

The Jaw-Bone of An Ass.

Once in a far-off country,
So I've heard the old folks say,
There lived a man named Sampson,
Unforgotten to this day.
And Sampson loved a maiden—
Delilah was the lass—
And Sampson slaughtered thousands
With the jaw-bone of an ass.
Now Sampson tore up lions,
And lugged off city gates,
And Sampson tore down temples—
So history relates.
And Sampson was the strongest man
That ever trod the grass;
That's why he killed his thousands
With the jaw-bone of an ass.
But all this happened years ago,
And the world moves on apace,
And the big-mouthed politician
Has taken Sampson's place.
He ain't so strong as Sampson was,
But he's in the Sampson class,
Because he tries to kill us all
With the jaw-bone of an ass.

J. L. P.

LOVE AND TOBACCO.

BY ROBERT QUILLEN.

This paper has never, to its knowledge, given any one license to believe that it would or could run a "Questions and Answers" department, but on the other hand it has never attempted to shirk responsibility, and it will not do so now.

A young lady, unknown to the editor, has sent in the following touching appeal:

"Dear Editor: I am engaged to a very nice young man who chews tobacco. I love him, but he won't quit chewing—and I hate the taste of it. Would you advise me to marry him anyway, or not?"

This is a very serious affair. Most decidedly I would NOT advise you to marry him. Furthermore I can heartily second your antipathy to the taste of second-hand Brown's mule.

Many otherwise perfectly good love affairs have been snuffed out by tobacco.

There was once a young man named Carl who chewed tobacco and loved a young lady—both very hard and both at the same time. He used to court her with an overgrown chaw in one side of his face, and talk out of the other side. While honeyed words dripped from one corner of his mouth good rich essence of tobacco leaf dripped from the other corner. The more ardent the young fellow became, the more enthusiastically he chewed, and when he got wound up on his proposal he shed juice like a sprinkling cart.

Nevertheless, the girl accepted him, chaw and all, for better or for worse, and probably would have married him if it hadn't been for her Pa.

It happened this way. It was summer time, and the young

folks sat in the parlor, close to a window. Pa leaned back in a chair against a tree outside, listening to their yumyumming. It was a very dark night and neither the girl nor Carl knew that Pa was on the job.

Carl was repeating, for the seven-hundredth time that evening, that he loved her like a muley cow loves salt, and with each word he chomped down on his quid. Before he had finished his first sentence his mouth was running over and he leaned his head back to hold the tide. Still he talked on, his words coming rather splashy and thick. His mouth was open and he had quit trying to chew. He was nearly drowned when at length the little oration was finished, and with a deep, long-drawn sigh of relief he turned his flooded jaws toward the window, puckered up and let'er fly.

Pa had been working hard that day and he was sleepy. It was past his bedtime, anyway. Exactly at the same time Carl loosed that flood from out his face, Pa turned toward the window, shut his eyes, stretched out his arms, and yawned.

Of course it wasn't Carl's fault, and the old man had no business there anyway, especially with his mouth open. But it goes to show that trouble will follow a chaw.

There was another case of a young man who told his sweetheart's youngest brother that tobacco chewing would make whiskers grow on his face. The boy tried, but swallowed the juice. It made hair grow on the inside of his stomach and after it got long and curly it tickled him to death. Just before he died a young doctor was called in, and he made the boy swallow a safety razor, but it was too late then.

Three Fools Heard From.

It seems that there ain't so awful many infidels in the Socialist movement, after all. At least, if they are there, they are learning to keep their lip out of The Fool-Killer's business. I did some pretty straight talking along that line in my August issue, and I fully expected to get a general and concerted "cussing out" from the wild men—the agnostics and infidels—of the party. Now, how many "kicks" do you reckon I got? About three, I think. And two of them came from men (I reckon they pass for men) who evidently don't know enough to keep out of the fire without being tied to the bed-post. They put me in mind of a blind bumblebee trying to fly through a glass window. Just flop and flutter, splurge and sputter, is all they can do. It would be amusing if it wasn't so pitiful.

DOGS, DOGS, DOGS!

BY RAY L. BARLOW.

Los Angeles, Calif.—Mrs. J. M. Herndon, a wealthy Pasadena woman, went to Venice to-day in her largest touring car, drove to the dog pound and told the keeper to lead out all the canines confined there and she would give them a joy-ride. As the invitation also included himself, Poundmaster Jeager was not long in getting out the animals—about fifteen curs of all descriptions. They jumped all over the automobile and Mrs. Herndon, but she seemed to enjoy it and directed the chauffeur to speed up and the run began.—N. Y. World.

Now by Gees! By the great horned toad's wigglin' tail! But don't that beatche? It's enough to beat everything to a frazzel, that is everything except dogs. I've hearn of these 'ere wimmen folks that loves poodles betteren anything on this whole earth, but it seems that all dogs look alike to Mrs. Herndon.

I'll betche that Mrs. Herndon never in all her life took that old buzz wagon of hers around and picked up little children at the orphanage and carried them around on joyrides, and I sorter guess you will not bet your old buck-skin purse and contents that she ever has, if you did you'd be a goner.

Mrs. Herndon would not enjoy having a car full of children as she enjoyed that car full of nasty, stinkin' curs. No sir-ee, she must have a pack of dogs a yelpin' all around her.

It is a shame to any civilized country where they take dogs out joyrides, and leave little children hungry, starving, lame and blind, crowded in the dirty tenements, without joy or pleasure. But such is the condition the swell society of this country is wallowing in to-day.

By Geeminy, tho! Just think about it, will you—fifteen jumping, scrambling, yelping dogs in one car. Wasn't that a canine collection, tho? Wouldn't it have made you puke, honey? I kinder think it would have made me vomit to beat an old mammy hen scratchin' for worms for the bid-dies.

Prayer and Politics.

Oh, Mister South Carliny,
Who's got your candy now?
And don't you beat the dickens
At votin', anyhow?
You prayed to beat the devil
That wickedness should cease;
And then you went, by granny,
And cast your vote for Blease.
If you ain't learned your lesson,
I hope you will some day,
Next time you pray for something,
Go vote the way you pray.

J. L. P.

Howdy, Simon! Have you subscribed for The Fool-Killer yet?

Come Ahead, Bro. Hale.

Dear Bro. Pearson:

I received your Fool-Killer last Saturday and read it through in the first half hour, and then read it over again after dinner just for a digester. Say, brother, but I'll be tetotally hornswoggled if The Fool-Killer ain't the dingbustedest flamdoolest red pepper I've tried to swallow for a long time. I am sending you another quarter and I want you to send me another copy. I want one to keep to read when I get the blues, and the other to give away. I will likely send for more soon. It's good for you when you don't know what's the matter with you, and I know lots of people who are troubled with that complaint now.

I am going South just as soon as I can sell what I have here, and may stumble into your sanctum. Who knows? I am tired and completely disgusted with this competitive hell in the commercial world, and am just aching to get on a little farm down in Dixie somewhere where I can sit under my own vine and fig tree, dig my own taters and quit living out of paper bags and tin cans. So send The Fool-Killer along. It may be the means of finding us a home among your people one of these fine days.

Yours for a better time coming,

A. D. HALE,

Lacey, Wash.

Did you ever notice how quick a rich man gets poor when he dies? Talk about "dyin' a pauper!" I'd like for somebody to tell me of any one who did not die a pauper.

Whenever I get so near out of business that I have to go around tattling about my neighbors, hang-taked if I won't hike out to Africa and sell patent calf tracks to the sons of Ham.

A correspondent wants to know why so many thieves live in cities. Lawzy massy, mister, that's easy! So many folks there doin' nothin' that they just got to steal or perish to death.

With my new printing equipment, which I installed last winter, I can handle a circulation of 75,000 easy enough. So fall in line, boys, and help me cover the earth with Fool-Killers.

I believe in independence in all things. Worship at any church you please, vote as you please, court as you please. If the girl and old man don't object, you have the right to go barefooted if you have no shoes. If you have no common sense of your own, there is no law to compel you to use the stuff.