

TUFF.

A bare-footed nigger in a blacksmith shop
Was loafin' around one mornin';
He stepped on a piece of red-hot iron,
But no pain gave him warnin'.

He stood on that hot iron awhile,
Then to the blacksmith turnin',
He said, "Say, boss, hit seems ter me
Dat I smells leather a-burnin'."

WOODPECKER WISDOM AND PECKERWOOD PIE.

Pull up your chair and take a bite, mister. You see we've got pie for dinner. Eat all you please—there's plenty more in the pot. And, say, does talking bother you about eating? If it don't, I'll just talk some while you eat.

Did you ever hear the yarn about the old deaf and dumb man's hogs? It's a cracker-jack, and I guess I'll just reel you off a few hanks of it. One time there was a man going along a road through the woods, and after a while he noticed a gang of razor-back hogs out in the woods, and them hogs was just going lickety-split from one tree to another like they was plum crazy. They'd squeal and grunt around one tree a minute, and then they'd break and run to another tree and squeal and grunt around that tree just like the devil a-sawing cord wood.

That man had some curiosity, just like you and me would have had, and he naturally wanted to know what in the thunder them razor-backs was a-doin' that for. But he jogged along, and pretty soon he came to a cabin by the roadside, and there was an old woman standing in the door with a big red handkerchief tied around her head. Our man put on the brakes and slowed up. Addressing the old woman, he said:

"My dear madam, I seen some razor-back hogs acting mighty funny out yander in the woods. Can you tell me what is the matter with them?"

"Law, yes, stranger," says the old woman. "Them hogs belongs to my ole man, and it all started this a-way: My ole man is as dumb as an oyster and as deaf as a stone, and he learnt them hogs to come to the feed-gap when he hammered on a tree. They soon learnt what it meant, and it worked like a charm for a little while. Then a gang of confounded woodpeckers come and tuck up in them woods, and ever since that they've bin makin' them pore old hogs run their legs off."

Now, mister, you may not think it's so, but I know lots of people who act just like them fool hogs. They go to meetin, and the preacher learns them to grunt "Amen!" every time he hammers on the book-board with his number nine fist, and squeal when he pours out the gospel mash. The preacher thinks he is getting his human hogs trained pretty well. But about that time one of the devil's old woodpeckers starts to sharpen his bill on

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THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

a hypocrite, and you just ought to see the church hogs run.

Then we lift our eyes and look out over the field of fashion, and what a sight we behold! In this great field of fashion there used to be a few little shade trees called decency and modesty, but the peckerwoods of fashion have played smash with them poor little shade trees. They have pecked all the bark off of both modesty and decency, and as they continue to hammer away on the old dry wood we see the razor-backs of snobdom go galloping hither and yan, like a hound puppy trying to catch seventeen rabbits at one grab.

The poor old fashion hogs have a hard time of it. They hear a hobble skirt peckerwood hammering on one tree, and before they get more than half way to it they hear a balloon-breeches peckerwood socking his William into another tree back behind, so they turn and gallop back. It keeps them continually on the run trying to keep up with the fashions, and then the foremost hog in the gang is about three months behind.

Hello, there, mister! Have some more pie. I like to see you eat.

And so, as I was just going to say, the world is full of woodpeckers, and we are all more or less akin to the razor-back hog, and if we don't run our legs off after one kind of a confounded peckerwood we're sure to be galloping after something else. And so what's the difference? Have a tooth-pick.

RUSSELLISM ROASTED.

There is a preacher in Brooklyn, New York, whose name is Charles T. Russell. He is the Great High Muckamuck of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, and his disciples crawl on their tummies before him and reverently address him as Pastor Russell.

Now, Pastor Russell, as they call him, is one of these swell-headed, know-it-all kind of fellows and he ain't a bit bashful about letting the world know how much he thinks he knows. He was just itching all over to be a "leader" of something, and he was smart enough to know that one of the easiest things in the world to do was to start a new religious "ism," and so the old man got busy and became the daddy of "Russellism," sometimes called "Millennial Dawnism," and he has just been roping

in the converts by the wholesale.

Besides preaching his doctrines from the Brooklyn Tabernacle pulpit, Pastor Russell has written a stack of books about waist high in which he very condescendingly lifts the veil from the future and tells us all about what he has instructed God to do with this wicked old world. He owns and operates his own publishing house in Brooklyn and calls it the Bible & Tract Society—a name that is calculated to mislead people and thereby enable his heresies to wiggle their way into homes where they otherwise could not enter. Not being satisfied with that, he hatched up another scheme in the shape of a newspaper syndicate and sends out his sermons in plate form to the editors of local papers everywhere. These local editors think they are doing a big stunt if they can print a sermon each week from the great Pastor Russell, and as he furnishes the type already set it comes in handy to fill up with and saves expense.

So much for that. Now let us take the lid off of Russellism and see what it smells like. In the first place, it tries to "spiritualize" everything. It denies that Jesus Christ was God prior to His incarnation in the flesh, and declares that his body was not raised from the dead. It teaches that Christ was born into the world just like any other man and that when his body died it remained dead—that the body in which he appeared after death was nothing more than a momentarily materialized appearance which was finally dissolved. The disciples never saw Jesus after his death—they just saw his "ghost" and thought it was him. Supposing all that mess to be true, it looks like the old-fashioned Christians will come out at the little end of the horn. How does it look to you, Mister? But wait—here's another one. The Old Man Russell has done got the exact date set for the Millennium to begin. I presume he has been up and had a private interview with God, and they have agreed on the year 1915 as the date of the final wind-up. On that date the present dispensation will end and the Millennium—the thousand-year reign of Christ on earth—will begin. But Pastor Russell hoots at the idea that Christ will ever come back to earth in bodily form, declaring that he hasn't got any body and never will have any more. It will only be his spirit that will

come to earth and boss the job during the Millennium. Now ain't that a double-gear'd june-sweetener of an argument? If the Bible teaches that Christ is ever coming back at all, it teaches that He will come in bodily form—the same body that lived here for 33 years.

It is in the matter of setting the exact date, however, that Russell advertises himself as a jackassical busybody. Dozens of other cranks have set dozens of different dates, and they have all slipped up and missed it. Looks like men would learn some sense after awhile. I believe as strongly as Russell does that the Millennium is due pretty soon, but I don't know just HOW soon, and Russell don't, either.

And then to cap the stack, Russell makes himself solid with the devil by preaching that all the old sin-hardened rascals who have lived and died in the past will be called up and given another chance during the Millennium. I'll bet such preaching as that makes the devil laugh till his sides hurt.

Stick this paper in your pocket and take it to the mill, the store, and everywhere else you go. When you get in a crowd, just yank out The Fool-Killer and read the boys a few chapters. Try it once.

The Big Ike M. D.'s of John-bulldom are just breaking their cotton galluses to have insanity made a ground for divorce. Then when any of the high-stepping hellians want to get unhitched from their splay-footed spouses, they will only have to trot off to the big M. D. and get a certificate of insanity written out, and take that to the court and swap it for a divorce. The M. D. will get a wad of money, the high-stepper will get his divorce, and everybody will be happy. Great is insanity.

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