

25 Cents  
a Year—  
15 Cents  
in Clubs  
of Five  
or More.

# The Fool-Killer

When you  
get hold of  
something  
good, pass  
it around.  
Send in a  
big club.

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

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## Made to Order.

Wish I had a poem  
Or a little fool song  
That I could stretch out  
About three inches long.

This corner of the paper  
Looks odd and undone  
Without a few verses  
All gracefully spun.

But my poetry mill  
Is run down at the heel,  
And the papers print nothing  
That is fit to steal.

What on earth shall I do?  
It's awful! Oh, drot it!  
I need a poem SO bad—  
And now I've got it.

## BLEEDING.

The old time doctors were great believers in "bleeding" as a cure for every disease known to the human race. If you had anything from the seven-year-itch to chronic laziness and called on a doctor about it, he would look at the bottom of your foot, feel of your pocket-book, and bleed you. You generally got well, and you believed the bleeding cured you. And maybe it did. But sometimes you died, and then you are sure you would have died anyhow, and it wasn't the fault of the treatment.

The bleeding habit has been mostly out of date for a good while, but now it seems to be coming back on a world-wide scale. All the nations of the earth have got something bad the matter with their political guts, and they are falling back on the old custom of "bleeding" to cure what ails 'em.

But I notice that the great political "doctors" who prescribe "bleeding" as the remedy for the world's bellyache are always very careful not to let it be tried on their own precious, royal veins. They love their country, and they want to see it cured, but they are perfectly willing for it to make out with the common cheap blood from the veins of the workers.

But looky here, now! If the blue blood of the master class is so much more rich and precious, why wouldn't the spilling of it buy a better grade of "liberty" than the blood of us poor scrubs? Why wouldn't it "consecrate the ground" better and make "freedom's soil" produce a richer harvest of durned fools? I move that we give it a trial, anyhow.

## THE FLOOD!

Well, we got ours this time. We had read about floods in other parts of the country, but we had somehow made up our minds that they would never reach us here in the mountains of Western North Carolina.

But we were mistaken. North Carolina has been visited by the most destructive Flood that ever hit this neck of the woods.

The rain began falling on the evening of Friday, July 14, and continued all that night, all the next day, and all the next night—nearly 36 hours of the hardest rain that ever fell in these mountains.

The creeks and rivers came up like magic, covering the valleys and climbing the hill-sides. So sudden, so rapid, and so unexpected was the rise in many places that the people living in the valleys had to run for their lives, leaving everything to be swept away by the Flood. Some people did not even save themselves, numerous cases of people drowned or missing having been reported.

As [soon as the flood waters went down so that the [wreck and ruin could be seen, it was an appalling and disheartening sight. All growing crops were either swept out by the roots or buried in mud. Bridges, railroads, homes, factories—everything in reach of the flood—either washed entirely away or drifted into a mass of mud-covered ruins.

The property loss in my own home county (Wilkes) is estimated at two to three million dollars. Our railroad was so badly damaged that for two weeks we were completely cut off from the outside world. All wires were down, the mail service knocked out, and we were practically set back a hundred years into the past.

I couldn't get my shipment of paper to print The Fool-Killer on, and I couldn't have sent it out if it had been printed, so I just had to wait.

Being nearly a month behind already, this calamity has put me still further behind, and now there is no chance of getting out

an issue for July. The last issue was for June, and you will notice that this one is dated for August. I do this in order to keep pace with the hurrying feet of Time—which, by the way, was the only thing not held up and delayed by the Flood. Time went right on. It always does. And The Fool-Killer is going right on, too, if another Flood don't come and get what little this one left.

So let everybody grab a wheel and roll. In other words, send in as many big clubs as you can. During the coming fall and winter let's cover the earth with Fool-Killers as never before.

## OH, HELLUP!

We Are Invaded! The Whole Mexican Army is in the Benited States.

Most of people know that this country is in trouble with Mexico, but mighty few of them have any idea how it started or what it is all about.

Well, it started like this:

There is a little group of multimillionaires in Mexico who own two-thirds of all the wealth of the Benited States. You didn't know that, did you? Well, it's a fact. The leaders of this group of Mexican capitalists are Rockario D. Johnnyfeller, J. Pusselgutta Morganoodle, Andrwai Cornygut, and a few others. These men own and control the great copper mines of Colorado, the coal mines of West Virginia and elsewhere, and all the rich oil fields of the country. And they are connected up by interlocking directorates with other great capitalists until they actually hold the destiny of this country in their hands.

Well, there was a strike in the Colorado copper mines, and the first thing anybody knew an army of six thousand Mexican soldiers were dropped over into Colorado to keep order and to protect the Mexican interests there. Other Mexican troops were sent into West Virginia and still others stationed around the great Mexican steel works in Pennsylvania. The Mexican government claimed that its soldiers were sent into the Benited States merely to keep order, quell riots and catch strike leaders. At first we took them at their word, treated them in a friendly manner, and thought they meant no harm.

But when the strikes and riots were all ended and all the lawless captured or scattered, we began to think it was time for them to go home, and President Wilson

kindly requested Carranza to take the Mexican army out of the Benited States. The object that they came here for was accomplished as far as they could accomplish it, and there seemed to be no reasonable excuse why they should longer remain on our side of the border.

But don't you think Carranza, the insolent half-breed, stubbornly refused to order his troops home. He sent back an insulting note to President Wilson saying that his army should stay here as long as he pleased, and that we had better just lay low and say nothing.

Well, that didn't look so good, but President Wilson is very patient, and so he sent another request for the withdrawal of the Mexican army, pointing out the trouble that might result if the American people should become suspicious of a foreign army on their soil. They might rise up and demand war to drive the invader out. Carranza again refused to listen to reason, and his last refusal was more insolent than ever.

President Wilson and all our people began to see that there had been no sincerity in Carranza's statement of his purposes all along. He had merely used the Colorado strike and the other labor disturbances as a pretext for getting his army into our country, with the evident purpose of waging a war of conquest against us and annexing this country to Mexico.

Naturally that didn't set well on our stomachs, and we began to get things in readiness to protect ourselves the best we could against the Mexican army of invasion, intervention and conquest.

Then Carranza called out everything that could tote a gun and started then toward our border. We were getting in a pretty ugly humor by this time and demanded that they stay on their own side of the line, or there would be trouble.

They came on.

There was trouble.

There is going to be more.

Well I'll be ding-busted! If I ain't gone ahead here and writ this whole story right plum tail-end-foremost and top-side-bottom'ards from start to finish!

That's the good of being always in such a hurry.

But the type is already set, and I'll be civilly sarn-taked if I'm going to change it.

If women would dress sensibly and quit going wild after every new "fashion" that comes along, they would be plum purty things to look at. But of course they'll sorter do as it is.