

The Fool-Killer

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

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NO. 2.

Burnin' Off.

I say, now, John—an' you'll agree—
Fer boys like we-uns use ter be,
A heap o' pleasure lies concealed
In burnin' off a broom-straw field.

You-know that hill at the old Brown
place

Whur we played ball an' prison-base
On Sundays with the neighbor boys—
Ah, them-thar days was full o' joys!

Then when the broom-straw yallered
good

From all them frosts 'at it had stood,
We longed an' longed like ever'thing
Fer burnin'-off time in the spring.

'Long somewhurs 'twixt sundown an'
dark

Paw he would come in an' remark:
"The signs is all perzackly right
Fer burnin' off broom-straw tonight."

Then you an' me most tuck a fit,
An' run an' got our torches lit,
An' struck out hard as we could go
Fer that old broom-straw hill, ye know.

We dragged our torches through the
straw,

An' kep' right smart ahead o' Paw;
He follered with a bushy pine
To whup out whur it crossed the line.

Sometimes the blaze was runnin' high
An' lightin' up the earth an' sky;
Then d'reckly it would change about
An' jes' come purt'nigh goin' out.

Sometimes, too, when the air was still,
The fire went creepin' up the hill;
The long straws burnt off at the
ground

An' fell like dead men all around.

I use ter watch 'em doin' that,
An' thought 'bout whur the war 'uz at:
The straws was soljers, that-a-way,
That fell an' died, an' thar they lay.

An' somethin' else I liked so well
Was that-thar pleasant smoky smell
That jes' kep' lingerin' about
Long after all the fire was out.

It's funny how a feller's nose
Will recollect sich smells as those,
Recallin' things we heard an' saw
When we was kids a-burnin' straw.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON.

PARAGRAPHS.

If Billy Sunday don't twist the
devil's tail off, he will at least
make it mighty sore.

A sick buzzard will vomit, and
then flop back after another mess
of dead hoss. Say, you Bull Moose
voter, does that sound like any-
thing personal?

The Hornet ("hottest Demo-
cratic paper," and so forth) con-
tinues to steal its thunder from
other papers, and in the same
breath cusses the editors it steals
from. The Hornet reminds me of
a one-legged monkey trying to
straddle a pole.

In trying to give orders to both
Europe and Mexico, I'm sorter
afraid Woodenroller has bit off
more than he can chaw. I think
we had better keep the worms
out of our own 'backer patch and
let the rest of the world look out
for itself.

A SERMON ON CAPITALISM

BY E. J. WILSON

Every once in a while, even in
this age of education and enlight-
enment, some darned little old
shriveled-brained, marble-headed
deluded discipline of Capitalism
somehow manages to screw up
the north-east corner of his blow-
hole into a kink about one-fourth
of an inch long intended to repre-
sent a sneer something similar to
the smile of a mad bulldog, and
lets out a racket like a busted safe-
ty-valve, the sum-total of which
amounts to about as follows, to-
wit:

"How could we ever manage
to get along without the million-
aires? What would we do for a
JOB? And how could business be
run without Capitalism? Why,
we've got to have the capitalists
to run the industries and pay us
guys our wages—ain't we? Now,
then, just answer THAT, you're
so smart!"

Say, wouldn't that jar your
gallus buttons loose? Wouldn't it
turn your nose red, and your face
pale, and your hair gray, and
make you pop-eyed and knock-
kneed with fright, and give you
thirty-seven kinds of bellyache in
three seconds? Such stupendously,
startling, astounding, confound-
ing, complex, problematical per-
plexities would astonish the dev-
il himself.

Well, buddy, when you go to
making a heap big noise like that,
it begins to dawn on me that per-
haps you have not studied your
lessons very thoroughly.

If commonsense was the school-
mam in the world's big school-
house, you would most likely be
occupying a position down about
a foot from the tail-end of your
class. You would also probably
try to argue with the school-mam
that 2 and 2 made 3, or that Z
was the first letter in the alpha-
bet.

Now it's perfectly proper to
ask real sensible questions in or-
der to get at the truth about the
real live, up-to-date progressive
issues of the age; but when you try
to frame up a bunch of stuff like
that alluded to above as an argu-
ment in defense of such absolute-
ly worthless, low-down human
parasites as the millionaire or cap-
italist class, it shows your coco is
about as full of intelligence as a
last summer's gourd.

How could we get along with-
out the millionaires? Yes, indeed!

How could we get along with-
out the cut-worms in our cabbage-
patch?

How could we raise 'taters if it
wasn't for the 'tater-bugs?

How could dogs and hens live
without fleas and chicken-lice?

And how could we enjoy a
good night's sleep if it wasn't
for a few million bed bugs?

Just think what a great conven-
ience it is to have a few dozen
rats around your corn-crib, and
how necessary it is for us to have
a garden full of gophers so we
can raise a bumper crop of roast-
in'-ears (after we get the afore-
said gophers filled up.)

How long do you suppose we
would live if all the flies and
skeeters had been "swatted," and
how in the world could we see in
the dark if it wasn't for John D.?

These are all pests, and verily
I say unto thee, thou mutton-head
that the greatest of all these evil
things is the dollar-hungry devil
called Capitalism.

How did we get along, anyhow,
before Capitalism captured us?
How many million-dollar idlers
were there among the Pilgrim
Fathers? None there, you can
just bet your boots on that,
for there was too much strong-
arm business going on just then,
so Mr. Aristocracy just waited
till all the Injuns had been de-
molished, and they got a swell
hotel and a bank and a railroad
built, and killed out all the pole-
cats, before he dared to risk his
exalted self on the shores of
North America.

The billion dollar grabbing,
greedy, grafty, gambling, grouchy
bunch of demons known collec-
tively as heartless corporations,
and individually as successful bus-
iness men, originally sprung in a
large measure from the idle, blue-
blooded aristocracy of the old
European Courts, and one has
only to peruse the pages of his-
tory to find out what kind of de-
generates most of these lords
and earls and dukes and counts
and barons really were. And it's
an honest fact that the breed
hasn't improved any since, except
in their capacity for stealing.

Did you ever pour a bucket of

(Continued on page 2, last column)

GO SOAK YER HEAD!

With the country under a new tariff
law and the banking institutions under
a Democratic banking and currency
law, it has remained for the National
City Bank in New York to pile up
the highest amount of deposits in its
history. One day this week it passed
the \$300,000,000 mark for the first
time. When one bank in a city of big
banks can accumulate three hundred
millions of dollars in the regular
course of business, it would look like
if there is anything the matter with
the country it is too much prosperity.
Increase in commercial business is
the simple reason given for this tre-
mendous record.—Charlotte (N. C.)
Observer.

Aw, your foot! Of course the
banks have got plenty of money,
and that's the devil of it. The
banks have got it ALL, and the
people have got NONE. Why,
you blamed fool, I wouldn't ask
for any better evidence that this
Woodpile administration, with all
of its new-fangled financial ma-
chinery, is playing right into
the hands of the bankers and
other millionaires of New York.
It has got down on its mortal
belly and groveled at their feet
and granted them every special
privilege that could be thought
of. But when it was asked to
help the poor cotton raiser of the
South, you remember what hap-
pened, don't you? They talked a
flood of hot air big enough to
float a Zeppelin, and they mess-
ed around and got up a dickens
of a big Loan Fund for the spe-
cial benefit of the poor cotton
raisers. But instead of letting
the cotton raisers have it, they
turned it right over to the bank-
ers, and if any cotton raiser or
other poor man has seen or smelt
one red cent of that Fund he has
kept it a secret.

Sarn-take my time if I see any-
thing to brag about in the fact
that the millionaire bankers and
millionaire depositors of New
York are so lousy with money
while four million wage earners
in the country are out of work
and their families starving.

Say, fellers, I want every bless-
ed one of you to read the two
articles by E. J. Wilson in this
issue, and then tell me how they
strike your funny bone. I have
secured Mr. Wilson to contribute
an article occasionally, and if he
keeps up the lick he has started out
with there will soon be a powerful
dying-out among the fools.