



**The Millionaire Puppy.**

Hello, you million dollar pup,  
 You little wooly devil!  
 No wonder you are so stuck up  
 Above the common level.

You live the most exclusive way,  
 By reason of your riches;  
 Of course you're not allowed to play  
 With common curs and bitches.

You have a suite of furnished rooms,  
 With Turkish bath and toilet,  
 And servant girls with mops and brooms  
 To clean up when you spoil it.

You have a soft and downy bed  
 On which to do your snoozing;  
 The rarest dainties when you're fed,  
 And all of special choosing.

You have a doctor when you're sick  
 To cure your pains and twitches;  
 Also a maid who knows the lick  
 To scratch you where it itches.

You've got a dozen suits of clothes  
 That cost a thousand dollars,  
 With shoes to warm your precious toes,  
 And diamond-studded collars.

Your weakest little whine or bark  
 Will bring your slaves a-trotting,  
 While humans in the cold and dark  
 Are perishing and rotting.

Say, pup, you've got the laugh on us,  
 You high and mighty poodle;  
 But you ain't worth a tinker's cuss—  
 Doggon your bloody boodle!

James Larkin Pearson.

**About Personal Letters.**

Dear Friends and Club-Raisers:  
 One of my greatest regrets in connection with this business is the fact that I cannot write each of you a personal letter in reply to each club you send me. I have the will to do it, but you know that would be an impossible task. We must be content with letting the paper itself serve as a personal letter, and I will do my best to see that nobody is overlooked in the mailing. In a business of this size a few mistakes are almost sure to occur, but I am always glad to correct them when they are called to my attention. So just let the clubs roll in here like four men a-measuring apples.

**A CONTINENT FOR SALE!**

O yes! O yes! O yes!  
 New continent for sale!  
 Who wants a continent?  
 A brand-new continent nearly as big as your fist has just been Columbed away up in the frozen Arctic Circle, and is now being offered to the public for the first time.

This is a great bargain.  
 Nothing like it ever heard of before.

Who bids, and how much, for the new continent?  
 Bid up, gentlemen!  
 Here is your chance to make a fortune in the ice business. The soil and climate are well adapted to the raising of icebergs, chill-blains, and other garden truck; also seals, walruses, polar bears, and a very superior grade of aurora borealis.

How much am I offered for this new and promising continent?  
 Bid up, gentlemen, bid up!  
 Are you all asleep?  
 This great property has on it an abundance of nice, white bones, the remains of prehistoric explorers who froze to death there. These bones go with the land without extra charge.

O yes! O yes!  
 This is the poor man's chance.  
 If you ever expect to own a continent, now is the time to get busy.

You all know the billionaires have got this continent bound and gagged and its pockets turned inside out.  
 A poor man don't stand any more chance in America than a fat grubworm on a fishing trip.  
 Therefore—  
 The only way for a poor man to break into the Rockefeller class is to buy him a new country and grow up with it.

This property is only a short distance from the North Pole, the well-known and rapidly

growing summer resort, where you can find a ready market for stove-wood, ear-muffs and overcoats.

No mosquitoes, bed-bugs, lawyers nor book-agents anywhere in that country, and such a thing as sunstroke was never heard of.

Opportunity is knocking at your door with a battering-ram.  
 Bid up, gentlemen—I can't wait.

Going—  
 Did I hear another bid, or was that the cost of living fell?

Once—  
 The opportunity is passing.

Twice—  
 Are you all done?

Three times—and sold, to Rocky D. Oilyfeller.

**"A FRIENDLY VISIT"—SCAT!**

Bearing the greetings of the new world to the old, the great sea fighters of the Atlantic fleet were started on their way to the ports of the sunny Mediterranean. Nine sombre garbed war machines in battle formation and carrying thousands of American fighting men and sailors, received the final nod of farewell and slid slowly out into the sea.—Associated Press Dispatch.

Great buckets of mud!  
 That sounds mightily like old Pide's bell to me.

Now let the band play "Possum Up a Simmern Tree," and we'll all grab a meat-ax and run.

In common corn-field English, the cold facts are these:  
 The United States has started a gang of its battleships on a "friendly visit" around the world, bearing the friendship and good-will of this nation to the nations beyond the sea.

All right, Brother Jonathan.  
 When you see me coming to your house with my war-paint on and my teeth set, a forty-eight in each hand and a belt full of butcher-knives, don't you get

excited and grab your old musket in self-defense.

I will be coming on a "friendly visit."  
 I will have only brotherly love and good-will in my heart for you and everybody else in the world. But you will want to know what in the dickens I mean by coming at you bristling with fighting-tools like a blood-thirsty savage.

And that's what I want to know.  
 If I am such a good, easy-going, peaceable feller, why do I want to pass myself off for a low-bowed ruffian, a hot-headed bully, just spoiling for a fight?

We profess to be a great "Christian nation," and we let off a great deal of hot air about good-will, brotherly love, and so on. But when Uncle Sam starts out to visit his sister nations, does he go like a Christian gentleman or like an infernal dope-crazed heathen?

Take the case, gentlemen.

**Give Us Justice—Not Charity!**

The infernal gold-plated plutes love to boast of their "charity." Great heavens! If simple Justice was allowed to prevail in this old world there wouldn't be one particle of use for "charity." Every "charitable institution" on the face of God's earth is a silent witness to the fact that Justice has been outraged and driven from the land. 'Safact.

**Back to the Old Head.**

My subscribers will notice that The Fool-Killer has a different head on itself this month, and a word of explanation may be in order. This head is the one I first used on the paper, and a little over a year ago I swapped it off for another. But I never felt quite satisfied with the change, and so I am now changing back to the original head.