

25 Cents
a Year—
15 Cents
in Clubs
of Five
or More.

The Fool-Killer

When you
get hold of
something
good, pass
it around.
Send in a
big club.

THIS PAPER, IN SPITE OF ITS NAME, DOES NOT BELIEVE IN KILLING PEOPLE.

VOLUME 7

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The Tale of a Stamp.

I'm a stamp,
A postage stamp,
A two-center.
Don't want to brag,
But I never was licked,
Except once—
By a gentleman, too.
He put me onto a good thing.
It was an envelope,
Perfumed, pink, and square.
I've been stuck on the envelope
Ever since
He dropped us,
The envelope and me,
Through a slot in a dark box.
We were rescued by a mail-clerk—
More's the pity.
He hit me an awful smash
with a hammer.
It left my face black and blue.
Then I went on a long journey..
Of two days,
And when we arrived,
The pink envelope and me,
We were presented
To a perfect peach of a girl
With the stunningest
Pair of blue eyes
That ever blinked.
Say, she's a dream!
Well,
She mutilated the pink envelope.
And tore one corner of me off
With a hair pin.
Then she read what was inside
The Pink envelope.
I never saw a girl blush
So beautifully.
I would be stuck on her
If I could.
She placed the writing back
In the pink envelope,
Then she kissed me.
Oh, you baby doll!
Her lips were ripe as cherries,
And warm as the summer sun.
We,
The pink envelope and me,
Are now nestling snugly
In her bosom.
We can hear her heart throb.
When it goes fastest
She takes us out
And kisses me.
Oh, say, this is great!
I'm glad I'm a stamp—
A two-center.

Setting and Hatching.

Getting ready to print The Fool-Killer is sorter like raising chickens—only different. An old hen sets three weeks before she hatches, but this tomfoolery which you are reading has to be hatched before it can set. I do the hatching, and then I turn over what I have hatched to the type-setter and he sets it up. The setting was about to get ahead of the hatching just now, and that's why I hatched this piece.

A SERMON ON TIME.

Yes, this is a sermon on time, but you have to pay cash in advance for it. I never credit out my sermons, not even when they are sermons on time. The cash-in-advance plan is better. And so now is the time to subscribe, as the poet says.

Does anybody know exactly what sort of a looking thing Time is, anyhow? I have lost a good deal of sleep studying over this problem, and I ain't got it fixed yet.

Time, as we understand it, is divided into three parts—Past, Present, and Future. The past is that portion of Time that has done drawn its pay and gone home. But I don't know where it lives. A long way off, perhaps. And no doubt it has quit the job for good, and never will come back. The Future is that portion of Time that has bought its ticket and started, but ain't got here yet. The Future is coming toward us all the time, but it don't all come together. And it won't all get here at once. If it did, we would have more Time on our hands than we could use. And Time is like wheat dough in hot weather—if it ain't properly used at the proper time it sours and goes to waste. So you see if all the Future came to us in one pile and we couldn't use it till it soured, then we would be in a wusser fix than Hiram was when his gallus broke.

But coming right down to brass tacks, as Paul remarked in his letter to the Methodist Conference, it is the Present that most concerns us. And what is the Present? I will give a brand-new fifty-cent automobile to any man who will give me a satisfactory answer to that question. How big a chunk of Time is the Present? Go ahead and give me its length, breadth and thickness. And tell me how fast it travels past any given point. The hired man waiting for dinner to come says Time travels in an ox-cart and stops to rest its team every few steps. But the fellow with a note coming due and nothing to pay it with is very sure Time rides in a 1917 Model Overland and is the most reckless driver on the road. Which is right? How does Time travel? Or does it travel at all? Maybe it stands perfectly still and we do the moving ourselves. Which would make Time's apparent speed to every man depend on his own speed. But that won't do, either, for that would make Time wait on the motions of men, wouldn't it? And you remember Paul tells us again in his second letter to the Medical

Almanac that "Time and Tide wait for no man." And so I reckon Time does travel, after all. But how fast? And which way? These are important questions for you and me, and they are mighty hard to answer.

As I said a few lines back, we are dealing with the Present, and we want to learn something about it. If the Present moves, is it going the way we are going, or in the opposite direction? My notion is that it comes meeting us, and sometimes it runs over us and mashes us pretty tolerable flat, as the poet says.

But when you get your microscope and examine it right plum carefully, the Present is a mighty little thing to have so much power as it has. As well as I can tell, it has considerable width from North to South, but from East to West it ain't thicker than tissue paper. The Past crowds up on one side and the Future crowds up on the other side until the poor little Present looks like a very tiny speck of butter between two big pones of bread.

We are all after the butter. And the bread, too. But some of us don't have Time enough to get as much as we want.

And that's all I know about Time for this time. Maybe some other time I will take time to tell you more about Time.

THE LATEST DUEL.

The Fool-Killer has just received from a correspondent the following somewhat uncertain account of a duel that was fought in his neighborhood. Some way or other I am half in the dark about the result of the duel in question, but I shall leave the decision to my readers:

A duel was lately fought in Texas by Alexander Shott and John S. Nott. Nott was shot and Shott was not. In this case it is better to be Shott than Nott. There is a rumor that Nott was not shot, but Shott avows he shot Nott, which proved either that the shot Shott shot shot Nott, or Nott was not shot, or that Nott was shot not withstanding.

Circumstantial evidence is not always good. It may be made to appear on trial that the shot Shott shot shot Nott, or as accidents with firearms are frequent, it may be possible that the Shott shot shot Shott himself, when the whole affair would resolve itself into its original elements, and Shott would be shot and Nott would be not. Anyway, it is hard to tell who was shot.

Comfort is pleasure with the juice squeezed out.

A FOOL-KILLER PARABLE.

One time when I was about as big as a pound of soap after a day's washing, me and another little devil fell out and fit like wildcats. Our mummies saw the racket and heard the dust a-flyin' and came running to pull us off of each other. We were both on top, as well as I remember.

After they had got us parted they tried to get us to tell what the fuss started over. I told it my way and the other kid told it his way, and of course neither of us told it straight.

But my mammy believed what I told, and the other kid's mammy believed what he told, and from that they went at it, too. Our daddies heard our mummies quarrelling, and here they came and joined in the fuss. Before it finally ended the whole neighborhood was lined up on one side or the other, and there was enough hide and old clothes scattered around there to start a tan yard and a paper mill.

From a strictly Bible standpoint the above yarn might be called a lie, but if you ain't already seen a great truth in it you had better read it over again. The Great War that has drenched Europe in blood started in just as foolish a way as that, and has been continued with just as little reason, so far as the people who fight and suffer are concerned. And when Wilson asks them to state what they are fighting for he is making just as silly a request as if he had asked me and that other little devil what we were scrapping about. Naturally each side will tell it its own way, and nobody will tell the truth about it. Whether you take it on a small scale or a large scale, human nature is always and every where pretty much the same.

Here's a marriage notice that appeared in an exchange: "Married at Flinstone, by Rev. Windstone, Mr. Nehemiah Whetstone and Miss Wilhemina Sandstone, both of Limestone." This is getting mighty "rocky" and there's bound to be a "blasting" of the "stony" hearts before many "pebbles" appear on the connubial bench. The grindstone of domestic infelicity will sharpen the axe of jealousy and discord, and sooner or later one or the other of this pair will rest beneath a tombstone. Then look out for brimstone.

The man who never makes mistakes

Must forfeit much delight;
He cannot feel the sweet surprise
Of sometimes being right.