

# The FOOL-KILLER



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## Just Take a Dose of Salts.

A writer in the British Medical Journal makes the rather astonishing statement that poets may gain much inspiration, and stimulate their capacities generally, by taking occasional doses of Epsom salts.—New York American.

Hurrah! Hurrah! Throw up your hat,  
And make the hills resound!  
Here's what we poets long have sought,

And now, by Ned, it's found.  
Next time you try to write a "poem"  
That turns out full of faults,  
Just throw the blamed thing in the fire  
And take a dose of salts.

There's no more use to fret and fume,  
And pull your hair and weep;  
The doctor men have come along  
And helped us out a heap.  
When you've exhausted all your skill,  
And still the measure halts,  
Just lay your fountain pen aside  
And take a dose of salts.

I always knew that salts were good  
To keep a man in prime;  
But dogged if I had ever known  
They did their work in rhyme.  
Now when your brain goes on a strike,  
And you can't make it waltz,  
You know the proper thing to do—  
Just take a dose of salts.

## He Strains at a Gnat and Swallows a Camel.

One of my powerful good exchanges has been getting awfully shocked at The Fool-Killer for occasionally printing a parody on a sacred hymn. It was just dreadful, you know, to paraphrase an old familiar hymn written by an ordinary mortal man who did not even claim any divine inspiration. But Lord help us! I see now where this same exchange has deliberately ripped the immortal guts out of the New Testament and hung them up on the political fence. It has taken one of our Lord's parables (the sacred utterance of Christ Himself) and rehashed it to suit its own political whim. Think of a man jumping on me for handling lightly the uninspired writings of mere men, and then watch him brazenly profane the very Word of God. Geeminy! It is a little too much.

## I WENT, I SAW, I SPEWED.

Well, boys, I wonder how many of my readers were in Washington City on the 4th of March to see Uncle Sam pull off his old stinking sox and put them back on again?

I was sorter afraid they could not get along without me, and so I borrowed a clean shirt and struck out. Got there just in time to see Woodpile Wilson come in from New Jersey. I guess his cow must have died recently, because he was wearing the churn on his head. Or it might have been a joint of stove-pipe—I didn't examine it very closely.

I am pretty well acquainted with Washington, having lived there several years ago, but I had never happened to be there on the inauguration date before. So I just took a fool notion to run up and see the Democrats cut a few didoes. I might have depended on the plutocrat papers to give me the news, but you all know what colossal liars they are. They would rather tell a lie on a credit any day than to tell the truth for pay down.

As an editor who talks each month to 75,000 people, I felt it my duty to go and see for myself. And so I went. Of course I didn't get any seat up in the amen corner, but I managed to see most of the show, all the same. For three mortal hours I stood there at the east front of the Capitol, wedged in between a fat Democrat and a raw-boned Suffragette, till my backbone gouged a hole in my hat, and my feet went to sleep. Not less than 200,000 other idiots were doing just like I was. It was the biggest gang of tarnal fools that I ever set eyes on.

And so there we stood hour after hour, like an army of young cat-birds waiting for it to rain red-worms. At last I caught sight of a regiment of churn hats coming down the Capitol steps,

and, behold, I stood face to face with Woodpile and all the other High-Muck-a-Doodles of American royalty.

Maybe I ought to have trembled a little, or got down on my knees, or something of that sort, but I didn't. I just stood there and looked on and thought "what fools these mortals be!"

They waddled on down the steps to a platform in front of the Capitol—Wilson and Bryan walking on each side of Taft to help him tote his belly—and there they met old Chief Injustice White, who proceeded to remove the mantle of power from Big Bill and place it on Woodpile's shoulders. It put me in mind of swapping an old fat beef steer for a kicking mule and getting nine acres of blue sky to boot.

Then after a little more bowing and scraping among the high-brows, Woodpile riz up and begun to talk out of his mouth. He reeled off a hank of "glittering generalities" that sounded plum snipshus and meant about as much as a fice dog barking at the moon.

And that was about all—except the pomp and ceremony, soldiers and swords, brass buttons and gold braid, that attended these grand inaugural stunts.

I turned away from it all and went back to my room, more firmly convinced than ever that the Old Scratch has got this country by the tail and a downhill pull.

If you are looking for a fat job under the Wilson administration you had better be just 49 years old, as that seems to be Woodpile's favorite number. I notice that five members of the new Cabinet are exactly the same age—just 49.

Clark Russell, in speaking of hell, says they use melted lead for icecream down there.

## HELEN AND THE STARS.

A Paris astrologer has "read the stars" for the benefit of Helen Gould Shepard, the new bride of Finley J. Shepard.

This astrologer finds that Helen and Fin have been soul-mates since the dawn of time. She was first a Babylonian princess, while Fin was of lower rank. The next incarnation finds them in Egypt. Then another jump, and they are subjects of the Roman Empire. After which they died some more and came to life during the French Revolution.

In all these different lives Helen and Fin were soul-mates, but something kept them apart until 12:30 P. M., Jan. 22, 1913.

Lord love a duck! The very idea of sane people swallowing that kind of mental moonshine! If we have all lived so many different lives during the past ages, how come we don't remember anything about it? And how did the astrologers manage to find it out? Strikes me sorter slonch-ways that it must have been somebody else, and not us, that lived away back there.

But Mr. Astrologer is some akin to Mr. Lawyer—he can prove anything on earth if you will pay him for it. And of course he can prove more for a millionaire than he can for a poor devil like me. But just wait till I save up a few millions—then I'll hire me a stargazer and find out how many times I have been "incarnated" and how many kinds of kings and princes I used to be. Seems like I don't amount to much in this life, but I'll bet you five cents I made 'em stand around when I was king of Egypt about ten thousand years ago. And I guess that's some help, by Ned.

No doubt the reason so many local papers fail is because the town gossip can get the news spread all over town before the editor has time to set his type.