

# The Fool-Killer

THIS PAPER, IN SPITE OF ITS NAME, DOES NOT BELIEVE IN KILLING PEOPLE.

VOL. V.

MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, NOVEMBER, 1914.

NO. 9

## IT'S ALL OVER.

### THE LASH.

Well, the polls are all closed and the voting all done,  
And the hand-shaking stunt is now ended;  
The bought 'ns and drunk 'ns are wagging away,  
On whom all the bosses depended.  
The booze-jugs are empty, the stoppers are gone,  
The grafters have mounted their perch—  
The praying "ameners" who voted for sots,  
Are heading again for the church.  
Hypocrisy's common at every precinct,  
To each church a stumbling block goes,  
While the Devil's all smiles to the end of his horns,  
And Christianity's holding its nose.

## PROCKSGIVING

### THANKLAMATION.

By President Tumulty Woodpile.

Well, feller citizens, according to the government's medical almanac, we are getting around again to the time of year when it is cuss-to-Mary for the Pope's agent in the White House to send out a Procksgiving Thanklamation. Now therefore, I, Tumulty Woodpile, president of the Benited States of Plutocarey, having been put through the Twilight Sleep, have been successfully delivered of the following:

All people of these Benited States are hereby notified that the first thing to be thankful for this time is the Atlantic Ocean. Never did the old Atlantic look so good to us as it does at present. There have been times when we have thought that the Creator was unnecessarily wasteful with his water supply when he made the Atlantic Ocean, but now we can begin to appreciate His wisdom. Just now it ain't any too wide to suit us, and if it was a few thousand miles wider it wouldn't hurt. The further we can be from Europe these days the better it pleases us.

Therefore all you slaves who call yourselves free citizens should give thanks to Rocky D. Oilyfeller because he has kindly consented for you to live here in his country, provided you will do just as he says, give him everything you work for and never go on a strike.

But while we are giving thanks that we live outside of the war zone, we must remember that the war is a blessing to us. In the first place, it has been a mighty

fine excuse for the hard times we have been having, and if it hadn't been for the war the administration would have had to bear the blame.

And we must be thankful that the same cause which we said made the hard times is now promising to give us good times. Let us be thankful for the great market which the war is making for the abundant crops which we have raised. Let us be thankful for the speculators who have cornered these crops and are making millions selling them to Europe. Let us be thankful that the poor farmers who raise the crops will not get much of the profits, because if they did they would get the big-head. Let us be thankful that all the wheat, corn, and other food stuffs are being shipped to Europe, so that our own poor will have to starve this winter. It serves them right. The poor farmers and wage-slaves are getting so full of this-here darned Socialism that they are a menace to the country, and it will be a blessing if they all perish. Maybe we can then raise up another generation which will be more humble and obedient to the masters.

Let us be thankful for the capitalist class, because without it the workers would get too independent. Even now it is all that Rockageer, Carnafeller & Co. can do to hold them in check.

Let us be thankful that the war in Europe leaves no room in the papers to tell about the uncivil wars in Colorado, Arkansas, and elsewhere in this country, in which General Dollar is leading in the fight against the workers. Let us be thankful that only one Socialist was elected to Congress this time, and let us tell all the lies on him that we possibly can. Let us be thankful that the masses have not yet learned to vote as they pray, because that would be a death blow to our present system of legalized robbery.

There are many other things for which we people of the Benited States of Plutocracy ought to be thankful, but these I have mentioned are the principal ones.

In view of all these great blessings which the plutes of our land are enjoying, it seems proper for us to appoint Thursday, November 26th as a day on which the under dogs may come together and thank the Lord for their poverty and wretchedness, and for the bosses that keep them in that condition. And the bosses can thank the Lord for the slaves who are willing to keep on being slaves just because they ain't got any better sense.

(Signed)

TUMULTY WOODPILE.

Pres. B. S. P.

Billyum Jawbone,  
Sec. of State.

## A SERMON ON PATRIOTISM.

Well, honey, it looks like just as good a time as we'll get to fire off another sermon on "Patriotism." The Fool-Killer has preached from this text a time or two before, but the subject has not been exhausted and there is always something more to be said.

We hear a great deal of slobbery gush about "Patriotism" in these days, and it might do us good to investigate just a little.

What sort of a looking thing is "Patriotism," anyhow?

Where did it originally come from, and what ticket does it vote?

Ask a Redemocan that question and he'll very gladly inform you that it always votes the Redemocan ticket. Ask somebody else, and you'll get a different answer.

It all depends.  
In the language of my old friend, Postle Paul, Patriotism is all things to all men.

Now here:

I know a man who hates everybody but himself. He goes heavily armed and is a terror to his family and his neighbors. He just struts and brags about what a great fellow he is, and swears he could whip a whole township with one hand tied behind him. If I had to pick out a word to describe that fellow, I would call him a "Self-Patriot."

I know another man who loves his own home, but hates the homes of his neighbors worse than poison. He would burn his neighbor's house at the drop of a hat. Just as well call that fellow a "Home-Patriot" and let it go at that.

Another gentleman of my acquaintance loves his county just like all fury, but hates every other county in his state worse than the devil. All it takes to get up a fight with that fellow is to tell him you are from some other county. That very minute his fighting blood gets active. He can't give you any reason for it, except that his nature just ain't big enough to comprehend more than one county. What's the matter with "County Patriot" for him?

Another fine sample of citizenship who is just one degree broader is a great lover of his state, and would defend it with his life; but any man who happens to live two hundred yards beyond his state line is his bitter enemy. This man is a "State-Patriot."

Now, Mister, what do you think about all these various "patriots?" Don't you think they are the biggest blamed fools you ever heard tell of? You think they would be better Patriots if they had "broader" views, don't you? For instance, you think, maybe, that they ought to stretch their patriotism enough to take in a

certain group of States, or a certain nation in which they happen to live, and that they ought to stop there. Your "National Patriot" must love his own nation, but he must hate all other nations and he must be prepared to fight them at a moment's notice. Not because the other people are not just as good as he is, but because his "Patriotism" wasn't cut quite big enough to cover them.

Now look here, sonny:

If I've got a good tail-hold on your argument, it seems like we are getting around to the conclusion that "National Patriotism" is better than the smaller brands we've been talking about. If that's so, why wouldn't "International Patriotism" be still better? Why not have a heart big enough to embrace the whole world and regard all men as brothers? Taking it up one side and down t'other, the people of one nation are just about as good as another, or a little bit better. When we grow intellectually tall enough to look out across the imaginary lines that men have drawn about over the face of the earth, and recognize the good in all men, then we will quit fighting and begin to live like brothers.

"International Patriotism" is what we want.

They say times are getting good again—for the capitalists and speculators. But that class have been doing well enough all the time. The thing we want is some good times for the working feller. What do you know about that?

Socialism is a wedge that is being driven into the butt-cut of political cussedness, and every election drives it a little deeper. It is making the capitalistic splinters crack like all sixty, and pretty soon the old rotten chunk will pop open.

The warring governments of Europe are encouraging all soldiers to marry before they enlist, in order that the ranks of posterity may be filled. They have reduced the cost of marriage licenses, but nothing has been said about reducing the lost of raising a baby.

Say, Buddy, you remember that "Peace Sunday" that Woodpile appointed and asked everybody to go to church and pray for peace in Europe. Well, just the day before the prayers were to be sent up, a ship left New York harbor with sixteen million rifle cartridges to be used in the war that "Christian" America was going to ask God to stop. No wonder the prayers didn't rise higher than the market price of muskets and bullets.