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PLEASE RENEW.

If this paragraph is marked with a cross mark it means that YOUR SUBSCRIPTION HAS EXPIRED and that you will not get any more Fool-Killers unless you renew. The Post Office Department has a ruling which compels me to take your name from my list unless you keep your subscription paid up. Now I would hate mighty bad to mark off your name, and I earnestly hope I will not have to do it. You have been feasting your funny-bone on my philosophical foolishness the past twelve months, and I'm going to just boo-hoo like a spoilt baby if you don't crawl up on the front seat and ride through the almanac with me again. This is the dull season, and your renewal will come in mighty handy just now; so please rush it in, and as many others with it as you can get.

You can every one afford to pay the little mite I charge for a subscription, but in order to make my proposition still more attractive to you, I have decided to make you old subscribers a VERY SPECIAL OFFER. This offer only applies to those whose subscriptions expire with this issue. If this article is marked it means you. Here is the offer: SEND ME TWO YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE FOOL-KILLER AT FIFTEEN CENTS EACH AND I WILL RENEW YOUR SUBSCRIPTION FREE. This offer holds good till the 25th of July, but will not be good after that date. So rush in your renewal club at once. Just send me two new names and thirty cents, stating that you want your subscription renewed, and I'll do the rest.

Boys, don't neglect this opportunity to get The Fool-Killer another year free. It will be better than a three-ring circus and a moving picture show, with a monkey and a bag-pipe thrown in for good measure. Let us rise and sing that old familiar hymn, "Now who will come and go with me? I'm bound to read The Fool-Killer."

This howling wilderness which we call "Christian America" recognizes no god but the Dollar. Any person who says it does is either honestly mistaken or a wilful liar. Every time the United States mint turns out a coin bearing the motto, "In God We Trust," it coins a flagrant falsehood that will rise up in judgment and condemn us as a nation.

THE MOO-COW-MOO.

My pa held me up to the moo-cow-moo
So clost I could almost touch,
En I fed him a couple of times, or two,
En I wasn't a fraid-cat much.

But ef my papa goes into the house,
En mamma, she goes in, too,
I just keep still, like a little mouse,
For the moo-cow-moo might moo!

The moo-cow-moo's got a tail like a
rope,
En it's raveled down where it grows,
En it's just like feeling a piece of soap
All over the moo-cow's nose.

En the moo-cow-moo has lots of fun
Just swinging its tail about;
En he opens his mouth and then
run—
'Cause that's where the moo comes
out.

En the moo-cow-moo's got deers on
his head,
En his eyes stick out o' their place,
En the nose o' the moo-moo-cow is
spread
All over the end of his face.

—Edmund Vance Cooke.

SHAME ON 'EM

The whole fabric of society is honey-combed with corruption and reeking with rottenness. Scandal and scads, rascality and riches, go hand in hand, and they are the only things that can open the gilded doors of society to a man or woman. If you want to stand in with the 400 foolish fops of garrulous Gotham or any other center of snobdom, you have got to be financially sound and morally rotten. Society never enquires how you got your dough or how you lost your decency, so long as your pocket sags heavily and you are willing to go the gaits. Maudlin matrimony, promiscuous paramours and doodlebug divorces constitute the sum of life in swelldom.

Oh, for a law that would compel these kid-glove kangaroos to get out of their gilded dens and follow a burly Buckeye Binder in the blistering sun! And, oh, for another law that would lift the be-jeweled and be-almonied female fops out of their sealskin slippers and put them to plying a pair of greasy overalls across the corrugated bosom of a wash-board!

DANCING SCHOOLS.

Lawzy mercy! If that don't cork up the bottles good and stout, I'll be doggon. Just imagine what the people belonging to the hifalutin class have come to. Why, things have galloped along at such a break-neck speed that it takes a fellow with the mind of a lightning express to keep in sight. These highflyers have trampled under feet all the benign and divine teachings of Christ that labor was a noble calling; that without doing a reasonable share of it the various limbs of the body could not be properly exercised and developed; and further, that was the honest way to make a livelihood. Yes, this teaching has been set aside and held for naught; and the lazy trifling set are putting up "dancing schools" all over the land in which to sprawl out in pretty proportions, skinning cats, kicking up their heels and locking their arms around one another and squeeze-squelching about, etc.

And the churches have been caught on the swift wing, too. Now many of them have dancing schools for their members as places of amusement and entertainment. And when they get behind with their dues, they get up some game that has a high-sounding name and invite all the sisteren and brethren to attend and contribute so much in the jackpot toward paying off the debt—the debt that is due the devil, of course. Now if such work as this ain't swinging hairs off the heavenly high-ups, I'm a monkey.

I don't believe in such means of exercising and amusing. I believe in the good old way. There's always enough of necessary work and walking to do to afford all the exercise necessary for the proper development of all the limbs of the body. And that pampered, spoiled class of indolents who abhor this ought to be put out on the public pikes and made to beat rock from early morn till sundown without a bite of grub to eat during the day. If the devil ain't about to wag the world and the church both as he pleases on the tip end of his tail, I've got wool over my eyes, by heck.—The Big Pistol.

Look here, madam, if you are tied up for life to a thing that drinks likker, chews tobacco, smokes, cusses and plays cards, I'll tell you what I'd do: I'd just spit on the thing and drown it.

"THE TORCH OF REASON."

Living somewhere in the wild North West, where the Lion roareth and the Whangdoole whangeth, is a two-legged man-beast who calls himself Frederick Forest Berry. This fellow Berry has writ a novel bearing the entitlement of "The Torch of Reason; or, Humanity's God." The object of Berry's book is to hold up the "torch of reason" to humanity and prove that there isn't any God. He says it is a terrible crime to believe in a God, or to believe anything else that you can't "reason out."

Why, Berry, you old sin-soaked son-of-a-gun, you ain't got as much sense as a sucking turkey. You ain't got as much reason as a rat, nor as much gumption as a grub-worm. Berry, you certainly are a huckleberry. You are also a goose-Berry. Your old heart is black-Berry, and your arguments ain't worth a straw-Berry. And when you go to hell the devil will get his due-Berry. He will take his red-hot poker and give you a poke-Berry, and if you don't change your mind it will be a wonder-Berry.

Talk about "reasoning out" things! Why, you infernal fool, you can't "reason out" your own poor, pitiful existence here in the world to save you from the devil. Fact of the matter is, I think you are an ethnological accident and got lodged on this planet by mistake. Your home is in hell, and I'll bet old Satan is walking the red-hot pavements of perdition right now and singing, "Where is My Wandering Boy To-night?"

Even the devil don't like for his children to be meaner than he is himself, but I'll be swigged if you ain't running the old fellow a close race. If you had started into the business of being a devil at the same time old Mr. Satan did, you would have been so far ahead of him—in hellishness that it would have taken eight dollars to send a postal card back to him.

Everything is high in this country except our state of civilization.

When you stop to think about it, people are awful funny things. It tickles me.

When a man has failed at everything else he either goes into the real estate business or tries to preach.