

The Candidate.

With a jug of corn likker,
And a tongue even slicker
Than ever was known in the earlier
days,
He starts out to travel,
And paw up the gravel,
And raise merry hell in a number of
ways.

He stops at a city,
And —oh, what a pity!—
He goes in a house and proceedeth to
speak;
He speaks till the winders
Are broke all to flinders,
And the old shingles rattle for nearly
a week.

A few solid voters,
And all of the floaters—
The riff-raff of every political craft—
Come crowding and pressing,
Their sins all confessing,
And asking a slice of his juiciest graft.

The world's full of trouble,
And life is a bubble
That floats on the crest of an ocean of
sin;

But my greatest objection
At every election
Is the chronic spell-binder a-workin'
his chin.

J. L. P.

When We Don't See Alike.

My first duty as an editor is to be true to my own honest convictions, and wherever they lead me I must follow. If I believe a thing to-day, and to-morrow become convinced that I was mistaken, I am just fool enough to admit my error and try to get right. That's me. Prejudice is a mighty poor foundation for anybody to stand on.

I ain't expecting The Fool-Killer to please everybody that reads it. My business is to knock things right and left, and I am the aptest in the world to biff you one on the busser if you get in my way. People don't always subscribe for this thing just to get pleased, nohow. They subscribe to see what in the tarnal mischief old Pearson is going to say next.

Say, pardner, answer me this:

Ain't you got more respect for the man who honestly disagrees with you and tells you so than you have for the little old whining whimperdink who agrees with everything and ain't got no more convictions than a toad-frog?

Sure you have.

Then give me your 'tater-grabber on this proposition, and the next time The Fool-Killer happens to tread on your sore toe, just smile like a Mormon preacher and say to yourself, "Well, that's all all the sense old Pearson's got, but he is honest in it—and so just let him rip!"

A man will turn his cuffs to save 3 cents on his laundry bill, and celebrate his economy by smoking a 15 cent cigar.

Club Rates!

In Clubs of Five, 15c a Year.

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year. The Fool-Killer is creating great excitement wherever it is introduced, and it now goes into every State in the Union. Join the army of club-raisers. Do it now. Address:

THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

UNCLE BEN.

Once upon a time there was a feller named Ben Franklin. Benjamin was the tail-end of a procession of seventeen Franklin offsprings. His first wise act was to choose Boston for his birth-place.

During of Ben's kidhood days he engaged in the greasy and interesting occupation of furnishing taller candles to the people of Boston. As that was way back in the dark ages, and being as there was no Sherman law then, Ben done a good business and soon saved up enough kail-seeed to allow him to retire from the candle buisness and "accept a position" as printer's devil. But Boston printers hardly ever raise the devil, and as our hero thought he deserved a promotion, he packed up his little bag and baggage and beat his way on a freight train as far as Philidelphy.

Benjamin made his first big hit in the Quaker City by waltzing up Main street with two loaves in his mouth and one under his arm.

After working 'around at several different printshops, Ben decided to go into the almanac business. He made good at that too.

One day when there was a thunderstorm and Ben having took on to much budge, got out a kite and started flying it. As a result he was struck by a small portion of lightning and an idea that was as bright as the lightning. Benny turned the lightning loose, but kept the idea and passed it along to a few of his friends. They thought it a good idea, which proved to be correct.

He left a number of copies of his autobiography, a book that is full of good old advice, but it has been used so doggone little that it is most as good as new.

Thomas A. Edison, the great electrical wizard, says that the day is coming when machinery will be so perfected by invention that practically all the work of the world will be done by pressing an electric button, without employing much labor. When that day comes the people must collectively own that button or individually starve to death.

A Sermon on Gals.

We often hear some of our old folks say. "The gals ain't nothin like what they was when I was young." Well, no they ain't. They have changed a whole lot. But they ain't the same gals nohow.

Up north a few days ago a feller who had been sentenced to life imprisonment was pardoned. He had been in a cell, cut off from the world, for thirty years and had not seen any changes that had taken place durin' that time. A newspaper man asked him what he thought had changed most. "Well," said he, "everything has changed mighty, but I reckon gals has changed more than anything else. Thirty years ago a gal wore a hoop-skirt as big around as a hogshhead, but now they wear a dress that looks like one leg of a dude's britches and their figure is flat and oblong like a pencil-case. The way the gals have changed surprised me a lot more than automobiles and airships."

Hanged if they ain't changed.

Nowadays when a little gal finds she has a sweet, purty voice she wants to light out to some city to go on the stage and feels disap'nted if she can't git to go. But she hadn't oughter be. She can be a song-bird in the home nest.

Many a purty gal thinks jist because she is good-lookin' she ain't made for nothin' but to look at. She will set herself in every window, on every street corner, hang around the depot, and set in the most conspicuous place in church, so as to show herself. She keeps on actin' and believin' that way till she soon gits so she ain't good for nothin' else. And by the time she gits to be a middle-aged woman she is the weakest and sickenin'est of human beings—a faded beauty.

A feller can nearly allus find a gal who can play a pianner, sing or dance, or paint picters to amuse him, but the pore cuss often goes a-beggin' for a wife who can sew on buttons, patch his britches when the gable-end of them gits raggedy, or cook his feed with economy and flavor it to suit his taste.

A man's stomach is sorter round-like, and yet nothing fits it so well as a square meal. Ain't that funny?

THE ARSENAL OF DOUBT.

Why is it that you see everywhere opulent wealth on one hand and abject poverty on the other?

Why is it that though the mills and elevators are bursting with grain, the groceries and markets full of meats, fruits and vegetables, thousands of our people are but half fed?

Why are the clothing stores piled to the ceiling with clothing, yet thousands are but half clothed?

Why do we always have an army of unemployed, with two million children working in mills and factories?

Why do 75 per cent of our people pay rent when five sixths of land is idle and unoccupied?

Why do we preach against taxation without representation, and then howl against equal suffrage?

Why do we pretend to love and respect our women, and then class them with criminals, idiots and aliens?

If the average worker produces \$3,000 of wealth per annum and receives back \$600 in wages, what becomes of the other \$2,400?

When the protected interests in this country pay sixteen million dollars into a campaign fund for one Grand Old Party, and then sixteen million more into a campaign fund for the other G. O. P., do they know beforehand just about what they are going to get in return, or is it a mere matter of patriotism?

Why should a class of people whose interests are identical vote against each other?

Why do we always fight effects, and apparently forget that there never was an effect without a cause?

A Monkey Or A Fool.

There is a feller in the University of Missouri who is either a monkey or a fool. Here is the complete story:

Dr. E. T. Bell, of the University Medical Department, claims to have discovered among all the students of the school just one poor fellow who positively descended from a monkey. Doc has found a bump on the student's ear which he says is a never-failing sign.

Shucks, Doc, that might have been a 'skeeter bite, for all you know.

But if the student thus accused of being a monkey's grandson don't cause a two-handed club to descend onto the head of that professor, dogged if I won't begin to believe he is guilty of the charge.

Send in that club, quick!