

# 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.

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THE FOOL-KILLER  
Moravian Falls, N. C.

## 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 thank 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.

Home is where the cat is.

Most women love dry goods, and most men love wet goods.

A man is broke when his clothes shine and his shoes don't.

The Lord loveth a cheerful giver—and so does the Bureau of Charities.

Those who build air-castles need a flying-machine to get to them.

"Just because" may be a good cause, but it's a mighty poor reason.

The Big Noise is making the dry bones rattle out West.

They say poets are born. So are flies, fleas, cockroaches and bedbugs.

Why did the salt-shaker? Because it saw the spoon-holder.

If there were only three women in the world, two of them would get together and talk about the other one.

Procrastination is the thief of time. So don't put off subscribing for The Fool-Killer.

A woman is like a gold mine—you never know her real worth. But many a poor devil has gone broke prospecting.

The rich man has his ice in the summer time, but the poor man gets his in the winter, and so what is the difference?

When The Fool-Killer gets after a fool it makes him think there are a thousand yellow jackets in the bosom of his pants.

Have you read about the premiums I am offering to club raisers? They are greatest bargains you ever saw. Get busy and win some of them.

With lovers in the parlor

This program is the rule:

The maiden plays the piano,

And the young man plays the fool.

You take a girl about fifteen years old—she cries and cries for long dresses. And when she gets them she goes around holding them up. Girls are awful funny things.

If a man owes you it sticks in your mind like a tramp preacher to a rich widder's paw; but if you owe a man it slips out of your memory like a young eel with a fish-hawk after it.

When you hear a fellow bragging about how brave he is, and how he would cut and shoot, he usually means that he would cut home and shoot under the bed.

If there was a law to make women wear those horrible, hobble-footed, draw-string devil-catchers, they wouldn't submit to it to save all of us from the hot place. You know it's a fact.

I would rather be a poor blind nigger and have to sell shoestrings for a living than to be a pot-gutted parody on God's masterpiece and have only charred embers where my conscience ought to be.

It gives me a severe pain across the little end of my misery to see how some of the big, boastful editors have worn all the hair off their tails and then busted the crupper holding back to see what Roosevelt was going to say.

## THE BIOGRAPHY OF ANANIAS.

Ananias was the first man. He lived in a garden, but one day he fell out of an apple tree and killed his brother, and then he ran away to a distant country and built the Tower of Babel. One day Samuel Gompers came along and organized the Free Masons and ordered the hands to go on a strike. After that Ananias employed non-union labor and built the Ark, and it rained fire and brimstone for forty days and Sodom and Gomorrah were turned into a pillar of salt.

After many years of wandering in the wilderness, Ananias took his son Isaac up into a high mountain and hid him in the bullrushes that grew on the banks of the ocean. Then Ananias put on a coat of many colors and went down into Egypt and ran for Governor on the Republicrat ticket and was elected by a large majority. Then he organized a trust and bought up all the corn in Egypt, and there was a great famine, but Ananias and his family lived high. One night while they were feasting they saw the handwriting on the wall, and Ananias was cast into the fire furnace, but an angel came and shut the lion's mouth and Ananias came up straightway out of the whale's belly.

About this time Ananias fell in love with Abraham's daughter, and because the old man wouldn't let him hang around there he picked up the house with the girl in it and carried them away to the next town. There the Philistines tried to steal the girl away from him and he slew about steen thousand of them with the jaw-bone of a mule's father. Ananias's first marriage was such a success that he joined the Mormons and kept on marrying until he had three hundred wives. Ananias was known as the wisest man in the world and he built a great temple, but he was terribly afflicted with boils and his wives begged him to curse God and die. But instead of doing that he went and washed his boils in the pool of Siloam and was soon able to fiddle while Rome burned.

About this time there was a great demand for America to be discovered, and so Ananias fitted up three small vessels and crossed the Delaware on the ice. Then after cutting down a cherry tree and writing the Declaration of Independence, he sank the battleship Maine on Bunker Hill. Just now he is president of the Ananias Club and the livest news item of the day.

—Recently one of the very smart young men of Moravian Falls bought a pair of overalls and found in them the name of the sewing girl who made them. He very promptly wrote her a letter with all the effusiveness necessary in such a case, and in due time received a reply, which, however, was void of romance usual in such cases. Here is the girl's reply:—"I am a working girl, it is true, but I make a good living and do not care to support a husband, as I would have to do if I married some silly noodle who gets mashed on a girl he never saw. Permit me to say that I do not know how my card got in that pair of overalls, and that when I do marry, if ever, it will be some fellow who can afford something better than a 47-cent pair of breeches."

## HELLO, AMATEUR WRITERS!

Look-ee here, you amateur writers, I have a request to make. I want some of you funny fellows to help me edit The Fool-Killer. I know some of you are capable of writing funny stuff when you try, and I want you to put the band on your funny wheel and start up.

You have seen The Fool-Killer and you know something of its style and what it stands for. Its aim is to take up all kinds of wild-eyed fools that are seen going about loose and just literally wipe up the earth with 'em. I don't propose to scatter my ammunition by commenting on everything in general, but only those things that need skinning alive. I propose to apply the red-hot branding-iron of truth to every old fake and fraud, humbug and hypocrite that comes along. And I want to do all this in a tone of voice, that will tickle a cow or make a brass Indian have a duck-fit.

In politics The Fool-Killer is as independent as a nigger at a corn-shucking. In religion it stands for the old-fashioned faith in the old-fashioned Bible, and against all this "higher criticism" tomfoolery.

Now, friends, if you can write something that will answer the requirements—something that will be hot as fire and funny as a box of monkeys—I hereby extend you a cordial invitation to become a contributor to The Fool-Killer. I will continue to write some of the stuff, but am willing to divide space with others. Come on, you funny fellows of the amateur world! Put a bushel of soap-grease in your mental pot, boil it down to half a pint and send it along.

Scientists tell us that flies carry germs on their feet. Why don't they pass a law compelling flies to wear overshoes and leave them on the porch when they come in?

We American hypocrites send ship loads of Bibles to the heathen Chinese, and they make them into fire-crackers and send them back for us to celebrate the birth of Christ with.

Say, you wimmen folks—if you want to go off on a pleasure trip and have nothing to wear, go to Coney Island. The ladies who go there don't wear anything but talcum powder and a smile.

Doggon it, how do you know that you know anything? If some old fuzzy-faced foggy with inverted rainbows under his eyes comes and crows on your doorstep till the sun goes down—how much more will you know when the returns come in?

Up North, in that miserable mess they call "society," the sapheaded young shemales are not allowed to rang-tang among the swell set until a certain age, when they must have their "coming out spell." The term "coming out" is supposed to mean that they are coming out into society, but those who have seen it say it looks more like they are coming out of their clothes.

I thought the Pope of Rome would be as mad as a wet hen because I have given him so many hard skinings, but the old rascal didn't do a thing but get up a club of 50 subs to The Fool-Killer and sent them in last week.