

# The FOOL-KILLER

VOL. I.

MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, SEPTEMBER, 1910.

NO. 8.

## DID YOU EVER?

Did you ever stop to notice  
In the battles you have won,  
That the dub who hollers loudest  
Is the first galoot to run?

Did you ever stop to notice,  
When you're sizing up mankind,  
That the guy who thinks he's wisest  
Hasn't hardly any mind?

Did you ever stop to notice  
That the loafer and the drone  
Who knows how to run your business,  
Has no business of his own?

Did you ever stop to notice  
That the scamp who loves to tell  
Vicious slanders on another  
Is himself as black as hell?

## HOWDY, FOLKS, HOWDY.

Well, ladies and gentlemen, here I am again. I managed to live through that period of "bachelorhood" that I told you about last month, and now the other half of the firm is here with me again, ready to do the cooking whenever I can scare up something to cook.

When my wife read that article "On Being a Bachelor," in the August Fool-Killer, she grabbed her suitcase, hired a Pullman flying machine, and came flopping home at the rate of two miles a minute, expecting to find me stretched out on the floor indulging in all the artistic convulsions of a dying horse. She was afraid I had either perished to death or committed suicide by eating my own cooking.

But she was mistaken on both counts. When her flying-machine lit in the yard I was standing in the door with a dishrag in one hand and a newspaper in the other, and was dictating an editorial to the cat.

And now, friends, since my housekeeper and private secretary has come back to help me I am going to make The Fool-Killer better than ever. I will be fed better, of course, and I will also have more time to write the immortal hot truck to put in the paper. I am going to make it so doggon sizzling hot that the postmasters will have to handle it with tongs. And I want every one of my readers to take a keen personal interest in the success of the paper. Tell all your neighbors and friends about The Fool-Killer and read them a few chapters from it. They will all want it when they learn that there is such a paper.

I am going to stick to this proposition as long as there is life in my body, and I am going to succeed in spite of the world, the flesh and the devil. I believe I have at least one thousand good friends scattered throughout the United States who have been reading The Fool-Killer for the past several months, and I believe you people understand me better than my own neighbors. Dear unseen friends, I am trusting you to help me and believe you are going to

## Club Rates! In Clubs of Five, 15c a Year.

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year. The Fool-Killer is creating great excitement wherever it is introduced, and it now goes into every State in the Union. Join the army of club-raisers! Do it now! Address:  
**THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.**

do it. I made a special appeal last month and the response was very gratifying, but I want it to be still better this month. It will require only a few minutes of your time to get up a club of a dozen or so, and if every one of you will do that much it will make things hum at this end of the line.

Now, friends, I am going to look for a regular shower of letters. Get busy and send in a big club. Take a fine sight at some of those premiums I am offering and see if you can't bring them tumbling to your feet.

## RETURNED WITH THANKS.

God sent a Poet and a Dreamer into the World.

The World put on its glasses and looked at the Poet and Dreamer and shook its head.

Then it picked up a golden pen and wrote:

"Dear Lord God: We thank Thee for submitting this Poet and Dreamer for our examination, but regret that he is not suited to our need. We therefore beg to return him to Thee with our kindest regards. Our refusal does not necessarily imply lack of merit. We are always in the market for Lawyers and Liars, Doctors and Dudes, Soldiers and Snobs, Financiers and Fools; but Poets and Dreamers are entirely out of our line.

(Signed) THE WORLD.

## GO TO THE FAIR

Just about now the festive population is hunting up its glad rags counting out its small change and making other necessary arrangements for attending the Fair—the County Fair, the State Fair, and a dozen other kinds of Fairs. Everybody will go, and they will go to spend their money, and there is not a better place on earth to get subscriptions to The Fool-Killer than at the Fairs. Now, boys, if you want to have the most fun you ever had and at the same time earn some valuable premiums for yourself, you should send for a bundle of Fool-Killers and make tracks for the nearest fair. Just try it a pop.

## WHAT I BELIEVE.

I believe in a God who knows his business, and a devil who is not as big a fool as some folks.

I believe the Bible is a great deal nearer right than the smart guys who assail and denounce it.

I believe God made the world, but the devil has been running it for a good many years.

I believe the so-called Church of God is so sound asleep that Gabriel will have a hard time waking it.

I believe the belly and the pocket-book call more preachers than God does.

I believe that if every church-member had a praying-machine, lots of them would forget to wind it.

I believe that cold water, hard work, fresh air and sunshine are the four best remedies known to man.

I believe marriages were originally manufactured in heaven, but since the patent ran out the devil has put lots of substitutes on the market.

I believe the man who isn't as virtuous as he expects his wife to be ought to be hung.

I believe when a girl is kicked out of society and her destroyer sent to Congress, there is something wrong with the "system."

I believe if no liars can go to heaven, then God and George Washington will have it all to themselves.

I believe if all hypocrites were dead, there wouldn't be enough people left to bury them.

I believe the world likes to knock a man down and stomp his innards out just for the luxury of crying at his funeral.

I believe, to sum it all up, that the world contains more fools and bigger fools today than ever before.

I believe, therefore, that The Fool-Killer is needed, and that it will "fill a long-felt want."

If nothing serious happens to interfere with my plans, I am going to give you a double-gear Joe-darter of a Fool-Killer for October. I am planning to have an engraved heading made for the paper, which will be funny enough to make a blind horse climb a church steeple and sing, "I Feel Like I Look Like I Feel Like I Look."

## LOOK OUT FOR BILL JIM.

His name was Bill Jim.  
But they called him William James for short.

I guess I had better call him "Professor," also.

Well, then, Prof. Bill Jim was one of them Harvard fellers.

He was a brother of Henry Jim, an English liar of some note.

And Bill was some liar himself.

If he had ever been afflicted with the disease known as common sense, he had lived at Harvard so long that he had gotten entirely well of it.

He believed in spooks and spirits, hants and hobgoblins, and all that sort of stuff.

Prof. Bill Jim was a great hand to study spirits. He kept a cage full of familiar spirits in his room and studied them every day. He also kept some in a bottle. A liberal use of the bottled variety enabled him to see anything he was looking for in the spirit line.

It was one of Bill Jim's pet theories that the river of death could be crossed in both directions. He claimed that this world and the next were connected in some way and that if a man could go over he could certainly come back.

And so in the course of time Bill Jim promised his friends that when he died he was going to come back and tell them how it looked on the other side of Jordan.

Well, Bill Jim died the other day.

There is no mistake about it—he has certainly kicked the bucket, passed in his checks, and paddled his own canoe across the dark river.

And now his friends are wondering whether he will keep his promise. They are keeping their eyes and ears skinned for some sign of his return to this work-a-day world.

One fool fellow swears he has already got a wireless postcard from Bill Jim, and he is looking for a registered telepathogram in the next mail.

I don't know what train they are looking for Bill Jim to arrive on, but they are certain he is coming back. And they are going to kill a rooster, put the big pot in the little one, and have a feast of wisdom and a flow of soul at old Harvard once more.

In the meantime, if you see any spirit that looks like Bill Jim loafing around, just drop me card.

Turn to that Premium List and read it. Then get a double-quick, stem-winding hustle on yourself.

Some of my kind-hearted neighbors have been so thoughtful as to inform the rest of my kind-hearted neighbors that the first fool the Fool-Killer would kill would be the editor of The Fool-Killer. When fools get fooled and think they are wise they go to popping off a volley of lies.