

# The FOOL-KILLER



VOL. III.

MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, MAY, 1912.

NO. 3.

## OH, DELIVER US!

Halleluyer! Whoop-to-glory! Gosh-a-mighty! What a fix!  
Can't a-body think of nothing but infernal politics?  
That's the all-absorbing topic thruout these United States,  
And you couldn't hear it thunder for the drotted candidates.

At the head of the procession comes the mighty Paunchus Bill  
With the grin of Mister Possum and a jaw-bone like a mill;  
With his fingers full of grafting and his gizzard full of gall,  
And a belly like a barrel and a noggin like a maul.

Close upon the heels of Taft comes the mighty hunter, Ted,  
And we feel the earth a-shaking with the power of his tread.  
Oh, the gleaming of his glasses, and the terror of his teeth,  
When consigning his opponent to the regions down beneath!

Mister Taft and Mister Teddy—they are both a-runnin' some,  
And the language they're a-swappin'—well, I call it pretty bum!  
"Damli" was the way it started—sorter moderate like that—  
But it kept on gittin' wusser till it's awful ugly chat.

## 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 the 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 40-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 the 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 a fireside, and a longing for a voice that is still-ed. 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 hosses and cows should be so dear, and human beings so cheap!

## Why Don't He Get a Patent On Himself?

Al Fairbrother bellies up to his typewriter and hammers out an editorial for "Everything" in which he gives Roosevelt the very devil and rubs it in—calls him liar, traitor, fraud, humbug, demagogue, crazy, dishonest, and every other ugly name in the list. And then Al puts in a new sheet of paper and writes an editorial for a Republican sheet in which he sings the praises of Ted till the rafters rattle. Al's mind seems to be sorter like one of these here darned combination cookstoves and ice-cream-freezers—it's a sort of adjustable affair.

Read this paper to your friends.

## A BIG FAT LIE.

The Appeal to Reason, the great Socialist paper, of Girard, Kansas, has long been a thorn in the flesh of Big Business and the measley minions of Mammon who black Big Business's boots.

Our plutocratic Postoffice Department, working hand in hand with the capitalistic courts and the money trust, has resorted to every means that a gang of irresponsible government tit-swingers could think of to put The Appeal out of business. Time and again the editors have been indicted on trumped-up charges, and this very minute, as I write these lines, they are being tried before Judge Pollock at Fort Scott, Kansas, for the terrible crime of telling the truth.

But the meanest and low-downest trick that has been played in all this miserable game was the infernal lie sent out by the Associated Press or some other devil-directed newsmonger to the effect that The Appeal to Reason had decided to quit—to voluntarily abandon the field and give up the ghost. The report claimed to originate at Girard, Kansas, and contained an alleged interview with Fred Warren, editor of The Appeal, in which Warren is said to have used this language:

"It is too hard work—the task of keeping it going. This is my last fight. The present contest with the federal court and the postoffice department over the Leavenworth prison scandal is the 'Swan Song' of the 'little old Appeal.'"

And that contemptible lie, fathered by Hate and mothered by Fear, was sent broadcast over the country and printed in all the plute papers on the same date. It created a dickens of a hand-clapping spree among the mummified moguls of exalted rascality, but their joy was short-lived: The next issue of The Appeal came out in flaming red letters and branded the whole story a lie

blacker than the hinges of hell, and served notice on the sweet-stinking society of eminent thugs that it was still after their scalps—that it was never more alive and had no intention of quitting.

And The Appeal got busy and printed a great special edition of three million copies and fired them out to head off the fleet-footed lie, and to pay its red-hot respects to certain judicial buzzards that roost on the federal bench. When the nigger porter saw the mountain of mail sacks at the depot filled with that special edition and being loaded onto the mail train, he was moved to exclaim: "For de Lawd's sake, am dis what dey calls de Appeal's 'spenshun?'"

Let it be understood that The Fool-Killer and The Appeal to Reason disagree on a great many things, while agreeing perfectly on others. I am not a straight-out Socialist in the accepted sense of the word, but I understand and sympathize with the movement and want to see it have fair play. This capitalistic government is prejudiced against the Socialist press, and it allows its prejudice to run away with its reason. If an editor can't be allowed to tell the truth and express his honest opinions without being jerked into court over it, why in the devil don't we cut out that old gag about this being a free country?

But old pussel-gutted Plutocracy's methods of fighting The Appeal to Reason is just like all its other methods—low-down, sneaking, underhanded schemes, lying and misrepresentation. It does not dare to fight in the open. It hides behind a mountain of dollars and squirts its nasty poisonous venom over everything that tries to be honest and decent. Say, plutes, you cowardly, scurvy, dollar-decorated devils, ain't you ashamed of yourselves?