

The FOOL-KILLER



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Hot and Cold.

A day in June—and it was hot—
About as hot as I have felt;
And even when the sun had set
It seemed to me that I would melt.
There wasn't any breeze at all
To lend a bracer to the air;
And every bug that tried to crawl
Was panting like a hunted hare.
And then when sleepy time arriv—
The proper time to go to bed—
You don't know how much I'd have
give
For some cool place to lay my head.
I opened all the winders wide,
And skinned off nearly all my
clothes,
And flung the sheets and things aside,
And lay down there on top to doze.
I guess I must have gone to sleep,
Because I didn't wake no more
Till day was just about to peep,
And the old clock was striking four.
I made a pass at that-thar sheet
And tore it open with my toes,
And I wish I may never eat
If I weren't doggon nearly froze.
—Pack it on Pearson.

Come And See.

Some of the little editors who have only one or two thousand subscribers absolutely refuse to believe my statement that The Fool-Killer has 24,000 paid-up subscribers. They think it sounds too big to be true, and that I am simply lying.

All right, Mister Doubting Thomases, the best way I know for you to get convinced is for you to come and see for yourselves. My books are always open to inspection, and I cordially invite you to come and count the names. If that ain't enough, I will show you the original letters containing orders for subscriptions. Are you game?

The papers are telling about an Indian woman whose name is Mary Full Stomach. Look here, Mary, you surely ain't fool enough to try to live up to that name during a Democratic administration.

A SERMON ON FLIES.

Got any flies at your house, mister?

If not, I might spare you just a few for seed.

I have had fairly good success with my flies this summer.

The season has been favorable, and no epidemic of disease has broken out among them.

Of course there have been a few accidents in which some of my flies have been prematurely cut off, but the percentage of fatalities has been small.

Most of the deaths among my flies have resulted from the carelessness of my wife, who, on several occasions, has unthoughtedly left sheets of sticky paper lying around the house. To my certain knowledge I have lost 38 flies in this manner, and there may have been a few others.

When a fly gets on that paper you just as well knock it in the head, for you can't get it off all in one piece to save your neck.

And if you should happen to get one off without the loss of a leg or wing, it would be a cripple for life and would never be able to marry and raise a family. If there is one thing a fly enjoys more than anything else, it is raising a family. That seems to be a part of their religion, and their protracted meeting lasts all summer.

I bought me some screen doors to keep my flies in the house, thinking that perhaps the outdoor air might not be healthy for them, but occasionally one will slip out and ramble off. However, he usually comes back about meal time and brings several of his friends to dinner.

Everything considered, I suppose my flies are doing about as well as could be expected.

I recently saw a rich dude with a big boil on his jaw, and his face was disfigured almost as bad as if a thought had struck him.

WOBBLING ON THE SPINDLE

Prof. George A. Hill, of the Naval Observatory at Washington, has just announced a new discovery. After long and careful observation he makes the positive assertion that the earth is wobbling on its spindle. He says the North Pole don't stay in the same place any length of time, but is constantly moving.

Now, gentlemen, what are you going to do about it? Do you suppose our Democratic Congress could be persuaded to pass a law covering this case? If not, we might get the Supreme Court to issue an "injunction." Something must be done to stop the earth from wobbling, and it must be done at once.

Just think of the suffering and disappointment that this wobbling is liable to cause some of our explorers! Why, if Dr. Cook should go back to get the cigar that he laid down on top of the Pole while he buttoned his overcoat—he would have to hunt all over the neighborhood to find it. And it might finally turn out that Peary used it to thaw his jaws loose so he could cuss Cook for getting there first.

Prof. Hill admits that his new discovery is very hard to understand. In fact, he don't understand it at all. He will gladly welcome any suggestion that may lead to a solution of the great mystery.

Say, George, I ain't no expert in such matters, but I shore to goodness am interested in your diskivery. If any suggestion of mine will help out, you are more than welcome to it.

Possibly the North Pole has some conscientious scruples against being discovered any more, and is simply trying to hide from the explorers. Or it may have contracted the moving-about habit from Dr. Arthur T. Abernethy, the noted traveller and

writer, author of "Oh, Dam It, I'm Called To Preach," "I Wonder Who'll Marry Me Next?" and other well known works. (For further particulars, apply to the divorce court of the American Brewers' Association.)

Then, again, it may be possible that the Wilson panic has given this country such a jolt that the vibration has reached the North Pole and set it in motion.

There may be other possible reasons for the unsettled conditions around the Pole, but these I have named are sufficient to cause a good deal of disturbance. If anybody can give a better reason, the Perfesser will be glad to have it.

Equal Rights?—Aw, Scat!

Don't talk to me about this being a land of liberty and equal rights! It's a blubbering, bloody lie! Just recently in West Virginia men have been shot down like dogs or crammed into prison for going on a strike and demanding higher wages. What a crime it must be for a poor laborer to ask a little higher price for the only thing he has to sell! But just let a little old stuck-up merchant decide to go on a strike and sell his goods for a higher price to the poor, half-starved workers, and what is the result? Is there any law to step in and punish him for doing it? No sir!—nary a fetch-taked one!

Sure thing, if I couldn't find any better employment than trying to defend the infernal wheehawed cussedness of a system that lets poodle-dogs wear gold collars while children go ragged and hungry, hang-taked if I wouldn't go to Kansas and get a job shovelling wind off of a three-story barn with a pitchfork.

Read that Personal Letter on second page, and then hustle.