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#### ALL KINDS OF FOOLS.

I'll sing a little snatch of song  
About the fools that come along.  
There's many fools of many minds  
The harmless fool and other kinds.

Most pitiful and most forlorn,  
The fool in that condition born—  
The idiotic, staring fool,  
With brain as dull as any mule.

Poor man! 'Tis not his fault alone;  
In other lives the seed was sown;  
We should not laugh at such a  
man—  
No doubt he does the best he can.

You've seen the fool upon a limb,  
And sawing 'twixt the tree and  
him;  
Also the fool who thought it fun  
To blow into a loaded gun.

One other fool that I despise  
Believes that he is very wise;  
I have no doubt that you recall  
The tiresome fool that knows it all.

The business fool will scheme and  
plan  
A thousand ways to cheat a man,  
And cannot see that in the end  
He'll die without a single friend.

Another place for fools to mix  
Is in the field of politics;  
They hate the truth and love a lie,  
And some sell votes and others  
buy.

Bless goodness, I must not forget  
The fools that form the social set;  
Of all the fools that sin has nursed,  
The fools of fashion are the worst.

They grab old Reason by the  
snout,  
And jerk him down and throw him  
out,  
And high on Fashion's rotten  
throne  
Old Mistress Folly reigns alone.

Religious fools of every kind  
It is not difficult to find—  
So many gods, so many creeds,  
That do not satisfy our needs.

The list is long, and yet they say  
New fools are sprouting every day;  
The Fool-Killer biffs 'em one by  
one,  
And yet its task is never done.

#### GOSH-ALL-OVER-MYSELF!

Geeminy goodness!  
Ouch!  
Oh!

I'll just be consarned if it don't  
get wusser and wusser all the  
time!

The cry has been for two battle-  
ships a year.

And that was just two a year  
more than we had any earthly  
use for.

But now here come Joe See  
Fuss Dan Yells, Secretary of the  
Navy, and wants us to build three  
dreadnaughts a year instead of  
two.

He wants them to be the big-  
gest fighting ships ever built, and  
he wants one of them named  
"North Carolina" in honor of his  
native State.

Honor, your foot!

Say, I can't think of anything  
that I would consider a bigger  
disgrace to the State than to have  
one of these infernal contrapshuns  
named after it.

And, hang-take it, ain't there  
already one of the things named  
after North Carolina?

And ain't that a plenty?

Whenever the Old North State  
gets burdened with any more  
"honor" of that kind, it will be  
about time for her to sneak off  
behind the cow-shed and be right  
plum downright ashamed of her-  
self.

Three dreadnaughts a year  
would cost at least thirty-six  
million dollars a year to build, to  
say nothing of the annual up-keep.

And they wouldn't be worth a  
dried-apple cuss to anybody.

Now, instead of wasting that  
\$36,000,000 a year, suppose we  
could use it in building good roads  
all over the country.

What would be the result?

Why, bless your soul, mister,  
that would give us at least 20,000  
miles of good road every year—  
enough to reach five times across  
the entire country.

That would be worth something.

But battleships!  
Lord pity us!

#### Talk, Talk, Talk, Talk.

I recently saw a newspaper  
article with the above heading. I  
didn't read the article, and don't  
have any more idea than a hog  
what it was about.

But the head caught me, and I  
said to myself, "There! Guess  
I'll just hook that heading and  
use it as a new fall bonnet for  
one of my own preachments."

Talk, talk, talk, talk.

And then get a long breath and  
talk some more.

It takes talk to run the world.  
And I don't wonder at it, for  
lots of the talk I hear is enough  
to run most anything.

It nearly runs me crazy some-  
times.

Don't bother to think, but just  
talk.

Thinking tires the thinker, but  
talking only tires the listener,  
and that don't matter.

Therefore talk.

Talk early and often, late and  
loud.

Go into the office where people  
are busy, crank your mouth and  
put it to work.

The boss pays his hands to  
listen at you talk.

And they enjoy it.

If somebody else is talking  
about something of importance,  
that's just the time for you to  
butt in. Crack away and tell 'em  
you know more about it than  
they do.

That's good manners.

It don't matter whether you  
know anything or not—make a  
bluff and pretend that you know.

The less you know the more  
you should talk.

Make up in talk what you lack  
in knowledge, and maybe you  
will fool somebody into thinking  
you are smart.

Exercise is good for the  
tongue—therefore let it wag.

Tell 'em your name is Mr.  
Gabby-Jack from away up Long-  
tongue Creek.

#### SEND FOR THE GRANNY, QUICK!

In clawing around through cre-  
ation in search of more fools to  
skin, I rested my roaming lookers  
on the name of one George W.  
Carey. I have had this sorry cuss  
hung up on my victim-rack for  
several weeks, but I have put off  
the skinning operation because  
he stunk so bad that I dreaded to  
tackle him.

Now this wandering, wild-eyed  
fanatic who goes around with a  
"Dr." label pasted prominently  
on his putrid personality, has  
kindly condescended to give the  
waiting world his own original  
version of the moon question.

According to Dr. Carey's bow-  
legged belief, the sun is the  
daddy of all the planets and this  
old earth of ours is the mammy  
of them. He says that all planets  
are born of the earth in the same  
manner that man is born of  
woman. The South Pole is the  
womb of the earth, and the sun's  
rays act upon it in such a way as  
to cause a conception. Then a  
new world is born. Doc says the  
moon is the youngest child of the  
earth, but there is going to be  
another one born about the year  
1945.

And so that's the way it's all  
done! Well, well! How very sim-  
ple! Strange we hadn't found it  
out before. Much obliged to you,  
Doc, for giving us a whole box of  
wisdom pills at one dose.

But you haven't explained  
why some of the earth's children  
are so much bigger than their  
mammy. Jupiter and Saturn—  
they are several hundred times  
bigger than the earth, so astron-  
omers tell us. Guess they must  
take after their daddy in size.  
Is that it?

Now, reader, are you satisfied  
on this point? If not, must take a  
dickens of a sight to satisfy you.