

The He-Virgins Had a Fit.

Help!
Murder!
Police!
Run here with a hoss-blanket quick!

Here's something that's just got to be kivered up.

Oh, my!

Excuse my blushes.

It seems that some degenerate French artist has painted the picture of a beautiful young girl wearing old Granny Eve's wedding dress with trimmings of real pink cuticle down the front and back.

Let the Texas Republic take the witness stand for just a minute:

"September Morn' is a beautiful oil painting of a young girl in the nude, by a Paris artist, depicting a September sunrise on the banks of the famed Moselle. When the male prudes in the New York custom house opened the package containing the painting, they were shocked. The painting was forwarded to Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo and he was shocked. It was then sent to Bryan and he was very properly shocked. And then it was sent to Postmaster General Burleson, who was so scandalously shocked that he prohibited its entrance in the mails."

Well, that is a plum pity.

Let's you and me cry about it. Boo-hoo!

I am awful sorry that such a wicked picture has fallen into the hands of our pure and immaculate custom-house officials and the dear little innocent buddies who compose Wilson's cabinet. There is danger of corrupting their snowy innocence, don't you know? Of course neither the custom-house angels nor McAdoo, Bryan or Burleson had ever seen such a sight before. They had always believed that clothes grew on a woman like wool on a sheep, and when they found out different it must have been a terrible shock.

Seems to me that the parents of these honorable officials must have neglected their duty. They should have presented their young hopefuls with a set of Dr. Stall's books, entitled, "What a Young So-and-So Ought to Know." The knowledge contained therein might have acted as a sort of shock-absorber in a case like the above.

While fully sympathizing with the officials, I can't help being sorry for the young lady, also. It must have been very embarrassing for her to appear before the Cabinet without any clothes on. And the poor thing couldn't help herself. She is probably a very nice girl, and it would be a pity to send her back to Europe. I'll give ten cents toward buying her

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THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

a hobble skirt so she can make her debut in American sawsociety.

But that infernal old French artist ought to have his head cracked, that's what he ought, for getting a nice young lady and a crowd of nice men into such a scrape. Old mean thing!

"GOOD NEWS."

Say, friends, here is a piece of news that may interest some of you, especially those of you who are inclined toward religious literature. I have been running The Fool-Killer for nearly four years. I have made a little money and have had several wagon-loads of fun out of it, but my wife (who is a good modest Christian woman) has always been sorter ashamed of the fool thing. She considers it a purty tolerable sorry excuse for a paper and wonders why so many folks are so crazy over it. And so, in order to show me and the rest of you what a real paper looks like, Mrs. Pearson has turned in and started a paper of her own. It is a non-sectarian religious monthly, and its name is "Good News." The first issue has just appeared. And right here let me make this public confession—the widder has done got me skinned. "GOOD NEWS" ain't as droll and funny as The Fool-Killer, but it is ten times better because it talks about better things. It is also well written and full of fresh new ideas. One issue contains more Bible truth and spiritual uplift than a dozen ordinary sermons. I know some of my readers don't believe in religion at all, but there will come a time when they will wish they had. And so I invite all my readers, no matter what their religious views, to subscribe for my wife's paper. It will do you good. The price of single subscriptions is fifteen cents a year, but in clubs of five or more it is only ten cents. Send money by any safe method, and address all orders to:

MRS. CORA PEARSON,
Moravian Falls, N. C.

One of my neighbors has just got back from his vacation. He went away for change and rest. But the hotels got the change and the porters got the rest.

ANOTHER SERMON, THANK YE.

All right, little 'uns, just be still and your uncle will preach you another sermon. Ain't thought of nary subject to preach about yet, but maybe if I start out the subject will come. So here goes.

I am going to give my thinker absolute freedom on this occasion and see what kind of a caper it will cut. Oh, goody, goody!—there's my subject—Freedom! This is going to be a "Sermon on Freedom." Ain't that a jim-dandy way for a feller to get a subject? I'll try that trick again sometime.

We have heard so many Fourth of July orations on the subject that some of us have actually got to believing that there is such a thing as American Freedom. Wonder where that fool notion started from, anyhow? Our ancestors paid a big price for freedom, and they thought they got what they paid for. But did they get it? And if so, what has become of it? There don't seem to be any freedom lying around loose these days. Possibly the millionaires have got it. They have got most everything else. Sure thing, the common people of this country ain't burdened with freedom. Their burdens are of a different kind. They are actual slaves. No use to deny that. The slaves of circumstance and the serfs of commercial greed. And no man can be a slave and a freeman at the same time.

Take the average working man, and examine his so-called freedom. What does it consist of? Freedom to slave ten hours a day for a bare existence. Freedom to change bosses occasionally, and perhaps get a worse one than he had before. Freedom to go hungry and wear rags. Freedom to live in a shack that a rich man's dog would scorn. Freedom to supply the world with abundance and take the scraps for himself.

Freedom? Oh, yes, I reckon there is some freedom in America, but the money sharks have got it. And they are going to hold on to it like a puppy to a root.

Hurrah for "American Freedom!" Why don't you holler?

A Sermon on Breeches.

The following news dispatch has been sent out from Washington:

"Another thrill is in store for Washington society. Mrs. Christian Dominic Hemmick, aged 60 years, is having trousers made by a local tailor. They will be worn with suspenders, and as soon as they are finished Mrs. Hemmick and some friends she has induced to adopt the new style will appear on the streets in the new garb."

Oh!

Ouch!

Geeminy sakes!

Did you hear that?

And so the doodle-bug sawsociety of Grafters' Headquarters is going to have the blessed privilege of rubbernecking after a pair of summer breeches as they go straddling down the street with an old Dominic Hen inside of 'em! Won't that be ge-lorious? I can just imagine what great interest it will create. Woodrow will come out on the front steps in his sock feet, while all the wheels of government on Capitol Hill will stand still to see the breeches go by. Even the tariff will be forgotten for the time being, and the pie-hungry Democrat will have to suck his thumb and wait.

The world is just beginning to learn what magic power there is in a pair of breeches. We can well afford to let everything else go hang till we absorb all the spiritual blessing that can be squeeze out of this momentous event.

Oh, fudge! Now ain't that something to take on over? Why, Mrs. Dominic Hen can haul on one pair of breeches over another till she gets 'em a foot thick all over herself if she wants to. It ain't none of my business. I wear breeches every chance I get, and the entire shemale shebang of Washington City can do likewise if it suits 'em.

No doubt it was just as much of a novelty when men first began to wear breeches as it is now when the women are beginning to take it up. And if it had just happened in the early days that men had begun to wear dresses instead of pants, we would be doing it yet and would think it was all right. You see it is all a matter of being used to a thing, and if we have got to accustom ourselves to women in breeches we might as well begin now as any time. So just let Mrs. Dominic Hen and her brood alone. Maybe they are the pioneers of a great reform. Who knows?

Some people come to grief, while others just sit down and wait for it to overtake them.