

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 Cents.

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Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

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, . . . North Carolina.

A LITTLE SHOP-TALK.

Boys, I can't feel satisfied to close the ferns for this issue of The Fool-Killer without indulging in a little "shop-talk." I want to shake hands with every one of you and invite you into my private office where we can talk things over quietly.

In the first place, I want to thank you all for the splendid work you have been doing in helping me to build up the paper's circulation. A regular stream of subs have been pouring in for the last few months, and the money that these subs have brought in has been a big help to me in a time of great need.

I told you some time ago about the sickness in my family, and how we were having to camp in the back end of our printing office. My wife told you of our plans for building us a cottage this summer, and we are working hard to get it ready before next winter closes in on us.

As I said, the money received on subscription has been a wonderful help, but we need it all, and more. The paper is our only source of income, and we can't go ahead with our building any faster than the paper will permit. So if you like to read The Fool-Killer I hope you will take a personal interest in its success and send in as many subs as you can. I am nearly studying my head off to give you something warm and lively, and if you think it's good stuff you ought to get all your friends to help you enjoy it.

I don't expect to lay up any money on this game for a year or two yet, if I ever do. The increased circulation calls for a faster press, more type, and a great many little items that must be added to the office equipment in order to get out the paper. And so, with my building on hand, and the necessity of buying more machinery, I am going to be hard put to it for a year or so yet. But if all you folks will just grab a wheel and grunt we will soon be over the hard pull and in position to give you a better Fool-Killer than ever.

It just beats the very dickens how quick these blamed rich criminals can get "at the point of death" when Justice gets to yelping at their heels.

Idiotorials

Viva, Madero!

Read "Shop-Talk."

Still a-killin' 'em.

Poor old Standard Oil!

Money talks with cents.

Whoop-pee! Send me a club.

Diaz is about to peter. Goody.

Boo-hoo! That's John D. crying.

Shoot Fool-Killers at 'em and you'll get 'em.

Labor creates all wealth—and then gives it to the deadbeats.

A woman who wants to wear breeches is a pantaloonatic.

I'll bet they have to call on T. R. to settle that Mexican fuss yet.

Send me a bunch of subs to help buy that new press. Got to have it.

It would be just like a woman to try to put on her breeches over her head.

The Standard Court and the Supreme Oil Company seem to be sorter mixed up.

The lawyer is to politics what the Jew is to finance—too devilish smart for anything.

Some men turn down the good opportunities and hang on to the slim chances.

The only over-production that threatens this country is an over-production of fools.

Viva, Madero! Now maybe old Navarro would like to put me in prison for saying it.

The harem breeches for women is liable to reveal the awful fact that a woman actually has two legs.

A man trying to make his own God is like a poor little minnow trying to create a river.

When a society woman takes up with a poodle dog, I always feel sorry for the dog.

Bleriot calculates the cost of air travel to be fifteen dollars a mile. I'll foot it all day at that price.

Gossip has the wings of a swallow, the face of an angel, the tongue of an adder and the conscience of the very devil.

When a man gets too big for his breeches it is cheaper to reduce him a little than it is to get him a new pair.

A man often forgets his handkerchief when he changes clothes, but he very seldom forgets his plug of tobacco.

If you could fasten a crank to a tobacco-chewer's jaw you could get motive power enough to turn a grindstone.

One of my young readers writes me as follows: "What is the hardest thing about roller skating?" The sidewalk, sonny.

The New York Independent prints a poem by Harry Kemp entitled, "Hell's Resurrection." Yes, there is always somebody ready to raise hell.

GOOD-BY, BAREFOOT BOY.

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy with cheeks of tan!
With thy turned up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes,
Health that mocks the doctor's
rules,
Knowledge never learned at
schools;
Outward sunshine, inward joy,
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

And that's the way the old Quaker poet of Haverhill shook it out of his mental music-box in the days gone by. Thus did he put into flowing meter what thousands of mute, inglorious Whittiers have felt since time began. To have been once a barefoot boy is to know and understand what Whittier meant when he wrote those lines.

And most of us have been there. You remember the time when you were a little barefooted rascal trotting around the old home place with both big toes tied up and a stone-bruise on your heel. Those were only trifles, and they didn't interfere with the joy of going barefooted in the good old summer time. You remember how you waded through the long winter, and how tired your feet got of those old heavy brogans. When the warm spring sunshine had coaxed the violets out, and the icy lumps were gone from the ground, how joyfully you kicked off those old shoes and ran foot-races with yourself for the very joy of running! You do not need that I remind you how you rolled up your breeches legs and waded the little creek after minnows. And when a little butterfly happened along you forgot the sore toe and went bounding over hedge and garden wall to catch the poor thing.

Whittier thought it was healthy to go barefooted and get your legs sun-burnt and your heels calloused, and to know the joy of squirting mud through your toes. The daddies, mummies, and young 'uns of the past generations have all thought it was healthy and jolly good fun.

But that was long before John A. Ferrell, M. D., became Assistant Secretary of the North Carolina State Board of Health. I have before me an article written by Dr. Ferrell and widely circulated through the press. And Doc very wisely informs us that it just never will do to let the kids go barefooted any more. He says give your child poison if you want to; or let him climb the church steeple and fall off; or let him sleep with a rattlesnake or jump in the river. All these things are harmless amusements and perfectly safe compared to the deadly peril of going barefooted. Wars and earthquakes and train wrecks and fires and floods are a little 'bit risky at times, but they are nothing to compare with going barefooted. Dr. Ferrell leans back on his professional dignity and tells us all about it. He says going barefooted exposes a child to the ravages of hookworms. According to Doc, the hookworm is an awful beast. He lives in a mud puddle and wears a little gimlet on his nose. Whenever a barefooted kid interferes with Mr. Hookworm's meditations by stepping into his private mud-hole, Mr. Hooky gets busy with his little gimlet and bores a hole right into that kid's foot

and crawls in. Then other Hookies crawl in, until finally the kid's foot is just working alive with hookworms. They work their way up the leg into the stomach, where they take up land and settle down to business. The hookworms are very careful to observe that command in Genesis about multiplying, and they can actually make the multiplication table ashamed of itself.

When a good healthy colony of hookies get started in a child they soon organize a labor union and a baseball team and go to raising a special brand of North American thunder among the little brat's in-nards.

In real bad cases the hookies actually eat up little folks. Dr. Ferrell tells about one case where a young mother put her four-year old boy to bed one night, and the next morning the only thing she could find was a big fat hookworm sitting up on the pillow and picking his teeth with a bed slat.

And so you see what we are up against. If the human race is to be preserved we must make it a hanging crime for any father to let his child go barefooted. The fact that millions of the healthiest men and women of generations past went barefooted, bare-legged and in their shirt-tails till they were half grown don't make any difference. They are every one dead now, and of course it was hookworm that killed them. If the children of olden times had not gone barefooted they might have been living yet.

Hurrah for the hookworm Commission, Dr. Ferrell and the Shoe Trust! Bring on the footwear and let us all be shod!

The United States is bounded on the East by curiosity, on the West by animosity, on the North by reciprocity, and on the South by devilosity.

"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.

DO YOU KNOW TOM WATSON?

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