

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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One year to your heart, 25 Cents,
In Clubs of Five or More, 15 Cts.

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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 snare 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 snake 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.

Peace! Peace! Bang! Bang!

What was that you said about peace, mister?

A college education is often the beginning of a brilliant failure.

Hello, Andy! That Peace Foundation is getting sorter tottery, ain't it?

I am giving you some good Sermons this trip. Read 'em and pass em around.

If old Jim Monroe wants his "Doctrine" defended, let him come and defend it. That's what I say.

If Taft gets in reach of those Mexican bullets, all that belly will be mighty easy to hit.

A man's stomach is sorter round-like, and yet nothing fits it so well as a square meal. Ain't that strange?

As The Fool-Killer gets older it gets hotter. Next issue will be a humdinger from the old house place.

Stick this paper in your pocket and take it to the mill, the store, and everywhere else you go. When you get in a crowd, just yank out The Fool-Killer and read a few chapters.

If you are in doubt as to which is the right side of any given question, just find out where the plutocrats are roosting, and then you hop up on the other limb.

If you want to see how this quill-driver looks, don't fail to get a copy of next issue. I am going to get a picture of myself to print, or break every camera I can find in the attempt.

I am now adding one hundred new names to my subscription list every week. That does very well, but I want to do still better. Boys, you can make it a thousand a week just as easy.

It's a puzzle to me how some editors managed to get along before I started The Fool-Killer. Boys, I don't care how much of my stuff you reprint if you will only give The Fool-Killer the proper credit.

If you subscribe for this pungent periodical of thrilling thought and don't get your money's worth out of the first issue, I will agree to pay back your fifteen cents and eat the other eleven copies of your subscription.

Our great-granddaddies "fit," bled and died for our liberty, and that was all right—but when the poor oppressed and down-trodden Mexicans begin to fight for that same sweet liberty, we have to hike down there with our armies and put a stop to it. Ain't we a devil of a set, anyhow?

Down in Eastern North Carolina they've got a new sort of tangle-leg made out of cane-juice, and they say it will make the drunk come to beat the band. The new drink is called "Mockum." The name is supposed to mean that if the fellow who drinks it can't act just like the corn licker artists, he can mock 'em mighty well.

SHAME ON YOU, MOSE.

Great whoop to thunder! It just do beat ninety-seven kinds of red-eyed lemons. Look here, now—one month ago I was in urgent need of an appropriate poem to print in The Fool-Killer. So I sat down here in my gold-plated sanctum, with pencil in hand, and spent one whole evening grinding out a poem for the occasion. It was awful hard work. I chewed up six new pencils, wasted seven pounds of writing paper, kicked the stove down twice, and pulled out enough of my beautiful curls to pad horse-collar. After hours and hours of sweat and blood and agony the poem was finally finished—about 1:30 pea em—and I printed it in the February Fool-Killer under the title of "When the Dollar Rules the Pulit and the Devil Rules the Pew." sorter took a fancy to that little hild of my brain and I had a kind of sneakin' hope that I would see it opied in the exchanges. And sure nough, I was not to be disappointed. I don't know how many of the papers opied the poem, but the Texas Republic, published at San Antonio, Texas, not only copied it but stole it—just literally swiped it soul and body, and never said scat, thank you nor kiss my foot. Not satisfied with stealing the poem and printing it without credit, The Republic went a step further and "doctored" it to suit its own boozified notions. The Republic is an awful, unreasonable, fire-eating Anti-Prohibitionist. It would rather do without its meals than its likker any day, and to utter the word "Prohibition" in its hearing is like haking a red rag at a bull.

Now in order to make my poem fit into the likker-laden atmosphere that surrounds The Republic's office there had to be some "doctoring," and here's what happened. In the original I wrote:

When religion goes a-begging,
And the Bible is forgot,
And the preacher preaches nothing
Only scientific rot."

But The Republic makes the last lines here quoted to read:

"And the preacher preaches nothing
Only Prohibition rot."

Now if that ain't gall with boots on I don't know what to call it. Let me say for The Republic's benefit that I am a Prohibitionist myself—never drank a drop of likker in my life, and I denounce Old Booze and all of its attendant evils as the crowning infamy of the Devil. And then to have my poem changed in such a way as to make it speak in favor of drunkenness—well, that does just cap the stack. An editor who would stoop to such a low-down dirty trick would not balk at the proposition of stealing a sheep.

The Texas Republic is edited by a little sawed-off wart of humanity answering to the name of Mose Harris. He is very small physically and still smaller morally, and seems to have no other god but Old Booze. I am informed that Mose is a Jew, which is about the worst reflection on God's chosen people that I have heard in a long time. The Fool-Killer has many warm friends among the Jewish people, and I naturally feel sorry for any race that has to let Mose Harris claim kin with it.

A SERMON ON BOOZE.

Hello, you red-nosed booze-artist, and all you fellows who whoop it up for Old Mr. Booze. Double up your hind leg and sit down on it and listen to your Uncle preach a few toots. Boys, I can preach against likker and do it with a clear conscience, because I practice what I preach. I am 31 years old and getting older every day, and I can truthfully say that not one drop of your infernal red-eye has ever had the privilege of gurgling down my dumplin-path. I don't have any idea how the nasty stuff tastes, and if it tastes half as bad as it makes some of you fellers act, I certainly have no desire to taste it. Some of you say it tastes good. Well, if it tasted ten thousand times better than honey and sugar and pound-cake and candy and kisses, I'll be dad-swatted if I'd make an infernal nasty, wallerin' wild beast of myself for the sake of any doggon taste. If the opening chapters of a jag are so sweet and soul-satisfying in the matter of taste, how about that taste that comes waddlin' along toward the shank end of the high lonesome? I have seen 'em come staggering home the morning after with a breath that would run a hungry dog off of a gut-wagon and a mouth that must have tasted like a buzzard-roost in hot weather. And yet just as soon as they get over the effect of one bender they go right back and tank up again—willing to repeat the whole beastly performance over and over and over just for the sake of a taste. Don't that jar your grandmammy's pickles? But, oh, some red-snouted guzzler jumps up and says he don't like the taste of the stuff, but he likes the effect—it makes him feel good. Well, buddy, it must make you feel a thunderation sight better than it makes you look. For the sake of decency, if I were in your place, I'd be willing to whack off a few joints of my good feeling and tack it onto my looks. That would sorter even things up and make you more respectable.

Why, hang-take it, fellers, if I should ever be guilty of pouring my Caucasian hide full of rot-gut likker and cutting such shines as I've seen some of your gang cut I'd be ashamed to look a sheep-killing dog in the face any more. I honestly would. But the booze-artist—does he feel ashamed? Not on your auburn whiskers, Jeems Henry. If he ever had any sense of shame it has been consumed in the liquid fire that filters down his goozle. He can wallow in the gutter for a whole week, and then spruce up on Sunday and go to church and be the biggest duck in the puddle. He can drive along the road with his honey-gal and show her his full length photograph in the mud and never blush.

I have actually heard fellows brag about being drunk, and they seemed to think it was something to be proud of. Lord have mercy on their poor, miserable, mustard-seed souls! I just wish they could see themselves thru the eyes of a decent sober man for about five minutes.

Now listen, you old booze-barrels, you! If you are just hell-bent on being a hog anyhow, why in the name of sense don't you get down on your all-fours and pray God to give you forked hoofs, so you can be a hog right?