

**JOHNDEE, JUNIOR.**

By James Larkin Pearson.

Who herds the fools
In Sunday Schools
And prates about
The Golden Rules?
Johndee, Junior.

Who bates his snares
With pious prayers,
And puts on lots
Of righteous airs?
Johndee, Junior.

Who owns the holes
Where miners' souls
Grope in the dark
Like poor blind moles?
Johndee, Junior.

Who trains the guns
On helpless ones,
Till precious blood
In rivers runs?
Johndee, Junior.

If there's a hell
Where devils dwell,
What mortal man
Deserves it well?
Johndee, Junior.

Didn't Know It, Did You?

Say, Rube, maybe you didn't know that you are already virtually a member of the United States army, under the provisions of the "Dick Military Bill." But you are, just the same. The law gives Woodchuck Wilson the power to call YOU out just any day he sees fit and place you in the front of battle. And you can't do nary thing but trot right along to your death, whether you like it or not. There don't need to be any conscripting done in order to get you—you are already conscripted and didn't know it. And yet this is a "free" country, and you are a "free" citizen! Poor old fool! How much longer are you going to keep on believing that lie?

No sir, I am not opposed to wealth. Wealth is a good thing. There is enough wealth in the world for everybody, and everybody ought to have it. It is poverty that I object to.

A SERMON ON MADONNAS.

All right, my dear fools, here is a pound of wire nails to fasten your string galluses with, to keep from losing your breeches while you stand here and listen to this sermon.

Now are you all ready? Well, here we go. This is going to be a sermon on "Madonnas," and if you don't know what a Madonna is, right here is the place to find out. A Madonna, my dear fools, is a mother with a baby in her arms. This has been a favorite theme of the great painters, and the art galleries of the world are full of pictures entitled, "Madonna and Child." These pictures all represent a mother with an infant babe at her breast, and art collectors have paid fabulous prices for some of them.

Maybe a picture like that is worth a great deal. I can't speak with authority, because I don't know a bloomin' thing about the art business.

But from what I can find out, the picture of a mother and child is worth a darned sight more in the eyes of the world than the real flesh-and-blood originals. The only possible use that a millionaire art collector could have for a real mother with a real baby in her arms would be to rob her of her last crust and grind her life out in a sweat-shop in order to get money to buy a painted "Madonna" to hang on a palace wall.

A real mother gets tired and hungry sometimes. She even breaks down under her burdens and weeps. And the baby—poor little old dirty thing!—cries for milk, and then spews it up all over the floor. And that would be awful ugly conduct to carry on in a millionaire's parlor. But a picture—just a pretty, smooth, harmless picture; one that never gets its face dirty, nor sheds tears, nor has the heart-ache—that's the ten-thousand dollar beauty that

fits so well into a millionaire's drawing-room. That's what he would travel around the world and pay a fortune for—the same fortune, remember, that he has squeezed out of the patient, suffering lives of real mothers and children.

The original lives in a hut and goes to bed hungry.

The picture hangs on a gilded wall and smiles down upon the foolish revelry of the rich.

Oh, you mother bending over the wash-tub, with four ragged young-uns catching tadpoles in the branch—don't you wish you was a "Madonna?"

BIGGER AND BETTER.

I am pleased to announce that I have just closed a deal which gives me some able editorial help on The Fool-Killer. Some of the ablest and best-known free-lance writers in the country will soon begin to contribute their best efforts to the columns of The Fool-Killer. I will continue to give you as much as possible of my own original gab, and all these other good things will be thrown in extra.

And I am still planning to enlarge the paper at an early date. This plan would have been carried out before now, but the Mexican war cloud set it back a little. I felt that it wasn't safe to venture much in a time of such uncertainty. But they say that where nothing is ventured nothing is gained, and so I have made up my mind to do a little venturing anyhow. As you know, I have spent several hundred dollars lately for new machinery, and I am now prepared to handle a larger paper and also a larger circulation. Now how many of you want a larger Fool-Killer bad enough to send in a good big club right at once? Pay particular attention to the new club rates on third page, and then get busy.

Hosses, Cows, And Other Folks.

"If your horse or your cow has a contagious disease you can get a scientist to visit your farm and cure the animal and take the necessary precaution against the spread of the disease."—James Hay, in Woman's World.

Yes, yes! Of course the horses and cows must be doctored and cared for. A man can sell his horse or his cow—they represent dollars. Uncle Sam is devilish accommodating to shoulder his medicine-pouch and go in a gallop when Jim Jones's old cow gets the holler tail, or when Bill Smith's forty-year-old plug of a hoss is trying to bid farewell to this vain world of sore backs, muddy roads and hoss-swappers.

Uncle Sam can well afford to do that, because the blue-john fountain and the harness rack both have a market value. They represent dollars. It would be an awful crime, you know, to let anything die and get out of its misery that might be patched up and worked off on some ignorant Rube for a few circular pieces of tin.

But with human beings it's different. If Jim Jones's wife or Bill Smith's baby gets sick, there is no government specialist to drop everything and go running three lopes at a jump to give free medical attention.

Why?

Because the wife and baby are just mere humans. They have no market value. If they die there is nothing lost. Only a few hearts broken, a home bereaved, an empty chair at the fireside, and a longing for a voice that is stilled. Uncle Sam is a busy old cuss and has no time or money to waste over such little trifles as that. His time and attention are fully occupied with weightier matters, such as pulling an old mule's tooth to cure old age, and boring a cow's horn for the holler tail.

Alas, that horses and cows should be so dear and human beings so cheap!