

The Fool-Killer

A Monthly Mustard-Plaster for the Blood-Boils of Society, Church and State.

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BACK TO THEIR VOMIT.

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before the convention, or they are liars and hypocrites now. If the great reforms which they preached for so vehemently were needed then they are still needed. If they are not needed now they were never needed.

In either case, the Johnsonites have proved themselves to be two-faced hypocrites and contemptible quitters, and they are no longer worthy of the respect and confidence of decent people.

In the Democratic camp Tom Watson of Georgia has cut exactly the same caper.

He ripped and he ranted and he roared.

He fumed and he foamed and he fizzed.

And then he turned right around and declared that he would support Cox—support the millionaire, the plutocrat, the reactionary, the enemy of every progressive idea that Tom Watson has pretended to advocate.

Thus do the political dogs return to their vomit.

I heard a funeral sermon recently, and the preacher said that the dead person was in heaven walking the golden streets and praising the Lord. But David says in Psalms 115: 17: "The dead praise not the Lord." It seems to me sorter like that preacher must have lied. What do you think about it, Tom?

The labor forces in England and France showed the war-jingos where to head in. When we suffer as much on this side as they have suffered over there, maybe we will have a little sense, too.

The Allies have put their money on the wrong hoss in Russia every time. They can't pick a winner till it runs over them, and then it is too late.

THE NEW PUBLISHER.

Let me introduce you to Mr. Ralph Swanson, the new publisher of The Fool-Killer. Mr. Swanson is a young man of splendid character and very marked ability in several different lines. As writer, artist, musician, printer, teacher and soldier he has made good. He went through hell in France for the benefit of the plutes, and he has no delusions as to the character of the plute propaganda that we were fed on during the war. And now he is back here with his sleeves rolled up and has tackled the job of publishing the Fool-Killer. As soon as he has had time to get up steam I predict that there will be something didding around this shop. My job from now on will be to operate the gab-mill. I'm going to pick up this old typewriter by the hind leg and just frail the tan-bark plum off of everything. And you-unses must all pitch in and help Ralph cover creation with this-here gospel-truck.

GIZZARD-TO-GIZZARD.

Well, Rastus, you just sit down on that-thar stump, and I'll sit down on this one, and we'll just naturally have one of our good old confabs about things in general and about The Fool-Killer in particular.

I've been pumping my chin music through the columns of this-here paper for nearly eleven years. I have greatly enjoyed doing the gab-work, and if that had been all there was to do I would have had a regular picnic all the time. But law-sakes, honey, it takes a whole lot of something else besides gab to run a paper.

I have been handicapped with sickness and other troubles, so that the mechanical work of getting out the paper has been a continual burden.

It has never been done right. What I have always needed was a partner to take charge of the printing and mailing, so that I would have nothing else to bother about but the chin-music.

Ever since I got big enough to sop bread and 'lasses out of a tin plate I have been writing jim-dandy truck to print in the papers, but I never did have sense enough to run the mechanical and business end of a paper like it ought to be run.

And that's another reason why I needed a partner.

Well, I THINK I've got him.

I've turned the whole shebang over to him except this-here old Oliver that I write the chin-music on, and he seems to be starting out fine. I think you will stand a better chance now of getting your paper regularly and on time.

And I think maybe the "goody" will be gooder.

The plute world is now building great hopes on General Wrangel. My stars alive, what an appropriate name! The plutes always have depended on a general wrangle, and I hope they'll get their belly full of it now.

IDIOTORIALS

The world isn't safe for anything but war and millionaires.

It takes more than a big name tied to a mule's tail to make even a vice-president.

Many Mexicans are named Jesus, but I'm afraid most of them took the name in vain.

Every time Harding speaks you can see the vocal cords moving in the throat of the Senate.

Don't take your preacher's word for it. Don't even take my word for it. Think a little for yourself.

Trying to wrap up Franklin D. Roosevelt in the Roosevelt fame is like wrapping up a turnip seed in a bed quilt.

Does anybody know when "Senator" Newberry is to start serving his two years in the pen? Don't all speak at once.

Now, Mr. 'Fraid-of-the-Wimmen, you can just rear back and howl till your howler splits wide open. Wow!

Bainbridge Colby trying to act as Secretary of State reminds me of a one-legged clothes-pin trying to straddle a saw-log.

Now, Madam, you've got it—what are you going to do with it? We want to see some results along about corn-shuckin' time.

If the League of Nations can't manage Russia, it might try something easier—telling the wind how to blow, for instance.

If anybody wants an Inter-church World Movement right cheap, now is the time to buy. Address 26 Broadway.

The reason Candidate Hardwad is staying at home is because nobody wants to see him except the millionaires, and they are able to go to him.

Any working man who can vote for Hardidge and Cooling could pour ham gravy over a saddle blanket and eat it for breakfast.

The plutes are all going to vote for Coxing and Hard—excuse me, I mean Hoxing and Card—no, hang-take it, I mean Carding and Hox!

The first time an opportunity came along for the League of Nations to do something it fell down on the job and flattened out like a pancake.

Cox is running for the presidency, but Harding is sitting for it. Warren thinks Jim will drive it by his front porch and he'll grab it.

Wearing a Cox or Harding button is just another way of saying that you haven't got knowledge enough to be decently ashamed of yourself.

If Cox becomes president he will be commander-in-chief of army. Then it will be Cox's Army. Somehow that seems to have a mighty familiar sound and a mighty soupy smell.

If T. R. could know that the name "Roosevelt" was on a Democratic ticket, he would kick the lid off of his coffin and turn over six times and think some awful bad words.

Why all this fuss about Harding's front porch? The back porch, or even the wood box behind the stove in the kitchen, would be more appropriate for "McKinley's shadder."

Now, by grannies, if the women don't do a better job of voting than the men have been in the habit of doing, I move that the whole human race be disfranchised and let the hosses vote.

Without being able to get his own country to join it, Willrow Woodson still acts as president of the Leegonashuns. Sorter like catching out a hoss to ride, and then fastening the saddle on the gate post.

All this big talk among the Allies and the United States about refusing to "recognize" the Soviet Republic of Russia reminds me of the little boy who refused to "recognize" the calf that stepped on him.

The readers of the Fool-Killer send in many good letters and articles that I would be glad to print if I had room for them. But the space is so limited, and there is such a demand for my own fool gab, that I can't print much else.

This is the first time in the history of the country, so far as I know, that both of the old-party candidates for president have been millionaires. Or, how the Redemocrats do love the poor man! Say, Rube, why don't you get out and yell some for Carding and Hox?

When God had finished making the Roosevelt family He swept up the scraps and shavings and made Franklin D. Roosevelt. Because it was the sorriest job he had turned out, God dumped it into the sorriest party, and now that party has nominated it for Vice-President.

The Republican spell-binders are busting their belly bands trying to make us believe that Harding is another McKinley. Mighty apt he is. Just about as much like McKinley as a stuffed owl is like two acres of cabbage. But even a man of the McKinley type is not what this country needs now. If McKinley were alive today he would be just as unable to cope with present conditions as Wilrow Woodson has been. We need a man who can comprehend the fact that a New Age is upon us—a man who will not try to patch up the Nineteenth Century's old breeches for the Twentieth Century to wear.