

The FOOL-KILLER



DREAMING OF GROVER.

Oh, the lies are all told and the votes
are all cast,
And the bosses' sham-battle is over;
The Dimmycrat rooster is crowing at
last,
And I'm dreaming tonight of old
Grover.

When I think of the years of Repub-
lican graft,
And the way that the poor have
been treated,
I rejoice in the fall of the kingdom of
Taft,
And I'm glad that his gang was de-
feated.

But thunder and lightning! Why
should we be glad?
And how will our burdens be lesser?
We're only exchanging the chains we
have had
For the chains of a different op-
pressor.

We've been mighty hungry and hope-
less and blue,
But now from the Dimmycrat graft-
er
We will get a few rags and a meat-
skin or two,
And the promise of heaven here-
after.

Now heaven, no doubt, is a good place
to go
When the battles of life are all over;
But it's hell for the poor man that
lives here below,
So I'm dreaming tonight of old
Grover.

"Uncertain as Hell."

I often hear some of the lim-
ber-tongued, linguistic lollipops
remarking that so-and-so is "as
uncertain as hell." Now look here,
you shallow-brained, course-
mouthed, rotten-hearted lump of
mortal mud, do you have any-idea
how uncertain hell is? Life, and
friends, and money, and a great
many other things may be uncer-
tain. Life is as full of uncertain-
ties as a dog is of fleas. But if
there is any truth in the old fam-
ily Bible—and some of us are fools
enough to believe there is—then
it occurs to me that hell must be
a reasonably sure thing. So if you
snotty-nosed sinners don't want
your fat fried in the devil's old
skillet, you'd better watch out.

YES, I'M SOME PREACHER MYSELF.

A preacher is usually judged
by the size of his audience, and if
he can get four or five hundred
of the brethern and sisteren out
to hear him toot his gospel horn
once or twice a month, he thinks
he is a pretty bang-up preacher.
And each member of the flock is
expected to shell out a dollar or
two about every so often to help
grease the gospel gimlet.

That's all very nice and proper,
no doubt, and I haven't a word
to say against it; but what I start-
ed out to say is this: If a preacher
is judged by the size of his audi-
ence, then I am some preacher
myself, for I am preaching once
a month to an audience of over
50,000 people. And I don't give
them just one little sermon and
quit, like the other preachers do,
but I stay and preach six or eight
good sermons on every trip.

And then just think of the
price! Your preacher thinks you
are mighty stingy and close-fisted
if you don't grease his pocket to
the tune of ten or fifteen dollars
a year, and he will not get mad if
you double or treble the amount.
But I give you more preaching
and better preaching than he does
for only 25 cents a year; and if
you'll hitch up the wagon and
bring several of your neighbors to
meeting with you, you can all get
your year's preaching for fifteen
cents apiece.

Now, can you beat that for a
bargain? I think not. There has
never been so much good preach-
ing offered so cheap before, and
if you ever expect to get the
cuckleburrs of sin curried out of
your mane, now is the time. The
currycomb of truth which I use
will remove the burrs and also
loosen up the bark on you old
hidebound sinners. It may hurt
considerably, and you may have
to squirm and twist like five hun-
dred, but it will be good for you.
Delay is dangerous, so don't put
it off, but buy your ticket to-day
for a year's admittance into "The
Fool-Killer" church and tell all
your neighbors to do likewise.
Help me to get the biggest con-
gregation of any preacher that
has ever opened his mouth be-
tween the two oceans.

Full as a Tick.

Lord Wilson, I long to be perfectly
fat;
I want to come in there and hang up
my hat;
Invite me to dinner, and do it right
quick—
Now feed me, and I shall be full as a
tick.

Here let no infernal Republican dwell,
And don't give the Teddyites nary a
smell;
To get this good eating thy feet I
would lick—
Now feed me, and I shall be full as a
tick.

Lord Wilson, look here how imploring
I come,
And help me to lengthen my belly-
band some;
I've fasted so long I am nervous and
sick—
Now feed me, and I shall be full as a
tick.

A SERMON ON RAT-TRAPS.

The Public Health Service at
Washington is making an official
collection of rat-traps.
So says a news item.
All right.

It does me good to see our
solemn statesmen taking an inter-
est in rat-traps.

They already have on hand a
collection of several hundred and
sixteen varieties, ranging in ap-
pearance all the way from a Mc-
Cormick reaper to a left-handed
thimble.

And that reminds me.

I am the sole owner of a rat-
trap that ought to be in the gov-
ernment's collection.

I bought it from an agent last
week.

The agent was a very beautiful
young man.

His smile stuck out three feet
on each side of his face, and he
also had his tongue with him.

This altogether charming young
buck came staving into my think-
atorium one morning last week,
threw "Howdy!" at me from
the front steps, but I dodged and
it broke out a back window.

Then he opened his sample-
case and began to run off at the
mouth as follows:

"Hello, Mister Editor Man,
doggon your old skin, I've just
dropped in to sell you a rat-trap.

Every well-ordered home needs a
rat-trap, and I feel that I am do-
ing humanity a great service by
introducing this wonderful inven-
tion. Of course you are awful busy
swatting the fools, but you can't
afford to miss this opportunity of
seeing my sample. It is certainly
the greatest invention of the age.
You see how the flabigator is built
with a gollyding at each end, and
when these gollydings come in
slamification with the jiggerbob
it causes the squeezemgood to
open just under the meat-skin, and
that forces the squeal-stick into the
die-hole, and if the rat has sense
enough to be in the right position
it will sure get him.

The construction of this trap is
based on the new theory of science
that all rats have a thorough
knowledge of engineering and
mechanics, coupled with the pa-
tience of Job and a stubborn de-
termination to get killed. This,
my dear sir, is what we call the
Safety rat-trap. It won't work at
all without the hearty co-operation
of the rat. The surest way to get
results is to have three rats work
together, forming a sort of suicide
club. One rat will say his prayers
and crawl into the thing; a second
rat will give the signal and a third
rat will throw the trap. In this
way a colony of rats could man-
age to exterminate themselves by
working at it long enough. While
this is the surest plan, I am also
authorized to state that any rat
possessing the intellect of Herbert
Spencer or Thomas A. Edison,
and being positively bent on sui-
cide, could probably manage to
get himself killed in one of these
contrapshuns."

"What will you charge to con-
fer this great blessing on me and
my posterity?" I asked in breath-
less eagerness.

"Only one hundred dollars," he
replied, very sweetly.

I grabbed my pen and wrote
him a check for five hundred, and,
thrusting it into his hands, I kissed
him and very affectionately kicked
him out into the road.