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# 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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## PLEASE RENEW.

If this paragraph is marked it means your subscription has expired, and unless you have recently sent in your renewal or do so right away, you will not get any more Fool-Killers. I don't like to cut off anybody's name, so please keep your subscription paid up and send in as many of your friends as you can.

## "International Law!" Scat!

Suppose Woodpile Wilson, was backed up in a corner fighting for his life (just like Germany is) and there was only one weapon he could use, do you suppose he would hesitate to use it? Not much he wouldn't. And Woodpile wouldn't care a cuss whether it was in violation of "international law" or not, either.

All this talk about "international law" amuses me, anyhow. Is anybody fool enough to think that any mere "law" written out on paper in times of peace can hold blood-thirsty nations in check during times like these? Law is only expected to operate during peace, and when law and peace break down, then we have war. If law was strong enough to control nations during war it could prevent the coming of war. But it isn't strong enough, I am sorry to say. And so when law loses its grip on the tail of the world it might as well retire to a safe distance and keep its mouth shut.

## Pot and Kettle.

There is an old proverb much heard nowadays, according to the New York Independent, which we never could see the sense of. "The pot can't call the kettle black." Why not, we should like to know? The kettle IS black, and it ought to be called black. Who has a better right to speak with confidence about the faults of the kettle than the pot, which has for years hung on the same crane and inhaled the same smoke? Truthfulness is a virtue, if smuttiness is a vice. If there is anything that would make the pot seem less smutty in our eyes it is giving us a clear reflection of the image of the kettle. Shall no one point out blackness anywhere unless he knows himself to be speckless? Would the pot rise in our estimation if it followed the custom of its critics and said, "The kettle is white—as white as I am?"

The Fool-Killer is a double-gearred, selfacting buzz saw with teeth all over itself. It can rip off more dog-hide from the carcass of the floundering fool in thirty minutes than will grow back in thirty years.

## NOW HE'S DONE IT.

Well, by grannies, our great Woodenroller has done gone and did it, just like I expected. Just to please a few confounded pot-gutted millionaires, he has flindered away with his gold-plated "patriotism" and pitched us head foremost into the great ocean of blood that is engulfing the world. We are now virtually at war with Germany—and what for? Why, durn it, because the steel trust and the powder trust and a few other big greedy combines of tainted wealth have demanded it. This great hellabaloo of a fuss with Germany wasn't started by the common people of this country, you can bet your dear life on that. And their wishes were not once considered in the matter, either. But when the fighting and the paying have to be done, then Mister Common Man will be considered, all right. He will be invited right up to the front and given the honor of filling the first bloody trench with his riddled carcass.

Oh, but "we" must "protect our rights," you know.

Durn "our rights!"

Who are "we?"

And what do "our rights" consist of, anyhow?

Huh? What a loud silence I hear!

Confound it, fellers, ain't you got sense enough to know that when our big slick-tongued political bosses and our pot-gutted millionaire "patriots" begin to run off at the mouth about "our rights" they mean the license which we durned fools give them to skin us alive and make us pay for it?

I may have some "rights" out there on the ocean or over in the war zone, but if anybody wants them particular "rights" of mine bad enough to go after them, durn my skin if he ain't welcome to 'em.

It is a blame-taked poor come-off that the country has to be dragged into a nasty war and millions of people killed just to satisfy the greed of a few heartless speculators, money-sharks and profiteers.

And we all know that's what it amounts to.

We all know there is no other question involved except the question of giving our money-lords free rein and making the government back them up in their devilment. They must be "protected" in their criminal game of robbing their own people to feed a foreign war.

But we who have to bear the burden of it all—how much "protection" do we get? Have you

heard any talk of a war being started to protect the poor man and his rights? No, you ain't, you blamed idiot, and that ain't the worst of it—you never will, either. The "rights" of such fellows as you and me are so little and so few that our glorious government don't consider them worth "protecting."

Throw up your hat and yell hooray for the "rights" of somebody else when you have no rights yourself! That's the good old stuff they call "Pay-try-it-ism." Ain't you just about tickled plum to death because you are now going to be given the glorious privilege of having your innards ripped out and your juicy ham fed to the sharks in defense of Rockefeller and Morgan and Du Pont and all their gang of "patriotic" hell-raisers?

Ain't it a devil of a sweet mess? Now ain't it?

## UNCLE SAM'S PET BEAR.

Did you ever hear tell of the feller who raised a pet bear? Well, it's mighty all-powerful interesting just now if you've got sense enough to apply the lesson, and so I'll tell you about it.

The feller captured his bear, of course, when it was just a little harmless baby bear. It couldn't hurt him then, and he wasn't afraid of it.

But the years passed. The man gave his pet bear plenty to eat and it grew rapidly. Still he considered it the same little pet bear and was not afraid of it. He couldn't realize that it had gradually grown to be a big dangerous bear.

And so one day when the man was playing with his pet bear as usual and not thinking of any danger, the bear just jumped on him and ate him up blood-raw, as the poet says.

That was the last of the man, but the bear may be living yet, for all I know.

Do you see the pint, mister? The European war was the pet bear, and these Benited States are the man that fed it. We even took the bread out of our own mouths to feed that nice little war. Awful cute little cuss, don't ye know, and we hated to see the poor thing starve. And so we fed it. And it grew and prospered.

And now what?

Well, it has jumped on us and threatens to eat us up.

We are now going to reap our reward for feeding a pet bear.

There are a good many more or less all-seeing eyes on earth, and some of them are accompanied by all-wagging tongues.

## Chips From The Battle-Axe.

I never could understand how it was that a man could chew and smack on a nasty old piece of tobacco he had stolen from the flea bugs and horn worms until I saw a lot of buzzards fighting over an old dead mule. Every one to his taste as the old woman said when she kissed the calf.

Billy Sunday has just closed a "revival" in Boston in which he had 60,000 hit the trail—for the Lord knows where to—and Billy pulled in \$51,000 of the royal coin. What a pity Jesus Christ didn't know how like Billy! Poor old Judas never would have been tempted to sell him for \$15.00.

Say, Mister, who gave you the right to live a nasty, slimy, slummy, doggish life, and then stick your little simlin of a head into the air like you had corn to sell and strut around like a thoroughbred gentleman, while women that are just as good as you have to be "segregated" from decent people?

Is it not an inspiring scene, and one calculated to make the heathen part of the world fall down and worship the meek and lowly Christ, to see all the "Christians" of the world at each other's throats like mad-dogs, fighting like devils and dying like fools, in a war inspired by greed and carried on by wicked rulers for the benefit of a few millionaire grafters and for the glory of His Satanic Majesty?

It may be all right and proper to stand for our "rights" to travel on the "high seas," but it seems to me that something of far more importance is the "right" of honest working people to secure sufficient "stomach timber" to navigate here on land. American robbers are committing greater crimes against the rights of the American people than the European murderers are.

Yes, it's mighty easy to get into a fight, but sometimes it turns out like it did with Dave S——. An old fashioned free-for-all fight was going on at a country grocery, and Dave in exercising his rights got within the danger zone, and with an oath asked, "Is this a FREE fight?" "Yes," said the fighters. "Count me in, then" said Dave. About that time a blow right between the eyes stretched Dave out full length on the ground. "Count me OUT," said Dave, as he scrambled to his feet and hustled out of the war zone.