

The FOOL-KILLER



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"America"—Revised.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Land of no liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land of race-suicide,
Land of the law defied,
Each town and country-side
A grafter's ring.

My native country, thee,
Where many scandals be,
And sin and shame,
Why love thy pampered pets
Who steal without regrets,
While the poor slave who sweats
Starves just the same?

Oh, Washington, our pride,
Where lobbyists abide,
Shameless and bold;
Where Mulhall and his crew
Bought House and Senate too.
How well them rascals knew
The power of gold!

Clean the Inside, Boys.

Up at Washington for some time past they have had about fifty or a hundred workmen employed on our great Capitol building—cleaning up and painting the outside of it.

Say, fellers, it don't matter so much about the outside. That could have waited till some leisure time. Why in the gee-whiz don't you clean up the inside first? That's where most of the nastiness is.

The recent lobby investigation merely stirred up the nastiness and made it stink wusser, but it didn't clean up things worth a hardly.

The entire inside of the Capitol is working alive with Mulhall maggots and Lamar lice, and that old bulldog known as the National Association of Manufacturers has been clawing fleas in there for the past ten years.

We have at last had the lid lifted off and the filth stirred up so we can smell it, but that won't help matters any unless we go ahead and have a genteel cleaning-up spell.

Come down off the dome, boys, and give Congress and the Senate a few good doses of your soap and hot water.

Prayer to McAdoo.

O thou great big-hearted and generous Master McAdoo, thou who holdest the draw-string of the national money-bag, hurrah for thee! We have just read in the papers about that hundred million plunks which thou art sending into the South and West. That hits us exactly in the right spot, O Master McAdoo, and we are constrained to fling ourselves at thy feet and declare to the world that thou art the truck. Thou hast shot the panic with a ton of greenback before it got close enough to bite us.

Now all the banks will be running after us and begging us to borrow money. That will suit us, you bet. We always did like to borrow money from the bank. But paying it back is a hoss of another color. Canst thou not fix it so we won't have to pay it back?

We understand, O Master McAdoo, that thou wilt loan the sinkers to the banks at two per cent, and then they will loan them to us at six per cent. And right there is what hurts Hanner's leg. Maybe we don't understand the financial question, but it looks to us like thou art fixing to take four per cent from us and give it to the banks. Why not reverse the thing and give us the first pull at the sugar-tit? Why not loan it to us at two per cent, and then let us soak the banks for six per cent? They are better able to stand it than we are.

Great Master McAdoo, we are in a dreadful quandary about this money business. We can't tell to save our gizzards whether to thank thee for thy generosity or cuss thee for being in cahoot with our natural enemy, the money power. But we will hope for the best and take all we can get. That's the way everybody does.

If thou art actuated by a worthy motive and an honest desire to

help us, thy plans cannot fail. Thou wilt become the biggest pumpkin on the Wilson vine, and we will owe thee a million thanks. We desire, therefore, to pay thee one thank in advance, to bind the trade, and we will pay the other 999,999 thanks when we get the money. Amen.

Be Careful, Tom!

If our Democratic Vice-President, Tom Marshall, don't be mighty careful somebody is liable to mistake him for a wild-eyed Socialist. In the course of a speech at Aurora, Illinois, on July 27th, the Vice-President of the United States of America uttered these words:

"Uninformed men, like unbroken horses, shy at things they do not understand. To many Americans the word Socialism suggests terror. They do not know that there are many phases of Socialism. They are unaware that many doctrines advocated by some branch of the Socialists are being put into operation year by year by the different States of the Union. The Socialism which manifests itself in work of love and helpfulness can abide within a representative democracy. Right-minded men who read the life of the Man of Galilee agree that His teaching was Socialistic."

Um—er—now what? Is it possible that the Vice-President has turned traitor to his party and his country, or is he honestly trying to tell the truth? You little Democratic upstarts who have been disputing my word about it—now let's see you bristle up to your own Vice-President and call him a blab-mouthed liar.

And still the complaints come in saying that The Fool-Killer is not being received regularly. Doggon it, what's the matter? If I hear much more of this, several postmasters will be called on to do some explaining.

Good-bye, Cow-Corpse.

Goodbye, Mister Cow! Farewell, Mister Hog! It seems that you critters are getting a heap stuck-up-er than you useter wuz.

I notice that a Chicago stockyards expert has given out figures to show that the habit of eating meat has decreased fifty per cent during the last ten years, and he figures that in ten years more meat will be a luxury to be afforded only by the millionaire class.

And what a calamity that will be!

Say, Mister Cow, how does it strike you, anyhow? Ain't you plum heart-broken about it?

Think of having to be turned out in the woods to shift for yourself instead of being taken to the dear old stockyards where you could have your head gently cut off and your carcass done up in purty tin boxes!

I am sorry you cow critters are holding your heads so high, making yourselves the victims of race-suicide instead of being mercifully murdered and eaten by two-legged cannibals.

Now when the boarding-houses wear out the sole-leather steak that their boarders have been gnawing on for the last twenty years without making a dent in it, what will take its place?

That is a solemn question.

When that big able-bodied earthquake rolled over in its sleep and kicked the props out from under Bulgaria, it didn't take many days to wind up the nasty old war. Now if a similar earthquake would come along and shake up them Mexican greasers till they could spit up shoe-heels, it might learn them a little bit of sense.

Maybe you noticed that President Wilson and Ambassador Wilson didn't hug and kiss any.