

The FOOL-KILLER

VOL. I.

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NO. 2.

WHO GOT SNUBBED?

Alas, and did I read it right?
Or have my eyes grown dim?
Did Fairbanks snub the Pope of
Rome,
Or did the Pope snub him?

The Hoosier statesman was in Rome
A-taking in the town;
He talked with the Italian king,
And did the job up brown.

He had his plans already made
To drop in right away
And shake the Pope's old fishy hand
And pass the time o' day.

Meantime the Methodists had sent
A very strong request;
It said that by the Hoosier man
They'd like to be addressed.

And then the Pope a message sent;
It ran: "Look here—ahem!—
If you desire to talk to ME,
You must not talk to them!"

The Methodists got theirs, all right;
The Pope—his share was slim;
And now did Fairbanks snub the
Pope,
Or did the Pope snub him?

A TERRIBLE CRIME.

Oh, murder! Police! Run here
with the camphor quick! A terrible
crime has been committed. I
can hardly hold back the scalding
tears long enough to pen these
immortal lines.

One of the contributors to "The
Star of Hope," an intellectual
journal published by the inmates
of Sing Sing prison, has been de-
tected in the crime of stealing
editorial thunder from the works
of Bill Shakespeare, Julia Ward
Howe, and other great editors.

Oh, the pity of it! The shame
of it! How it upsets our time-
honored traditions to think of a
citizen of Sing Sing in the capac-
ity of a thief! The bright pages of
"The Star of Hope" are contami-
nated forever, and all Sing Sing
howls. If Shakespeare had pla-
giarized from "The Star of Hope"
it would have caused no surprise,
as we have always heard that
Shakespeare was a sheep-rogue in
his young days; but for "The Star
of Hope" to plagiarize from
Shakespeare—well, what is the
world coming to, anyhow?

The effects of this crime will be
far-reaching. The uttermost ends
of the earth will wail because of
it. All the eminent literary men
who have looked forward with
pleasure to spending a few years
at Sing Sing will now heave a
mournful sigh and return mechan-
ically to their old tasks. All the

self-respecting prisoners will pe-
tition for pardons, and who can
blame them? They will close their
roll-top desks with a pang of re-
gret, and the chains and padlocks
that have held them there for
years will know them no more
forever. How utterly sad to
contemplate!

THE COST OF LIVING.

The cost of living has come up
for discussion, and the wise ones
are putting their heads together
to see what can be done about it.

The trouble seems to be that ev-
erybody is charging everybody
too much for everything that ev-
erybody has to buy. Now if every-
body would sign up an agreement
with everybody to charge every-
body only half as much for every-
thing as everybody pays for ev-
erything today, it seems to me
that everybody would then be
perfectly happy.

A man's existence here in the
world costs just all that can be
squeezed out of it. If a man's in-
come is \$200 a year he can live
passably well on \$200. But if his
income increases to \$1,000 a year,
then it takes \$1,000 a year to run
him. And so it goes. The more a
man prospers and the bigger his
wad, the harder the world squeezes
his hand to make him drop it. The
process of living manages to wring
from a fellow, in one way or an-
other, about all he can make, be
it much or little. There are excep-
tions, to be sure, but I am speak-
ing of the average plodder through
this wilderness of tears—the men
on the dead level of humdrum ex-
istence, with no rich uncle and no
political pull.

The consumer is the key to the
whole situation, but he can't help
himself. Every time he moves up
a step in his methods of living,
the departments above him auto-
matically adjust themselves to a
new cost basis, and thus the mer-
ry war goes on. Man is a bull
when he wants to sell and a bear
when he wants to buy; and the
bull movements and the bear
movements work out by the rule
of cancellation and leave us right
where we started. Then we start
all over again and get the same
results as before. We kick if the
price we sell at is low, and we
kick if the price we buy at is
high. And it all goes to empha-
size the fact that we don't any of
us know much about what we
want, nohow.

THE HOBO AND THE HOE.

Word comes from Missouri that
some of the charitably-inclined out
there are working on a plan to col-
onize the hoboes. George M.
Jackson, a wealthy farmer, has
offered to donate 4,000 acres of
land for the purpose. J. Harvey
Nolan, a Socialist, has offered sev-
eral hundred acres more. And so
they are going to take up the un-
washed knight of the road, give
him a soap-bath and a goose-neck
hoe, and put him to farming.

Maybe they are, but I doubt it.
I am also "from Missouri" in this
particular case, and they will have
to show me. When they get all
the Plodding Petes and all the
Meandering Mikes rounded up in
a nice bunch and go to drilling
them in the science of agriculture,
I would like to be there to see. I
would like to stand in open-
mouthed wonder on the sun-lit
summit of Hobo Heights and
watch the desert blossom like the
pumpkin vine.

All that would be as pretty as
red shoes, but I never expect to
see it. I tell you Pete and Mike
are not built that way. The genus
hobo is a natural outgrowth of
civilization, and you can't rub him
off the map. He is here to stay.
It would be cruelty to animals to
try to make a farmer of the hobo.
He would pine away like a sick
rat and go into the hands of a re-
ceiver. Pete likes his present job.
Farmer Corntossel could never be
Pete, neither could Pete be Farm-
er Corntossel. The two profes-
sions will not mix worth a cent.
The hobo's home address is 23
Skiddoo St., On-the-Road, Any-
where, and he likes to stay at
home. When he does travel he
carries his suit-case in one pocket
and his trunk in another and puts
up at the best strawstack on the
road. He is president of the
Work Haters' Union and secre-
tary of the Kitchen Door Grub
Seekers' Association. He works
so hard devising ways and means
to keep from work that he has
absolutely no time to work.

But here's to the Socialistic
Hobo Colony, and may it live
long and cut a wide swath.

Work hard, and cheat your fellow-
men;

Live on the scraps you cannot sell;
And there's nine chances out of ten
That you'll die rich and go to hell.

TURN THE RASCAL LOOSE!

The following is a copy of the
petition which is being circulated
in behalf of Convict Morse.
Read it:

"To His Corpulency, William
Howard Taft, President of the
United States:

"Dear Bill:—We, the under-
signed members of the Society for
the Prevention of Punishment for
Thieves, do humbly command
your Excellent Fatness to write
out and sign without delay a full
and absolute pardon for Charles
Wayward Morse, our unfortunate
brother who is now doing time in
the Atlanta Federal Prison.

"We know that Morse is guilty
of every crime in the catalogue of
high finance, and that he richly
deserved a life-sentence instead of
fifteen years. But that isn't the
question. Morse was one of the
Big Ikes, and the court had no
right to send him to prison. If he
had been a one-gallus laboring
man and had stolen a chicken or
a pair of old shoes, then the court
would have had a right to hang
him if it wanted to. But Brother
Morse was a poor down-trodden
money-king. He had never known
the luxury of owning a fine as-
sortment of poverty. And just be-
cause he stole a few millions to
run a few banks to control a few
ice-houses to destroy a few lives,
the law has dared to punish him
as severely as it would a chicken-
thief! We refuse to submit to it.
We swear by the Great Hopping
Toad that such an injustice shall
not be done. Therefore we warn
you, Mr. President, that you had
better belly up to your typewriter
and punch out that pardon right
at once."

Look Out!

It will pay you to be on the
lookout for the March number of
THE FOOL-KILLER. It will be by
all odds the richest thing in the
way of a paper that you ever saw.
I have several whopping big fools
in soak, ready to be skinned in
next issue. If you want a piece
of the hide for shoestrings, you
better send in your subscription
to-day. Show this to all your
friends and send in a big club. I
am not talking to that other fellow
now—I'm talking to YOU!