

The FOOL-KILLER



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Let the Poor Devil Gum It.

A rich woman in Washington has had a gold filling put in her dog's tooth.—News item.

Oh, the dogs of the rich must have gold teeth,
To keep them up with the fashions,
So they can look down on folks beneath
As they chaw their high-priced rashions.

Oh, the road of fashion's a steep old trail,
And the dogs have reached the summit;
But whenever a poor man's grinders fail,
Why, just let the poor devil gum it.

Boo-Hoo! Another Dog Dead!

Say, Buddy, what are your personal opinions of a state of society in which a blamed wooly dog gets more care and attention than half of the children of the country? Think of a sick dog being attended by four physicians for three months, and then imagine its dead body, in a costly casket, being exhibited in the best room of a millionaire's home. And if that ain't enough, just imagine the same dead dog, in the same costly casket, being carried to the cemetery in a flower-covered hearse, followed by four carriages full of human mourners.

The above facts are reported by the Ass-ociated Press as a real happenstance which was pulled off before it got ripe in Cincinnati about three weeks ago. The late lamented pug dog was the property of Mrs. Harry Jackson, who is said to be utterly prostrated with grief over the death of her dearly beloved. Mrs. Jackson has spent many thousands of dollars for the care and comfort of that nasty dog, entirely unmindful of the fact that poor, neglected human children were crying for food and clothes all around her.

Oh, my tummy! Ain't it too bad that we can't all be long-haired pug-dogs and get slobbered over by the rich wimmen?

TWO STOCKINGS.

All kinds of kids have been taught to believe

In hanging up stockings on Christmas Eve;
And here's two pictures that I've just "took"

To show how the various stockings look:

I'll here present a photograph that possibly will make you laugh to see this stocking fat and round, in which so many things are found. Of course you all know very well the child that owns it must be swell; because a kid is always rich that gets big loads of toys and sich. You see how this here leg is stretched with all the things old Santy fetched. It's great to be a rich man's child and live where luxuries are piled head-high around you every day, with nothing else to do but play. A rich old daddy to provide, while Santy comes in on the side and fills your Christmas stocking full because dad's rich and has a pull. Oh, yes, it surely would be bliss to get a stocking full like this.

And here's the stocking of the child upon whom wealth has never smiled. Old Santy never visits folks who labor under tyrant yokes. They can't fix up enough for him—that's why this stocking is so slim.

I don't think much of the gal who will sit up all night and swap slobber with a he-ape, and then lie back and sleep next morning while her mammy gets the breakfast. If any of you gals who read The Fool-Killer are guilty of this, go off and hang yourselves. You are no good.

BIG BILL'S LAST MESSAGE.

Well, by George, boys, I guess this is my last message to Congress for a few hundred years, at least. Since the election I have been studying the matter all over, and I have finally begun to suspicion that the American people don't want me to be president any more. If it ain't that I don't know what it is, because there must have been some kind of a hidden meaning in the way they sot down on me. I feel just like a big rat that had been flattened under a dead-fall with about forty tons of rock on top of it.

Confound it—I'd as soon take another licking as to write this message, but it's the custom and I reckon I'll have to come across with some sort of a speil. Say, Mister Congress, why couldn't you just do without any message from me this time? You wouldn't take my advice if I gave you a car-load of it, and you won't accomplish nothing, nohow, only just set there and yow-yow all winter. Besides that, if you happen to pass any good law, Willow Woodson's new Congress will bob right up and repeal it. Looks to me like you Republicans in Congress might as well save your breath to run up hill, for there's a thunderation sight of up-hill business ahead of us Republicans.

Well, in the first place, my views on the presidency have undergone some radical charges here lately. For instance, you all know what kind of a shine I cut trying to get elected president for a second term. You know how I ran the steam roller over Ted and wrecked my party, all because I fully believed that one four-year term deserved another. But big men like Saint Paul and myself get converted mighty suddenly sometimes. Just as soon as the news came that I probably hadn't carried quite all the states, I suddenly remembered that place

in the Bible where it says a man shall not hold the presidency more than one term. I was so doggon busy trying to get re-elected that I never once thought of that scripture during the campaign. But now it is a friend in need, acting on my wounded spirits like mutton taller on a sore toe. I therefore recommend that a law be passed limiting the president to one term of six years, and mash his impudent mouth if he asks for it any more.

I futher recommend a life-time government pension for ex-presidents, so that they won't have to peddle shoestrings or go to the poor-house in their old age. But hold on—that won't do. We'll have to put in there a qualifying phrase something like this: "Provided, That this law shall not apply to Theodore Roosevelt."

I ain't going to say nary word about the tariff, because it ain't no use. Just wait till next spring and you'll get your belly full of tariff legislation.

Trusts?—why, laws-a-massy me! Just wait. The new congress will give them a black eye, too.

Concerning the army and navy, I have been told that cracked wheat is mighty good feed to make hens lay.

I think all Republican postmasters who are forced out of office had better hide the stamps and money order funds so that the Democrats can't find them.

Now concerning the financial question, ain't it strange how a hoot-owl can see in the dark?

And in conclusion, gentlemen, I would suggest to your honorable body that it might be a good idea to set out some winter cabbages.

BIG BILL.

Just hold open the end of your imagination and pour this into it: The bray of the Congressional jassack is again heard in Washington. Now close it up again.