



ANY LITTLE THING WILL DO.

When you feel like talking, talk,
And don't stop till you're through;
If you have nothing important to say,
Just any little thing will do.

When you feel like singing, sing,
And make folks hear you, too;
If you don't know any classic songs,
Just any little song will do.

When you feel like laughing laugh,
And make your laugh ring true;
If there's nothing else to get tickled
about,
Just any little joke will do.

When you feel like crying, cry—
Just go, "Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo!"
If there's nothing bad to cry about,
Just any little thing will do.

When you feel like courting, court—
Don't sit there feeling blue;
If you can't court the stylish girls,
Just any little girl will do.

**TOOT! TOOT! GETTIN' UP
STEAM!**

Well, boys, my blood is getting warmed up now, and The Fool-Killer is going to be warmer than the weather from this on. I ain't been exerting myself very much for the past few months, knowing that it was a dull time anyway. And, for that matter, it is going to be dull times right along till we wake up and change the times. And that is exactly what is going to happen about the next thing you know. The well-fed "upper crust" is still asleep, but the common people are waking up in a hurry. They are hungry for the facts about how they are being humbugged with bogus "reforms" and counterfeit "prosperity," and The Fool-Killer proposes to dish up the facts in its own home-spun way and serve 'em hot.

Where are we at?
How did we get here?
How can we get away?

These are the questions that the people are asking, and they are not going to be satisfied with any of Woodrow's "psychological" answers. The Fool-Killer has ideas about all these things, and it is getting just in the temper now to express them without any frills, fandangles, or sugar-coating. Possibly they might be of interest to you and your folks. Better pass the word around and give everybody a chance.

WHOSE WAR IS IT?

Taking it the world over, 96 per cent of the people are common people. The other 4 per cent represents the wealthy and wicked "master class." Now it stands to reason that the common people of this country and the common people of Mexico have absolutely nothing to be mad at each other about, and, as a matter of fact, they are NOT mad. But the fact remains that we have been (and probably are yet) right kerdab on the verge of war with Mexico.

What for?

Simply because the Standard Oil trust of America and the Cowdray Oil trust of Great Britain are fighting each other for the possession of the rich oil deposits that Nature placed in Mexico for the benefit of all the people.

That's all there is to it.

The Washington Post, the New York Herald, and other big papers, have just recently published a remarkable story which absolutely proves all I have said and much more. Letters and documents have been produced to prove that the British oil interests were in league with old Diaz and that the American oil interests were behind Madero. British oil, with the help of Rome, planned and executed the murder of Madero and selected Huerta as its cats-paw. Thereupon American oil went to the aid of Carranza and Villa and began to put up the hard cash to finance their revolution against Huerta.

It became plainly evident that Huerta and British oil were going to lose out, and so British oil appealed to the pope of Rome, and he got busy with his A. B. C. mediators, and they went to Niagara Falls and tried to persuade the top dog to give the bottom dog part of the bone. But the top dog didn't take kindly to the idea, and at last accounts the war-dogs were still growling and showing their teeth.

People glance over other papers and throw them aside, but every feller who gets his tater-grabblers fastened onto The Fool-Killer reads it from A to Izzard before he turns it loose. That's the secret of its great success.

CONSULTING BIG BIZ.

Now, by George, the wolf has showed his teeth for certain. If anybody was still so blind as to believe that Woodpile was the friend of the workers, they will surely get their eyes open now.

Woodpile has got so brazen in his pandering to the plutes that he don't care a doggon who knows it. He has allowed the newspapers to give out the word that he is going to hold a series of "consultations" with the Captains of Industry. Not only going to do it, but the thing has already started. The first one of the series was held with J. P. Morgan at the White House a few days ago, and before this paper reaches the readers several more of the kings of finance and bosses of boodle will probably have left their cigar stubs in Woodpile's spittoon.

Yes, sir, going to talk it over privately with Morgan and Rocky and all the rest of the bloody billionaires and see if there are any other favors he can do for them. He has already done everything he can think of for the plutes and against the common people, but he wants to do more. Hence these conferences with the money-gods.

Honest, now, Mister Working Man, have you had any invitation to the White House for a conference with the President? Have you heard of any other working man getting such an invitation? Do you expect that any poor man or any friend of the poor will ever get such an invitation? Well, if you wait for it you will still be waiting when Gabriel toots.

And so you just as well take the cold facts as I hand them to you and expect nothing but kicks and cuffs from this money-serving, pope-worshipping administration.

Wake up, workers, and get ready to throw off the yoke before it finally chokes you to death.

The pronunciation of President Tumulty's name is somewhat of a puzzle to most of us. But whether we call it Tum-ulty (with the accent on the Tum) or Tu-multy (with the accent on the Tu), it presents a mighty dark picture. A "tumble" is bad, and a "tumult" is worse, but if the Pappycrats don't give us both before long I'll be surprised.

ANOTHER MEDIATION

Now that the Mexican mediation has either succeeded or failed, and nobody seems to know exactly which, The Fool-Killer rises to suggest another mediation in the interest of the warring politicians of these Benighted States.

Let our Republican Cientificos and our Rooseveltistas accept the mediatory offers of the plenipotentiary from the River of Doubt and meet at the Falls to prevent the horrors of either Progressive intervention or Republican annexation.

They can there decide whether a salute of 21 soda-pop corks will be adequate satisfaction for the injured feelings caused by the Chicago incident. They can decide whether an embargo on California delegates is an act of war. They can dig up the political remains of Mr. Taft and ascertain whether he was executed by the order of a Bull-Moose court-martial or stabbed in the back.

They can also agree on the elimination of Dictator Wilson in 1916 and on his ineligibility to run for president in the constitutional election to be held that year. They can decide on a provisional government consisting of George W. Perkins and William Sulzer to run the country pending the choice of Wilson's successor. They can agree in the interests of civilization that all enemies of the Republic, such as working men and Socialist editors, shall be executed without trial.

In the meantime they might discuss the question of whether it was right for the "Christian Soldiers" to seize the Custom House of Armageddon, and for Admiral Rockefeller's "brave boys" to shoot and burn the women and children at Ludlow.

These are just a few of the providential purposes that such a mediation might accomplish. Let us hope that this bright dream may soon be realized.

Instead of lowering the cost of living, as they promised to do, they are now asking us to "lower our style of living." All right—where's the spade and shovel. I'll have to dig a hole in the ground to let mine down into if it gets any lower.