

The Fool-Killer

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GRANNY, GET YOUR HAIR BOBBED

Tune: "Johnny, Get Your Hair Cut."
In second Kings the Bible speaks
Of how old Jezebel painted her
cheeks.

Old Jez, you know, was a flapper too,
And painted her cheeks just like
you.

Chorus:

Granny, get your hair bobbed,
Hair bobbed,
Hair bobbed;
Granny, get your hair bobbed,
Short like mine.

For man it's a shame to have long
hair,

But a woman has her glory there.
Against bobbed hair and painted
cheeks.

Very plainly the Bible speaks.

Chorus, as above.

Granny don't care what the Bible
says;

She's a-going to do like old Aunt Jez.
She's a-going to bob and paint like
you—

She's a-going to look like a flapper
too.

Chorus, as above.

LIMERICS

There was a young Chesapeake oys-
ter

Who dwelt in an aqueous closter;
He stayed home at night,
And never got tight,

When other young oysters would
royster.

There was a young fellow named
Bright

Whose speed was much faster than
light

He set out one day
In a relative way,
And returned on the previous night.

A tight-fisted fellow from Perth
Was the stingest fellow on earth;

When wed the third time
He gave the preacher a dime,
And declared that was all it was
worth.

There was an old man in a hearse
Who murmured, "This might have
been worse;

Although the expense
Is simply immense,
It doesn't come out of my purse."

There was a young fellow from
Wheeling

Devoid of all delicate feeling;
When he read on the door,
"Don't spit on the floor,"
He jumped up and spat on the ceil-
ing.

There once was a maiden from Siam
Who said to her lover, young Kiam:

"You can't kiss me, of course,
Unless you use force;
But you know you are stronger than
I am."

UNCLE REUBEN HILL BILLY GOES TO MEETIN

One time I went to town, and I
thought as how I would like to go
to meetin in town and see what it
looked like. So I puts on my best,
which consists of my newest blue
jumper, a pair of clean-washed over-
alls and my best brogans, and I
hitched old Dobbin to my new bug-
gy and goes.

When I gets there, I was a little
late. Most folks were there already.
Well, I went in. They was just sing-
in. When I started walkin up the
isle, everybody turned around to
look at me. I guess they thunked I
might be one of them-thar monkeys
we been hearin so much about, by
the way they started at me. Purty
soon I found out why they all turn-
ed around and eyed me so close.
I didn't see another pair of overalls
in the meeting house but mine.

Dress?—say, you ought to see how
them folks looked. The men all
looked like preachers, and the wim-
men all looked, oh, so purty and
good and had on sich purty dresses.
When I sees them I jest thinks how
Sal looks with her old blue caliker
dress on. My, how homely! And I
used to think Sal was bootiful.

Dreckly they quits singin, and
somebody says it's Sunday School
time. Everybody goes off in rooms
to themselves but me. I jist sets thar
not knowing what to do. Purty
soon a preacher-lookin man comes
over and takes me to a room, and
when I gets in ther he says, class,
this is Mr. So-and-so, and all them
fine lookin men gets up and shakes
hands with me and says as how glad
they are to see me.

Before they gets through they pas-
ses a hat around, and the man who
did most all of the talkin said they
was takin up a collection for the pore
and would like for all of us to put
in quarters, half dollars and dollars.
I put in all the quarter I had, cause
I shore likes to help the pore. Next
this same feller announces that they
was goin to take up a collection for
the Sunday School and passes the
hat another round. I puts in all the
dime I had.

Then we turned out to go back
into the main meetin house. The
preacher announces a song and says,
everybody sing. Then he got up and
talked awhile about meetins that
evenin and called it a B. Y. some-
thing jest for young folks. He said he
would preach that night and told
what he was going to say. He said
on Monday night some sort of a wim-
men's club would meet, on Tuesday
night the Rotary club would meet,
on Wednesday night the prayer meet-
in folks would meet, and on Thurs-
day night the wimmen folks would
meet again. He had that meetin
named, but I fergit. Also on Thurs-
day night the Deekins had a meetin.
Friday night the Sewing Circle met
with Sister Sew-and-sew. Then he

said they could rest on Saturday
night so as to be fresh for Sunday.
Then he announced another song.
After the song he said they wanted to
take up another collection to be sent
to a preacher in China or some place,
and said they needed dollars. So
they passed the hat around again
and one of the fellers stuck it un-
der my nose and held it there till I
drops in my last dollar.

Well, I says to myself, that's all,
shorely. But no sooner than they
gets through this collection, the pre-
acher says, we will have another spe-
cial song, and the Misses So-and So
will sing. Sing I reckon they did.
Of all the hollerin and takin on
they pulled off, it was a sight. It
sounded like some one was bein op-
erated on.

Then the preacher announced that
they would take up the regular col-
lection. All at once four nice look-
in young men came marchin up the
iles of the church, a-steppin at the
same time, and stood before the
preacher with bowed heads, while
he prayed that everyone in the con-
gregation would give until it hurt,
and then said amen. Then one of
these young fellers brought a pie-
pan around, a kind of a shiney pan,
and poked it under our noses. Most
of the folks had some coin to drop
into that pan to make it rattle. But
when he got to me he helt that pan
under my nose till I got mad and red
in the face, and I says; I ain't got
no more money. Then I seen some
young folks hold their hands up to
their faces and say, Tee-Hee.

After this collection was taken we
had another song, and then the pre-
acher preached about 20 minutes and
sot down. All at once a pious look-
in man gets up and says they need-
ed some money to buy some ficks-
tures for the church, and the pre-
acher says, we had better take up
another collection, and they took it.

All at once I hears some fussin
and spewin, and I looked around and
I sees a bald-headed man all red in
the face, and I hears him say, that
makes only five collections they have
taken up, and if that is the chief at-
traction at this church I ain't comin
here no more, and I says Amen, the
first time in all that service I had
felt like sayin sich a word. Yores
truly,

Uncle Reuben Hill Billy.

The income tax report shows that
President Coolidge pays \$16,000 in-
come tax, although his salary as
president is not taxable. Don't seem
to be quite so doggone poor as they
used to try to make him out. When
Cal first entered the White House
his wife said they were not able to
own a Ford. And the plute papers
have been full of pictures of Cal
milking the old cow or pitching hay
on the farm, trying to make him look
like a poor farm hand. Call it off,
boys.

"A FEW MILLION YEARS AGO"

I can understand some things
without the least bit of trouble, and
then again there comes along some-
thing that sorter stalls me.

Right here under my keen edi-
torial nose is a well-known farm pa-
per, one of the big famous ones, and
I think it claims to have about a cool
million of subscribers. They are
mostly rural, of course—the horny-
handed tillers of the soil. Now it is
well known that the farmers are
overwhelmingly orthodox in their re-
ligious views. Most of them would
fight any man who dared to suggest
that the earth and everything else
wasn't made in six literal days, and
just six thousand years ago. If you
want to get killed about forty times
a day, all you have to do is to go
out among the hayseeds and say
"Evolution." They'll do the rest,
and they won't be long about it.
They have some shortcomings, but
doubting the literal statements of
Genesis is not among them.

And it comes as a sort of shock
to find in a big farm paper such an
editorial statement as this:

"And coal itself, it may be worth
noting, is merely sunlight stored up
in solid form in the plants that grew
a few million years ago. Gasoline
power is also a form of solar energy,
or liquid sunlight, imprisoned in
periods long past."

A few million years ago? Good
heavens! Don't you see that gets
right back to Evolution? Don't you
see how they are slowly and slyly
poisoning the minds of the faithful
farmers with that notion of a slow
development through millions of
years? If it ain't true, why must
even a farm paper drag it in every
little while? And if it is true, what
are the good brethren raising such
a rumpus about?

I see that same sort of thing crop-
ping out here, yonder and every-
where, in nearly all the papers and
magazines I read. I find it even in
papers that claim to be against Evo-
lution. The State dailies and even
the local papers let it slip in every
little bit.

Understand, I am not taking
sides. It don't matter to me which
way it is. I am satisfied with just
any way that God has seen fit to fix
it. But the point I make is that
there ought to be a little more con-
sistecy used by those who claim to
oppose these new notions. If the
farmers and the common country
people oppose Evolution, what must
they think of finding it sprinkled all
through their farm papers, like lit-
tle black ants in a picnic dinner?

A report from Washington says
that a guard of 26 men and one of-
ficer is kept at the tomb of Hard-
ing. More economy. But why all
that precaution? There is absolutely
no danger that Harding will ever
try to be president again.