

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

James Larkin Pearson, Editor.

One year to your heart, 25 Cents,
In Clubs of Five or More, 15 Cts.

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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-seventh 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 think 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.

Putting the Question.

It was on the broad Atlantic,
And the storm was at its height;
All the passengers were frantic—
Nearly paralyzed with fright.

But the Captain loved the ocean,
And he said, in passing by,
"All in favor of this motion
Make it known by saying 'I.'"

IDIOTORIALS.

How do you feel since the comet hit you?

I don't believe the world is half as good as I think it is.

Nearly every man you meet is for sale—if you have the price.

A gentleman is a man you don't know very well.

The tale of the comet will be continued in 1985.

Very few things in this world are what they pretend to be. All is sham and veneer.

In the liquor statistics of this country the figures are actually staggering.

At this writing Mr. Roosevelt has not asked Oldjo Cannon to meet him in Europe.

Some church members put on a lot of fine clothes to hide the religion that they haven't got.

I have seen some bedsteads that were all brass, and I have seen some people just like 'em.

Dun and Bradstreet are the greatest "fortune tellers" in the country.

Well, we got to see the eclipse of the moon, anyhow. That was some help.

Clothes do not make the man, but there is no use to create a sensation by going around without them.

Some people work harder trying to avoid work than they would have to work to make a good living.

Our modern missionaries believe in a variety show. They handle three articles—soap, soup and salvation.

The first picture I saw of the new Queen of England showed her with a little old wooly dog in her lap. I felt sorry for the dog, as well as the queen's children who were in the back yard fighting with a little nigger.

When you write a letter and mark it "Please burn this," the proper place to post it is in the stove.

One reason why there are so many divorces is because women love poodle-dogs better than they love babies.

A citizen of this county died last week, leaving all he had to his wife's folks. All he had was his wife.

I know a rich and rheumatic rascal who would like to swap his automobile for my legs. But I won't swap.

If the Fourth of July wants to witness a sure-enough celebration it should be on hand about the time Roosevelt gets home.

About the only thing that we poor devils get out of life is the fun of seeing the rich devils worry over their wealth.

The "comet hat" is the latest thing in feminine headgear. It has a tail that reaches clean back into last summer.

Old Satan has bought him a new silk hat and paid his pew rent. He will be at church every Sunday this summer.

Old Deacon Skinflint is a pretty good fellow. When the collection plate comes around he never takes out more than a quarter.

I asked a fellow if he was in favor of Woman Suffrage, and he replied: "Yes, by gum! Let the women suffer same as the men!"

When I hear people bragging about their distinguished ancestry, I can't help wondering what made the stock run out so quick.

Some of my neighbors got on the water-wagon New Year's day, and they haven't touched a glass of likker since. They drink it out of a jug now.

The fact that so many deaths occur in the early morning may be explained on the theory that some people would rather die than get up.

On being shown The Fool-Killer the other day, one fellow said: "Well, boys, if I had know the fool-killer was no bigger than that I wouldn't have been so much afraid of him all my life." Hold on, mister! You can't always judge a thing by its size. A fodder stack is bigger than a flea, but it can't bite half as hard.

The Fool-Killer can chew up a fool and spit him out before he has time to think a cuss word.

Governor Hadley proposes to pass farms around on a plate and let every fellow take one. Hi, there! Start your plate this way, Governor.

Out in Illinois they are searching for a man named M. Link. Let's see, what could that "M." stand for?—why, "Missing Link," of course.

Old Sam Gompers is trying to carry water on both shoulders. Look out, Sam, or you'll stump your memory against a root and spill your reputation.

I wouldn't give three cents a gallon for royal blood to play leapfrog through my plebeian veins. Look at old man King Edward—when he shuffled off he was as dead as a lobster.

You may have a string of blue-blooded ancestors as long as the comet's tail, but if you have never accomplished anything yourself—well, I wouldn't blow much if I were you.

The Czar of Russia and the new King of England are cousins, and they are so much alike that if they should get mixed up they would have to go home and get their wives to sort 'em.

About 200 people have dug up the required amount and had their names placed on The Fool-Killer subscription list since last issue. Going some? Yes, sir! You better climb on and go with us.

An exchange wants an answer to the following question: "If a man has an income of two million dollars a year, what is his principal?" Bless your simple heart, Buddy, a man with such an income as that usually has no principle.

The one-gallus hill-billy who sells his vote for a pound of hog-corpse is just as good a citizen as the great corporation lawyer who smothers his conscience and sells his brain to a set of thieves for a fat salary. And that's no lie.

Mr. Everett Pearson, of Statesville, N. C., is the champion club-raiser for The Fool-Killer. Mr. Pearson worked about an hour one day and secured 55 subscribers. He did not meet with a single refusal—every man he showed the paper to subscribed at once. That's business. Now I want 1,000 club-raisers like Everett Pearson. Speak up, boys! Let me hear from every one of you.