

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

VOLUME 7

BOOMER, NORTH CAROLINA, MARCH, 1917.

NUMBER 10

## Why Not?

If a female duke is a duchess,  
Would a female spook be a spuchess?  
And if a male goose is a ganer,  
Then would a male moose be a  
mander?

If the plural of child is children,  
Would the plural of wild be wildren?  
If a number of cows are cattle,  
Would a number of tows be battle?

If a man who makes plays is a play-  
wright,  
Would a man who makes hay be a  
haywright?  
If a person who fails is a failure,  
Would a person who quails be a  
quailure?

If the apple you bite is bitten,  
Would the battle you fight be fitten?  
And if a young cat is a kitten,  
Then would a young rat be a ritten?

If a person who spends is a spend-  
thrift,  
Would a person who lends be a lend-  
thrift?  
If drinking too much makes a drunk-  
ard,  
Would thinking too much make a  
thunkard?

## Who Are the Traitors?

And old Alton B. Parker had to  
stick his drotted lip into it! The  
idea of such an up-start as that  
calling William Jennings Bryan a  
"traitor" and a "Benedict Ar-  
nold!" Why, even the dirt under  
Bill Bryan's toe-nails contains  
more real patriotism than a cow-  
pen full of such corporation lick-  
spittles as old Parker.

If the blood-thirsty war-jingoes  
want to make Bryan the greatest  
popular hero in this country, just  
let them keep on with their  
"traitor" and Benedict Arnold"  
stuff. In past years The Fool-  
Killer has criticized Bryan more  
or less, but now when it comes to  
a choice between him and the  
blood-craving war gang, this  
paper is going to stick to the  
Great Commoner. And there are  
many millions of common people  
in this country who will think  
more of Bryan because of this  
dirty attack on him.

If a man has to be called a  
traitor for following his honest  
convictions and doing his level  
best to keep his country out of a  
needless war that the self-consti-  
tuted "patriots for plunder" are  
trying to push it into, then I say,  
God give us more like him! Hur-  
rah for Bryan!

People starving at home, and  
belly-timber still going to Europe  
by the ship-load. Again let me  
ask: What country is Woodpile  
Wilson supposed to be president  
of, anyhow? Judging by the in-  
terest he takes in feeding Europe  
while he lets this country starve,  
what do you think about it?

King "Tater is on the throne.

## ADAM'S RIB.

"And the Lord caused a deep  
sleep to fall upon Adam," etc.,  
etc., etc. So that was the way of  
it! Well, we won't quarrel with  
the ways and means, nor the  
whenceness of the where. Inspira-  
tion is silent as to the kind of  
anaesthetic used to quiet the kicks  
of Uncle Adam. It is enough for  
us to know that a quietus of suf-  
ficient magnitude was brought  
about while Jehovah removed the  
cutlet from his side, and, in the  
language of the poet, "fashioned  
a rib into a beautiful and lovely  
bride."

And I say unto you that consi-  
dering the raw material and the  
expenditure, the finished product  
surpasses anything yet evolved.  
When we contemplate what a con-  
fection and invention and piece  
of perfection is woman, we un-  
hesitatingly pronounce this rib-  
product far beyond even Edison's  
latest. I would still maintain this  
opinion if it had taken forty-  
seven ribs, half the back-bone, all  
the eye-teeth and ten toes of  
Uncle Adam.

For verily, she maketh life in-  
teresting. If it was not for this  
rib-product there'd be nobody to  
work for, nobody to dress up for,  
nobody to love, nobody to hug, no-  
body to kiss, for it would be a  
spectacle to make angels weep to  
see one man kissing another! There'd  
be nobody to break our hearts,  
or mend them after some other  
she had broke 'em. Nobody to  
blame with our short-comings  
and long goings—in short, this  
life would be a flat, stale, unpro-  
fitable mell of a hess.

Let us be duly thankful that  
Adam's rib was changed by a  
miraculous transubstantiation in-  
volving the elimination of the rib  
and the miraculous creation of the  
woman, into something that is at  
once deliciously mysterious and  
mysteriously delicious — man's  
best friend, his worst enemy, his  
monitor, servant, and worshipped  
idol.

About two hundred sub hustlers  
have already joined the Great Con-  
test, and others are coming in every  
day. Come along, get an early start,  
and help enjoy the fun.

If some uncivilized ruffin "in-  
sults" you, and you pull your gun  
and shoot him the government  
yanks you up and sends you to  
the electric chair before you can  
say seat. But just let the govern-  
ment get its fur rubbed the wrong  
way a little and it pulls its gun  
and commits the same crime that  
it punishes you for. Don't you  
suppose God has a big electric  
chair ready for these wicked gov-  
ernments of earth?

## A SERMON ON SHOES.

Some consarned, contemptible  
critter has smeared a lot of Lord-  
what-shall-we-do-now stuff over  
the front page of an exchange  
telling us that owing to the war  
and the scarcity of hides, etc.,  
we'll all be bare-footed as geese  
in a few months, and, lo! the  
price of a pair of shoes will be  
around \$20,00, or maybe more.

One of my neighbors, a long-  
gammoned, easy-going cuss, came  
to me for comfort in his despair  
over the shoe question. I told  
him shoes could be made of satin,  
velvet, canvas or broadcloth, and  
soled with "Neolin," the new  
substitute for leather.

But he wants leather shoes.

That's the way with the fool  
poor folks. Always wanting  
something. Some of them have  
even dared assert that we ought  
to have decent food, warm  
clothes, and even a little happi-  
ness. And all this when we know  
the earth and the fulness thereof  
belongs to the long-eared, pie-  
faced plutes!

We're a resourceful people, and  
if hide fails we will no doubt be  
able to make shoes out of old hats  
and such. Of course in summer  
we can all go bare-footed with our  
paddles unfettered and free in the  
style of primitive man, and feel  
a thrill of pride that we are able  
to imitate our ancestors. No  
doubt we'll feel the red-hot  
thrills of burrs, nettles, barbs,  
briers, broken bottles, etc., but we  
must be thankful that we still  
have feet. It's a wonder they  
don't amputate the feet of the  
poor and stew them into gelatine,  
glue, calf's-foot jelly or some-  
thing, anyhow.

Why, good lands of gangrenous  
grouches, we can substitute some  
old thing for shoes! During the  
Uncivil War, when the calomel  
and jalap and blue mass pills  
gave out and not a dose could be  
found for love nor money, our  
grand-dads and grand-mams boil-  
ed walnut roots, thickened the  
resultant horrible liquid, made it  
into pills, and produced a brand  
of belly-ache that was seldom  
equalled and never out-done, even  
by calomel. The way that stuff  
tore up a-body's innards was a  
caution to the cats! Some claim-  
ed to derive great benefit from its  
use. In those days medicine that  
didn't almost kick the human  
machine to pieces was not tolerat-  
ed or believed in.

But where was I at?

Oh, yes, shoes!

We respectfully ask our gran-  
nies to suggest some "substitoot"  
for leather. I'll bet they can find  
one, by gum! And right here I'd  
like to tip them off to the unvar-

nished actuality that the hides of  
the plutes, suitably tanned, would  
make good leather. Also the hide  
of the brindle jass-ack (two-limb-  
ed variety) is almost equal to  
cow-hide.

Shoes? God save the mark!  
Let's not worry over such trifles  
as shoes!

The Fool-Killer office owns three  
Oliver typewriters and is thinking of  
buying another one or two—besides  
the one that is going to be given away.  
They are great value, especially when  
you can get them given to you.

## AMERICA'S ENEMIES.

Look here, by cracky! Speak-  
ing of America's enemies, how  
does this look to your glass eye?  
In the same issue of the same  
paper appeared the following two  
news items from New York:

First news item—

"A bread riot! Several hun-  
dred women, many of them with  
babies in their arms, storming the  
city hall, crying give us bread!  
We are starving! Give us bread!"

Second news item—

"Four hundred and eighty  
tons of food stuff emptied into the  
sea! The food was good when it  
left the farmers, but was held for  
better sale till it spoiled and was  
condemned by the health depart-  
ment."

Now, mister, if you can find  
anything to head that, let's see  
you trot it out. The idea of the  
fetch-taked food speculators hold-  
ing the belly-timber in their  
storehouses and demanding three  
prices for it, while women and  
children unable to pay such prices  
were starving all around them.  
And after all the crimes they  
committed trying to make a big  
profit on the stuff, they finally  
had to lose it all. Wouldn't it  
have been a thunderation sight  
better to sell it reasonably and let  
the poor hungry people live?

America's enemies? Holy  
smoke! The sneakingest German  
submarine that ever nosed its way  
through salt water is a white-  
winged angel compared to some  
of the brass-bellied speculator  
sharks that operate unmolested  
right here among us. If Uncle  
Sam wants to bite something, why  
in the blistering blazes don't he  
try his tushes on something near-  
er home than Germany?

President Wilson congratulated  
the campaign managers upon the  
grand victory for the people. If  
Mr. Hughes had won, he would  
have done the same thing. It is  
gratifying to know that which  
ever way an election goes it is a  
grand victory for the people. They  
simply can't lose.

Samples free to sub hustlers. Are  
you one?