

The FOOL-KILLER



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Git Yer Gun.

It youster wuzent quite the thing,
But new demands have risen;
Hooray, Bull Mooser, get your gun—
Your Big Chief Ted's got his'n.

A forty-four is what you need—
Its voice is so expressive!
Then all the world will recognize
That you are a Pergusive.

Take out a "license," buy a gun,
And don't be over-powered;
'Twill make you look so big and brave,
You low-down, dirty coward.

POOR OLD PAGE.

That feller Walt Page, what Woodsaw Wilson has sent to represent the Benighted States at the Court of Saint Jim, is evidently a mighty poor man.

Directly after his appointment he announced that he would not try to live high or go the gaits over in London. He assured us that he would live the simple life and try to save up enough of his salary to give him a little start in the publishing business by and by.

And he shore to goodness is keeping his word. Instead of renting a respectable house for his family to live in during their stay in London, Page has actually moved into a little old shack which rents for only \$20,000 a year!

Think of that, will you? The very idea of any respectable white man, to say nothing of the Benighted States Minister to Big Britain, trying to live in such a rat-hole as that! Only twenty thousand dollars a year for house rent! If Mr. Page ain't able to do better than that, the Benighted States ought to furnish him a decent house and pay the rent.

Of course the fact that several million families in England and America live in one-room palaces that wouldn't rent for five dollars a year ain't got a drotted thing to do with it. Two nations have been disgraced and sawsiety outraged, and all for the sake of trying to save a little house rent. It does beat bobtail!



UNCLE YANKEE DOODLE SAM.

Whoop, hooray!
Here I am, what's left of me.
My name is Uncle Yankee Doodle Sam.

Don't I look like a june sweetener?

I shore do feel like one.
I have been celebrating my birthday.

That's what's the matter with me.

My birthday is the Fourth of July.

You've heard of it, I reckon.
At least you shorely have smelt it some time or other.

It smells sorter like burnt powder and old rags.

Does your birthday smell that way?

No? I didn't think it did.

Guess mine is peculiar in that respect.

They made the Fourth of July just for me, and had it all ready and waiting for me to be born on.

Wasn't they kind?

And it has been a "red letter day" ever since.

The "red" comes from the wounds made by firecrackers and things.

I came here swimming in blood, and have taken several baths in it since.

Have become so attached to the color and smell of blood that I always want a few bucketfuls to drink on my birthday.

And my nephews are always willing to furnish the "red."

Maybe I ain't proud of my nephews.

Just hush your fuss!

Why, hang-take it, I love them so well that I would be perfectly willing to see every one of them die for me.

Fact is, they just about as well die as to live the way most of them have to live.

But don't tell anybody I said so.

Most of them ain't got sense enough to know the difference.

I could make life easier for my nephews if I wanted to, but, confound it all, what's the use?

They might get too well satisfied with life and wouldn't be so willing to die for me.

That's a little Yankee trick I learned a long time ago.

Ha, there!

Mind your eye!

Clear the track!

Here comes your Uncle Yankee Doodle Sam, sorter disfigured, but still in the ring!

Whoop-to-golly!

Wow!

Cracklety-fizz!

Bum!

Kissing The Cat.

A young father of my acquaintance has an awful cute little girl. One day he asked her for a kiss, and she replied:

"Now, look here, daddy, I'll tell you how we'll fix that. I'll just kiss the cat, and then you can kiss the cat after me, and get my kiss off of the cat's nose."

That's the way a lot of so-called Christians treat their Lord. They give all their kisses to the devil, and then tell the Lord that if He wants any of their slobber He'll have to go to the devil after it.

If you can't laugh, just grin.

"VOTES FOR WOMEN!"

On general principles, I have long been in sympathy with the cry of "Votes for Women," but doggon my skin if some of the militant madams ain't just about to turn my stomach.

Frinstance, I see it stated that a young female suffragette in England is so hog-wild on the subject that she has had the words, "Votes for Women," tattooed on her cheeks. Now you know when a thing is tattooed in the flesh it stays there. It shows up like a black cow in a snow-bank, and the only way under heaven to get it off is to skin the victim and paint the place with tar.

It is hard to believe that any normal woman could have such little regard for her looks as to have her face disfigured in that way. The woman who did it must be a cross between a Chinese mud god and the devil's grandmother. She must have been so tarnal-nation ugly that she thought any kind of disfigurement would help her looks.

Now it seems to me there could be no harm in letting all good sensible women have the ballot. We men folks must admit that they are intellectually our equals and morally our superiors, and if they could make any bigger failure in government than we have made, it would be worth a good deal just to see it.

But confound these big-mouthed, masculine, shemale straddle-oodlums who go bellering around over creation trying to take things by main force and awkwardness! Nary drotted one of that set will ever get the ballot if I can have my way.

I am willing to give a woman anything under heaven that she asks for in a womanly way, whether it be a kiss or a kingdom, but Lord deliver me from these big-mouthed bawds and sexless politicians!