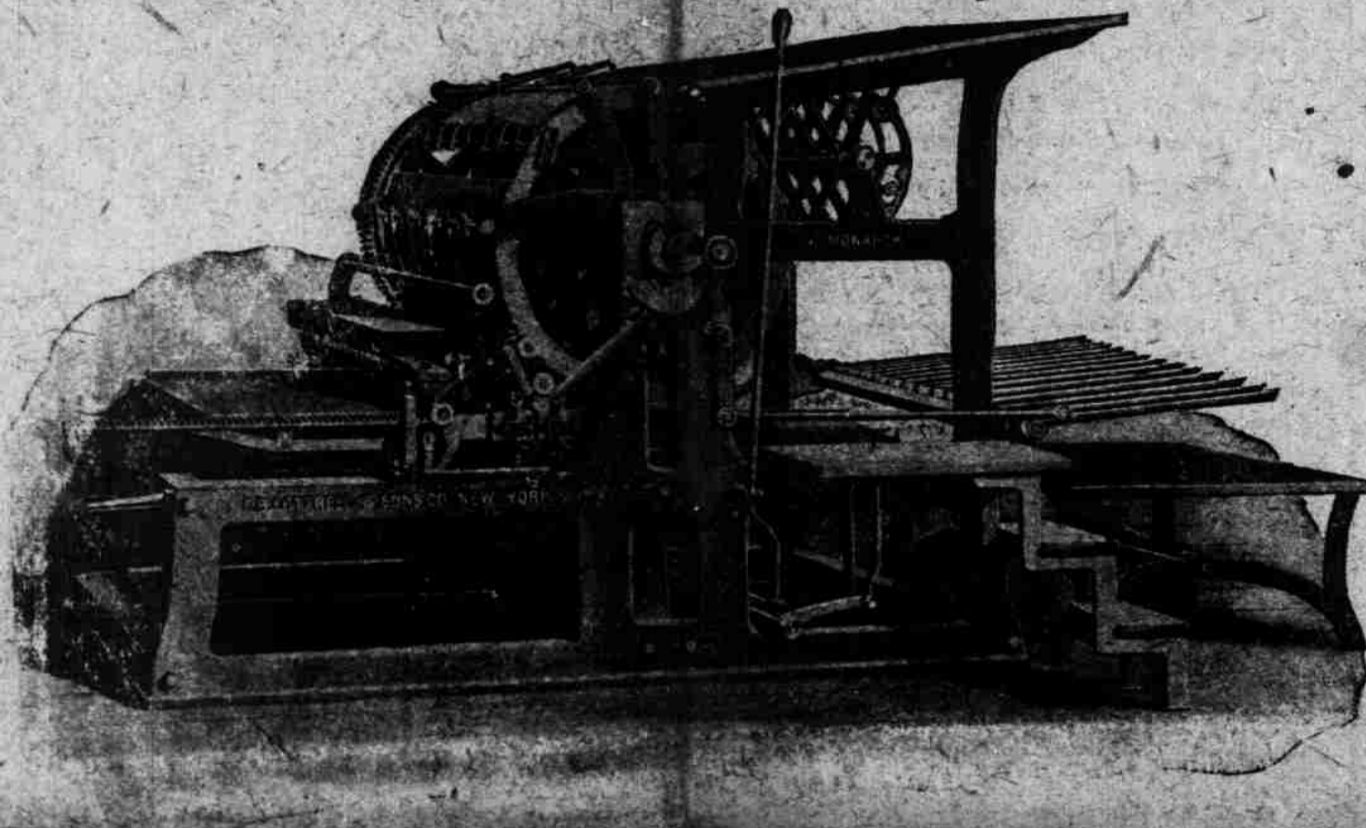
He gets up there on old Capitol Hill
And makes a big speech on the tariff bill,
And he thinks that all the farmer needs
Is a tariff speech and a package of seeds.

Down on the farm they're hustling around,
Fixing their little half-acre of ground,
And the grubworms in the manure pile
Don't get no rest for a right smart while.

O goose-neck hoe! O bull-tongue plow!
You've rested enough—you're needed now!
Come, break them clods and drag them weeds,
For we're going to plant a package of seeds.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON.

Some of the financial prophets say money is going to be close this year. I hope to goodness it will. Maybe it will get close enough for me to grab some of it.



The Fool-Killer's New Press.

ALL RIGHT, BOYS!

All right, boys! Here I am once more. It has been a long, tedious and tiresome wait, and a great many difficulties to overcome, but I have at last come out more than conqueror. I am giving you herewith a picture of the new press which you helped me to buy. It is now set up here in my office and is running nicely. This issue of The Fool-Killer is being printed on it. I tried to hire an issue printed in February, but couldn't get it done, so I just had to wait till the new press was ready to run. That was the only chance, and there was so many delays that I got awful tired of waiting. And of course you all got impatient about it, too, and I don't blame you. But now the machinery is all in running order and I hope there will not be any more delays.

Boys, let me thank you again for the great interest you have shown in the success of The Fool-Killer. You responded like good fellows when I called on you for help to buy this new printing outfit. Without your help I could not have bought it. And now that we have worked together this far, let us continue to work

together. I shall devote my entire time to writing, printing and sending out The Fool-Killer, and I hope to be favored with your continued appreciation and support. If you have had faith in me while I was battling with difficulties and everything looked dark and gloomy, surely you can rally around my standard now—in my hour of victory!

In using the word "victory" I don't mean to say that all the victories are won. I only mean that I have overcome some of my personal difficulties and am ready to go on with the fight.

The press pictured above is a massive piece of machinery. It weighs over 7,000 pounds, and the work of unloading it from the car, hauling it to my office and putting it up, was no play job, I can tell you. The name of the C. B. Cottrell & Sons Co., of New York, on a piece of printing machinery is all the guarantee it needs. They build only the best. This press of mine is their well-known Monarch Drum Cylinder Press. It is large enough to take all four pages of The Fool-Killer at one time, and will print about 1,500 complete papers per hour.

BOOZERS BEAT BOBTAIL.

We claim to have prohibition in North Carolina, but still, somehow, the thirsty ones manage to get their booze. In this connection let me say that I am a prohibitionist myself. I voted for the measure and would do so again. Its failure to prohibit all drunkenness is not so much the fault of the law—it is more the fault of the red-nosed hypocrites who refuse to enforce the law. Lots of the two-faced rascals who openly favor a prohibition law are secretly opposed to its enforcement. I have ten times more respect for the fellow who openly advocates likker than I do for the big-mouthed hypocrite who claims to be a prohibitionist—who talks it and votes it—and then sneaks off and fills his miserable old freckled hide with cheap likker when he thinks no one will find it out. The woods are full of such cattle, and many of them occupy high places in society, church and state. Such men make me tired. When they get away from home and reach a wet town they bust their gee string getting into the back door of the first saloon they can find and soak their hypocritical old paunches with tan-yard likker until they are so drunk they couldn't hit the floor with a handful of buckshot in three throws.

NO PAPER FOR FEBRUARY.

On account of not getting my new machinery installed and running in time, I was unable to get out the February issue of The Fool-Killer. If you have been wondering why you didn't get a February paper, this will explain it. All subscriptions will be advanced another month. I've got my own printing plant now, and I don't intend to miss any more issues. Now let the clubs roll in!