

The Fool-Killer IDIOTORIAL.

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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One year to your heart, 25 Cents,
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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 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.

The doggon candidates don't know us any more.

Enough of some things is too much.

Hang-take the man who is afraid to do his own thinking!

Love is life's loan, marriage is the note for it, and babies are the interest.

If the Taft smile is still on, I guess the doggon thing must be pretty well anchored.

Of course you didn't sell your vote, mister, but how many did you buy? That's the question.

How do you like to sop your mental flap-jack in The Fool-Killer's editorial molasses?

The Fool-Killer beats the devil—and goodness knows the old rascal needs beating.

Any man who will buy a vote or sell one ought to be disfranchised and driven out of the country.

It's just as big a crime to buy a vote as it is to sell one. Chaw on that awhile, you old pot-gutted vote-buyer.

Did you ever know a dollar-mark and a fashion-plate to get married? Law, yes, they very often do.

You can get a jim-dandy good pocket knife for five minutes' work. See Premium List on another page.

Bring me a mouth about the size of a cellar door and a gall as big as a three-gallon jug, and I can turn you out a politician in five minutes.

It isn't my business to gather up the slobber that drips from the chins of other editors and serve it out as my own editorial gravy. I'm in the habit of thinking some myself.

In remitting money for subscriptions, please do not send local checks. I have to pay exchange on them at the bank here, and it is a dead loss to me. Send by registered letter, post office or express money order.

One of the most remarkable things brought out by the recent election is the fact that the Socialist party has doubled its vote in the last two years. If the old parties don't get to doing a blamed sight better than either of them have ever done yet, you may look out for Socialism to sweep the country like a whirlwind before many more years. Now don't you go off half-cocked and say that Pearson is a Socialist, for I am not, but, honestly, I don't think Debs and his gang could make conditions much worse than they are.

WHICKUM-A-WHACKUM.

The above heading does not mean anything. I simply put it there to attract your attention, you old fool you. And when I once get your eye glued to this column, maybe I can hold you for awhile.

Anyhow, your uncle is going to preach some, and you can put on your specks and listen if you want to. I am going to rattle off a few raw-boned remarks concerning man-made churches and the fools that fuss and fight over them.

Jesus Christ established a Church when He was here on earth, and He didn't call it Catholic, Baptist, Methodist, nor anything of the sort. The only name it was known by was the Church of Christ. That was the true Church. But as soon as its Founder went away its leaders began to get jealous of each other. Each one wanted to be Boss and Big Ike, and so it came to pass that they began to split up and start new churches. The old Roman Catholic church got so rotten that Martin Luther had to fire off his gospel gun and start the Reformation, and the Protestant church was born. The Protestants took up the true faith which the Catholics had thrown aside, and Rome went on with her empty forms and ceremonies. The Catholics are still toting the bag, but they have dropped their candy.

And then before Protestantism was old enough to wean, it began to split up some more and form new churches with new names and creeds. Today we have so many different denominations that a mere list of their names is enough to bewilder a prophet. Each one calls itself the true Church of Christ and swears with a very great swear that all the other churches are false.

There is one thing certain—Jesus Christ did not establish a single one of the churches that exist in the world today. They are all man-made, and I dare you to deny it. One man would get the "leader's itch" and had to have more scratching room, and so he would pull loose from the church and set up a little shebang of his own. And so I repeat that they are man-made churches, every one of them.

All this denominational clap-trap is the veriest moonshine—a scheme of the devil to lead men astray. The devil knows that if he can keep the Christians fighting each other along denominational lines, he will get to make soap out of the whole bunch some day.

Most of the churches are getting so proud and stuck up these days that it is doubtful if even Christ Himself could join one of them. To have a finer house, a finer preacher, a bigger pipe organ and a more fashionably dressed congregation than the other church—that's all they are working for.

Some of the very best Christians of the present day are not associated with any of the

churches, simply because the churches regard them as fanatics and refuse to fellowship them. They are living on a higher spiritual plane than the sordid, money-worshipping churches can comprehend, and they will be awanging golden harps in the New Jerusalem when lots of the denominational preachers are in hell.

THE DISHRAG.

Now I'll bet you think that's a dickens of a subject to write about. Maybe so, but you must remember that it often depends more on the writer than it does on the subject. A bang-up writer can take the bummiest sort of a subject and write a pretty passable yarn about it, while one of these jack-leg scribblers could take Heaven for a subject and make the angels weep. Knowing himself to be some pumpkins as a writer, your uncle thinks he is able to handle "The Dishrag" for a few minutes.

When I was a little barefooted rascal about the size of a fat man's fist, I used to be the dishwasher at mammy's house. I used to line up the dirty dishes in battle array, giving each of them a knife and fork to fight with, and then I would charge at them with a wet dishrag and win a great victory. The greasy memory of those dish-washing days sticks to my brain like disease germs to a fly's foot or the odor of onions to boarding-house hash.

At the old-field school-house we used to have debates on "The Dishrag and the Broom," and I was always on the side of my old friend, the dishrag. Some of my greatest orations were delivered in defense of that faithful friend of the kitchen mechanic.

The dishrag is a wonderful invention. History is strangely silent as to the name of the inventor, but we know it to be of very ancient origin. The dishrag must have been invented about five or six thousand years before the woods were burnt. It was old and gray-headed when the Atlantic Ocean was just a little puddle, and they used the ocean for a dishpan.

The ancients were well acquainted with this well-known weapon of kitchen warfare, and their sweet sixteens could play "Dixie Doodle" on an old greasy plate to beat the band. Many of the most classic dishrags that we have any account of were of Greek and Roman architecture.

The dishrag! Look at it as it hangs there behind the stove, and try to imagine how the world would have gotten on without it. How faithfully and uncomplainingly it has served mankind, and yet the poor thing has been treated worse than a dog. It has had to be content with nuzzling over the empty dishes after the greedy boarders had gobbled up everything. And this is the first time it has ever had its biography written.