

The Fool-Killer

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

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NO. 3.

WHAT IS THE NEWS?

"What is the news in the paper to-day—

The news from over the sea?"
The reader he flecked his fat cigar,
And a billowy puff puffed he.

"Oh, nothing—it speaks of a little fight,

But it reads like childish play;
A trifle of fifty thousand dead—
There's nothing important to-day.

"The city of Skippit was burned last night,
And half of the people killed;
The living have fled, and the bloody streets

With charred black bones are filled.
The British Dreadnaught, Mindyerbiz,
Torpedoed in Dareyou Bay;
The blood in Flanders is only knee deep—
There's nothing important to-day.

"Not more than twenty-five million men

Are facing the shot and shell,
And a trifle of ten times that, perhaps,

At home 'mid terrors dwell.
Oh, my! It's an awfully dull affair!
Why don't they fight some? Say!—
Here—take the old paper—I'm done with it all—
There's nothing important to-day."

James Larkin Pearson.

NOTHING TO IT, MISTER!

A correspondent whose mind runs in that direction wants me to uncork a new bottle of wrath and pour it out on the head of Jack Johnson.

Why, Mister, there are just oodlins of better subjects, and I hate to waste my breath on such a sorry one. I reckon you have in mind Jack's picture in the mud down at Havana, where he lost out in favor of a white bull-neck named Willard.

Well, honey, what do you want me to say about that pair of greasy bull-necks? I don't see anything to it, nohow. If it was an incident that anybody could get honor out of, why, then I'd be glad for my own race to have it. But I can't figure out how it is a credit to any race to produce the biggest and toughest brute. It may be a big thing, but nothing to be so darned proud of, as the boy said about the boil on his neck. A bear has got more guts than a humming-bird, but that don't make us like bears any better. Let's change the subject.

The poet Longfellow is said to have remarked on one occasion that "in this world a man must either be an anvil or a hammer." Shucks in August! I wonder if Longfellow never ran up against any of these fellows who insist on being bellowses?

PLUTOCRATIC PRAYER

Oh, thou fool Laborer who art a slave, but who couldst wrap us Capitalists around thy little finger if thou only wouldst try, we pray that thou mayest never discover the power which lies at thy hand.

We pray thee, O Laborer, to go on laboring with thy hands, and let not thy mind get active concerning the problems of life. Permit us to do thy thinking for thee, O Laborer, because thinking is hard work and we would fain deliver thee from it.

We earnestly beseech thee, O Laborer, to read not any history, neither try to reap benefit from the experience of others. We admit that thou couldst do it, but we pray that thou, in thy simple-minded goodness of heart, will refrain from so doing.

We Plutocrats, being very wise, are aware that we are in thy hands and at thy mercy, but we thank thee for thy profound ignorance on the subject. Upon our bended knees we beg thee to remain ignorant. Yes, we would that thou mightest become even more ignorant and dull, if that were possible. We pray that thou will let us furnish thy reading matter and we will see that thou gettest nothing but good Capitalist dope, such as will put to sleep all thy discontent. If thou hast permitted any Socialist paper to enter thy cabin, we pray that thou wilt burn it immediately.

We pray that thou, O Laborer, wilt let thy mind dwell much on duty, patriotism, love of country, and so forth. It should make no difference to thee that we own the country and that thou hast nothing. We will permit thee to love it just the same. And when the time comes we will permit thee to go and fight for the country we own, just like thy patriotic brothers in Europe are doing. And if thou shouldst happen to get home alive, we pray that thou wilt go to work again and pay the war tax for us.

We must not forget to thank thee for thy vote, O Common Plug. Thou hast voted for us and against thyself for, lo, these many centuries, when nothing compelled thee to do it except thy own block-headed ignorance. We know that thou couldst vote us out of power quicker than howdy, but thou dost not know it. Some of those infernal Socialist papers have tried to teach thee, but thou hast patriotically refused to learn. Thy unselfishness surpasses anything that we have ever known.

Now, O Laborer, thou Common Plug, who are also a Very Valuable Fool, we pray that thou wilt not forsake us in this hour of need. We, the Plutocrats, have

never before been placed in such a critical position as we are in to-day. We have the power, but we don't know what minute it may be snatched from us. It is not out of the range of possibilities that this war which we have started may get beyond our control. It has just occurred to us that thou mayest be so hard hit that thou wilt wake up. And hence we beseech thee to slumber on. Slumber on and on. We are safe so long as thou sleepest, but when thou wakest we are all undone.

And permit us, we pray thee, O Laboring Fool, to furnish thy dreams while thou sleepest. We have them all ready made, and they are guaranteed to never come true. Thou mayest dream that we, the Plutocrats, are thy friends, and that all our promises are good. Thou mayest dream of living under prosperous conditions and having all the good things that thou wouldst like to have. In fact, the more thou indulgest in such dreams the less danger there is that thou will wake up and realize the truth of thy awful condition. Therefore we pray that thou wilt slumber on, and that thou wilt continue to labor and vote for us in thy sleep.

AMEN.

A SERMON ON "THE WIMMEN FOLKS."

Dear Flock:

You will find my text for this occasion on the 23rd page of Blum's Almanac for the year 1915, and it reads as follows:

"Be sure you are right, then ask your wife."

If this turns out to be a poor sermon it won't be the fault of the text. If I am any judge, the text is all right, what there is of it—and plenty of it, such as it is.

Ask your wife. If you don't ask her, she is mighty apt to tell you anyhow. She knows. No matter what it is, she understands. Anything a woman don't know and can't find out is lost for certain. You can't fool the wimmen folks. But they can fool you mighty slick. If you want them to know something they are as ignorant about it as a kitten is about Scripture. But if it is something you want to keep them in the dark about, they will know more about it than you every time. That is a peculiar habit the wimmen folks have. It's mighty unpleasant for the men folks sometimes, and often gets them into tight places. But more often the place seems tight because the men were tight before they got in it.

This is a peculiar habit the men folks have.

Therefore ask your wife. You couldn't find her Sunday dress in a week, but she knows all about where your tuther breeches are at. And if you left any money in the pockets, she probably knows where that is, too.

"THE WAY PEOPLE FEEL."

Great Humptidoodle!
Caesar's Ghost and Molly Hawkins!

What fools we have all been! After all our frantic and vain efforts to discover the cause of the business depression and hard times, here it is as plain as a fly in your biscuit.

We are indebted to one W. H. Belk, a plutocrat of Charlotte, N. C., for turning on the light. One of The Charlotte Observer's whickergoddled reporters took a Dr. Pierce account book and a penny pencil and started out to smell around for a good juicy lie for his paper. Having some sort of intuitive knowledge that they kept such things at the Belk department store, he turned the toes of his number tens in that direction.

"How is business?" asked the reporter to Merchant Belk, and what he failed to get in the way of information will never be missed. Now give prayerful attention to Belk's answer:

"Business is good. You don't hear any talk of hard times any more. People are feeling better, and they are trading. A large element in the depression last fall was simply in the way people felt."

Why, of course. Our FEELINGS are to blame for it all.

Why didn't we think of that sooner?

But then, you know, habit has a heap to do with it. Man has been living in ignorance and sin so long that his confounded "feelings" have got the best of him.

When he is hungry he FEELS hungry.

When he is ragged he FEELS ragged.

When his pocket is empty, somehow it just will FEEL empty. I don't know why, but it does.

When a fellow is hungry, and ragged, and out of money, and out of a job, and in debt, and has worn his shoe-soles to the quick chasing around after another job and can't find it—well, it may be that fellow's solemn Christian duty to suck wind and swell out his belly and FEEL just like the president of a railroad, but it's develish hard to do.

The government is trying to encourage sheep raising, so they say. The officials are probably needing more wool to pull over our eyes.