



**YOU OLD FOOL YOU.**

You work in a shop for a dollar a day,  
 You old fool you,  
 And then take "company scrip" for pay,  
 You old fool you.  
 The wolf comes howling around your door,  
 And away you trot to the "company store,"  
 And pay two prices, and maybe more,  
 You old fool you.

Your boss has wealth in many lands,  
 You old fool you.  
 While you have nothing but your two hands,  
 You old fool you;  
 You work and work from day to day;  
 He sets the price and counts the pay,  
 And you ain't got a word to say,  
 You old fool you.

You skin some bark or dig some roots,  
 You old fool you,  
 And then go sell them to the plutes,  
 You old fool you;  
 And yet you ain't got sense enough  
 To stand your ground call their bluff,  
 And set your own price on your stuff,  
 You old fool you.

You fret and fume about your lot,  
 You old fool you,  
 And sigh for things you haven't got,  
 You old fool you;  
 When there's a chance to make some gains,  
 You mighty quick forget your pains  
 And vote to keep yourself in chains,  
 You old fool you.

—James Larkin Pearson.

A woman can take a feather and wear it on one side of her hat one day, and on the other side another day, on the the front of her hat another day, and on the back another day. She can wear it curled around the rim, under the rim, across the crown, or straight up in the air—and it looks just as natural as pig-tracks. But if a man happens to put his hat on with the back part in front he looks like a durn fool.

**TWO OF A KIND.**

**Some of the Stuffing From A Stuffed Club.**

A very punctilious lady friend of mine says that I should be ashamed to have my picture taken with a jackass. I don't know why. He may be inferior



to me in many things, but I am inferior to him in many others. It is true that I am his master, and can lead him about; but I am also led about, a slave to my appetites and passions.

He was born a jackass, and can't help it; while I have deliberately made a jackass of myself, times without number. Neither of us was consulted when we were brought into this world, and we are hustled out of it willy nilly. His clay may yet mix with mine and "stop the cracks to keep the cold away."

He is not able to experience some of the pleasures I know but he is immune to my disappointments. He is uncomplaining about what is, and what he gets, while I am continually harassed by desires and longings which lure me hither and thither—wills-o'-the-wisp in a forest of ideals.

He invariably knows when he has enough. I seldom do. He is not annoyed by the jackassy acts of other jackasses. I am. He has always known how to keep well. I haven't. He will not eat beyond his capacity to digest, and never yet has he taken into

his mouth "an enemy to steal away his brains."

He has never been vaccinated with serum antidiphthericum, or maggot juice, (more commonly known as Typhoid Vaccine), or "pure" pus from the bodies of diseased cows.

His appendix and tonsils are all intact; he has had nothing cut out, clipped off, or squirted in. He has never taken a dose of medicine, and, strange as it may seem, he has never been sick a day in his life.

He is satisfied to live today. He does not worry himself trying to solve the riddle of his origin and existence, nor does he exhaust his strength in futile attempts to lift the veil of Isis.

I could prove by dozens of anthropological traits of his, and hundreds of assinine acts of mine that he is my brother; but why prove it when I admit it?

I love him. I admire the splendid animality which is his. I doff my chapeau to his innocent, unconscious frankness, and his shameless, unblushing naturalness.

E. E. BUSTER.

(The one with a hat on.)

During the next three years of Wilson's "prosperity" the game of suicide is apt to be a very popular entertainment, and I see that the manufacturers of bichloride of mercury tablets are getting ready for it. Heretofore people who have made up their minds to take the bichloride route to heaven have had to run the great risk of swallowing a headache tablet by mistake. Such blunders are very annoying, especially under a Democratic administration when a feller is down-and-out and in a hurry to get away from it all. And therefore, as a means of preventing such mistakes in the future, the enterprising drug manufacturers have begun to put up the bichloride tablets in the shape of a coffin. That is a good idea. Now a poor, despondent feller can pick out his "go-to-heaven" dose in the dark or anywhere, just by the shape of it, and there won't be any more danger of swallowing a headache tablet by mistake.

**Another Way to "Get Rich."**

Well honey, I see that another big, juicy game of graft has blossomed out in connection with the moving picture business. The papers and magazines are full of advertisements of "schools" that want to teach you to write "photo-plays." It don't matter whether you know your A B C's or not, you are the very buddy they are looking for. In fact, the more ignorant you are, the better you will suit them. They are fishing for suckers that ain't got sense enough to know a skin-game when they see it. I do hope you ain't that big a fool, but if you are, then of course you'll answer their ad.

Yes, honey, and then they'll go on to tell you all about what a great demand there is for photo-plays, and they are plum certain that you are the greatest photo-play writer that ever lived. The fact that you couldn't spell "cat" correctly don't make any difference. They are quite positive that you can turn out at least sixty photo-plays a minute that will sell for at least a million dollars apiece. One advertisement reads: "I want to forever put a stop to this foolish idea that it takes any special talent or education to write photo-plays." Why, certain and shore, honey. Anybody can do that, but they need a little "teaching." Prof. Honeyfuggle is the gent what came into this world to do the teaching. He is so kind-hearted that he will only charge you about fifty dollars to teach you how to write photo-plays that will make you rich and famous in about fifteen minutes after you get started. Of course you pay that little dab without any hesitation, and then you employ four niggers with sand-shovels to keep the money shovelled off you.

Then you wait. After which you wait some more. And then you get a steady job of waiting, but still that fame and fortune don't show up. Of course not. Who but a fool would have expected it to?