

The FOOL-KILLER



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The Ninety and Nine.

There are ninety and nine that work
and die

In want and hunger and cold,
That one may live in luxury,
And be lapped in the silken fold;
And ninety and nine in their hovels
bare,
And one in a palace of riches rare.

From the sweat of their brow the
desert blooms,
And the forest before them falls;
Their labor has built the humble
homes
And the cities with stately halls.
And the one owns cities and houses
and lands,
While the ninety and nine have empty
hands.

THE WAIL OF THE EAGLE.

Squawk!
Seat there!
Get out of my moonshine.
You don't know me, I reckon.
Well, I'm what's left of the
American Eagle, by Ned!

Great golly!
Just to think what I've come to!
Used to be the finest bird that
ever toted feathers.

Proud? Just hush!
Why, I was that proud of my-
self I couldn't hardly keep still
long enough to have my picture
taken.

I was the living emblem of
glorious American Liberty, and I
used to hover over this nation
like an old speckled hen over a
setting of bantam eggs.

I loved to flap my terrible wings
in the face of my enemies, and
show my claws, and see the kings
of the earth tremble with fear.

My birthday?—oh, don't men-
tion it!

Poor old Fourth of July!
Its glory has departed, and all
that is left of it is a black eye
and a bad smell.

The glory is gone, but the
memory lingers.

I love to think of what big old
times I used to have—of how my
friends vied with each other to
do me honor.

But those days have passed.
Look at me now.
Ain't I a Jo Hun from Karo?
Tail feathers all yanked out by
the roots.

Wings crapped.
Toe-nails broke and head skun.
All be-draggled and be-drab-
bled till I look worse than the
devil before day.

Yes, I did represent Freedom,
but I don't now.

I have been sold into slavery,
and the boasted Freedom that I
used to cackle over has become
the private property of a few
multimillionaires.

The plutes and politicians have
bought the country and paid for
it with hot air, and I am kicked
out at the back door to roost on
the hog-pen and live on the fat
of my guts.

Oh, Freedom!
Oh, Fiddlesticks!
Oh, Fudge!

Recipe for a Liar.

Take the soul of a yaller dog,
The mind of a ram goat,
The smile of a jackass—
To these add the heart
Of a slimy snake
And the sputter of a Thomas-cat;
Stir in a lot of other filth
That stinks real loud;
Add to all this the slyness
That belongs to a suck-egg dog,
And you will have the real essence
Of a stinking, damnable,
All-fired, news-toting liar.

Formula Department.

If your hair is falling out, stick
your head in a barrel of glue
three times a day until cured.

If you are troubled with a bleed-
ing nose, stick a bale of hay in
each nostril and let it remain till
cured.

One half-pound of dynamite
placed in a holler tooth and touch-
ed off will stop the toothache im-
mediately.

THE POLITICAL POT HAS BILED OVER.

Ha, there, Mister 'Fraid-o'the-
truth, you old golly-snortin',
turkey-trottin' son of a green-
eyed sap-sucker, I guess you had
better get your smelling-salts
ready and hunt a soft place to
fall. In other words, get ready
to faint. For, behold, The Fool-
Killer is going to submit a few
remarks that may not set on your
touch-me-not stummick as grace-
fully as a town gal a-straddle of
a hoss.

Speaking of politics, it looks to
me like there is a hen on, nearly
ready to lay, and several big
niggers in the wood pile. In the
language of the poet, it simply
beats the devil and Tom Walker.
I am utterly sickened and dis-
gusted with all this confounded
cat-clawing and hypocritical hu-
rawing among the big-bellied
bosses of peanut politics, and I've
just got to say something or
bust.

This has been the doggondest
shaking up of political dry bones
that this country has had since
Heck was a pup. And the music
has just begun, as the Irishman
said when he shot the feller's
head off.

About three years ago I dis-
covered that I had outgrown my
little Republican jump-jacket,
and would soon have to get me a
new political garment, but I was
sorter in doubt as to what it
would be. Had begun the study
of Socialism, and kinder liked it,
but the idea of becoming a Social-
ist was rather remote. Conclud-
ed to wear my old Republican
duds as long as they would hang
on me. But I got more and more
ashamed of them every day that
God sent, and kept looking out
for a chance to shed 'em off. The
Chicago Steam-Roller Pukeifica-
tion came snorting along and
split the old party from hell to
breakfast—and that settled it.
I can stand a good deal, but that

dog-eat-dog performance was a
little too rich for my appetite.

I have looked over the political
field to see what I could find, and
the only thing that looks half-
way decent is the Socialist bunch.
They are not perfect, by a jug-
full, but they are the best thing
in sight. Some of them don't be-
lieve in God, but I've got ten
times more respect for an honest
infidel than I have for these-here
old mealy-mouthed, double-faced
darned hypocrites who make up
a big part of the modern church.
Socialism is really and truly de-
manding the things that Christ
advocated, while the so-called
church of Christ is bitterly op-
posing them. The church has
drifted away from the teachings
of its Lord and Master to such an
extent that if He should appear
on earth today and preach the
same gospel He preached before,
His church would be the first to
cry, "Crucify Him!" No doubt
about that.

An honest and unprejudiced
survey of the whole situation has
forced me to the conclusion that
the Democratic party and both
wings of the Republican party
are abject slaves and servants to
the money power and the Pope
of Rome. The Woodpilars, the
Grinnygrunts and the Teddytads
are all willing and anxious to
swap principle for pie. They will
trade, traffic or fuse; buy, beg or
steal—anything to get votes. And
no matter which of the gang gets
in, the result will be the same.
Wall Street will continue to be
the capital of the nation; drones
and deadbeats will feast and
honest men will starve.

Therefore don't call me a Re-
publican any more. And, for the
Lord's sake, don't call me a
Democrat. If you want to call
me anything, call me a Socialist.

I want to get a letter right plum
quick from every person who reads
these lines, and I want each letter to
contain a whopping big club.