

The FOOL-KILLER



VOL. III.

MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, FEBRUARY, 1913.

NO. 12.

Tell Me What the Poor Folks Do.

Looky-here, I'm doggon tired
 Readin' all about the rich—
 Where they go an' what they wear,
 How they murder time, an' sich.
 Just to read that silly stuff
 Almost makes a-body spew:
 Say, I'm tired of millionaires—
 Tell me what the poor folks do.

Millionaire has been abroad,
 Millionaire has stayed at home;
 'Nuther one has built a church
 With his picture in the dome.
 Millionaire in auto wreck—
 Hit a stone as on he flew:
 Say, I'm tired of millionaires—
 Tell me what the poor folks do.

Boston lady makes a feast,
 Axes all the swells, of course;
 New York heiress weds a duke,
 An' then sues him for divorce.
 In the papers every day
 That's the stuff we must pursue;
 Aw, confound your millionaires!—
 Tell me what the poor folks do.

The Bray of a Taftite.

Great golly-snortums! I can't hardly expect you to believe it, but I have actually received a letter from a Taftite. He writes from Berea, Kentucky, and signs himself B. W. Lain. The B. W. evidently stands for Bilious Windy.

As well as I can make out from his bug-tracky scribbling, this feller Lain is hot under the belly-band because I don't go around singing pretty love-songs to Mister Taft. He tries to remark, in his poor, broken manner, that I told "a infurnal falshood" about the corruption and the disruption of the late lamented (?) Republican party. He wants it distinctly understood that all the good, clean, sensible folks didn't leave the Taft party, because he is still hanging to it like a hungry tick to a dead calf's belly.

Well, there's one thing certain—if all the Standpatters who still cling to the old party wreck are of the same calibre as Mister Bilious Windy Lain, dog my cats if it ain't a june-sweetner of a party.

It strikes me that Bilious Windy is entirely too big for a man, and not quite big enough for a horse. He is just about the right size for a jackass.

A SERMON ON GEO. WASHINGTON.

There is supposed to be a law somewhere on the books making it a hanging crime for any editor to send out his February issue without throwing a few bokays at George Washington. And so, in order to save my neck and be a law-abiding citizen, I will now proceed to give you a little sermon on the boy that cut down the cherry tree and never told a lie.

George Washington is the only man mentioned in history who could not tell a lie. This peculiarity was a great disadvantage to George. He discovered very early in life that he was heavily handicapped in dealing with his play-mates, all of whom were good average American liars. George made every effort to overcome his failing, but he couldn't do it.

George got more beating than any other boy in the community. The others could lie out of a difficulty, but George couldn't.

Once, when George was a young man, he courted a very homely girl whose daddy was rich. He thought he could put up with her looks for the sake of her money. When he got ready to "pop the question" he composed a very pretty little speech that went something like this:

"Darling, there is something I must say to you to-night. I don't know how to say it, but I must make the effort. Please don't get offended. You pearl beyond price, my soul hungers for you! Your eyes are like sparkling dew-drops; your nose is chiseled after the model of the gods; your lips are redder than June cherries and sweeter than honey in the comb; your cheeks are more fair than the blush of wild roses. Dear heart, I want you for my own. Will you be my wife?"

When he called on the girl that night he blew out the candle and

courted by fire light in order to soften the awful view of her face. When the proper moment arrived he dropped on his knees and began:

"Darling, there is something I—"

And just then George's old weakness asserted itself. He could not lie. If ever a man wanted anything in this world, George wanted to lie just then, but there was nothing doing. Visions of the old man's fine Jerseys, broad acres and fat horses rose up to prompt him, but without avail.

George swallowed once, shut his eyes, clenched his fists, and told the truth!

"—You pie-faced, pimpled squash, if you were a snow-ball in hades I wouldn't give two cents a dozen for you. Your eyes look like two bad eggs fryin' in hog fat; your No. 11 nose was put on crooked and looks like a red barn on a hill-side; the upper and lower flapper on that hole in your face resemble the main-sail of a square-rigged schooner, and your whole miserable face is uglier than a spavined hound pup with the mange. But your old dad's money looks good to me! Will you be my wife?"

For some reason the girl refused him, and thus lost a good chance to become the Mother of her Country.

One time George took a mule to town to swap. He met a stranger who bantered him for a trade, and George said:

"This here mule of mine can't see a flash of lightning nor hear it thunder. He's so old that his back teeth have whiskers on 'em. He's always been too infernal lazy to work, but he can kick the soda out of a biscuit and never break the crust. I'll swap even with you."

The stranger thought George was lying, and traded.

HERE IS YOUR FORTUNE.

I have just graduated in Astrology and am ready to tell your fortune on short notice. I can tell nearly as big a lie as the Gypsy fortune-tellers, and when I get a little more practice I can beat 'em. Just to introduce my work and to convince you of its high quality, I will give you a sample free of charge.

If you were born anywhere between December and twelve o'clock your horoscope would read like this:

Your Significator in the eighth house being sextile to the double transit of the devil's hind leg; two degrees up and cross-ways to a three-cornered hole in the sky; second house for a bee-line through the ascending arch half way up and back through Bill Smith's tater patch, connecting with your granddaddy's funny-bone two feet and nine inches northwest of sundown. All of which proves that you are either a man or a woman or some other sort of beast, and that if you don't die young you will live to a good old age.

The wandering aspect of your Woggle Star indicates that you will have a mouth, and that it may be necessary for you to eat in order to live.

Taurus climbing a rope ladder into the second story of your whereabouts proves that you will have a bone in your leg, and that you may have some hair on your head, provided this awful information don't scare you bald-headed.

Just about two weeks from now—and we, the "great American people," will throw off the old black, dirty garment of plutocratic mis-rule—and then put it right kerdab back on again. Oh, golly, ain't we wise buddies, though? Well, I should smile!

Tell your neighbor about this.