

The Fool-Killer

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TO THE EARTH

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
Through pathless realms of space
Roll on!
What though I'm in a sorry case?
What though I cannot meet my bills?
What though I suffer toothache's ills?
What though I swallow countless pills?
Never you mind!
Roll on!

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
Through seas of inky air
Roll on!
It's true I've got no clothes to wear;
It's true my grocer's bill is due;
It's true my prospects all look blue;
But don't let that unsettle you!
Never you mind!
Roll on!

THE BOSS OF TEXAS

The pungent paragraphers and the political prevaricators are chewing up whole acres of good atmosphere in an effort to find out who is governor of Texas. Some say it is Ma, and some say it is Pa, while others are inclined to think that they sorter go fifty-fifty on it.

Well, I don't reckon it matters much if the whole Ferguson family is governor of Texas, just so they manage to get the governing done decently. No doubt it is a man-sized job to subdue some of them-thar Texas rough-necks and one-hundred-per-cent political polecats, and if Ma wants to call in Pa Jim to hold while she skins, I don't reckon it's anybody's doggon business.

The Fool-Killer is just an interested onlooker, but if there has to be any betting done, I am willing to stake my few pennies on Ma Ferguson as Governor of Texas.

JOHN ROCKY'S GIFT

John Rocky has sent me a book. Its entitlement runneth as follows: "Know Your Own State: North Carolina." And the said book telleth much of interest about North Carolina, and giveth purty maps of all the good roads in the State, showing how the feller with a flivver can trot around and see things.

John Rocky happened to know that I possess a flivver, but he does not want to sell me any gas. Oh, no! That would be mercenary and vulgar. John is a Christian and a good friend of mine, and he just wanted to do me a favor. Thanks, old scout.

What particularly foolish thing did Nathan Hale ever do to justify putting his picture on the half-sense stamps?

TO BE, OR NOT TO BE

That is the question, a s Shakespeare says in the 25th chapter of Luke.

Mrs. Margaret Sanger says that too many people are being born, and that the stock in many cases is too sorry, and she wants something done about it right away quick. She intimates that in another hundred years or so, at the present rate of increase, the people will be standing on each other's heads all over the face of the earth and fighting like wild-cats for every crumb of food that the earth can produce.

That is serious if true, and it would be a great pity for us to be piled on top of each other like that. Mrs. Sanger thinks it would be better to just not let so many people be born, and dog my cats if I don't sorter agree with her. It wouldn't be any hardship nor injustice to anybody, because the folks that failed to get born would never know the difference. And they never would miss anything. Just think of the millions of people today who have never been born, and they are not making any fuss about it, and if they never do get born it will be all the same to them.

But—wow! Here comes a great gang of war-profiteers just hooting at Mrs. Sanger's idea and calling her a bold, bad woman. They have got a better way to keep down the population. Let the people be born, they say. Let the criminals and the morons and the idiots breed like animals—the more the better. Let them grow up in poverty and ignorance and crime—any way they can. Let them suffer all the agonies you can think of—what does it matter? And then as soon as they get big enough to tote a gun they can be sent to war and made to patriotically kill each other for the benefit of the war-profiteers. That would keep the population down, all right, and it would be so much better—for the war-lords.

Why don't somebody have Margaret Sanger put in jail again? If allowed to go on with her fool talk about not letting cannon-fodder be born, she is liable to injure the business of Rockefeller, Du Pont, Morgan and company. Away with her!

Report says that somebody in Arizona has dug up a skull a half-inch thick and sent it to Washington. Huh, that's nothing! They do that all over the country at each election.

A SERMON ON HAIR

An awful and amazing thought has struck me kerbin right between the lookers. And I must tell you about it and see if such a thought ever occurred to you.

Just for the sake of a name I will call this a Sermon on Hair. No, no. It has no reference to a woman's hair. I will preach about that some other time. This is a masculine sermon and concerns only the hair that grows—or refuses to grow—on the top end of a male man. Amen!

Most men come into the world very nearly bald-headed and entirely bald-faced. I might change the spelling to bawl-faced and hit it pretty well, too.

But in a very short while a crop of hair develops on top of man's noggin. It flourishes like a green gourd vine and looks sorter like a bundle of oats. He combs it and oils it and pets it and does everything to make it look nice and feel welcome.

But in a few years it seems to get dissatisfied with its location and begins to crawl down onto the sides of his face, his chin and his upper lip. He don't want it there, so he takes a razor and shaves it off. But the more he shaves it off the more it grows back, and there is nothing he can do to stop it. The razor industry and the barber-shop industry have grown out of the fact that man has hair where he don't want it.

But on top of man's head—the very place where he wants the hair to grow—it refuses to stay put. Year by year it grows thinner and thinner. He buys bushels of patent hair grower and plasters his dome with sundry kinds of witch-juice, but all to no avail. The beautiful and ornate locks continue to emigrate. Man puts his hand up on top and feels a bald place. Then he rubs it over his face and chin, and lo, there is an abundance of bristles.

Finally it goes from bad to worse until there is just a little rim of hair above the ears and around the back of the neck, making the whole thing look sorter like a new foot-ball with a ruffle around it while the top of the head is fit for nothing but a skating rink for the young and festive house-fly.

But does the crop of whiskers fail? Not nary time, Jeems Henry. I don't suppose you ever saw a man bald on his cheeks and chin no matter how old he was.

And so, between fighting the flies off his bald head and shaving the beard off his hairy face, poor mortal man does have one

dickens of a time. And he never does get fully reconciled to the cussed luck which makes his hair grow always in the wrong place.

COURTING IN RIGHT STYLE

"Git out, you nasty puppy—let me alone, or I'll tell pour ma!" cried Sally to her lover Jake, who sat about ten feet from her, pulling dirt from the chimney jam. "I arn't tetchin' on you, Sal," responded Jake.

"Well, perhaps you don't mean to, nuther, do yer?"

"No, I don't!"
"Cause you're too tarnal scarey, you long-legged, lantern-jawed, slab-sided, pigeon-toed, gangle-kneed owl, you ain't got a tarnal bit of sense. Git along home with ye."

"Now, Sal, I love you, an' you can't help it; an' if you don't let me stay an' court you, my daddy will sue youn fer that cow he sold him tuther day. By jing, he said he'd do it."

"Well, looky-here, Jake, if you want to court me, you'd better do it like a white man would—not set off there as if you thought I was pizen."

"How on airth is that, Sal?"
"Why, side right up here an' hug an' kiss me as if you really had some of the bone an' sinner of a man about you. Do you s'pose a woman is only made to look at, you fool you?"

"Well," said Jake, drawing a long breath, "if I must I must, fer I do love ye, Sal—" and so Jake commenced sliding up to her, like a maple poker going to battle. As he laid his arm gently on Sal's shoulder, she said:

"That's the way to do it, old hoss—that is acting like a white man orter."

"Oh, Jerusalem an' pancakes!" exclaimed Jake, "if this ain't better than any apple-sass mam ever made! Crack-ee! Buck-wheat cakes, slap-jacks an' lass-es ai'nt no whar 'long-side of you, Sal!"

Just then there was a sound like a cow pulling its foot out of the mud.

Science rises up on its hind legs to announce that it has discovered a good little germ that eats up the bad little germs. All right! But looky here: After that good little germ gets all the bad little germs devoured, what is the good little germ going to live on? We will either have to start in and raise bad germs to feed it on, or let it starve to death. Oh, the trouble we do see, anyhow!

Have you laid in your supply of half-sense stamps?