

The Fool-Killer

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

VOL. VI.

MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, SEPTEMBER, 1915.

NO. 6

THE TERRIBLE JITNEY

Once there was a mule-car,
And it ran upon a track;
It took folks where they'd like to go,
And then it fotched 'em back.

But it couldn't go much fast—
No faster'n a mule could trot—
And the old plug had to stop and cool
When ever he was hot.

And so somebody sot in,
And here's just what they done—
They put old Lightnin' in the shalves,
And—golly!—how she run!

And then that mule-car suffered,
The driver stormed and cussed,
And swore that blamed old trolley-car
Had treated him unjust.

But the trolley held its own,
And then some more besides;
Till fust thing anybody knowed,
It cornered all the rides.

But now here comes the Jitney
And takes the trolley's nick,
Just like the trolley done the mule,
And watch that trolley kick!

When we can gouge another,
We don't want any fuss;
But—my!—the devil is to pay
When someone gouges us!

PARAGRAPHS

Speaking of Warsaw, whadye reckon the war saw, anyhow?

The empty dinner-pail contains plenty of food for thought.

If nobody had too much, then everybody might have enough.

Most of the free advice we get is worth just about what it costs.

It isn't a bit of trouble to agree with people who happen to agree with us.

Some people believe in free speech—for themselves, but nobody else.

Either the devil belongs to the church or the church belongs to devil. Which is which?

Take what you think you know, and subtract from it what your neighbors think you don't know, and the results will be what is left.

There are only forty Dog-Days and probably forty million dogs. And still they tell us that "every dog has his day."

Toothadore Spexvelt's Exposition Speech

By The Fool-Killer's San Francisco Correspondent

And it came to pass one day in July that he who swalloweth lions for pills and eateth elephants as if they were candy kisses—behold, this mighty being, whose name was Toothadore Specksvelt, did stand up at the Panama-Pacific Exposition and utter great and wonderful words, even the following:

"Say, you confounded clabber-brained cranks, and nervous Nancified ninyhammers, what did you come here to see? Remember, this is a great exposition, and in going through it you want to get your money's worth. Therefore, O ye fools, come away from that monkey cage! Cut out that fortune-teller's joint! Hike down from that merry-go-round! Yes, verily, I say unto you, come here and see the REAL EXHIBIT! Before you, on this platform, standeth the only thing that is worth coming here to see. The main difference between me and the brazen serpent that Moses lifted up is the fact that I am not on a pole. Another difference is that Mose's brass snake didn't talk or wear spex. But it done the work. So do I. Look unto me, all ye that are hypnotized by the siren song of peace-at-any-price, and be ye cured of it.

Rip! Snort! Boom! Bang! Listen! If you want your sleepy souls baptized in the gospel of blood, then adjust your louse-pastures to an angle of forty-five degrees and listen attentively while I pump the pure truck from the gap in my face.

Hurrah for me! Here I stand before you Exposition sight-seers as the only man on earth who knows it all. Some other men claim to know it all, but they are false teachers and undesirable citizens. There is only one ME in the world, but one is enough if you will all follow me.

If any of you doubt my identity, I invite you to come up close and examine my teeth. And also give prayerful attention to my eyeglasses. You will observe that the shoe-string attached to these glasses flows out like a cowboy's lasso, just as it does in all the cartoons of me. And if you are still not satisfied that this is me, I am willing

to lift up my voice and say "Liar," "Thief" and "Molly-coddle." I invented these words, and I alone know how to use them properly.

Yes, boys, I am the Bull that made the Moose famous. I am the Booger-Man that the mother-beasts in the jungles scare their babies with when they won't be good.

So much for the introduction. If you are all convinced of my identity, then let's get down to brass tacks—or rather to brass shells. I stand before you to-day, O ye mollycoddles, as the apostle of glorious crimson War. I can't understand why anybody would want peace, when war is so much nicer. Peace is too blamed monotonous—not enough excitement about it to suit me. War is such a fine interesting game, you know, and just think how much pretty red blood a fellow can get to see. I have been informed that cowards don't like to see blood, but I can say from personal experience that brave men like me just love it—provided, of course, that it is some other man's blood. A coward sickens at the sight of torn and mutilated flesh, but a brave man like me just dotes on it—provided, of course, that it is some other man's flesh.

Be ashamed of yourselves, you skulking cowards! War is the life of a country, therefore let us have war. Let it be with Germany or anybody else that will agree to fight us. A man or a nation that is "too proud to fight" deserves to be trampled in the dust and kicked around like a dog. And you fool mammies who are raising up families of boys, let me say this to you: don't train your boys to be such low-down things as farmers, mechanics, merchants, preachers, poets, editors and statesmen. Them trades ain't respectable. To be a soldier is the only respectable calling that is open to young men. Mammies of America, hear me! It is your patroitie duty to raise not less than fifteen boys apiece, and teach every one of them to be soldiers. Teach them that walking around with a loaded gun on their should-

(continued on last page)

STRAINING AT GNATS!

Gosh, what fool ideas some people can get wedged into their hat-pegs! In spite of the seriousness of the occasion, I can't help being amused at all this twaddle about what is lawful and what is unlawful in the conduct of war.

For several months now we have been tearing our hair and ripping our shirt-tails in our efforts to convince Germany, England and the rest of 'em that they are violating certain points of international law.

International fiddlesticks! What in the thunder does any sort of law amount to in a time like this, when two-thirds of the world is engaged in breaking everything that is breakable, including heads and hearts? Why will we grant that nations have a legal right to raise hell, then quibble over the methods they use in getting it raised?

We are told that certain kinds of bullets and certain methods of warfare are cruel and inhuman. As much as to say that other bullets and other ways of killing are merciful and kind!

Great Gods! When will the blind world get its eyes open? Common hoss sense ought to teach us that the finished product of war is so cruel, so repulsive and so terrible that no mere tool or method for doing the thing can make any difference.

If I had to be marched out into a field and shot full of holes, I wouldn't care a snap whether the bullets were soft or hard, round, oblong or square. And I can't see that soaking them in cologne-water before loading would help my case any.

If I had to be drowned, I wouldn't care to stipulate that the water must be just so many feet deep, and that it must carefully filtered to remove all germs and microbes.

If some enemy should come by night and burn my house, it wouldn't comfort me nary bit to be told that he used only safety matches to start the fire.

Hang-take-it-all, can't you see what I am driving at? The chief aim and object of war is to kill, mangle and destroy, and the mere details of HOW it shall be done are only of minor importance.

But like people of old times, we still strain gnats and swallow camels.