

The Fool-Killer

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

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What's the Use?

To come from out an unknown past
Peopled with gods at war,
And into a future still more vast,
And nobody knows what for;
To play for a moment the game of
life,
Like hurrying ants that crawl,
Embroidered forever in deadly strife—
Oh, what is the use of it all?

To gather truth from wise men's
schools,
And later, by men as wise,
To be assured that these are fools
And all of their words are lies;
To venture all for wisdom's sweets
And see them turn to galls;
When hope with disappointment
meets—
Oh, what is the use of it all?
—James Larkin Pearson.

EXCUSE MY PROFANITY.

Confound it! Durn it! Dad-gum it! Oh, why in the devil won't they allow a feller to cuss a little sometimes? I can't think of any word more modest than a big fat damn that will express my burning indignation at the hypocritical hellishness of some of the things that are being done in the name of charity.

I have been much impressed lately with the great henaballoo that the "tender-hearted" plutocrats have raised over feeding the starving babies in the war countries. Now please understand that I ain't raising any kick against having the suffering babies (and also the suffering grown folks) of Europe cared for as much as possible. No doubt the need is urgent enough, and if honest people would give with an honest motive, it would be a mighty fine thing to do.

But wait a minute. Here is the devil of it. Have you noticed the names of the "tender-hearted" givers who are taking such a big interest in this charity business? Well, bless your darling gizzard, they are the very same pack of blood-fattened hell-hounds that have supplied the deadly weapons and kept the war going. Everybody knows the war could not have continued this long without help from America. Behold the American munitions-manufacturers weeping over the widows and orphans that their own powder and lead have made. And then out of the fabulous fortunes of blood-money that they have amassed, just watch them flip a few pennies of it back to the starving babies in the name of charity.

Yes, sir! The soulless greed of the American munition-makers is only equalled by their monumental gall. After selling Europe the tools to murder herself with, they think they can buy the respect of humanity by dropping a few hypocritical tears on her coffin. The nerve of it!



ME AND SOME OF MY HELPERS.

A SERMON ON VILLA.

I am willing to venture my reputation as a prophet on the assertion that Villa is either dead or alive, caught or uncaught. I could prove it by Uncle Sam if he were here. But since he is extensively absent and otherwise employed, you will just have to take my word for it.

Anything I write about Villa that ain't true now will be true when it happens, and if you don't get the real facts when you need them, maybe you will need them when you do get them.

Villa-ology was one of the subjects that they didn't teach me when I was in school. That shows what a poor educational system we have in this country. There wasn't even a word about him in my Sunday School lessons, and this is the first sermon I ever heard on the subject.

So you see I am not very well "prepared" to handle this great question. But with Uncle Sam's help I expect to settle it some way pretty soon. All I want Uncle Sam to do is to catch Villa and hold him still—for me, and I will gladly make any remarks that need to be made about him.

You mustn't forget that Villa is a Bandit. "Band" has reference to his followers, and he himself is "It". Hence the word "Bandit." The original meaning of the word was "shirt-tail," because when a Mexican in time of war got a serious wound he tore off his shirt-tail to "band-it". Still later, when revolution had so impoverished the struggling armies that they actually had to go in their shirt-tails, they became officially known as Bandits. This information is original and copyrighted, and any infringement will be prosecuted to the full extent of my cuss-word vocabulary.

But we seem to be arriving away from the subject. Let us

depart back to the main line of thought and see if we can learn any less about Villa than we have already succeeded in knowing.

As already, previously, heretofore stated, Villa has lately been classified as a bandit. He started out in life as a bandit, and soon became such a good hand at it that his custom grew very rapidly. He soon had more banditing than he could do, so he had to organize a force of men to help him.

From that, Villa's fame spread all over Mexico. It became a sort of fad among the rich Mexicans to be robbed or killed by Villa and his band. It was considered highly honorable to suffer at the hands of Villa, and it finally got so that the common scrub bandits couldn't hardly make an honest living at their trade.

Whenever anybody in Mexico was seized with a burning desire to be religiously robbed or carefully killed, they always sent for Villa. It was a little more expensive, but it was a better grade of work. And a rich Mexican is never stingy in matters of that sort.

And so it happened that Villa's success as a bandit finally made him able to buy a pair of breeches and some yaller shoes. Presto—change! He was no longer a bandit—he was a PATRIOT!

As a patriot Villa was also a howling success. His handful of followers grew into a vast army and he was hailed as the Savior of Mexico. There was at that time several men wanting the Savior job, but Villa had 'em all skinned a mile. He led his patriotic armies against the patriotic armies of the other Saviors, and in a very kind and neighborly manner they cheerfully and obligingly shot at each other from month to month. A good many on both sides enjoyed the patriotic fun so much that they died,

but Villa lived and went on saving Mexico.

Don't forget that Villa was a patriot at that time. His larger operations enabled him to kill more people than formerly, but it was not murder like it used to be. Oh, no!—it was a patriotic duty now, because Villa was now able to strut around in a military uniform. You wouldn't think a pair of breeches could make all that difference, but it does.

But wait a minute. Let's see what next. After so long a time Villa's popularity seemed to sort of play out. His breeches got ragged and his following began to dwindle. People just won't follow ragged breeches. It became known that Carranza had a new pair with pretty stripes up and down the legs, and the crowd flopped over to him.

Villa went from bad to worse. His breeches became strings, and then they dropped off entirely. Again presto—change! He was no longer a patriot—he was a bandit again. When he kills people now it is no longer a patriotic duty—it is murder.

It all is all very sad. If Villa had only been able to keep himself in breeches he might still have been a PATRIOT, and Uncle Sam would not now be down there hunting for his scalp.

To My Correspondents.

One of the things that have to be badly neglected about this shop is my personal correspondence. I have on my desk right now about two bushels of letters that ought to have personal answers, and the writers are probably thinking hard of me because I don't write to them. Now, dear friends, let me assure you once more that my will is good, but my powers are limited. If you could be here and see the stack of letters I have to answer and the little time I have to answer letters, you would no longer be surprised at not hearing from me. Please be patient, friends, and I will answer as many of your letters as possible. And to those who don't hear from me personally I want to give the assurance that I deeply appreciate your friendship and the work you are doing for me, and my inability to answer all your letters is a greater grief to me than it could possibly be to you.

Show The Fool-Killer to everybody you see. It will tickle 'em.