

The FOOL-KILLER



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Until There Is No Room.

"Woe unto them that add house to house and field to field until there is no room."—Bible.

The world is large enough, God knows;

Upon the earth's broad face
There's plenty room—and room to spare—

For all the human race.

The world is rich enough, God knows;
If all the wealth were told,
No son of earth but should have store

Of silver and of gold.

Yet some there are so cursed by fate,
They dwell in constant dread
Of cold and famine, and who lack
Not land alone—but bread.

And wealth is insolent—it spurns
The shivering and the gaunt,
And from its princely palace turns
The groaning sons of want.

'Neath God's blue heaven, soon and late,

Men force men to the wall;
And evermore the strong and great
Crush out the weak and small.

Oh, God! How shall the proud ones then

Escape the olden doom
Declared on those who crowd and crush

"Until there is no room?"

To My Correspondents.

Every day I get personal letters that ought to be answered at once, but at present I am so rushed with work that I can't get time to answer any except the very most important ones. If you have written me a personal letter expecting to get a reply, and the reply has not reached you, this will explain the reason. Let the clubs continue to roll in, and remember that I appreciate your help and encouragement, even if I can't get time to write you a personal letter. In fact, I want each issue of this paper to be a personal letter to 50,000 people, anyhow.

It seems that Ted's notion of what to do with ex-presidents is to remove the "ex."

BOW DOWN AND WORSHIP!

A visit from the Stork is expected by the former Vivian Gould, now Lady Decies, some time in September. Mr. and Mrs. George J. Gould, the bride's parents, have gone to England to be with their daughter. Lord Decies is now commander of the South Irish Horse.—Ass-ociated Press.

Great balls of-fire!

Cupid in his shirt-tail and the devil's grandmother a-straddle of a goat!

That is grand and glorious news.

It makes me SO happy!

Why don't you shout?

Glory hallyluyer!

Granny and a go-cart!

Pink petticoats and paregoric!

Heaven is very near, and the world smells like 'lassy-makin' time.

It was so good of the Ass-ociated Press to bring us these glad tidings of great expectation and preparation in the royal station of the John Bull nation.

We can all sleep better now, and our corn pone will taste more like angel cake, because we know that somewhere on the far-away flank of creation a very ordinary little old kid is going to wake up with a gold spoon in its mouth and be slobbered over by a gang of half-baked idiots.

Among common decent folks a thing like that is not shouted from the house-top six months ahead. But just let a millionaire gal buy herself a royal pair of breeches with a lord's shirt-tail crammed in 'em, and then watch the newspapers nose around after the pair like a hungry dog after a gut-wagon.

We get long-winded descriptions of the lace on the bride's petticoat, the exact length of her silk stockings, and how many times she turns over at night.

Nothing escapes the watchful eye of the reporter, and at the very first signs of approaching maternity the papers must yell it all around the earth just as if

nothing like it had ever happened before.

Gosh, boys, it makes me sick! I move that we take an intermission and all go out and have a good sociable puke.

WHOOOP-EE! JUST LISTEN!

It will stretch all the kinks out of your imagination to believe it, but it is a fact that there are still a few editors of little old stinking, stand-pat Republican sheets who are so stone-blind to the spirit of the times that they actually think Bill Taft is in the race for president. It is really pitiful to hear them tune up their durned little yawpers and squeal, "Hooray fer Taft!" The noise they make sounds exactly like a sick rooster trying to puke up a grubworm.

Now Col. Roosevelt and his Progressive party are factors to be reckoned with in the race, with at least an even chance for victory, but no man with enough sense to come in when it rains is going to waste any lung-power boosting a dead hog for president.

"Hooray fer Taft!" Lord help my soul! If I couldn't find anything better than that to holler, hanged if I wouldn't rent my voice to a bull-frog, live on the rent, and keep my durned mouth shut.

Yes, honey, Lorimer is out of the Senate and I'm glad of it; but, confound it all, don't you know that over half the gang that kicked him out are just as rotten as he is? I don't see the sense in kicking out one grand rascal and letting a hundred remain. Some man with a foot about the size of Taft's belly ought to go into that millionaire's club and politely kick the whole infernal mess into the Potomac River.

Is Taft the Jonah or the whale?

THE DEVIL'S BOOK-AGENTS.

I have just received through the mail another fat wad of blasphemy from that miserable, low-down, devil-inspired, sin-soaked, brainless, graceless and Godless hang-out calling itself "The House of Gowrie," in Chicago.

I gave that hellish outfit a round roasting several months ago for advertising a book that slandered every decent woman on earth, and if they want another dose, I'm their doctor.

This present pile of printed puke is worse, if possible, than the first one. It is fouler, more repulsive, and more abominably hellish than the very dirt under the devil's toe-nails. The postmaster had to fumigate my box in the postoffice, after that roll of rancid rot had been poked in it, before other people could stand it to call for their mail. When the stuff entered the door of The Fool-Killer office the lady clerk fainted, the ink soured, the press started backwards, the engines sputtered, and the office cat rolled over into the paste bucket and then over my writing desk, and the last I saw of her she was going east at forty miles a minute with two of my best editorials for a hobble skirt.

All jokes aside, I honestly declare it is a wonder to me that God lets people live and circulate such blasphemy. The stuff consists of advertisements of a great raft of alleged books with such titles as the following: "Was Jesus Insane?" "Crimes of Jehovah," "The Love of God an Impossibility," and so on. Just to read a list of their books is enough to make any right-minded person shudder. And with a grim appropriateness of which they were not aware, these awful publishers have printed little black pictures of their father, the devil, all about over their shameful circulars.

If Virginia wears little Rhoda's New Jersey, what will Delaware?