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# The Fool-Killer

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

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## Here We Come—Head Us!

Sing a song of conventions,  
Candidates galore;  
Some with bellies full of pie,  
And all a-wanting more.

Hughes upon the Elephant,  
Whiskers flying free;  
Wilson a-straddle of the Donk,  
And Ted—oh, where is he?

Hot times in the country now  
Right along till fall;  
Where do you and I come in?  
Gosh, we PAY for it all.  
James Larkin Pearson.

## Home-Made Filosofy.

### BI UNKEL PETE.

A revolushun iz "truth crushed tu urth" takin a noshun she will git up agin.

An onnist statesman iz the noblest wurk ov God, but tha hain't much ov a stock left on hand—about awl sold out, I gess.

Capital iz like a boy hoo haz bin razed up bi his daddy an mammy, an then wants tew turn them out ov hous an home.

A krank iz a man hoo haz a good idy, but the wurld iz tew lazy tew find it out.

When a man begins tew ware a plug hat, it iz purty good evidence that he haz eggzausted every uther meens ov callin attenshun tew his hed.

When a leeder gits tew big fer hiz breeches, it iz cheeper tew reduce him a little than tew git him a new pair.

A corporashun hazent got enny sole, but it makes up fer this bi havin more hands an pockets than ennything els on urth.

We ortent tew be so hard on the devil, when we legalize the same kind ov bizness he iz engaged in.

A dandy iz a poor imitahun ov the male chicken, which the chicken wud resent if it wuzent beneeth hiz dignity.

Politikal pi iz what a feller gits when he swaps off hiz prinsipels.

The party that iz aulways promisin an never performin needs sumthin moar than greese.

A Dimmyerat iz a man hoo expected good times an got fooled.

## REPUBLICAN PRAYER.

Almighty, All Beardy and All-Judgy Master Hughes, 'hou seest us here at thy feet, and thou knowest what brought us here. Thou knowest that the changing tides of politics have drifted us to thy feet, and now we look unto thee as our political saviour.

Oh, Master Hughes, thou hast gloriously delivered us from the b'ody jaws of Toothadore Specksvelt, whom we formerly worshipped even as we now worship thee. In fact, if thou hadst not stepped in and delivered us, we would now be making this prayer to him instead of to thee.

We thank thee, great Master Hughes, for becoming our Moses in this trying hour. We pray that thou wilt take up thy judicial staff and smite the rock of politics and make the water of victory flow out. We have not tasted any of that precious water for four years now, and we are almost dying with thirst for it.

And we pray thee, Master Hughes, to pick up Woodpile by the slack of the pants and rub his nose in the mud of defeat. We are depending on thee to lead us out of this wilderness of hunger into the promised land of political pie. Yes, master, pie is what we want, and we would endorse anything or vote for anything for the sake of pie. We don't know but mighty little about the issues, and we care less. If thou knowest what will be popular enough to beat the Democrats, just trot it out and we'll stand for it. Likewise yell for it and vote for it. If thou sayest peace we will be the greatest peace folks on earth; and if thou sayest preparedness, then we will yell for that.

And now, dear master, since we have placed ourselves in thy hands, we pray that thou wilt deliver us from our enemies and protect us from our fool friends. Fill us with official pie, then make us a good soft bed in thy whiskers and let us go to sleep.

AMEN.

All people who are not fools will subscribe for The Fool-Killer as soon as they see a copy. Put yourself on the wise side by coming across with the price. Fork it over, boys, and enjoy the fun.

## GREEN APPLES.

If the putocrats and war jingo goes don't get rid of their little waiting-boy, Woodpile, and hire a man who is a better hand to keep secrets, bang-taked if he won't queer their whole cussed game before long.

As an example of Woodpile's carelessness in letting the truth slip out now and then, let me call your attention to a speech he made before an audience of Washington highbrows not long ago. Having been invited to play a few jigs on his Princetonian jawbone, he took his text in the 'levnteenth chapter of the War and soon had his month leaking a solid steam of stuff like this:

"With its causes and its objects we are not concerned. The obscure fountains from which its stupendous flood has burst forth we are not interested to search for or explore."

There you have it hot from the skillet. Woodpile speaks for his military masters, and he assures us that they are not at all concerned about the "obscure fountains" from which the great war burst upon the world.

But why not? One time when I was a little bit of a dickens going in my shirt tail I was taken with an awful severe case of the belly-hurt. They sent for the doctor. He came and looked me over and asked me what was the matter. I told him there was a 40-horse-power pain across the small end of my misery.

"Do you want the pain removed?" asked the doctor.

"Do I? Just try me and see," says I, doubling up with another spasm of pain.

"Ain't you been eating green apples?" says he.

"Yes," says I, kinder sheepish-like.

"Well," says the doctor, "you just let them green apples alone and your pain will soon be gone. That's all the treatment you need. Good-by."

Now what did that doctor do?

Why, hang-take it, he went to digging right after the CAUSE of my trouble, that's what he did. And there was sound sense in it. He might have doctored me a month and let me go on eating green apples and I would have died. But he removed the cause and I was soon well.

Now our great statesmen don't act with half as much sense as that honest old doctor. Here is a world with a bad case of the belly-hurt, caused by eating the green apples of boss-rule and private plunder. To remove the cause would cure the disease, just like it did in my case.

But Woodpile says he is not "concerned" about the cause. Of course not. He and his military advisers are afraid to discuss that feature of the question. They themselves know the cause of this war, and of all wars, but they want to keep that in the background. It furnishes too much good juicy graft for their gang, and they couldn't bear to see it removed.

Oh, shucks in August! To hear such fellers as Woodpile cavorting around trying to stop the war, and at the same time refusing to look for the cause that started it, reminds me of the old fool who had a leaky house. He held an umbrella over his family when it rained instead of fixing the roof.

Yes, honey, the "obscure fountains" from which this war burst forth can be found in the cussed commercial system that dominates this world. A few infernal hogs with nearly everything in their possession, and fighting for the rest.

Green apples!

Let's cut 'em out.

It's doggon funny how the rich folks are always talking about "the blessings of poverty." In the eyes of a person who never tried it poverty may seem like a "blessing," but when a feller has struggled through it for an average life-time it don't look so alluring. Anyhow, the rich devils seem willing enough for the poor to enjoy all the pleasures of that great "blessing."

Say, you silly one-gallus boob, will our American intervention in Mexico do YOU any good? Have you got anything down there to protect? No, drot your measley skin, you ain't. Then who will benefit by American intervention? Why, the American millionaires who have vast holdings in Mexico! Gee, ain't you just itching to go down there and bleed and die to protect THEIR property?