

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

J. L. PEARSON - - - EDITOR.

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

Entered as second class matter March 30, 1910, at the post office at Moravian Falls, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

TAKE NOTICE!

Do not send Postage Stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by Registered Letter or Post Office Money Order drawn on Moravian Falls, N. C.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER
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 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.

EDITORIAL.

Good-by, old Patterson.

See club rates on first page.

Give Old Man Peepul a chance.

Love is dead when the lips can tell it all.

Truth is too often cut up to patch a lie.

A gentleman may be merely a lazy man who has money.

More opinions are born in the stomach than in the head.

Riches have wings, but poverty hobbles around on crutches.

Too much riches breeds idleness, and idleness breeds decay.

Optimism is sometimes due to a shortage of experience.

No man has ever failed in business from lack of advice.

Use the knowledge you have, then go after more.

A whole lot of meanness can hide in a mighty small soul.

The life of an editor is rugged and full of knot-holes.

Many a man enjoys his pipe because his wife hates it.

Where there is a will there is always an heir.

Senator Gore seems to be a regular gore-getter.

The less power a man has the more he likes to use it.

Things always seem fairer when we look back at them.

It's mighty hard to be patient with the man who brags about his patience.

Genius can still find plenty of room at the top—but it is usually in the attic.

Men are seldom so hopelessly deaf that they can't hear money talk.

The frenzied financier uses the little suckers as bait to catch the big ones.

If you are the first to discover your own mistakes you may hide them.

God gave the earth to the people, and the people have given it to the plutocrats.

Wisdom is the art of not letting other people find out how little you know.

Do some missionary work—get your friends to subscribe for The Fool-Killer.

By the time Theodore gets ready to talk he will have a whole lot to say.

The slowest way to become a millionaire is to work for the money.

A long courtship is sometimes followed by a short session of matrimony.

Half the world does not care whether the other half lives or not.

The concentration of wealth has caused the downfall of every nation that ever permitted it.

Occasionally a man gets so discouraged that he feels like writing poetry.

The fellows who believe that whiskey is good for a cold are always trying to catch a cold.

A machine has been invented for laying brick, but eggs are still laid in the same old way.

People who go about stealing other people's time and fooling away their own, ought to be put in jail.

The world owes every man a living, but most of us have to work like thunder to collect the debt.

While the churches are quarreling and pulling hair over the creeds, the devil is feathering his nest.

Bill Bryan got a knock-out blow in his own state, but he is still busy bumping his belly against the banquet boards.

There is nothing so cheap as advice. I can give you a whole raft of it for 25 cents. Now is the time to subscribe.

It keeps the society doctors busy these days hunting up new diseases that the common people do not have.

I know some people who ought to hold their tongues awhile in order to give their thoughts a chance to catch up.

The average jury can always be depended on to convict the petty thief and clear the man who commits cold-blooded murder.

"Things are seldom what they seem; skimmed milk masquerades as cream," sang Gilbert and Sullivan long ago. It's the same way yet, only ten times worse.

Old man Taft has seen his best days. He could no more be elected president again than he could belt his waist with a lady's garter.

The Fool-Killer's circulation in Great Britain is now 1,000,000 copies per month, and the figures in Australia have grown to be something startling. I started out to make a paper for the whole world and am doing it. Have just sent out an agent to push the circulation in Egypt and shall look for the best results.

The report sent out by the Associated Press last week stating that The Fool-Killer was dead, is a mistake. It is alive every day in the week.

Success consists in hitting the goal of ambition so hard that it takes you the rest of your life to pick up the fragments of yourself.

A polecat broke up a Christian Science meeting, and the leader was unable to convince his followers that they only "imagined" they smelt something.

"This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it," said old Abe Lincoln. If Abe was here now he'd sing a different song.

If Christ should come to America and find children under ten working in mills and sweatshops, He would wonder why our missionaries go abroad.

If you have an enemy send him The Fool-Killer for a year. It will make him love you. Next time you meet him he will fall on your neck and shed tears of joy as big as horse-apples.

Two hundred thousand copies will be sold by the author who is able to weave the experiences of two hundred thousand people into one hundred and fifty pages and sell it for a dollar.

Randall Parish writ a novel called "My Lady of the North" and then the fool turned right around and writ one called "My Lady of the South." Seems about time for the Northern lady to get jealous.

The proprietor of a Northern hotel has applied for a patent on a rubber bean which he has invented. These beans will float around on the top of the soup as natural as life and can be used any number of times.

Some people say I am a humorist, but I prefer to put it another way. I am a journalist, gone into the paper jobbing business. I buy news stock for three cents a pound, squat my burning thoughts onto it and sell it for 25 cents a pound. Simple? Very! It's all in knowing how.

I have always contended that, while every man who drinks whiskey would not deliberately—and with malice aforethought—go to hell for a glass of grog, there are many who, if all the liquor were stored in that dread climate, would fool around the edges trying to get some of it until they fell in.

The Fool-Killer is the safety-valve of my mental machinery. It is an old-fashioned ash-can periodical into which I shall dump my ideas. I shall say what I think, provided I think I can lick the person I talk about, or otherwise if my remarks are complimentary and will earn me an invitation to eat.