

# The FOOL-KILLER



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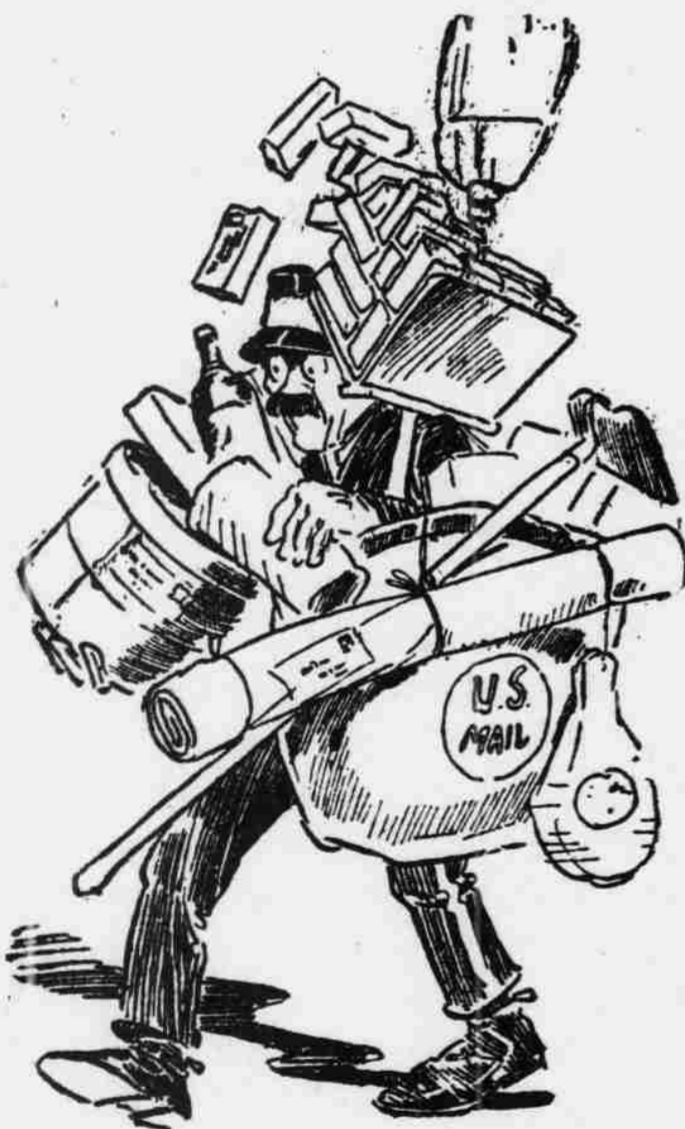
## Hurrah for Parcel Post.

Oh, I see the postman coming,  
Sorter wobbly in the legs,  
With a dozen pounds of butter  
And a crate or two of eggs.

There's a peck of Irish potatoes  
In your Uncle Sammy's rig,  
And a sack or two of flour,  
And a puppy and a pig.

Oh, the postman is a blessing  
In these glorious latter days;  
We rejoice to see him coming,  
And we love to sing his praise.

Glory! See the pretty bundles  
All piled up here in the door!  
Guess they came from Roars & Saw-  
buck—  
Ever see the like before?



Here's a great big umbrella  
That will surely turn the rain,  
And a suit of clothes for Tommy,  
And a dress for Liza Jane.

Here's a pair of shoes for Daddy,  
That he ordered t'other day,  
And a set of wagon harness,  
And a bale of clover hay.

My! Here's several heads of cabbage,  
And a poke of turnip greens,  
And a basket full of apples  
And a jar of pickled beans.

"Hold on, postman, where's my  
letters?  
Some one surely must have wrote."  
"Didn't bring no letters, mister—  
This was all that I could tote."

## GREAT GOBS OF SORROW.

Joe Bailey has resigned again!  
Ain't it just dreadful?  
How can we ever stand it?  
And they have gone and stuck  
a little old editor in Joe's place.  
Of course he will rattle around in  
that great seat like a hickory-nut  
in a barrel.

And there goes the glory of  
Texas, like a warty toad jumping  
in a well.

On the day that the immortal  
Joe said good-bye to the Senate,  
there was weeping and blowing  
of noses.

There has been sorrow in  
Washington before, but nothing  
like this.

The big brass Indian on top of  
the Capitol dome sobbed so hard  
that the basement trembled, and  
the flood of tears that he shed  
raised the Potomac River nine  
feet.

The figures in Statuary Hall  
got down on their knees, and  
Greenough's Washington came  
running in from the plaza to ask  
what was the matter.

All over the great building  
stood little wads of statesmen  
wringing their hands and weeping  
on each other's necks, while four  
niggers were kept busy bailing  
out the Senate chamber with  
silk hats.

And all the time there stood  
Joe Bailey squirting eloquence  
like a fire hose squirts water, and  
apparently unconscious of the  
great sorrow into which he had  
plunged this nation by resigning  
from the Senate.

Last September when I printed  
my picture in The Fool-Killer,  
one Smart Elick writ me a sassy  
letter about my big mouth. That's  
all right, buddy—I always did  
like big mouths. They give a-  
body a better chance when the  
pie comes around; and, in the  
case of a girl, there's more to  
kiss. Come again.

## MILKING A HAY-STACK.

Milwaukee, Wis., Special.—A Mil-  
waukee company has been incorpo-  
rated to place on the market a new  
substitute for milk, which in brief is  
to be milk prepared direct from hay  
without the intervention of a cow.

The new company is to operate un-  
der a chemical formula which permits  
of the transmutation of good timothy  
hay into ash and milk, without pass-  
ing through the seven or so stomachs  
of a bovine critter and being convert-  
ed by sundry processes into fluid  
for drinking.

The advantage it is said, is not only  
in simplifying the production, from  
which it does not differ in taste, but  
in the fact that the manner of its  
production makes it always sweet as  
it is free from the souring bacteria  
which have to be Pasteurized to  
preserve nature's milk.

Great Caesar up a pumpkin  
vine!

What do you think of that,  
Rastus?

Now what will become of poor  
old Sook?

Bless her old bones, she did  
the best she could, but goggle-  
eyed Science has laid it across  
her at last.

She will now have to ramble  
off into the Southern swamps  
and live on bullrushes and South  
wind.

One by one we outgrow the old  
institutions of nature and shove  
them aside to make room for  
more improved machinery.

The horse was all right in his  
day and time, and even the meek-  
eyed mule was not to be grinned  
at, but they all had to skeedaddle  
when the steam locomotive and  
the gasoline chug-wagon came  
snorting along.

And the cow laughed at the  
old horse and said:

"O yes, old feller, they don't  
need you any more, but they  
never could get along without me.  
I am the chief corner-stone of  
the American home and the  
strong right arm of the butter  
trust."

And she winked at the bull  
through the fence-crack and went  
on licking her calf.

But that was in the past.  
Things are different now.

Poor old Sook has learned by  
bitter experience that pride goeth

before a fall. She must now be  
relegated to the curiosity depart-  
ment, along with the horse and  
the setting hen, and be remem-  
bered only as a creature that has  
had her day.

But while we drop a tear of  
sympathy for the departing glory  
of her cowship, we must not for-  
get that her loss is our eternal  
gain.

Henceforth we will milk a hay-  
stack. And we can't deny that a  
hay-stack, as a milk-producer,  
has some decided advantages  
over an old cow. If you never  
milked a hay-stack it may seem  
a bit awkward at first, but you  
will soon get used to it.

Just to mention them off-hand,  
here are a few of the advantages  
I have in mind:

In the first place, a hay-stack  
will not require as much atten-  
tion as an old cow. You won't  
have to stake it out to graze, and  
then watch it constantly for fear  
it will tangle up and break its  
fool neck. It won't get into the  
garden and eat up all the young  
beans just about the time you  
were hoping to get a mess for  
Sunday dinner. Any self-respect-  
ing hay-stack will have more  
manners than to drag its tail in  
the barn-yard filth and then slap  
it in your face while you are  
milking. And it won't flinder  
away and kick you plum through  
the fence and break down six  
rows of corn with you just be-  
cause a fly bites it.

And—oh, happy thought!—if  
you adopt the new plan and milk  
a hay-stack instead of a cow,  
there will never be any more  
wobbly-legged calves to hold off  
and wean. That fact will tickle  
the small boy whose chief temp-  
tation to commit suicide and go to  
an easier world has been the  
dreaded arrival of a new calf.

Rejoice, O people, and be glad  
You lived to see this day;

Go sell old Sooky right at once,  
And buy a stack of hay.