

**THE APRIL-FOOL.**

If a man was a fool but once a year—

On April the first alone—
And had good sense the rest of the time,
Hard times would not be known.

But I've been studying all these things,

And this is what I've found—
That the average biped called a man
Is a fool the whole year round.

I can't tell why the All-Fool's Day
Is set for April first,
When it's November election time
Men act the fool the worst.

James Larkin Pearson.

A SERMON ON MEXICO.

And so this is going to be a few scattering remarks on the situation down in Greaserdom. Yes, honey, the music is still in progress down south of the Rio Grande, with a pretty good prospect of getting over on this side before it ends. And so I reckon a Fool-Killer sermon on the subject won't hurt anything.

The eyes of the world are on Mexico, and every feller has his opinion about it. If opinions could have settled the fuss, it would have been settled long ago. But that's the whole trouble—there's too many opinions—and here's one more. If all the Mexicans had just one opinion there wouldn't be anything for them to fight over. But a Greaser would die if he couldn't fight, and he's mighty apt to die if he does fight, and so just let him fight and die till he gets his belly full of it. I'd much rather it was him than me.

I have got plenty of things against Woodpile Wilson, but trying to keep out of that Mexican mess is not one of them. The old school-teacher's head is level enough on that subject. Many a cussin' have I heard Woodpile get because he wouldn't declare war against Mexico and send our army down there to eat 'em up blood-raw. But I have never yet got any of these blood-thirsty "patriots" to tell me what business we've got meddling in Mexico's affairs. The only thing they can say is that a few rich Americans have got large prop-

erty interests down there, and it's our duty to "protect" these millionaires and their property. Protect the devil! Why is one man any better to be protected than another? They don't think nary time about protecting the poor fellows who have been wh edled into joining the army. Blamed poor business I call it to have several thousand poor men murdered just to protect the property of a half-dozen millionaires who knew the conditions in Mexico before they went there. If the capitalists were not willing to take their chances and bear the consequences, why in dickens did they invest their precious dross in Mexican property? Nobody compelled them to do it. And now if they expect me to stick my carcass up between their property and the Mexican bullets, they are barking up the wrong tree.

Of course if some of these blood-thirsty "patriots" here in this country want to take it upon themselves to go down there and have their guts hung out to dry on the cactus bushes of Mexico—just let 'em hit the grit.

But, lawzy-massy me! If it should actually come to war these same brave boys who have been wanting war so bad would be the first bucks to hunt for a cave in the mountains.

Result of One Smile.

One smile makes a flirtation. One flirtation makes two acquainted. Two acquainted make one kiss. One kiss makes several more. Several kisses make an engagement. One engagement makes two fools. Two fools make one marriage. One marriage makes two mothers-in-law. Two mothers-in-law make a red-hot time.

Now, boys, as a parting word, I ask you to show this paper to all your neighbors and friends and get them to subscribe. I will strive to make The Fool-Killer better and better each month. In next issue there will be some juice that will pucker the devil's mouth to beat sixty.

BACON AND BOOZE

Of all the far-fetched and infernal arguments that were ever hatched up by the bug-house brain of a blubbering boozear-tist, here is one that caps the stack.

The editor of a local paper, in adding his mite to the discussion of the high cost of living, drags in the startling statement that the prohibition law in North Carolina is responsible for the high cost of meat.

Shades of dad's old sow! What a clincher! Now we have it straight from the foundation head of wisdom, and the question is settled. It must be a thrilling sensation to be smart like that.

Several years ago, when government distilleries were as thick throughout North Carolina as fleas on a yaller dog, it was the custom to fatten hogs on "still-slop." The stiller built a hog-lot adjoining his booze factory and all the neighbors brought their hogs there to be fattened on the "slop" which ran into the lot through great nasty troughs. The farmers sold their corn to the distiller and took their pay in likker for themselves and "slop" for their hogs. And they thought they were getting a great bargain.

But now the stills have been driven out and the rivers of "still-slop" have ceased to flow, and that is the reason the people can't raise hogs any more—because there is no still-slop to fatten 'em on.

Great argument! Profound reasoning! Of course no one ever thought of feeding corn to hogs. But why couldn't it be done? Why wouldn't a bushel of corn do a pig more good than just the slop that a bushel of corn would make? Do the four-legged hogs fare better on just the dregs of the corn after the "drunk" has been extracted for the two-legged hogs? That seems to be the way our wise editor looks at it. But he is so infernal cross-eyed that if he should cry the tears would run down the back of his neck.

The prohibition law responsible for the high price of meat! Why, you might as well argue that the mud between a little nigger's toes is responsible for the changes of the moon.

VIRGIN MARY OUT OF DATE.

Now, then, what do you think? The infallible Pappy of Rome has got down on his gold-plated belly and lavished a lot of his holy slobber on the pretty pink toes of that dazzling darling, Dame Fashion.

Who would athunk it?

And that makes it look to a man up a tree that Dame Fashion is more infallible than the Pappy is. How does it look to you?

Ever since Heck was a pup, one of the iron clad rules of the Vatican has been that the wimman folks of the Roman Catholic lay-out must wear a little string around their necks, and said string must support a little doodad which must hang down in the neighborhood of where the baby gets its dinner, and on the said doodad must be a picture of the Virgin Mary.

The arrangement worked all right until Dame Fashion came along with this new style of collar which buttons around the waist, and then the little Catholic string with the Virgin Mary doodad hanging to it, and showing against the snowy breast-works of Cupid's War Department—well, that had a sort of tendency to mar the landscape, you know.

And so the good Catholic sisters set up a mighty howl about it and prevailed upon the Pappy to decree a new deecrement on the subject. He straightway did so. He knocked the head out a brand-new barrel of infallibility which had just arriv on the noon freight, and he discovered in view of the whereforeness of the whatnot, that the doodad was not absolutely essential to salvation, nohow.

But that isn't the point, exactly. Essential, or non-essential, when fashion said it must go—it went. To be sure, the little image of the Virgin Mary didn't hide a very big scope of the country, but the Pappy reasoned that if a little nakedness was good for the Catholic church, more nakedness would be better, and so he has passed the word down the line that the little image can be wrapped up in an old stocking leg and laid away.