

The FOOL-KILLER



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A MATRIMONIAL AD.

In advertising for a wife,
I take this simple plan,
Thinking that I will be in time
To reach the reading clan.

She must be six or seventeen,
A brunette or a blonde,
As sweet as water-lilies
That grow upon the pond.

Her height must not be under
Two cubits and a span;
Must have strong inclination
To love an honest man.

I want her to be handy
At cooking, and such things,
And wear a sweet, melodious
voice
Like bull-frogs when she sings.

Milk, churn and wash the dishes,
Cook pies and biscuit bread;
Clean house up stairs and down,
And not kick much in bed.

She must patch my over-alls,
And make nice, neat stitches,
And above all, I emphasize,
She must not wear the breeches.
LONESOME BACHELOR.

AN HONORLESS CAUSE.

Yes, I know they call me an extremist on the likker question, but that don't cool me down nary bit. It's a doggon hard matter to be extreme when you are fighting likker, for it is the worst enemy to progress that any nation ever had to contend with.

I am teeth and toe-nails against likker, and I don't care three whoops in Hepsidam who knows it. It is an evil entirely uncalled-for, born in the hearts of wicked men and nourished on the blood of the innocent. It is sold for gain and drunk for the want of sense, and the man who sells it is guilty of murder.

No fair-minded man can justly defend the likker business with its record of shame and crime, and with absolutely nothing of worth to its credit.

POLITICAL FORNICATION.

These United Trusts of America are as full of Protestant preachers as a dog is of fleas, but when it came to selecting a gospel horn to toot holy grace over the opening of the Republican National Convention at Chicago, old Paunchus Bill had to pucker up his mouth like the nose end of a meal sack and recommend the appointment of an old bald-headed and pot-gutted Roman Catholic priest wearing a woman's night-gown for breeches and a two-story collar buttoned up the back.

Now what in the devil does that mean? Of course the drotted old convention needs praying for if prayer would do it any good, but I expect an application of hot water and soap would be more effective. But if they were just dead bent on having somebody to grab hold of heaven's whiskers and make the pray come, why must they snub all Protestant preachers and hand over the heavenly corkscrew to a darned old Catholic priest? Why show so infernal much partiality toward a diabolical bastard system that is busting its belly-band every day to take from us what few liberties we have left? That is the mission of Romanism in America today, and there is no use to deny it. Over yonder on his gilded throne of superstition and ignorance reigns the old Pope, and between grunts of gout and roars of rheumatism, he is sending out his orders for the capture of America. His purple-petticoated boot-lickers over here have openly boasted that they are nearly ready to take possession of this nation in the name of the Pope. And sarn-take my skin if they ain't just about got it already. They've got the Vice President, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, a great number of Senators and Representatives, and just the same as got our present

sorry excuse of a President. I know Fatty Bill denies being unduly partial to the Catholics, but actions speak a blamed sight louder than words. Old Fatty is fishing for the Catholic vote, and he knows that the old gouty pope can deliver it solid to whomsoever he chooses. That's why Fatty Bill prefers a Romish ram to bleat blasphemy over the blossom end of the National Rucus. It's a plain case of brazen adultery between Big Smile and the great ecclesiastical whore "that sitteth upon many waters" and "reigneth over the kings of the earth." (See Revelation 17:1-18.)

She Took It Off.

A little girl aged three had been left in the nursery by herself, and her brother arrived to find the door closed.

"I wants to tum in, Sissie," said Tom.

"But you tan't tum in, Tom."

"But I wants to."

"Well, I's in my nightie-gown, an' nurse says little boys mustn't see little girls in their nightie-gowns."

After astonished and reflective silence on Tom's side of the door, the miniature Eve announced triumphantly: "You tan tum in now; I's tooked it off!"

A Very Wise Boy.

A small Kansas boy was once called in to view his new born baby brother. He looked it over with dissatisfaction, and finally asked: "Mama, where did this thing come from?" "An angel brought it, Jimmie." "Wus you awake when he came?" "Certainly, Jimmie." "Well, then, mama, all that I have got to say, is that you are dead easy. I'd like to see any old angel put off such a looking thing on me."

Stiff, broad-brimmed feminine hats cover a multitude of rats.

MY VIEWS ON EATING.

Editor Fool-Killer,

Dear Sir:—Without wishing to find fault with you may I suggest that there is one subject on which you have thus far been silent. That is the subject of eating, and it is one on which there is a great difference of opinion. Will you please say something about it in The Fool-Killer and thus settle the matter once for all?

L. W. MOON,

Duluth, Minn.

My dear Brother Moon:—Allow me to say that I heartily believe in eating. Homer, Shakespeare, Milton, Nero, Alexander, Napoleon, Cromwell, Washington, Lincoln, Rockefeller, Roosevelt and all the big lights of history were eaters. I myself eat every day. Could Leander have swum the Hellespont or Horatius the Tiber if they had not been eaters? Could Webster have written that great story, "The Underbreeches Dictionary," if he had not been under the stimulating influence of hog and hominy? Could Don Quixote have written "Uncle Tom's Cabin" or Plutarch his "Life and Blunders of President Taft" if they had not been eaters?

Yes, indeed, gentlemen, I want you to get this matter straight. I want my readers to fully understand that I am unequivocally in favor of food, and I make it a point to eat something at least twice a day—three times a day if I can get it.

Dr. Helen Kellogg advises her sister wimmen to cultivate big feet. She points out that a huge walking apparatus is somehow connected with a massive intellect. But shucks! What does the average society woman care for brains or intellect? She'd much rather hop around in her dainty number twos, with her feet pinched up till they look like a cucumber in a bottle and feel like a rat under a dead-fall.

Read this paper and pass it on.