

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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ALL FOOLS TOGETHER.

Sing a song of foolishness, laughing-
stocks and cranks!
The more there are the merrier; come
and join the ranks!
Life is dry and stupid; whoop her up
a bit!
Donkeys live in clover; bray and
throw a fit!

Don't take yourself in earnest, never
stop to think;
Strut and swagger boldly, dress in
red and pink;
Prate of stuff and nonsense, get your-
self abused;
Some one's got to play the fool to keep
the crowd amused!

Let me laugh at you, then you can
laugh at me;
Then we'll josh together everything
we see;
Everyone's nincompoop to another's
views;
Laughter makes the sun shine!
Whoop-te-doodle-do!

A SERMON ON POETRY.

Up jumps the preacher agin, by
granniz. And if you-all don't ob-
ject, he will now proceed to
chaw up a few cubic yards of at-
mosphere talking about "Poet-
ry."

Say, I reckon most of you are
acquainted with the fact that your
humble servant sometimes breaks
out with a bad case of poetry
when there happens to be no
other disease handy.

But, thank goodness, I never
have had the disease as bad as
some of these here "new poets"
that are taking the day and most
of the night here lately. Honest-
ly, the funniest thing that has
happened in the literary world
since I got old enough to read is
the present "new poetry" fad.

Why, bless yer gizzard, honey,
these here "new poets" have done
gone and kicked the old masters
down into the cellar among the
rotten taters and old shoes, and
have set up a new poetic standard
of their own. They have taken
Rhyme and Meter by their respec-
tive tails and slapped their heads
off against a polyrhythmic saplin.
They have taken the shoe from
the Poetic Foot and turned it out
plum bare-footed. In fact, they
have played general smash with
all the time-honored rules and
and customs of Poetry, and the
new thing they have given us in
its place don't fit my conception
of poetry any better than a leath-
er-wing bat's hide would fit a
snow-bird. It makes me feel like
we have swapped a nightingale
for a tin whistle that had been
stepped on by a club-footed cow.

The "new poetry" looks like
the grandmother of a crosscut
saw, and sounds like the howl of
a lost dog at midnight. It strikes
me as being the work of a gang
of literary cobblers who are ambi-

tious to be known as poets, but are
either too ignorant or too lazy to
conform to the old rules. Hence
they are trying to run a great
bluff on us and make us believe
that their sway-backed silly stuff
is real poetry. They want us to
believe that their lack of form is
in fact a new form, and that it
takes quite as much poetic skill
to master it as the old forms.

But it ain't so, sweetheart. There
is nothing to it. I hereby chal-
lenge any "new poet" to this
test: Let one of them grind out
his very best effort in that line.
Let him divide it up into long
lines and short lines just as he
thinks it ought to be, according to
the rules of his new system. Then
I will take it and write it out in
plain prose form. Then I will ask
some other "new poet" who has
not seen it in its first form to turn
it back into "new poetry", divid-
ing it into lines exactly like the
first poet wrote it. I'll bet my
tuther breeches against your Aunt
Sindy's corset that it can't be
done. Furthermore, I will take
a pair of tin scissors and a Gov-
ernment Report on the Cattle Tick
in Texas, and in five minutes I
can clip out and paste together
as good a "new poem" as any of
'em can write between now and
next lassy-makin time.

A TIP FOR FORD.

Our friend Ellis O. Jones has
given Henry Ford some mighty
good advice. He says if Henry
wants to become a real success
in life he must study the highly
perfected methods of John D.
Rockefeller. Let him go to New
Jersey, Colorado, and other
Rockefeller dominions, and ob-
serve how splendidly Mr. Rocke-
feller manages his help. The
trouble with Mr. Ford is that he
possess the fatal faculty of getting
along too well with his men. He
is too liberal with them. This
makes them so annoyingly happy
that they never want to strike,
and so they furnish the authorities
no excuse for shooting them down.
Mr. Ford should mend his ways.
He will never get rich if he keeps
that up.

Over and above the considera-
tion of any one class should be
the welfare of the whole people.
If a few speculators—or even a
few producers—get rich on war
traffic while the whole American
nation suffers for food—is it
right?—is it justice?

The way Ted delivered the Pro-
gressive vote to Hughes was sort-
er like a man trying to tote water
in a sifter. He didn't get there
with much of it.

WOW! OUCH!

Hank-take the sarn-fetched,
low-down, lousy, lamper-jawed,
leer-eyed, liberty-hating lollops
who are trying to muzzle the
Great American Press—

As if the newspapers and maga-
zines were not being hit hard
enough by the paper trust, now
here comes a set of puffed-up pea-
nut politicians and sawed-off
scrubs of scallowag statesmen
and threaten to hit us poor editors
another knock-out blow by rais-
ing the postage rates on us.

So they are going to git us a-
goin' and a-comin'.

What does it mean, folkses?

Looks to me a tinal-nation
sight like some unseen power in
our government or behind it has
made up its mind to utterly crush
out and destroy the newspaper
profession in this country. That
power—whatever it is—is oppos-
ed to intelligence and don't want
the people to keep informed. It
thinks the people are reading and
studying too much—getting too
well posted on the skin-games em-
ployed against them—and it is
necessary to cut off their main
source of intelligence in order to
keep them in the dark.

That the power or influence
which has run up the price of
paper is the same power or influ-
ence which is now trying to run
up the second class postage rates,
nobody can doubt for a minute.
The methods are the same, and the
object is the same. Somebody in
this country considers it their
business to wreck the newspapers.
But who? That the question.

But shore as you are born,
honey, that's just what we are up
against. These enemies of free
speech and free press are working
overtime to silence every free
press in America. If they can't
do it by thribbling the price of
paper, then they'll slip up on the
blind side of us and soak it to us
in the postage bill.

Going to make us pay about six
prices for postage to send out our
papers, after having already paid
three prices for the white paper to
start with. Who but an enemy of
enlightenment could suggest such
a rotten scheme? Who except an
unholy combination of Devils
and Dollars could be mean enough
to do it?

But say, honey, I want you to
get this as straight as my old au-
tomatic word-gun can squirt at
you: The Fool-Killer is not going
to be bluffed nor scared by any
such business. They can make it
harder for The Fool-Killer to live,
and they can finally kill it if they

keep on; but when it dies there
won't be many other papers left.
Why, blame it all, if they push me
to it, I can pay ten cents a pound
for paper and an average of five
cents a pound for postage, and
still run this red-hot rag of rebel-
lion right along. And I can do it
without raising the subscription
price of the paper, too. Say,
honey, suppose you cut loose and
become a regular club-getter for
this fool paper! Send in as many
big clubs as you can at 15 cents a
year each, and I'll be moderately
durned if I don't keep 'em awake
for twelve months, anyhow.

PARAGRAPHS.

I am coming to believe that
there may be hope for the coun-
try yet. At least five congress-
men and two U. S. Senators have
begun to read The Fool-Killer.

The Fool-Killer is still a little
behind, but it is coming in a trot.
About next month it'll have old
Daddy Time by the chin whiskers
making him yell for the police.
Look out!

If the human race finally de-
stroys itself in war and depopu-
lates the earth so that God has to
re-stock the old ball of mud, if I
was Him I'd try tabby cats or
white rabbits next time.

Papers all over the world are
copying things from The Fool-
Killer. An exchange just receiv-
ed from far-away Australia plays
up one of my pieces in big type.
Reckon I'm glad? Well, sorter.

One good way to reform the
children would be for their dadies
and mummies to quit being so con-
foundedly, hyocritically, cussed-
ly rotten mean. Am I talking to
you?

The Washington Herald reports
that Villa has been passing off the
time lately by getting married.
Provided she was in a good strong
iron cage, I would like to take a
look at the woman who would
marry Villa.

What's this I hear about the
war going to stop, maybe? Gosh,
don't you know that would most
kill dear old Morgan and his
gang of profiteers? Do tell 'em
to keep on fighting, for Morgan's
sake.

It ain't nary bit of wonder to
me that Harper's Weekly went
up the spout and petered out.
Even The Fool-Killer would soon
go to smash if it had such a crazy
cuss as old Norman Hapgood to
pour his putrid political paliver
through its columns.