

FOR MY SAKE.

To the readers of The Fool-Killer,
Dear Friends:-I want to introduce myself and have a little chat with you all. I am the editor's wife, and I guess it's no more than right for me to have a little space in the paper whenever I want it.

I have something I want to say to you people—something that I hope will make us better acquainted all around and cause you to take more interest in our little paper.

Let me say, in the first place, that I (the editor's wife) am a semi-invalid and suffer terribly with a complication of diseases. I have asthma, bronchitis, catarrh, stomach trouble, and perhaps other diseases, and am just about a complete phys-



MRS. CORA PEARSON.

ical wreck. The above picture shows how I looked five years ago. At that time I was in good health and weighed 150 pounds. But now, after four years of sickness and suffering, I weigh only 95 pounds.

My suffering is bad enough all the time, but it is usually worse at night. I have to sit up in bed and cough and struggle for breath at least half of nearly every night. Of course when I am suffering that way, and losing sleep, my husband has to lose sleep, too, and the suffering seems to hurt him as bad as it does me.

Take these facts, and add to them the further fact that we are very poor and have to struggle hard to "keep soul and body together," and you can begin to understand our situation. We have no home that is fit to call a home—we are simply "camping" in one end of our little printing office. It is a mighty bad way of living, even for well people, and for a sick person like myself it is still worse. We had hoped to get a cottage built before cold weather, but we have not been able to do so. The little paper is absolutely our only dependence, and while its growth has been encouraging, still it has not been sufficient to supply our needs. If I was well and able to help push the work along, we could soon have it on a solid financial footing, but my sickness is a great drawback in more ways than one. Lack of money makes it impossible for me to have the proper attention and treatment in my sickness, and unless we can succeed in getting a larger income from the paper, it seems that there is no

chance for me to ever get well.

My husband often tells me, as he sits here amid our poverty and sickness trying to write "funny stuff" for The Fool-Killer, that it seems to him almost like trying to be funny at a funeral. He does not "feel funny" by any means, but he has to write that kind of stuff because it pays better than anything else. And even that is mighty poor pay, sometimes.

Now, friends, I have told you the situation. This is the first time I have ever made a public display of my suffering, but I felt that it might interest some of you. And now I want to put in my plea for your assistance. I want each and every one of you who are now readers of The Fool-Killer to take a personal interest in the success of the paper. Show it to your neighbors and friends and ask them to subscribe. Get up as large a club as you can and send it in at once. It would be mighty little trouble for each reader of this issue to send in a club of five or more, and if you will all do that much it will mean a great deal to us here at this end of the line. It will enable us to build our "cottage for two," and get lots of other things that I need to make my afflictions lighter.

Won't you please send us a good big club for a Christmas present? If you won't do it for any other reason, PLEASE DO IT FOR MY SAKE. Remember, every subscription you send in is for the benefit of a poor sick girl who is camping in a little printing office here at Moravian Falls.

Hoping to hear from every one who reads this, I beg to remain,

Your friend,
CORR PEARSON,
(The Editor's Wife.)

Though airships in the blue may roam,

And autos speed along,

It takes a hoss to haul 'em home
When anything goes wrong.

Say, boys, my premium razor will feel so good on your face that you'll think it's your sweetheart, kissing you.

You can lead a horse to water, but you cannot make him drink. You can send a boy to college, but you cannot make him think.

If you want to have nice things said about you, just go off somewhere and die. Then you'll get 'em, but what good will they do you?

If you think it's an easy job to sit down and write a dozen columns of razor-blades every month, maybe you'd better try it a pull. It makes me sweat like a hired man to give birth to the literary feast which I am placing before you each month. Two or three of your old rusty dimes will make it easier. Fling 'em at me and get your money's worth.

The term, "Christian nation," which we see and hear so often, is a bald-headed, bare-faced misnomer. There is not a Christian nation on the face of God's earth today. There never has been such a nation, and never will be, until God Himself takes charge of things and makes the old devil high-ball.

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.

Premium List Names Wanted.

Here is a list of valuable Premiums which I am giving for subscriptions to The Fool-Killer. All these articles are good value and guaranteed to be exactly as represented. Just a few minutes of your time devoted to getting up clubs for The Fool-Killer will earn you one or more of these nice Premiums. The name, "Fool-Killer" is so odd and unusual that it attracts attention wherever it is shown, and people are eager to subscribe out of mere curiosity. Then when they read one copy they always want more. Send for a bundle of sample copies and go to work for some of these Premiums:

FOR A CLUB OF FIVE.

For a club of Five yearly subscriptions at fifteen cents each I will give a good Two Bladed Pocket Knife.

FOR A CLUB OF TEN.

For a club of Ten yearly subscribers at fifteen cents each I will give a fine Fountain Pen.

FOR A CLUB OF FIFTEEN.

For a club of Fifteen yearly subscribers at fifteen cents each I will give a famous Rattler Razor, extra hollow ground, fully warranted.

FOR A CLUB OF TWENTY.

For a club of Twenty yearly subscribers at fifteen cents each I will give a complete American made nickel watch, open face, stem wind, hinge back. Good time-keeper.

FOR A CLUB OF TWENTY-FIVE.

For a club of Twenty-Five yearly subscribers at fifteen cents each I will give an R. H. Ingersoll Watch, open face, thin model, guaranteed for one year. This is a world-famous watch and needs no introduction.

FOR A CLUB OF FIFTY.

For a club of Fifty yearly subscribers at fifteen cents each I will give a 16 size Electro Gold Plated Hunting Case Watch, fitted with 7 jewel Swiss movement. This watch is a great bargain.

FOR A CLUB OF SEVENTY-FIVE.

For a club of Seventy-Five (75) yearly subscriptions to The Fool-Killer at Fifteen Cents each I will give free a fine Ten Dollar Gold Watch, either ladies' or gents' size. This watch is a guaranteed Premier Hunting Case and highly jeweled movement. No better watch to be had at any price.

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Moravian Falls, North Carolina.

You may be moral without being religious, but you cannot be religious without being moral.

Send us 30 cents and the names and addresses of 30 of your friends who can read and write. And we will mail you for your trouble, a genuine high grade Masterman fountain pen together with a filler fitted in a neat pocket case. This pen would cost \$2.00 at any retail store. Address,

THE NATIONAL DIRECTORY,
Box 9 Moravian Falls N. C.

Naomi Wise

A true story of the wrongs of a beautiful girl and how she was killed by Jonathan Lewis. The scene is laid in Randolph County, North Carolina, about 100 years ago. We include the song of "Naomi Wise" with the book which is neatly printed and substantially bound, all sent postpaid to every one sending us a quarter for 4 months' subscription to our big weekly paper—the paper that's different.

THE SATURDAY NEWS,
Dobson, N. C.

Castle Gates

By James Larkin Pearson.

The above is the title of a little Book of Poems by your humble servant. My spare moments for the past 15 years have been spent in writing the book. I also printed it and bound it in cloth with my own hands. The book has 108 pages, and contains 93 poems, all of which are said to be very good. Price 50 cents, postpaid.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON,
Moravian Falls, N. C.

Fine Pen-Knife

Everybody needs a Pen Knife, and here is the place to get it. Our Pearl Handle Ladies' Pen Knife is a beauty. It has two pen blades, German silver cap and bolster, and is the equal of knives costing 50 cents or more. Our price is 25 cents, postpaid. Address: SOUTHERN SALES AGENCY, Moravian Falls, - - - North Carolina.

Puzzle Keys

If you like to work Puzzles, try your skill on this one. Get it, learn the secret, and then have bushels of fun with your friends. The puzzle consists of two keys interlocked in such a manner that it seems impossible to separate them. But it is easy enough when you learn how. To introduce this wonderful puzzle, we will send you one for a silver dime. Address:

DIXIE NOVELTY CO.,
Moravian Falls, - - - North Carolina.