

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, 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 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.

I NEVER DREAMED IT.

Life is full of surprises. One of the biggest surprises of my life is the astonishing growth of The Fool-Killer. When I started it last winter I had no hope of passing the thousand mark the first year, but the thing has been so popular and the demand so great that it takes twenty-five hundred copies of this issue to fill the bill.

The growth of the paper was rather slow at first, but for the past three months there has been a continual stream of subscribers coming in, so that there is no longer any doubt about it being a success. When I selected "The Fool-Killer" as the name of my paper some of my well-meaning friends looked wise and shook their heads. Now they look foolish and feel like the little boy the calf stepped on.

The unexpected success of The Fool-Killer goes to prove that you can't always generally sometimes hardly ever tell just what is going to hit the bull's-eye of popular fancy. Elbert Hubbard wrote his "Message to Garcia" just as a space-filler—wrote it one night after supper, turned in the copy and forgot all about it. When the world rose up on its hind legs and began to howl for that "Message" like a hungry bear begging for a piece of beef, nobody was more surprised than Elbert Hubbard himself.

The Fool-Killer seems to be another "Message to Garcia." The demand for it has been much greater than I expected, and its fame has outrun all my dreams. I have been compelled to move my dream-peg up a few holes, and I am now beginning to have visions of a web press and a hundred thousand circulation.

All of which is very gratifying to yours truly. Since I see that this little enterprise is destined to be a success, I am determined to make it just as big a success as possible. There are a million people in this country who will subscribe for The Fool-Killer just as soon as they see a copy. If all you present subscribers will play a few pieces of jaw-music in the interest of this paper we will soon have the devil going hell'ards like a criminal running from justice.

Skin out of your coats, boys, and get to work. Three cheers for my army of club raisers!

ONE PITIFUL WAIL.

There has been mighty little adverse criticism of The Fool-Killer so far. The reason is very plain. When I kill a fool I kill him so dead that he isn't even able to squeal. But once in a while I hear from some sniveling sore-head who has been stung by a stray shot from my literary thunder-gun and escaped with his life. In opening my mail one day last week I fished out the following squiblet, the writer of which seems to need some attention:

Greenwood S C
octobur ten, ninetean ten
Editor Fool Kilar Sur, sum-

boddy has trid to insult mee by sendin me yore papar fool Kilar. Now sur i aint no fool an ef i waz i haint reddy to be kild yit an dont you send me no more of yore papars. i no whot you air, you air one of them ole rip snort-in soshulists allers abusin everthing an haint got no sence, Now i hope thees fue lines wil giv you lite an you wont send me nary nuther of yore soshulist fool kiler papars, whitch i dont want it in my house. i am much oblige yores truly

ROBERT SIGMON

Great Humpty-Doodle! Did you ever see so much information crowded into such a few lines before? I'll be dog-sarned if I ever did. And the "lite"—my, my! There is so much light in this letter that I think its author must be a lightning-bug with its head cut off. By throwing the blinding rays of his lightning-bug intellect upon the pages of The Fool-Killer, this fuddle-brained fool thinks he has discovered that I am a howling Socialist. And I'll bet five cents against a nickel that he wouldn't know a Socialist from a mare's nest if he met one in the road.

Now look here, Siggie, I want to know who appointed you as the official critic of The Fool-Killer. You blamed little lousy, ignorant cur, you haven't got sense enough to lead a blind goose to water, much less trying to tell me how to run my business.

Socialists, thunder! I have said as plain as I know how to say it that this paper is not in politics. It don't give a dried-apple snap for any of the parties. But I have my own personal opinions on all subjects, and I shall express these opinions without fear or favor. If I step on some fellow's political corns he will just have to yell "Earthquake!" and get out of the way. I am not concerned about what you call me. It is my business to tell the flat-footed truth, and then you can draw your own conclusions about whether I am a Socialist or not. I am going to stick to my former assertion that Society, Church and State are all as rotten and corrupt as the very devil, and if there isn't a mighty heap of repenting done pretty soon there's going to be more people in hell than you ever dreamed of.

It's a mighty doggon sure fact that I will not go out of my way to follow Socialism or any other ism, but if it happens to be going my way, then we will go together. Now it's up to the parties and the creeds. If they want me to march in their ranks they will simply have to get in my road, for I'll be hanged if I turn aside one inch to follow any of them.

As to Robert Sigmon, I will respect his wishes—I will not "insult" him any more by casting my pearls of thought before such a swine as he is. Where one correspondent writes a complaining letter like the above, at least a thousand say, "Send it along—we like it."

Somebody is continually coining a new phrase. "New nationalism" is the latest.

A SERMON ON RATS.

Hello, girls! Dry up your gigglety-gab and listen. The pastor of the flock is going to preach you a little sermon on "Rats," from the following text:

"There was a certain grave-robber who went forth to rob the graves of dead women. And it came to pass that he pulled the hair out by the roots from their decaying scalps and sold it to the living women for rats."

And that, beloved, is where the false hair comes from. Did that thought ever roost on the doorstep of your imagination, or climb in at the back window of your memory?

But the girls and women of this fast age—the beautiful painted butterflies of frivolous Fashion—must have rats for their hair. Fashion says stack it up high and spread it out wide, and stuff it and puff it to beat the band. And when her own natural hair isn't enough to build a monument to Fashion on top of a girl's head, then what must the poor thing do? Go to the hair-dealer and buy it by the wagon-load. Haul it home in a shuck-frame and stack it on your bald spot. Fasten it on with the garden rake and cap it with a rooster's wing.

But don't ask the dealer where the hair comes from. He might not like to tell. It might hurt his tender feelings to inform you that your golden locks were harvested by the light of the moon from the grave of a total stranger.

The greedy spirit of commercialism has invaded the graveyard, and the god of Fashion locks arms with the devil and the gruesome traffic goes on. Maybe you get some of your rats from other sources, but the bulk of the human hair of commerce comes from the helpless heads of those who have laid life's burdens down.

My-y-o! But the thought is cruel and creepy to me! How would you feel to go tip-toeing down the path of life with four pounds of a cold, clammy corpse's curls grafted to your sky-piece? I don't know how it fits the feelings of other folks, but if I should wake up some morning and find myself in that fix, I would at once put on the market a blood-curdling yell that would wake the dead owner of that hair.

The peace movement is fighting its way to the front.

The king row of Europe's checker-board is about played out.

The United States Senate is a small body of dry orators entirely surrounded by money.

Your fifteen cents will buy a crust to ease the kinks in my stomach. Send it along.

Did you ever try to pull your foot out of a wet boot? Then you can understand the agony of trying to coax a real thought from the clabbered cocoon of a mental eunuch.