

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

James Larkin Pearson, Editor.

One year to your heart, 25 Cents,
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JAMES LARKIN PEARSON
Moravian Falls, North Carolina.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is THE FOOL-KILLER.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

THE FOOL-KILLER is not even a forty-leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought.

I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than Old John.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started THE FOOL-KILLER, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a hot old bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

THE FOOL-KILLER will be a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It will be salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line will cut like a whip, and every word will raise a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for THE FOOL-KILLER. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

IDIOTORIALS.

A man never thinks he is getting a square deal unless he gets the best of it.

A newspaper headline says: "Bryan Talks." Bless your soul, I knew it.

This hookworm business is a hook with a worm on it. Are you going to bite?

If you like The Fool-Killer, say so; and if you don't like it, just keep your old mouth shut.

Never run after a woman or a street car. There will be another one along in a minute or two.

Jimenez! That isn't cussing; it is only the name of the new president of Costa Rica.

If the Democrats will nominate Harmon for president, maybe they can have Harmon-y.

Mt. Etna seems to have suspended publication when Roosevelt reached that neighborhood.

You are commanded to love your neighbor, but that doesn't necessarily include the neighbor's wife.

The only thing cheaper than a cigarette is the yellow-fingered, foul-mouthed, brainless biped that smokes it.

Fairbanks poured the hot juice over the old pig-headed Pope, and Roosevelt everlastingly rubbed it in.

Lot's wife looked back and turned into a sack of salt. Lots of men to-day look back and turn into a side door.

A little girl said her mother was going to have a serious operation—she was going to have her waist cut out.

Chicago is making an effort to abolish the bill-board. A movement to abolish the board-bill would be more popular.

If the trusts ever do get busted they will be like the glutton at the picnic—they will just pop open with fullness.

Lots of men don't have time to raise cotton and corn because they are so busy raising hel-lo! I was about to say a bad word.

The Fool-Killer stated several months ago that the Coopers would never be punished for the

killing of Senator Carmack. Now they are both free. Money and "pull" did it.

Here is another idle question: Why do people who chew gum always stick their wad up on the wall when they get done with it?

The birthplace of Mrs. Eddy, inventor of Christian Science, has been destroyed by fire. The old lady's turn will come later.

Life is short, and you'd better get all the good you can out of it as you go along. Therefore subscribe for The Fool-Killer.

The limber-legged theatrical jumping-jacks are going to play "The Devil" again this summer. But then they nearly always do that.

When a tobacco-chewing he-thing marries a snuff-dipping she-thing, to see the couple trying to commit a kiss would be a splendid emetic.

If it keeps on getting colder for old Blue-jacket Peary, he will have to huff it back to the North Pole where the climate is more agreeable.

The jangle-jointed busybody who wants to see how everything is done, ought to have a glass window in his belly so he could see his guts wrastle.

"Phone Company Has Receiver", says a newspaper headline. What in blazes would a phone be worth without a receiver, I'd like to know?

If you allow yourself to dance in this world, old Satan will make you dance in the next. And you will have a mighty hot floor to dance on, too.

That awful smell that you hear galloping rough-shod across the country is a faint echo from the municipal stink-pots of Albany, Philadelphia and Pittsburg.

Of course that next-door neighbor of yours is a 33rd degree self-made fool. Perhaps you better make him a present of a year's subscription to The Fool-Killer.

That fellow Stimson has got the sugar trust backed up in a corner yelling for ice-water. Go it, Henry. Keep plugging it to 'em till they crawl in a hole, and then plug up the hole.

Sam Bensinger was a confirmed old bachelor, and for years he has had a sign in his office which

read: "All fools get married." A few days ago he took down the sign and sent for the preacher.

That operation on King Leopold, which cost \$20,000, was a great success. The fact that the old king died don't make any difference—the success consisted in getting the money.

Are you afraid the women will wreck the old ship of state when they get hold of the ballot? If so, you had better pack your head in your go-way bag, shoulder your feet and get off the earth.

Down in Mexico recently several people were killed at a bull-fight. Good enough for 'em. People who have no more human decency about them than to be spectators at a bull-fight deserve to be killed.

Ker-zip! Just wait till Brennan's monorail train draws a long breath and gets its tail curled, and you will see some travelling that will make greased lightning look like the tail end of a last summer's snail track.

The old gingerbread bachelors and vinegar-faced old maids who pump their cold-storage ignorance through the Missouri University, have come forward with a brand-new, bellowing, colic-proof course in "Babyology." Just one more plague added to the lives of the helpless little things.

That fellow Jim Beck, who used to be a double-barrelled, hair-triggered, self-acting, automatic trust-buster with hair in his teeth, is now leading attorney for the biggest trust on God's dirty old earth. When the trust raises the buster's wages he ceases to be a buster. See?

Louis Baurly, writing in Human Life about the Marjorie Gould wedding, says: "Altogether, it will be one of the most brilliant affairs New York has seen in a long while. That, of course, goes without saying." If it goes without saying, why in the mischief did you bother yourself to say it?

A lady's hat caught fire in St. Louis the other day. The fire department came in a gallop with steam squirt-guns and step-ladders, but they could not check the flames until several stories of the hat had been destroyed. The woman down under the hat did not know that anything had happened until she felt water dripping down the back of her neck.

Whoop! Get up a big club.