

The FOOL-KILLER



VOL. III.

MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, OCTOBER, 1912.

NO. 8.

GOIN' AWAY.

I'm goin' away on the evenin' train—
Goin' to be gone for a right smart
spell;
Looks sorter cloudy an' looks like
rain—
Guess I better take my umberell.
Wind's from the north an' it may
turn cold,
An' I've got a ticklin' in my throat;
Wouldn't get sick for a bag of gold—
Guess I better take my overcoat.
When I get out to Sam's and Jane's
I know their table will be a treat;
But there ain't no certainty in them
trains—
Guess I better take me a snack to
eat.
Always get dirty on that-thar ride,
Though I can't tell as it ever hurts;
But just for the sake of a little pride,
Guess I better take me a change of
shirts.
Might get asked to a brilliant ball
Where I could dance with a painted
beaut.
Now what if I was to? Hang it all,
Guess I better take my evenin' suit.
If I'm goin' out for a high old time—
If I'm going to go the pace that
kills—
I just won't look at a measley dime—
Guess I better take me a roll of
bills.
Might meet up with a robber band,
As wealthy travellers often do;
An' so, in order to stand my hand,
Guess I better take my forty-two.
Say, this old suit-case ain't no good—
'Tain't goin' to hold all this-here
junk;
Done crammed in just all I could—
Guess I better take my biggest
trunk.
I'd hate like thunder to get most there
An' then think of somethin' that
I'd forgot;
So, in order to keep my business
square,
Guess I better take my house an'
lot.
Aw, plague the luck! I'll just declare
It's too much trouble to run about,
An' I ain't got the time to spare—
Guess I better give my journey out.
JAMES LARKIN PEARSON.

A man and his wife are con- sidered one, but they often have big fusses about which one of them it is.

Hain't Never Done Nothin'.

That terrible sad and weepy publication known as "Life," which tries so devilish hard to be funny, has presented the follow- ing list of negations, as evidence that Woodpile Wilson would make an acceptable president:

He is not a lawyer.
He has no war record.
He does not care for hunting bears or other wild creatures.
He has never been a judge and does not boast of a judicial temperament.
He has not spent his life holding political office.
He does not come into prominence on account of either the death or the favor of his predecessor.

All of which is equally true of me. Now why in the thunder wouldn't I do?

Not Worth The Price.

K. Lamity's Harpoon preaches a whole sermon in the following paragraph:

"It costs the public ten hundred thousand dollars to manufacture a millionaire, and as a rule he isn't worth a dam to the country after it gets him."

Now if I was a cussin' man I would say it just that way. But as I don't cuss, you may just take K. Lamity's word for it.

Great is "Property!"—Amen!

A certain paper which is a bran-new convert to Bullmoose-ism is powerful tickled at the prospect of having Roosevelt to "stand between wild Socialism and the property interests of this country." Why, uv course. "Property interests" are very sacred things in this country, but mere "human interests" are not worth talking about. Say, fellers, I'll tell ye—we've all made a devil of a mistake in being born humans. If we want the govern-ment's "protection" we must get transformed into some kind of "property." Which would you rather be, a sawmill or a pet pig, a railroad or a jackass?

A POLITICAL LOVE AFFAIR.

Teddy Boy Speaks:
"Oh dear Miss Peepul, me uv oo harder'n a mule can kick. Me uv oo ten sousand bushels. Goo, goo, goo! Does oo uv oo's Teddy Boy? Oh, honey, me des willin' to die for oo, me uv oo so dood. Ugh! By George! Me see some old mean mans a-comin' to spark me's honey-bunch. Now, honey, oo des huddle up here to me. Don't oo div dem old mean mans nary tiss. Don't oo let 'em hold dem tweet hands, nuvver. Nobody ain't dot no wight to oo only oo's Teddy Boy. Ain't dat wight? Yum-yum! Smack-smack! Um-m-m-m-m!"

Billy the Fat Speaks:
"Law, law, Miss Peepul, who is this you are spooning with? I say, Big Tooth, you hike out of here. Just tote your freight, now. This is my gal. We have been sweethearts for years. I love her, and she loves me, and I ain't going to be cut out by no such a looking thing as you. Now git! (Turning to Miss Peepul): Tum here, honey, and tiss oo's old fat boy. Oh, darling, me's uv for oo am des too deep for words. Me tan't desquibe it, honey, but, oh, me des feels all over meself. Does oo feel dat-a-way, too, honey? Me teach old Big Toof how to steal me honey-gal. Dat me will! Now div oo's big boy anuvver tiss. Yum-yum! Smack-smack! Um-m-m-m-m!"

Woody Wilson Speaks:
"Gee-whiz! I see two fellers yander with a girl. And doggoned if I don't believe it's that beauti-ful Miss Peepul. Shore's I'm born it-is. And that's old Big Tooth and Big Smile trying to make love to her. The old self-conceited fools! I'll fix their clock—see if I don't. I'll have 'em to know that I'm some lady-killer myseff. (Woody approaches and speaks to Miss Peepul): Good-morning, Miss Peepul! Allow me to intro-duce myseff. My name is Wilson.

I am said to be the handsomest and most popular man in the country. And I'll swear you are the prettiest girl I ever saw, so what's to hinder us from getting up a case? Can I sit down here? That's a good girl. Can I put my arm around you? Oh, you sweet thing! Doggon'd if I ain't heels over head in love with you a-ready! Do you love me, sweet-ness? Then kiss me. Yum-yum! Smack-smack! Um-m-m-m-m!"

Teddy Boy:—"Say, you con-founded imposters, git away from here. This is my gal."

Billy the Fat:—"You're an in-fernal liar—she's mine."

Woody:—"You are both blamed liars—she belongs to me. Hike out, both of you, and let us a-lone."

Teddy Boy:—"Hay-ah! Hay-ah! Dad-gum! Liar! Hypocrite! Mollycoddle! Polecat! Son-of-a-gun! She's my gal, I tell ye—I love her the best!"

Billy the Fat:—"Tain't so, you goggle-eyed gazook—I love her the best."

Woody:—"Ho, darn it! Golly-whoop! Git out, you blankety-blank grandsons of Ananias! She is mine—I love her the best!"

All Three at Once:—"Yow-yow—git—confound—love—liar—my—oh!—ouch!—love—gal—biff!—thump!—sprawl!—oh!—hel-hel-hel-help!"

A New Wrinkle On His Horn.

It was the first automobile he had ever seen, and he yanked his team aside as it passed, close-ly followed by a motorcycle. "I hearn lots about them things," he yelled, "but consarn my skin if I ever hearn they had colts before."

The reason doctors hold "con-sultations" with each other is be-cause one doctor can often think of something to operate for which hasn't occurred to the other.

Pass this paper around till it is worn out, and then send for another copy. Help me introduce it into every home in America.