

SWEET-SCENTED SUCKER-BAIT.

Well, well, well! I'll just be literally flabbergasted and eternally hornswoggled! If there ain't some of the doggondest varmint going loose that I ever heard tell of. T'other day I happen to be nuzzling around through a copy of Everybody's Magazine, and I found where Tom Lawson had piled up leaves and made a bed for some of his literary offsprings to kick around in.

Now, children, lemme tell you sump'm. That-thar Lawson feller ain't as big a fool as he makes out like. But he surely must think everybody else are numb-skulls, judging by the kind of hot wind he is blowing off.

Why, confound his old warty hide, there he is pretending that he wants to break up that den of Wall Steet stock gamblers, and at the same time bragging that he is, and has been for years, one of the biggest gamblers in the bunch. Why, man alive, you just ought to hear Tom brag about how he has made his millions in that gambling hole that they call Wall Street. He knows every crook and turn of the game and admits that it is a sin of the devil's own hatching. But while he is engaged in writing his sensational exposure of this monster crime, he takes care to write with one eye on the stock ticker, and every time there is a flurry in the market Tom jumps up from his "Remedy" and rakes in a million or two of small change by the same identical gambling methods that he is pretending to "expose." Yes, sir, he blabs it right out and tells you that he is a rascal and is proud of it, and that he is going to keep right on being a rascal till everybody else gets good.

Does that smell fishy to you?

It does to me.

It's too much like the devil writing a sermon on repentance and baptism with one hand and chunking up the fires of hell with the other.

Nobody denies that Tom Lawson is well acquainted with his subject. He has made and lost enough fortunes on Wall Street to make him acquainted with it, but the thing that hurts my sore place is this: If Tom has got converted and gone to preaching against the evils of stock gambling, why in the devil don't he practice what he preaches? If I thought a business was good enough for me to engage in, I'll be drot if I'd go around knocking it to please somebody else. Or if I felt that my business needed knocking, I'd first quit the busi-

ness and then knock the very devil out of it.

Maybe Mister Tommie can make some folks think he is sincere and honest in this matter and that he really wants to put the eternal kabosh on stock gambling, but my throat is not built right for that yarn to go down me. It just hangs against my Adam's Apple and refuses to budge an inch.

Shucks in August! It will be late in the day when Tom Lawson or anybody else wipes out the stock exchange with a wad of magazine copy about the size of a fat man's fist. If Tom had any idea that his articles would hurt the Wall Street operators, he would pay the magazine a big fortune to call in and burn every copy that has been printed. All Tom wants is a little more cheap advertising, and he knows how to get it. He is fishing for suckers and using "The Remedy" for bait. Say, mister, are you going to bite?

Morgan on the Stand.

J. Pierpont Morgan's testimony before the committee investigating the "money trust" was certainly a peach. It went something like this:

"My name is Morgan.

I am a poor man.

Have to work hard for a living.

I have no financial interest in any bank or railroad, nor any other public institution that requires money.

I am not president nor director of anything.

I can't understand how the belief got started that I am rich and that I have great power in the financial affairs of the country.

I tell you I am awful poor—can't hardly keep decent clothes and enough to eat for myself and family.

I have no power whatever.

There may be a money trust, but how could you expect a poor man like me to know anything about it?

I don't know anything about anything.

I am the poorest, weakest and most ignorant man in America.

I'll swear I'm telling you the truth.

Now won't you please let me off? I just must hurry back to New York and see if it's necessary for me to run the Balkan war any longer, and tell Rockefeller, Carnegie and the rest of the boys what they must do."

President Taft shook 7,000 hands on New Year's Day, which seems to include practically everyone who voted for him.

See club rates on page three.

MISTER TRAIN CALLER.

Say, honey, was you ever in the waiting room of a big city depot? And did you notice the feller that comes in every few minutes and makes a pretense of "calling the trains?" That is, he is supposed to be telling the crowd what train is getting ready to start, so they can grab their bundles and crawl on.

But you might listen all day and you never could guess what the old fool was trying to do. The average person would be apt to think he was a Mexican greaser choked on dog-liver and trying to cuss the railroad in the Chinese language.

There he stands with his bay window stuck out like a bump on a tree, and bellers like a bull calf lost from its mammy, and if you had to be hung or understand a single word of that beller, I wouldn't give much for your neck.

I could tie a bullfrog to a stick and poke him in at the window, and he could "call trains" a blamed sight better than some fellers I've heard try it.

It seems that the only qualification the railroads require in a "train caller" is that he must have a voice like dragging a rawhide over a tin roof, and if he should happen to speak a word so that anybody could understand it, he would lose his job.

If you don't think I'm telling the truth, you just take notice the next time you go to a city. And if you find a train caller in America that you can understand one word out of fifty, please send me his name and a lock of his hair.

HOGWALLOW NEWS.

The Old Miser has been saving up the potatoes that are stuck on the spout of his coal oil can by the store keeper and will soon have enough for a mess.

Cricket Hicks, while going along the road on Musket Ridge the other day, was held up by a traveling photographer who took his picture, but no other valuables.

Jefferson Potlocks says some men with their promises is like a lot of fiddlers—they are all the time tuning up but never play.

Luke Mathewsia has bought a pocketbook to keep his money in, but now finds himself in as bad fix as he was before, having spent all his money for the pocketbook.

Poke Eazley is making all the necessary arrangements for building himself a house near where the sorghum mill was located. In order to get the house just exactly the right size he will lay the floor, then put his family on it, and build the house around them.

A FIRESIDE TALK.

Friends, Comrades, Brothers:

On each of my monthly visits to your fireside I always want to have a little private personal talk with you before I leave. It helps us to get better acquainted, and that naturally makes us better friends, you know.

Some of you have been reading my sassy talk and tomfoolery for two or three years—others for a shorter period—and you all seem to like it, judging by the way you keep on asking for more. Well, that suits me exactly—wish I had a million subscribers instead of 20,000. And I'm going to have a million, too, first thing anybody knows.

I have just been wondering what sort of a critter you-all think I am, anyhow. Guess some of you have got me pictured out as a regular circus clown, with a smile that wraps plum around my head three times and never comes off.

Sorry, my friends, but you'll have to guess again. I am just an ordinary poor country clodhopper, with no superior talents or training, and if you saw me in a crowd you would never pick me out for a "funny man." Fact is, I can't understand how the notion ever got started that I was capable of being funny. My face wears a sad, tired expression, and is deeply marked with suffering.

I was born in a log cabin and grew up in poverty. Spent my boyhood working on a backwoods farm and had no school advantages. But I am a graduate of the University of Hard Knocks, and am still taking my post-graduate course. Have been an "under dog" all my life, and that's how I know so well how to sympathize with the under dog. I feel close kinship with the workers of the world, because I am one of them by birth and training, and I hope I will never become rich enough to forget how it feels to be a poor little ragged, bare-footed boy.

Now, fellers, you know who I am, where I came from, and what I am trying to do. As I have told you in another column, I am working now to get a large web press and a linotype machine so that I can enlarge The Fool-Killer to sixteen pages and print a million copies each month. This new machinery will cost several thousand dollars, and my only chance of getting the money is for my 20,000 present subscribers to all go to work and send in as many new subs as possible. So please let me hear from you at once with a great big club.