

The Fool-Killer

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.

Idiotorials

Is your resolution on straight?

Beware of the Q-cumber. It will W up.

When you can't sleep, think of The Fool-Killer.

All great truths were hooted at somewhere along the line.

What you get for nothing is worth just about what you pay for it.

The old world has started on another annual gallop around the race-track of time.

The difference between a statesman and a politician is that the statesman is dead.

It is human nature to cuss a fellow while he lives and throw flowers on his grave when he dies

An exchange tells about a needle working out of a boy's breast. That's a new kind of needlework.

Mister, if I say something you can't swallow, just remember that the best of meat often has a few bones in it.

This issue is not quite as rich as common, but just be patient. I'll make the next one still richer to make up for it.

The fashionable preacher may be yelping on the devil's track, but it's a back-track, and a mighty cold one at that.

Yes, buddy, be enthusiastic about yourself, and be conceited if it will do you any good, but don't make so much racket about it.

A notice posted on a fence in Missouri reads as follow: "Losted, von white caff, mit him hind legs plack. He iss von she caff. He iss mine. John."

It seems that some men come into the world ready bridled and saddled to be ridden, and others ready booted and spurred to ride. And that is man's doing—God never intended it should be that way.

A tutor who tooted the flute Tried to tutor two tooters to toot;

Said the two to the tutor, "Is it harder to toot, or To tutor two tooters to toot?"

The poor benighted Hindu, He does the best he kindu;

He sticks to his caste From first to last, And for pants he makes his skindu.

Several readers have requested me to print my picture in The Fool-Killer, and I have decided to do so at an early date. And I will say right here that I would be "purty" if it wasn't for my face.

Somebody ought to grab up the god of fashion by the nape of the neck and the bosom of the breeches and slam him against the shrinking face of nature so hard it would raise blisters on the bottom of the Dead Sea. Then they ought to go over the earth with a fine-tooth comb and gather into a pile those microscopic mites of mortality who spend their little lives fawning at the feet of Fashion, rip their regulation rags off of their foppish frames, dress them in decent duds and put them to work.

NAMES WANTED.

Friends, I want to ask a favor of you. I want you to send me a list of names of people whom you think would enjoy reading The Fool-Killer. First and foremost, get all the subscriptions you can and send them in, and then send me the names of a dozen or so of your friends who are not subscribers, and let me send them sample copies. Select the names of people who will enjoy reading something warm and who are not so "goody-goody" that they can't endure a plain, flat-footed statement of the naked truth.

Now, friends, don't neglect this. Better do it right now, before you forget it. Send in a big club if you can, but if you can't get the subscribers you can certainly send me the list of sample copy names. Let me hear from every one of you.

Parable of the Tobacco Seed.

Then shall the kingdom of Satan be likened unto a grain of tobacco seed, which, though exceedingly small, being cast into the ground, grew and became a great plant, and spread its leaves rank and broad, so that vile worms formed a habitation thereon.

And it came to pass in the course of time that the sons of men looked upon it and thought it beautiful. To make them look big and manly, the lads put forth their hands and did chew thereof; and some it made sick, and others to vomit most filthily. And it further came to pass that they who chewed it became weak and unmanly, and said: "We are enslaved and can't cease chewing it." And the mouths of all, who were enslaved became foul, and they were seized with a violent spitting, and did spit even in the ladies' parlors and in the house of the Lord of hosts, and the saints of the Most High were greatly plagued thereby.

And in the course of time it came also to pass that others snuffed it, and they were taken suddenly with fits, and they did sneeze with great and mighty sneezes, insomuch that their eyes filled with tears, and they did look exceedingly silly. And yet others cunningly wrought the leaves thereof into rolls, and did set fire to the end thereof, and did look very grave and calf-like, sucking it, and the smoke of their torment ascended up forever and ever.

And the cultivation thereof became a great and mighty business in the earth, and the merchantmen waxed rich by the commerce thereof. And it came to pass that the saints of the Most High defiled themselves. And even the poor, who could not buy shoes, nor bread, nor books for their little ones, spent their money for it, and the Lord was greatly displeased therewith and said, "Wherefore this waste; and why do these little ones lack bread and shoes and books? Turn your attention to change this wicked evil which has grown up in your midst in a gospel land. Turn now your fields into corn and wheat, and defile not yourselves any more, and God will bless you and cause the smile of his countenance to shine on you." But with one accord they all exclaimed, "We cannot cease from chewing and snuffing and puffing. We are slaves to the evil plague."

HOW TO BUILD A FLYING-MACHINE.

Everybody will want a flying-machine in 1911 and so I am going to give you a few simple rules by which you can build and operate your own flying-machine.

For hundreds of years men have been trying to learn how to fly, and it was only a few months ago that the problem was solved. Now that we have learned how, it all looks as simple as rolling off a log, and it seems strange to us that the inventors did not hit the right combination long ago. A few years longer and flying will be so common that the birds will take to walking to escape the crowds in the air.

The Fool-Killer wants to make itself useful as well as ornamental, and that's why I am going to give you these rules for the construction and operation of a flying-machine.

When you think of going into the flying business it is very important to begin at the right place.

The first thing to make is your will. Then you should buy your coffin and select the place where you want to be buried.

Having attended to these preliminaries, you must get your motor ready next. I nearly always use a No. 9 skinnororum with a second-hand sockdoliger attached to it, which makes a very good motor. If your local dealer doesn't handle sockdoligers you can use a dadgumbus, which will do about as well. Be sure and see that the booger-pipe is firmly attached to the thunder-box, and keep plenty of splodigood in the spoodlet.

Authorities differ in regard to the pushalong paddalorums. Some inventors claim that they should run like a nigger with the devil after him, while others insist that they should operate on the principle of a duck's foot in the mud. You will notice that I use scientific terms along here. If you do not know the meaning of my words, I will be glad to send their definitions by freight.

After getting your motor and wind-paddles fixed, as per instructions above, the next thing in order is to get you about a dozen good strong gookuses and fasten them together at each end with small-sized whatnots. These gookuses must be as slim as a liar's hope of heaven and at least as long as a tattler's tongue. In width you can suit yourself, but I always multiply the circumameter of the whatnot by the square of the gookus and divide by compound subtraction. I have used this rule in all my flying-machine experiments, and it has given perfect satisfaction.

After you get your gookuses and whatnots all worked up, then you must cover them with the finest quality of flyupity, and that completes your planes, or thingamajigs, as we scientists call them.

All that remains to be done, now, is to connect the hellbenders with the flubbydubs, and attach the joedarter to the junewheel, and you are ready for flying. Before starting up, however, you should examine every part of your machine very carefully. See that the whicker-board is not touching the diblet anywhere, and don't let the gee-string get tangled up with the wobackus.

Having looked after all these matters, you are ready to turn on the juice and jump in. Squeeze the toot-ball and give the gofetचित a gentle pull, and you are off.

By following these simple directions even a school-boy should be able to build and operate a flying-machine so successfully that he could skim the cream from the Milky Way, drive home the cows, and do a great many little errands like that.

Just why these hateful, high-flyin' hags of "sawsiety" should call themselves the "best people" is a puzzle, unless they have reference to their superior skill and accomplishments in all the low-down, devil-begotten dissipations of modern life.