

# The FOOL-KILLER



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## You Jes' As Well Laugh As To Cry.

Yes, honey, I know it's a tough old world—

I've tried it a right smart whet;  
Been joggin' along the best I could,  
An' I ain't got nowhere yet.  
But say! I've studied me out a plan  
That I sorter wish you'd try:  
Let in an' smile for a little while—  
You jes' as well laugh as to cry.

Yes, honey, I know how bad it hurts  
To be on the losing side;  
To trudge your honest way on foot,  
While thieves and rascals ride.  
There's always something to hold you back,

An' you can't tell hardly why;  
But a great long face won't win the race—  
You jes' as well laugh as to cry.

Yes, honey, I know that you and me,  
If we could have our way,  
Would like to reform the human race,  
An' hasten a better day.  
But jes' because the job's too big,  
An' the victory nowhere nigh,  
There ain't no call to set an' bawl—  
You jes' as well laugh as to cry.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON.

## ON WITH THE FIGHT!

Well, fellers, I have managed to get here again. Have had a good deal of bother and delay, as usual, but you can always depend on me as long as I am able to wiggle.

I nearly always feel disappointed with the literary contents of the paper, but I reckon this issue is as good as the average, or better. I have to look after all the mechanical details of the office work, besides a lot of outside business, and it don't leave me much time to write up the "juice." But when all the necessary machinery is installed and running smoothly, then I will have more time to write. I think you are getting your money's worth several times over, as it is. Don't you?

A thousand thanks for the splendid support you have been giving me, and let the good work go on. There is a hot fight ahead for those of us who want to see right and justice prevail. The Fool-Killer aims to be in the thick of the fight, and it will need your support right along. Send for samples and scatter them out among your friends. Then hustle up clubs and fire them in. On with the fight!

## Man is a Quair Duck, Too.

Talk about wimmen being quair! Of course they are, sorter, but the men are purty tolerable quair, too, when you come to think about it. Now you take a man at his own home. If he had to climb up on a high stool in front of a table with no cloth on it and eat his meals that way, wouldn't he raise Cain in a hurry? You bet! But the old fool will go to a cheap restaurant, crawl up on a greasy stool between two dirty tramps and gobble down a hunk of raw mule and a bowl of soup made out of dish-rags and rain water, and swear he enjoys it all. Let a man's wife at home offer him a piece of pie from which she or one of the children had taken a bite, and he would holler his head off. But he will get out in a crowd and borrow a chaw of terbacker from the first straggler he meets and set his teeth into the plug where a consumptive Chinaman has bit off a chaw, and that's all right.

At home he won't drink milk out of a glass from which one of the family has been drinking, but just call him into the back stall of a livery stable and pull out a bottle and he will stick the neck of the bottle six inches down his throat in order to get a swig, after half a dozen nasty niggers have had the bottle-neck in their big black mouths.

Verily, a man is a quair duck.

It is often the things we try hardest to find out that makes us the maddest when we find them out.

When there is nothing else to fight, the Republicans and Democrats fight each other like regular wildcats. But just let it begin to look like the Socialists are going to carry some place, and you will see these twin brothers embrace and slobber over each other equal to Malinda and her sweetheart. What base hypocrites!

## A Sermon On Sky-Scrapers.

Any man who will stop and think about it just a minute is bound to admit that he is a blamed fool. For no being that isn't a candidate for the bug-house would ever be guilty of doing a lot of things that we two-legged human animals practice every day.

Oh, yes, I know we boast of being powerful smart and intellectual creatures, with reasoning powers far superior to cows, ducks and grub-worms, but in some respects we are a heap bigger fools than all other varmints put together. Our very smartness runs away with itself and upsets our wagon of advancement in the ditch of folly.

My thinker gave birth to the above rumination after reading a magazine article on the subject of "Skyscrapers." The tall buildings of New York and other cities were described and illustrated—buildings from fifty to seventy-five stories high—and to that was added the prediction that they would continue to go higher.

Now it takes a certain kind of smartness to build skyscrapers and pack them full of humanity like bees in a hive, but I wonder if it wouldn't be better common sense to stay closer to the ground? I look around me and see the vast extent of open country—and think of the still vaster extent that I have not seen!—and then it strikes me as exceedingly odd that people have to pack up in cities, one on top of another, just as if there wasn't another inch of available space on earth.

A hog or a sheep, or any other four-legged brute, would have more sense than that. A hog knows that acorns fall wherever oak trees grow, and they don't all try to live under the same tree. If a cow can't get to graze on one bunch of grass, she smiles and trots off in search of another.

When left to themselves, animals spread out over the earth and live naturally, keeping just enough together for company and social advantages.

It is only man—foolish man!—that looses sight of the sweet open country and stacks himself up in noisy, foul-smelling cities a mile high. He imagines he is being very smart, but I can almost hear the horses laughing at him for his folly.

## A Kussed Kusser Kusses Kussing.

That cheap imitation of a sorry paper which calls itself The Hornet reminds me of a crippled toad-frog trying to stand on its head and swallow itself. In a recent issue it jumps astraddle of Oldjo Cannon's corporosity and declares that the use of cuss words was what put the fixins on Oldjo's political career. May be some truth in that, for Oldjo's cusser is an automatic eight-day cusser and runs on hot air like greased lightning down a telegraph pole. But I read further along in this same Hornet and I find the dams, darns, and other web-footed cuss-words thicker than sour gnats around a cider tub. Probably The Hornet imagines that it can put a stop to the habit of cussing by wearing out all the cuss-words itself.

## Speak Softly—This is a Secret.

"The Pope to-day sat in an arm-chair at his desk in the large library of the State Department."—Recent dispatch from Rome.

Oh, golly! I thought they had been telling us all the time that the Pope was purely a religious functionary and didn't have anything to do with matters of state. Then why in the gee-whiz does he have to maintain a "State Department" in connection with his Deputy God business? Don't all answer at once.