

The Fool-Killer

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

VOL. V.

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NO. 11.

The War Tax.

Put a war-tax on us, Woodrow,
Spread it thick and pile it high;
Tax us when we're born, and also
Tax us when we come to die.
Tax each step of life's procession,
Till we moulder back to dust;
Make us pay for war and murder—
But don't tax the Powder Trust.

Put a war-tax on us, Woodrow;
Soak us all that we can stand;
Bloody war must be supported—
Let it rage on sea and land.
Tax the widows and the orphans,
Tax the land and tax the crops;
Tax the bread crust in the cabin—
But don't tax the Cannon Shops.

Put a war-tax on us, Woodrow;
Make us buy your little stamps;
Stick them on the bread-line people,
And the noses of the tramps.
Tax the living and the dying,
Tax the tomb and marble shaft;
Tax us till we cry for mercy—
But don't tax the Armor Graft.

James Larkin Pearson.

DO YOU WANT MR. MORGAN?

When you have read the contents of this issue you will, no doubt, say that it alone is worth a dime. Don't imagine that Mr. Morgan has done his best in this and exhausted his resources. He is the most versatile and original writer in America. The next issue will be as interesting and as much of a surprise to you as this one. He is on intimate terms with every phase of human nature and human endeavor. His pen pictures are true to life. He is a master of dialect and a wizard in words. Clothed in humor, satire, burlesque and ridicule, he presents in a logical way the profoundest philosophy the world has ever known.

The readers of The Fool Killer have it in their power to secure the continuance of Mr. Morgan's contributions. My present arrangement with him expires in March, but if subscriptions continue to come in as they have in the past three weeks it will enable me to secure his permanent connection with the paper. It is to this end that I ask the present subscribers to do their very best to increase the circulation of the paper by sending in large clubs from now until March. We want Mr. Morgan with us and can have him if we get the support he deserves. Now let us all take a long pull and a strong pull, and put the question of keeping him beyond doubt.

If it is right for my government to tote a big gun and keep itself in readiness to kill people, why in the mischief ain't it right for me to do the same thing?

THE CHURCH OF MAMMON.

By W. S. Morgan.

My brothers and sisters in love, (with gold); I shall open the services this morning by reading the 423rd Sam.

Mammon is my shepherd and I shall not want.

He leadeth me into pleasant pastures, and permitteth me to reap in the industrial fields where I have not sown,

He provideth me a yacht to ride on the waters, and an automobile to go whizzing down the pike.

He permitteth me to lie in pleasant beds till late in the morning, and to lie to the people until late in the evening.

He installeth me in high places and permitteth me to make the laws and appoint courts.

Yea, though I am hauled up before his honor, he delivereth me out of the hands of justice and electeth me to Congress.

He filleth my hand with gold and my belly with yellow legged chicken.

Surely I have the goods and the money and the power to tax the people and I shall dwell in the house of Mammon forever.

Deacon Skinn'em will now lead in prayer:

"Oh Mammon! Thou great and incomprehensible being who ruleth with a mighty hand the nations of the earth, we humbly bow before thee to worship thy gracious name. Bless us, O Mammon, with showers of golden dollars. Bless the harvests and give us our portion of them. Bless the toilers in the mines and workshops and fields who produce all the good things for this life, and then kindly give us half of the products of their toil. Put it in their hearts to make our share larger for they are simple hearted and poor and can get along with mighty little. And now O Mammon, bless this congregation. Bless parson Bigsalary and fill him up so full with unction that he will spill over. Bless the feather on sister Porkpacker's hat, for it's a daisy, and I wonder what it cost. Bless the silver buckle on the number 3 shoe that Miss Goldhammer has on her number 4 foot. Bless Miss Silverside's low neck dress, and that part of her bosom which the law permits her to expose to the public; and bless the hobble skirt which enables her to show the calf of her hind leg when she steps up to get in her buggy. Bless old sister Aristocrat's gold handle umbrella. Bless old Deacon Moneybag; may he long be a strong pillar in the church, and be more liberal in his contributions. Bless the politicians who divide the toilers against them-

selves. Give us most of the good things that come from the earth and we shall ever praise thy name. Amen.

The congregation will now rise and sing the following hymn:

Here are our purses filled with gold

Drawn from the toilers' hand
We tax them all, both young and old,

Through profits and rent on lands.

We sock it to 'em day and night;
They pay in cash or notes;

To be our slaves is their delight;
They approve it by their voes.

My dearly beloved: We have met this morning to worship the god we love, the mighty Mammon, whose influence on human affairs is greater than that of all the other gods put together. In this magnificent structure of wood and stone and delicately painted windows, built with hands not our own, we meet to praise the god who has prospered us in this world's goods. In this house, richly decorated by the arts of man and the riches of the earth, there is no smell of old clothes, or presence of "undesirable citizens." The delicious odor of onions and eight year old whiskey fills the air with its fragrance, and the beautifully tinted red noses of the congregation harmonize with the varied colors of the windows. Verily, my beloved, our god has prospered us. He hath led us in the paths of plenty and permitted us to pluck the choice fruits from the fields of industry to our hearts content. He hath given us luxurious palaces built with other hands. He hath helped us to reap where we have not sown. He hath softened the hearts of the laborers who toil and sweat in the fields, shops and mines, that they may have the blessed privilege of dividing their earnings with us who "neither toil nor spin," yet we have Solomon "skinned" in the matter of dress, and Croesus "faded" in the extent of riches. He hath given us courage, my beloved, so that we fear not the voices of discontent, nor heed the cries of anguish of the poor and distressed. The supplications of the widows and orphans keepeth us not awake, for Mammon hath taught us that these things need be, and if the husbands and fathers vote to give us the greater part of their earnings, we have a legal right to keep what they give us and they ought not to expect us to give it back to them. The path is broad and our way is easy and if the Socialist band wagon don't upset our chariot we shall soon own the world, for we have nothing to fear from any other vehicle that comes down the pike. "Many are called but

few are chosen" to rule the world, and, beloved, we are the "chosen." Mammon, bless us all, and continue to pour in upon us a stream of golden shekels; and may he continue to furnish blind bridles for the fools who are so numerous that it is necessary to have war to give them an opportunity to kill each other off. The congregation will now rise to its feet and be dismissed.

And now may the spirit of Mammon be with us all while we go out and do some more skinning. Selah.

SAYINGS OF UNCLE MOSE.

De bad niggah he speculate on craps an' dey puts him in jail, but de bad white man he speculate on de crops an' dey leet him to Congress.

De savage Injun he skelps his enemies, but de civilized white man he skin his fren's.

De killin' ob one man, de law say, am murder, but de killin' ob thousands am wah, and dat am 'spectable; but dat am a philosophy dis ol' niggah doan' un'erstan'.

De hypercrit dat jines de chu'ch to git license to cheat an' slip up on de blin' side ob de public am about de wustest man on de airth.

De man whose 'ligion doan' bodder his business now-a-days doan hab much 'ligion or am doin' a limited 'mount ob business.

De woman who cuts her dress low in de neck to 'tract de'tention ob de male sex, sometimes 'tract mo' 'tention dan she can take care ob.

De man who votes fo' what he doan' want kase he's afered he wont git what he wants by votin' fo' it, am a failure an' ort to swap places in society wid a Billy goat.

When de preacher gits right down tu tellin' ob the plain troof about riches dere's some painful squirmen' bein' done in de aggregation an' dat preacher am liable to lose his job.

If all de business in dis ole world had to be measured wid de golden rule dere's lots ob big business firms dat would be out'n a job.

De 'ligion what aint good only one day in de week aint a gwine to wear long enough to git to heben.

Dere's a string reachin' from ebery man's heart to his pocket-book; when de pocket-book doan' apen to de po' an' needy it's a sho sign dat de string am closed around de heart.

"War brings out all there is in a man," says Toothadore Specksvelt. Such as guts, for instance.